

A CLEVER RUSE

"It ain't no use in agoin' ag'in yer pa, Jennie. He's had his own way round here continual for more than thirty years, an' you'll jest hav to give in. No use talkin' at him. It only makes him wuss."

Poor little Mrs. Olcott had been accustomed during the whole of her married life to "jest give in," and her only chance of peace was in yielding to her selfishly determined husband and allowing him to carry his point without opposition.

Jennie was differently constituted. She inherited her father's strong will, and he had, much to his surprise, suddenly discovered an opposing force in his youngest child.

She had been away from home for nearly three years, this pretty brown haired girl with the determined face and graceful carriage, and the father secretly admired and almost feared her.

A wealthy and childless aunt in the city had besought Jennie to share her home, and Hiram Olcott's pretty daughter, though clinging to the farm with all its dear memories of childhood and childhood's joys, chose wisely when she yielded to her aunt's request.

It was better, far better for her, for even after her departure there were plenty of children to keep the miserly old farmer in a perpetual grumble about money matters.

It was May, and the country wore one glad smile, and Jennie hailed with delight the prospect of a visit to her home, assuming very willingly the responsibility of housekeeping while her two unmarried sisters attended the wedding of a cousin in a distant town.

This morning she was cooking, and with her sleeves rolled above her elbows stood beside the kitchen table. In one hand she held an earthen plate, while the clip, clip of a fork sounded noisily as she whipped some eggs to a froth.

"Er sisters hed to marry to suit him," wailed the nervous little woman, "an' you'll have to too. Ef you don't, there be awful fusses; so you'd jest better give in."

That morning the father had spoken to Jennie of a young farmer, whom he termed a "likely catch." She had expressed her opinion of him in so decided a way as to alarm Mr. Olcott for the safety of his much prized authority.

He was wont to speak of himself as a marvelous example of the patriarch. "Make 'em mind," he would say. "Keep yer household beneath yer feet; govern 'em well, an' they'll git along."

Jennie's boldness in opposing his judgment so stupefied him that his anger had not yet had time to blaze forth, but Mrs. Olcott knew it would come, and so after her husband had left the kitchen she pleaded with the girl to "give in." Jennie had been very thoughtful during the little woman's appeal, but now she was resolved, and it was the Olcott in her nature which spoke. "I wouldn't marry Jordan Moggs though father should threaten to murder me."

The eggs were stiff now, and as she set the plate down on the table she turned from her mother and busied herself among the ingredients for cake baking which were before her. Jennie was blushing as she began softly, "There is some one in Poole I like very much, mother, an' he's coming out here too."

"He needn't mind comin'," said Farmer Olcott grimly, as he quietly stepped into the kitchen. His face wore a cunning leer, and his wind reddened cheeks were distorted by the sneering curves of his hard lined mouth.

"I'm master in my own house, an' you'll not talk till such time as I'm done. You've been away an' kinder forgot how things is run here, but you might as well get broke in now. I tell you I won't have any city fellers a-follerin' you, an' if I ketch yer Aunt Kate makin' matches for you I'll jest fetch you home from bein' a fine lady 'down there an' set you workin'."

Before Jennie could speak he had gone into the dining room, slamming the door behind him. Tears of mortification and rage stood in her brown eyes and hot words leaped to her lips, but as she glanced down at the agonized face of the little woman beside her the fierce mood changed. She bent to kiss the pain drawn lips, murmuring: "Never mind, mother dear. I'll be patient for your sake."

"That's a good girl, Jennie," replied Mrs. Olcott, with a sigh of relief. "Try an' git along peaceable like, an' jest give in for the sake of quiet. Yer pa's gettin' wuss an' wuss."

Jennie wrote a partial account of what had occurred to her Aunt Kate, and this was the answer of that clever woman:

My Dear Niece—Your father needs managing, and I will undertake to do it. I have written to him to come down to the city and advise me about the sale of a piece of property, and you need not be surprised at anything that happens.

Mrs. Kate Calding was the only one in the world who ever did understand her brother Hiram, and she had planned a clever little ruse to be played on the unsuspecting farmer.

Mr. Bryan, whom Jennie had confessed to her mother she cared a great deal for, was well suited to her. He had not yet declared his

love, but it was not unguessed by the shrewd little maiden. To Mrs. Calding, however, he had opened his heart, and she bade him wait a little. She knew how prejudiced her brother was against all arrangements not conducted by himself and rightly concluded that he might put serious difficulty in the way of the young couple.

After satisfying herself that the name of Jennie's lover was quite unknown to her brother she resolved to introduce him as a young man who would be a good match for Jennie, if only the girl would be wise enough to think so. Allowing him to believe they had never met, she trusted to his unequalled obstinacy to do the rest.

"I've wanted so much to talk with you about Jennie," said the lady as she and Hiram sat in her well appointed dining room the night of the arrival.

"Yes, an' I'm willin'." She ought to be settled," said the old man decidedly.

"It does not do, Hiram," began Mrs. Calding, watching the hard lined face intently, "to depend on a girl's choice, and—"

"Well, I guess it don't," he interrupted, with a sneer.

"There is a young man in town who, I know, admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I know something 'uld come of it." Very quietly, yet with the utmost caution, she made this statement.

The old man was interested. "Rich?" he inquired, rubbing his hands gently together.

"Yes," was the answer; then she went on: "Of course, it's so very uncertain, Hiram. You see, Jennie might refuse to have a word to say to him, and—"

"Now, Kate, look here," interrupted the thoroughly excited old man as he drew his chair nearer hers and emphasized his words with decisive gestures, "of I like that young man I'll jest take him on home with me, an' I'd like to see Jennie tell him to go if I'm livin'."

Mrs. Calding was delighted at her success thus far. The next day Mr. Bryan was introduced and became the old man's ideal of a son-in-law.

On the farmer's return to his home Mr. Bryan accompanied him, having accepted the hearty invitation of his new friend to "jest run out an' take a look around our part of the country."

Jennie had been apprised of Mr. Bryan's coming and of the little deception in which she was to play her part. She met him as if he were a stranger, while her father secretly rejoiced at the thought of subduing his proud young daughter.

Mr. Olcott took an early opportunity to enlighten Jennie as to her duty toward his new friend, and with a twinkle in her eye she promised to do her best to please him in the matter.

A week passed. Jennie and Mr. Bryan were very happy. The days were delightful ones to them, and the old farmer rubbed his hands at the success of his scheme and gave his consent to an early marriage with no hesitation.

He often speaks now of his matchmaking. "There's Jennie," he will say. "She'd hev picked up with some empty muddled city chap ef I hadn't jest took her in hand. I brung Bryan out an' told her that she'd got to behave to him. It's the only way to do—jest make 'em mind, an' they'll git along."

They would not deceive him for anything, the happy young couple, but when he boasts they think with loving gratitude of clever Aunt Kate.

No Fitting Time.

There are many poor correspondents who would doubtless like to make the excuse given by a boy who was spending his first year at a boarding school.

The first letter, anxiously awaited by his parents, was not received for more than a week, and then it was short and to the point.

"Dear people," wrote the boy, "I don't believe I shall be able to send you many letters while I'm here. You see, when things are happening I haven't time, and when they aren't happening I haven't anything to write. You'll understand how it is, won't you, father? And, mother, you just ask father to explain to you how it is. So now I will say goodby, with love to all. In haste, George."

To Whip Cream Successfully. The cream must be sufficiently thick to hold the air and must be very cold and kept cold during the whipping. A small churn made from tin will whip one quart of cream in two minutes. Without a regular whip put the cream into a bowl and with an egg beater or "sylvan" churn beat for a few moments, then skim off the whipped portion from the surface and drain in a colander, and so continue until all the cream has been whipped.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Which Seats? "If you had moved as many times as I have," said the wife of the Methodist preacher, "you would be tired to death of it."

"If you had moved as often as I have," said the wife of the book agent, "you wouldn't mind it at all."

And the question now is which had moved the oftener.—Chicago Tribune.

Smart Young Man.

A young man living on Walnut Hill is a close worker in money matters—that is, he stays close to the shore with his expenditures. He had the good luck to marry a girl whose parents are quite wealthy, and is at present living with his wife in one of his father-in-law's houses.

One day not long since, while discussing affairs with a friend, the latter asked:

"Did the old gentleman give you that house?"

"Well—er—no, not exactly," was the answer. "He offered it to me, but I wouldn't accept it."

"How's that?" asked the friend.

"Well," answered the man who had made the lucky matrimonial venture, "you see, the house really belongs to me. I'm living in it, rent free, and I'll get it when the old man dies. If I accepted it now I'd have to pay the taxes."

Struck by Lightning.

An old lady who sat beside Senator Dewey in a street car asked him how to get to the White House. The senator told her. She leaned far over and said:

"I beg your pardon, but will you kindly speak a little louder. I am very deaf."

The senator spoke louder. Then the old lady began to tell him how much an affliction her deafness was.

"Have you ever tried electricity?" the senator asked.

"Well," she said, "I was struck by lightning last summer; but it didn't do me any good."

Placing Himself.

One day a drill sergeant in the British army had a number of recruits to drill and wanted the married men separated from the single ones, so he formed them in a line and gave the word of command, "Single men advance and married men fall back in the rear."

All took positions except one, an Irishman who stood still. The sergeant asked the reason why he had not moved, but no answer came from Pat.

"Come, my man, are you married?"

"No," replied Pat.

"Then you are single?"

"No."

"Then what are you?"

"I am courtin' Biddy," was the reply.—Exchange.

How to Open 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.

One of Washington's Maps. The original map made by George Washington in 1775 of the lands on the Great Kanawha river, West Virginia, granted to him by the British government in 1763 for his services in the Braddock expedition, is in the possession of the library of congress," says The National Geographic Magazine.

The map is about 2 by 5 feet and is entirely in the handwriting of Washington. The margin is fitted with notes, also in Washington's handwriting, describing the boundary marks set by Washington and different features of the tract.

The Main Barrier. "I shall not marry Miss Crosses after all," announced young Jenkins sadly. "Her family seem too opposed to the match."

"Hang the family!" exclaimed a sympathizing friend. "Go it hard on win, Jenkins, all the same! What do you care for the family's opinion so long as the girl is willing?"

"That's just it," explained Jenkins, still more sadly. "Miss Crosses seems to agree with them!"

Nine of the eighty-eight United States Senators were born between 1820 and 1830, Pettus, of Alabama, born in 1821, is the oldest. His colleague, Morgan, was born in 1824. Hawley, Hoar and Bate first saw the light in 1826. Of the old men of the Senate four are Southern born, Pettus in Alabama, Morgan and Bate in Tennessee, and Hawley in North Carolina.

Two million dollars in counsel fees charged against Senator Fair's estate is another argument for the Carnegie plan of disposing of your wealth while you live.

"Am I as dear to you now as I was before we married?" inquired the soft young wife. "I can't tell," unguardedly responded the young husband. "I didn't keep account of my expenses then."

Better Stick to the Farm.

It is said that the annual increase of Chicago's population is from 60,000 to 70,000, and among the newcomers every year are young men from the country, who are victims of the notion that opportunity awaits them in the cities alone. Under this delusion they condemn themselves very probably to the disappointments of an overcrowded labor market. If they get work it is at a small wage or salary; they must live in cheap boarding houses; pass from them to cheap tenements if they have the courage to marry; find more and more that their position is one of anxious dependence, and that the imaginary charms of city life disappear, to leave nothing but the depressing reality of buildings jammed together to the exclusion of light and air, of an all-pervading noise and dirt, of a routine which gives little but a bare subsistence in the present and holds out no promise for the future.

In the vast majority of cases such must be the result, and while country life may have some serious drawbacks, it is plain that these young men make a capital mistake when they come to consider the question of opportunity through an ignorant contempt of their familiar surroundings. If, instead of indulging in dreams of fortune-building in the city, they were to master thoroughly all the work of a farm, cultivate an interest in it, add a new intelligence to it, take over the land of their fathers, or acquire others by purchase, put into this life all the ambition of their dream, they would do better in the end than 90 per cent of the city people; have a greater intellectual stimulus in their employment, get a greater enjoyment out of living, and attain to an enviable independence.

The opportunity is close at hand, if they will only see it, and it adds to the anomaly of the situation that while they are neglecting their natural advantage disillusioned city men, past the prime of life are "retiring" to farms, where they waste their substance in foolish experiments, owing to the belief that any one can be a farmer. But these poor competitors do not count, and if the farm boy will stick to the farm and make a science of agriculture his success is assured. Record-Herald.

Nothing to Fear.

From Medford, N. J., says the Philadelphia Times, comes a tale of a traveling minister of some repute as an orator whose fortune it was to have his sermon interrupted by cries of "Fire! Fire!" in the streets and the rush of the volunteer laddies.

The congregation became excited, but the minister leaned forward, asked that all remain seated, requested one of the deacons to step outside and see if there was any danger, and then, by a skillful translation, merged what he had been saying into a talk on hell-fire, saying that the common or garden brand was as nothing compared to what should be met within the bottomless lake. Evidently he had some deep convictions on the subject and had succeeded in becoming real terrifying.

"There is no fire like this of which I speak," he declared. "It is a fire whose blaze—"

"False alarm!" reassuringly sung out the deacon, who had returned to report.

The Verdict of a Jury.

"Nothing is more uncertain than the action of a jury," said a lawyer prominent in New York. "I remember a story my father told me when I was a boy in Alabama. The story was of his Satanic majesty and a plain citizen who met one day on a narrow pathway out in the edge of a cliff. On one side there yawned a precipice; on the other side was the solid rock. There was only room for one to pass, and of these two one must lie down and let the other walk over him."

"If you'll propound three questions I can't answer," suggested Satan, "I'll lie down and let you pass over my body." The citizen asked:

"What is whiter than snow?"

"Cotton," was the answer.

"What is sweeter than sugar?"

"That's easy again—molasses."

"What will be the next verdict rendered in this county by a petit jury?"

"Pass on your way," said the devil as he made a carpet of himself."

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

To save his life a man can't make his wife distinguish the difference between his being cross and sick.

Many a girl who isn't red-headed but pretends to be so smart she can fool any man about it till she gets married to him.

Even the minister whose sermons are of the long-drawn-out variety is preferable to the sensational grandstand parson.

Fun With Catfish.

The fun in jugging for catfish, which is a sport common on the lower Mississippi, or in gounding for catfish, which is practiced on the Tombigbee in Alabama and some of the Georgia rivers, consists in falling out of the pirogue as often as possible, righting it, clambering in and pursuing the fleeing jug or gourd before bailing. Anybody except a Negro, an Indian or a French "Cadian" will upset a pirogue ten times in an afternoon, and it goes without saying that the catfish jigger or gourder must know how to swim.

In jugging for catfish a strong handle is cut into six-foot lengths. To one end a hook is fastened and the hook is baited with a hunk of liver, chicken entrails or cheese mixed with cotton. The older and more strenuous the cheese the better for the purpose.

The other end of the line is tied to the handle of an empty stone jug of one gallon capacity into the neck of which a stopper has been driven tight. The air filled jug acts as a great cork or float, marking the position of a line as a buoy, and making it impossible for any fish, however powerful, it may be, to hang itself and keep it under for any length of time. The upward pull of the jug brings the fish to the surface inevitably.

Two men who want fun with the catfish will rig up a dozen or two lines and jugs, then paddling out upon the placid bosom of the Mississippi cast them out one by one and watch them float.

When one of them bobs under, or starts up or down stream with a rush showing that a fish has been hooked, the pirogue, driven by two strong paddles, darts after it. The object is to seize the jug and haul out the fish.

As, however, the jug travels with great speed and takes the most eccentric shoots and curves, now up, now down, now straight across stream, now zigzagging, now whirling in circles, and as the pirogue endeavors to follow it as closely as a cowboy trails a cow out from a herd, upsets are the most common features of the sport.

It requires no art at all to fall out of a pirogue, but a great deal of art to right the narrow craft and get back, and by the time this is accomplished the jug may be a half mile distant and going fast. It is not unusual that two or three jugs show the presence of fish at the same time and when this happens the work is fast and furious for half an hour.

Some of the Mississippi catfish are seven feet long and weigh 200 pounds and when one of these becomes attached to the jug the task of capturing it, killing it and towing it to bank is not a light one. For this purpose most of the juggers take out a small calibered revolver.

Some men become so addicted to this sport that they will have no other and wear wet clothing the summer through, jugging for catfish in the broiling sun and jugging for them with equal passion on moonlight nights.

On the Tombigbee the negroes and whites use large calabashes for floats. These gourds are of all shapes and sizes, some being round and as large as a pumpkin, others the thickness of a man's arm and a yard long.

The loose end of the line is tied to the neck of the calabash through a hole bored in its hard shell, and then it makes as good a float and buoy as the jug as well as costing nothing.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. 25c.

It takes a red-headed girl to make a man think it isn't a woman's looks that count so much, but a woman's ways.

Blobs—Have you ever been disappointed in love? Slobbs—Only once. I advertised for a wife with \$1,000,000, and didn't get a single reply.

Cut this out and take it to Orr-Gray & Co.'s Drug Store and get a box of Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets. The best physic. They also correct disorders of the stomach. Price 25c.

Talk to a man about his business and you may get him to invest in yours.

If it is a sin for a woman to glory in her beauty it is a beautiful sin.

"How is it you're late this morning?" inquired the employer. "I sprained my ankle on the way to work," answered the employee. "Huh! That's a lame excuse."

If your brain won't work right and you miss the snap, vim and energy that was once yours, you should take Prickly Ash Bitters. It cleanses the system and invigorates both body and brain.—Evans Pharmacy.

Arthur—"Yes, I think Minnie loves me very much. She's a dear girl; she has a large heart." Harry—"A heart like a London omnibus; always room for one more."

Do you want a sound liver, vigorous digestion, strong healthy kidneys, regularity in the bowels? Take Prickly Ash Bitters. It has the medicinal properties that will produce this result.—Evans Pharmacy.

Give The Baby Water.

If there is a baby at your house, do's, in the name of humanity, neglect to give it a drink of water at intervals during the day—and night, if the heat is intense. The ignorance and lack of thought on the part of mothers and nurses in this matter alone, physicians say, is the cause not only of a fretful and cross baby many times, but is responsible for many a sick spell. So remember this, and tell your friend who has a child not big enough to make its wants known to give the little fellow a drink. I beseech it of you, reader, as often as it lies in your power during this summer, put fresh water to the mouths of dumb, helpless creatures, and help to alleviate a lot of suffering thereby. It may be a baby, it may be the family dog or chickens, horses or cows, but see that it is done. I was highly amused one evening at the theater at a little domestic farce given between acts where the husband and father was left the care of a very young infant. It cried furiously, and he ran and got a bottle of milk that looked like it would hold a gallon, fastened on the nursing apparatus, and in about thirty seconds the great bottle was drained dry of its white liquid. But even that baby (if it had been a real one) would need its sip of water, occasionally, too.

Roberts' Chill Tonic

Enters the blood, drives out the yellow poison and stops the trouble at once. It not only prevents but completely cures chills, fevers, night sweats and malaria. The manufacturers know all about this yellow poison, and have perfected Roberts' Tonic to drive it out, nourish your system, restore appetite, purify the blood. It has cured thousands of cases of chills, fevers and malaria. It will cure you or your money back. This is fair. Try it. Price, 25c.

ORR, GRAY & CO. EVANS PHARMACY. DENDY DRUG CO.

Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

Peoples' Bank of Anderson, ANDERSON, S. C.

We respectfully solicit a share of your business.

From this date until further notice we will close our doors at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Will thank our customers and friends to attend to their business before that hour.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

Parties owing me either by Note or Account will call in and settle same without sending to see you or writing you again, as I must have same settled at once. I can't do business on as long time as you are taking; so avail yourself and come in at once and save expense.

Respectfully, JOHN T. BURRISS.

KIDNEY DISEASES

are the most fatal of all diseases. FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is a Guaranteed Remedy

or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles. PRICE 50c. and \$1.00.

SOLD BY EVANS' PHARMACY. Foley's Honey and Tar cures colds, prevents pneumonia.

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 Plaster made, Filling done, and I make a specialty of Extracting Teeth without pain and with no after pain. Jan 23, 1901

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

Any one sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. necessary special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsome illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. Munn & Co. 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Notice to Creditors.

State of South Carolina, County of Anderson. The Creditors of the Estate of Elizabeth Kay, late deceased, are hereby notified to present their claims to one of the undersigned, duly verified and certified to, within the time required by law, or the same will not be allowed. All persons owing said Estate are notified to make payment at once.

JOHN H. KAY, Executor. JOHN H. KAY, Executor. July 9, 1902

Watches and Jewelry.

Watches and Jewelry of all kinds repaired promptly. Give me a call. JOHN S. CAMPBELL

OPIMUM COCAINE AND WHISKY

Notice to Creditors. State of South Carolina, County of Anderson. The Creditors of the Estate of Elizabeth Kay, late deceased, are hereby notified to present their claims to one of the undersigned, duly verified and certified to, within the time required by law, or the same will not be allowed. All persons owing said Estate are notified to make payment at once.

JOHN H. KAY, Executor. JOHN H. KAY, Executor. July 9, 1902

Is Yellow Poison

In your blood? Physicians call it malarial germ. It can be seen changing red blood yellow under a microscope. It works day and night. First, it turns your complexion yellow. Chills, aching sensations creep down your back bone. You feel weak and worthless.

Roberts' Chill Tonic

Enters the blood, drives out the yellow poison and stops the trouble at once. It not only prevents but completely cures chills, fevers, night sweats and malaria. The manufacturers know all about this yellow poison, and have perfected Roberts' Tonic to drive it out, nourish your system, restore appetite, purify the blood. It has cured thousands of cases of chills, fevers and malaria. It will cure you or your money back. This is fair. Try it. Price, 25c.

ORR, GRAY & CO. EVANS PHARMACY. DENDY DRUG CO.

Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

Peoples' Bank of Anderson, ANDERSON, S. C.

We respectfully solicit a share of your business.

From this date until further notice we will close our doors at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Will thank our customers and friends to attend to their business before that hour.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

Parties owing me either by Note or Account will call in and settle same without sending to see you or writing you again, as I must have same settled at once. I can't do business on as long time as you are taking; so avail yourself and come in at once and save expense.

Respectfully, JOHN T. BURRISS.