

Told In a Country Store

What the country store man cannot tell you of every passerby and every customer you are not likely to learn yourself.

That was what I was thinking as I sat in Bijah's store, with the mingled odors of calico print and dried apples, coffee and the straw that crockery is packed in fighting for supremacy in my notice.

Bijah's broad back was turned to me, and he was sorting the day's mail with comments that made me as wise as himself regarding its contents.

"Mis' Mi-randy Beal," said Bijah. "That'll be about her pension, I guess. Ruther official lookin', that is. Mr. Asy Fowler. His son John—gone down to Pochemouth—he writes ter him nigh out every week, an' a nice, clean hand he writes, does John. Here's a letter for 'th' schulema'am. Now, there's han'writin' fer ye! Putty as she is an' just as simple like."

The latch clicked, and the door opened. Bijah looked over his shoulder and grinned. I was shut out from sight of more than the visitor's legs by a slack line of dangling towels, aprons and socks, but they were steady, reliable looking legs, straight and strong, clothed in heavy boots and blue overalls.

Bijah neither turned nor laid down his letters. He stood there grinning, and whether the person in the doorway was grinning also or plotting my assassination in peptomime I was none the wiser.

The heavy boots shuffled and turned about, stepped outside, and the door shut. Bijah chuckled to himself and looked back to his letters again.

"Them papers is fur young Thompson. He's th' editor uv our paper. He's alive—alive an' kickin' in. He's been out west fur a spell, an' he thinks we're all dead an' buried. An' he has made a great change in th' Bugler, I tell ye. Folks say he'll be made ter smart fur the way he musses round inter people's affairs; but it's lively, it's lively."

The papers went into a separate box, and Bijah resumed the letters. "Mehaly Hopkins, she's got a heap uv money. 'Mazin' haov fond yer folks is uv ye when yer got a pile an' ain't no heirs uv yer buddy. She's good fur 'em, though. She's a cute un."

"I suppose it is unusual for any one to make much more than his living anyway up here, isn't it, Bijah?"

"Humph! Yes, fur any one, not fur some on 'em, though. Some on 'em is smarter'n greased lightnin'."

He put his head on one side and squinted at the letter he was holding.

"Him, now, Jeremiah Wilson, he's a keen un. Nobody ever got th' best uv th' ole man but Jim. Ye saw Jim—come in here 'jest now. Ain't no tater bugs on Jim. When he gits up, he's up fur all day."

Bijah grinned and wagged his head.

"Jeremiah—Wilson!" he remarked and slapped the letter into its pigeonhole.

The latch clicked again, the door opened, and the same pair of legs appeared in the very same spot where I had seen them before.

Bijah grinned.

Presumably the unseen grinned also, for there was too much of Bijah's grin not to be offensive, if it were otherwise.

"What ye want?"

"Nothin'."

"We don't keep that, or ef we do we're jest aout uv it."

The big boots turned about slowly.

"Sure ye don't want no lamps, are ye?"

"Gals go with 'em?"

"Not in this shop."

"That settles it as fur as I'm concerned." And he went away and closed the door again.

Bijah looked after him and chuckled.

him when she wa'n't. He wanted ter make a lawyer out uv her. He's dead in love with lawin', ole man Wilson is. But ye might better try ter make a hossrake out uv whalebones an' gristle as ter make a lawyer outter Mame. What th' ole man said was gospel, though. She felt sorter like she better not make bim no mora hard feelin' after not bein' that boy he wanted.

"Her mother meant her ter be a good housekeeper an' put uv p'serves an' make pickles; an' Mame would stan' at th' winder an' sing an' furlig it all about her mess till 'twas clean spilt."

"After Mis' Wilson died, though, Mame done better round th' haouse. Mebbe ef th' ole man was ter die she'd take ter lawin'. Ye can't tell. She kin do most an' thing."

"Jest about then Jim Lane began ter sleeve round with Mame Wilson. Smart as a steel trap he is. He runs th' sawmill uv th' creek. But th' ole man hates him like pizen, an' he talked ter Mame till she 'lowed she wouldn't take up with Jim 'less he was willin'."

"Jim Lane is th' darnedest good natured feller ye ever see. He's allus got a good word an' a pleasant smile fur folks, an' he'll go further out uv his track fur a friend than most anybody I know."

"He took it offul hard about Mame, an' he reg'ly got mopy an' down in th' mouth about it. An' then he got his second wind, an' he tried every witch way ter play it on th' ole man. But Mame, she got putty stuffy, too, an' she declared she'd never 'pose her father, an' there 'twas."

Bijah got off the barrel to sell a couple of candy balls to a rosy faced little lass who was so short as to be visible under the slack line and resumed as she closed the door of the shop.

"Th' hull village knew all about it, an' they talked it up early an' late. Th' gals, they wasn't slow ter say what they'd do ef they was in her place, an' th' Bugler took a hand, so ter speak, an' nearly drove th' ole man wild. But Miss Peterson, th' minister's sister, she 'lowed that Mame was right ter mind her father."

"Look a-here," says Jim, 'ain't I go no rights at all?' an' Miss Peterson, she laughed an' said she s'posed so, but he certainly didn't orter ask Mame ter take th' responsibility uv breakin' her word."

Bijah chuckled and changed his legs and clasped the other knee.

"'Twasn't very long after that ole Wilson went home one night. 'Twas gettin' early dusk, an' he tole Mame she'd better get th' lamp afore she set down ter tea. Mame was a-goin' through th' entryway with a whoopin' great shade lamp in her hand when somebody knocked ter th' front door, an' she jest stopped an' opened it without thinkin'."

"Jim Lane was a-standin' there. 'Don't say nothin', Mame,' says he, an' he takes her bodily, lamp an' all, an' tucks her inter a carriage that he had at th' gate. He didn't fool round with no railroad train, but jest turned them horses' heads fur Canada, an' when they got ter th' line Mame was a-settin' there as still as a mouse without ary hat er coat, an' that big shade lamp a-burnin' jest as peart as ef it was on th' ole man Wilson's table ter 'ome."

Bijah spat at the stove and laughed to himself.

"Fearful thing, th' ingratitude uv children, ain't it? But ye'd orter see th' Bugler nex' mornin'. Every day blamed colume in it had a big headline: 'Jim Lane Has Got His Gal.' 'Jim Lane Has Got His Gal.' Gosh, that jest proved ole Wilson wouldn't never hev busted when he didn't bust that mornin'."

"He went whoopin' off ter his lawyer ter see what he cud do ter Jim, but Mame, she was uv age, an' she writ him that she went uv her own free will; so all he cud make any fuss about was th' lamp, an' they've been a-lawin' an' foolin' an' a-arbitratin' ever since."

Self Murder in Hot Weather.

It has long been a matter of observation that a protracted hot spell is always marked by many suicides. The vital forces run low in hot weather, the brain is frequently affected by the heat, physical weakness and prostration are common and life loses many of its attractions. The result is an increase of suicide, which diminishes as the temperature falls, the atmosphere becomes purified and vitality, energy and ambition return.

The Same Old Story.

J. A. Kelly relates an experience similar to that which has happened in a most every neighborhood in the United States and has been told and retold by thousands of others. He says: "Last summer I had an attack of dysentery and purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used according to directions and with entire satisfactory results. The trouble was controlled much quicker than former attacks when I used other remedies." Mr. Kelly is a well known citizen of Henderson, N. C. For sale by Orr-Gray & Co.

—It is better to have a light purse than a heavy heart, but more comfortable to have neither.

—When the money of some people converses it uses a megaphone.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

—The reason a hammock is fascinating for two is that it is built for one.

—The United States weather bureau employs more than 1,200 trained officials at 180 stations.

MATRIMONIAL MISFITS.

The Knots That Are Tied For Worse, Not For Better.

Nothing is more beautiful than the old age of a man and wife who have grown dear to each other by the manifold experiences of life. So nothing is more grim and hideous than such an old age when the long years have heaped up bitterness and discord only. In many a country household, where wife beating would be regarded with horror, there is practiced a cruelty no less terrible and even more persistent.

An old couple who had been married fifty years finally separated because the man wanted a half bushel of ashes on the hearth and his wife wanted only a peck. They had argued the question unremittingly and savagely for forty-nine years and at last ended the bitter sport by a stormy parting.

There is a grim humor in many of the countryman's expressions of his domestic irritation and discomfort, but they are none the less significant of untold suffering.

One night a country doctor was detained at a farmhouse where husband and wife were notoriously incompatible. From the "kitchen bedroom" where he was installed he was forced to hear every word of a tirade which the woman poured upon the head of her husband. The victim bore it without a word. At last, the doctor relates, the farmer rose to go to the barn for his nightly visit to "the critters." With his hand on the latch of the door he flung back over his shoulder, "Waal, Sairey, there's that in ye that nothin' but the ground'll ever take out!"

An old blacksmith drove home from the funeral of his wife with a lifelong friend. As they rode slowly through a winter twilight the widower half soliloquized: "She was a good cook an' a first rate housekeeper. She was savin'. She allers kep' me mended up. But I never liked her!"

The grotesqueness of the incidents does not conceal their tragedy. That might be made the text of a sermon on self control, cheerfulness, lovingness and the other homely, useful domestic virtues. These same virtues must be planted and cultivated in the boy and the girl if marriage is to be aught but an intolerable slavery for the man and the woman.—Youth's Companion.

An American War of One Battle.

In the annals of the American navy no achievement of a single commander in a single ship surpasses that of David McDougal in the Wyoming at Simonoseki. Happening on the other side of the globe during our civil war this daring exploit passed unnoticed at the time.

Briefly told, the story is this: A sloop of war of six guns, in a narrow strait, engaged during seventy minutes a force of seven batteries mounting thirty heavy guns and three men-of-war carrying eighteen guns, in all forty-eight guns. The Japanese force comprised probably 1,200 men. The Wyoming, unassisted, destroyed one of the batteries, sank two ships, disabled a third and emerged from the conflict with a loss of four men killed and seven wounded.

Ravages of the Black Death.

The beginnings of the black death arose in China about the year 1333 with drought and famine in the great river plains, which were followed by floods so violent that 400,000 people perished. Great telluric convulsions occurred over the same tracts. The mountain Tsinechou fell in and vast clefts were formed, from which it is said that noxious vapors ascended. Anyhow, flood and famine were followed next year by a terrible plague, which carried off 5,000,000 of the wretched Chinese, while in 1337 a still more dreadful famine destroyed another 4,000,000.—All the Year Round.

Mastication.

If your tendency is to gulp down food like porridge and vegetables, quite wet, the obvious remedy is to eat them in a dry state, or else eat with them alternate mouthfuls of dry bread or cracker. A cracker is admirable to induce mastication, for the reason that it compels one to eat slowly. The tendency to moisten the food continually while eating in some artificial way is responsible for much rapid eating and imperfect mastication.

His Business Habits.

Benevolent Gentleman—See you're working, are you? Well, that's right. Do you go home for your luncheon?

Busy Boy—Oh, sometimes I do, but generally I stay downtown for it.

Benevolent Gentleman—And how long have you been employed?

Busy Boy—Since yesterday.—Los Angeles Herald.

Society For Society.

"I say, coachman, whip up your horse a little faster."

"Impossible. I am a member of the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

Ten minutes later at the journey's end: "Come now, passenger, a little larger pour boire!"

"Impossible. I am a member of the Temperance society."—Paris Figaro.

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.

—Thus far the United States has built 350 school houses in Porto Rico.

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.

Evans Pharmacy.

MEETING AN ANACONDA.

Experience of a New York Lawyer in the Amazon Valley.

A New York lawyer, who has traveled a great deal, had an encounter with an anaconda, which he describes as follows:

"I was riding ahead of my party along a narrow road in the Amazon valley. My mount was a large white mule, whose only ambition in life seemed to be to bite and kill every one he encountered. I do not know but what he was a more dangerous quadruped than any of the wild animals in the Matteo grosso. On either side of the road rose the forest. The branches of the trees met here and there overhead, so that the thoroughfare looked more like a verdant tunnel than a country road. Suddenly my mule stopped, dropped his ears and turned his head about. Thinking that this was evidence of a desire on his part to bite my leg, I was about to whip him when I noticed that he was shivering all over in an ague."

"I looked up and down the road, and then I shivered. Not more than sixty feet away a huge snake, half coiled around a bough which projected over the road, lay swaying and looking at me with a glare that was not at all assuring. I had left my rifle behind on a baggage mule and had nothing with which to fight save a hunting knife. I drew this promptly from the scabbard and with the courage worthy of a better cause used it as a spur upon my luckless steed, which turned and galloped for dear life in the opposite direction."

"I reached my party, got the rifle and with my men galloped back to secure the constrictor. The reptile and I must have had the same brand of bravery. He had dropped from the bough and vanished in the recesses of the jungle."—New York Post.

Colors Produced in Iron.

Investigation as to the cause of the production of colors in tempering iron satisfactorily shows it to be due to the formation of thin films of oxide on the surface of the metal when it is heated in the presence of air. It also appears that the oxide so produced is practically transparent, first because the sequence of colors is what would be expected in films of a transparent substance when the thickness of the films gradually increases—also because of observation on the reflected light, the color of which varies somewhat at different angles—but chiefly because it is found that on increasing the temperature a little above the point necessary to produce dark blue the color gradually disappears and the surface, though covered with more oxide, becomes almost colorless again. The colors being the result of oxidation, it is probable that the nature of the surface to be heated, its freedom from any soiling and the length of time during which it is heated must exert a considerable influence on the shade produced.

Only the Truth.

In a town of D., whenever a lecturer can be induced to visit that out of the way place, the audience is, as a rule, kindly disposed. It is said that a chairman, after a depressing address in the local "institute," assured the speaker that his discourse was "moving, soothing and satisfying."

When reproved next morning as having commended a dismal failure he denied the charge and maintained that he had uttered no approbation, but only simple facts—namely, that the lecture was "moving," because a large proportion of the audience fidgeted in their seats and several left the room; it was "soothing" because many fell asleep, and it was "satisfying" because there was not a single person who had not had enough.—London Chronicle.

Patience Among the East Indians.

Every one knows how the Indian can endure and wait. "Why are there so many people at this railway station?" "They are waiting," the official answers, "for tomorrow's train." His patience indeed goes to make that dignity which justifies the saying, "There is no vulgarity in India." He does not strive nor cry, he does not assert himself by speech or dress. He is not anxious to seem other than he is. Quiet and dignified, although he is as one that serveth, he is in some respects greater than many he serves.—Pearson's.

Wit and Wisdom.

The Atlanta Constitution has discovered a negro preacher who seems to be preaching a gospel that is calculated to benefit his race materially. His name is W. W. Lucas and he is field secretary of the Negro Young People's Christian and Educational Congress that will assemble in Atlanta in August. This young negro, who is described as a "Black John the Baptist," a combination of Mark Twain, Sam Jones and Mr. Dooley, made a speech in Mobile a few days ago, from which the Constitution takes these extracts:

"A great hindrance to the progress of the race is the two by four bigoted, selfish, ignorant Baptist or Methodist preacher. He is in every community, opposing every measure of progress."

"I have decided that the only way to get rid of the 'Jim Crow' car is to get rid of the 'Jim Crow' negro."

"If I could use 200,000 bars of soap on the unwashed negroes that travel on trains and hang around depots I would solve the negro problem about 20 per cent."

"Lazy, ragged, barefoot fellows, longing for silver slippers and long white robes and counting themselves worthy; neglecting to provide a home for their families on earth and yet claiming a house not made with their hands in God's heaven!"

"The white man is trying to make this earth blossom as a rose and the negro is getting ready to die."

"The white man is organizing business enterprises and the negro organizing societies to turn out at their funerals! Now, I object to a hundred dollar funeral for a fifty-cent negro."

Unquestionably this man possesses both wit and wisdom. His talks are calculated to do good, and he should be given the right of way.

Hair and Grass.

There is a major in a certain English Regiment who has a great contempt for incapacity of any kind and is somewhat impatient into the bargain. Some time ago he was in charge of a detachment of men, and a sergeant complained that he could get no man to undertake the duty of barber to the company.

"Is there no gardener in the company?" asked the major testily. "I seem to remember one. Send him to me."

The man was duly sent, but on receiving orders to act as barber, ventured to expostulate.

"Great heavens!" yelled the major, "If you can cut grass, you can cut hair."

The man went, but what the other said is unprintable.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson, Frontier Judge and Jury.

A group of representatives were in the cloakroom telling stories of their experience in court, when Delegate Smith contributed this incident from Arizona, says The Washington Post.

Out in one of the border towns a case was in progress, one of the lawyers being an eastern man who was new to the country.

"Will you charge the jury, your honor?" he asked.

"Oh, no, I guess not," replied the judge, "I never charge them anything. They don't know much anyway, and I let 'em have all they can make."

Pat's Point of View.

A bishop was traveling in a mining country and encountered an old Irishman turning a windlass which hauled up ore out of a shaft. It was his work to do this all day long. His hat was off, and the sun poured down on his head.

"Don't you know the sun will injure your brain if you expose it in this manner?"

The Irishman wiped the sweat off his forehead and looked at the clergyman.

"Do ye think I'd be doing this all day long if I had any brains," he said.

The crater of an extinct volcano about thirty miles from Kumamoto, Japan, is inhabited by 20,000 people who dwell within a pit surrounded by a vertical wall 800 feet high. The inhabitants rarely make a journey into the outer world, and practically form a little nation all by themselves.

Getting experience is the most costly form of dissipation.

"Ah, if only I were beautiful, how happy life would be."

Many a forlorn maid has said this as she looked into the mirror. For beauty women have sacrificed home, love and friends. It is the one possession in the lottery of human life which women would not refuse.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.

There is a major in a certain English Regiment who has a great contempt for incapacity of any kind and is somewhat impatient into the bargain. Some time ago he was in charge of a detachment of men, and a sergeant complained that he could get no man to undertake the duty of barber to the company.

"Is there no gardener in the company?" asked the major testily. "I seem to remember one. Send him to me."

The man was duly sent, but on receiving orders to act as barber, ventured to expostulate.

"Great heavens!" yelled the major, "If you can cut grass, you can cut hair."

The man went, but what the other said is unprintable.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson, Frontier Judge and Jury.

A group of representatives were in the cloakroom telling stories of their experience in court, when Delegate Smith contributed this incident from Arizona, says The Washington Post.

Out in one of the border towns a case was in progress, one of the lawyers being an eastern man who was new to the country.

"Will you charge the jury, your honor?" he asked.

"Oh, no, I guess not," replied the judge, "I never charge them anything. They don't know much anyway, and I let 'em have all they can make."

Money to Loan at 7 per Ct. I have several Thousand Dollars that I will loan on Farming Lands in Anderson County at Seven per cent interest. Will loan you any amount from Three Hundred Dollars up.

E. G. McADAMS, Attorney at Law, Anderson, S. C. July 9, 1902.

SOUTH CAROLINA MILITARY ACADEMY.

TWO Vacancies in the State Beneficiary School are to be awarded on competitive examination for this Anderson County. Blank forms of application should be applied for at once to Col. C. S. Gadsden, Chairman Board of Visitors. These applications, fully made out, must be in the hands of the Chairman on the 31st July in order to receive attention.

C. S. GADSDEN, Chairman Board Visitors.

WOFFORD COLLEGE, Spartanburg, S. C. H. N. SNYDER, M. A., President. Full College Courses. Favorable surroundings. The best influences. Necessary expenses from \$160 to \$175 for the year. For Catalogue or other information, apply to J. A. GAMEWELL, Secretary.

Wofford College Fitting School, Spartanburg, S. C. Elegant new building. Careful attention to individual student. Board and tuition for year, \$110. All information given by A. M. DUPRE, Head Master. July 9, 1902.

Watches and Jewelry. Alarm Clock \$2.50. 8-Day Clocks \$2.50. Alarm Clock \$1.00.

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

OPIMUM COCAINE AND WHISKY Habits Cured at my Sanatorium, in 10 days. Elisha's Balm of Gilead. 25 years a specialty. Book on Home Treatment sent FREE. Terms, \$2 a year. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

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 itemized and certified to, within the time hereinafter specified, or the same will not be allowed. All persons owing said Estate are notified to make payment at once.

THOMAS B. KAY, Executors. JOHN H. KAY.

Is Yellow Poison

In your blood? Physicians call it malarial germ. It can beseen 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.

Robert's' 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 Robert's' 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.

ORE, 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. BURRIS.

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.

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

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE TRADE MARKS! PATENTS

Anyone 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. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A monthly illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$2 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York.

Brunn Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.