

SARGE PLUNKETT.

Sarge Does Not Like Comic Valentines.

Me and Brown like Christmas, we like Thanksgiving, we like the Fourth of July and we would like St. Valentine's day if the comic valentines could be suppressed.

We have just been opening some of the most hideous, warped-faced, out-of-reason monstrosities that was ever put upon paper. The things we have received are enough to make two weak old men commit suicide and we discussed doing so, but we argued ourselves into believing that it was powerful unanimous for a joke. When we were young we used to get them of a very different tone to the ones we receive now. We learned then that the sweet things the girls wrote was only a joke and we have grieved much because they were a joke, but it is consoling now, for maybe these comic ones are a joke, too—thus we reason and thus we were saved from suicide.

Though we are considerably disgraced at the present writing, we live in the hope that we may receive some sweet ones by the next mail. The day is too sweet a day to spend in making folks feel bad, and besides people may be mistaken in the estimate they put upon a fellow and he has no way of defending himself under the custom. If the ones I have received truly represent the feeling of folks toward me I know there is a great mistake. Most all that I have received deal with me as though I was a hard drinker—a drunkard. This needs no defense from me among those who know me, for these know that I have long since declared against the vile stuff. I used to take a little "for the stomach's sake," but not a drop can be got down my throat now, not a drop. I cannot account for this mistake of people thinking that I drink, as indicated by those comic valentines, in any other way than that they mistake me for Brown—we look considerably alike sometimes and his may account for my having to bear the stigma of drinking.

There are other features of change that have come over the spirit of St. Valentine's day. Once it was the custom for the young folks to meet and kiss and mate off for a year on the morning of this sweet day. The custom gave privileges to young men that caused them to rise early and stir fast on that morning. Just think of a young man being privileged to kiss the first girl he meets on this morning. Don't you think there would be some active stirring now if that was the privilege? Besides, the couple that met first on this morning were mated for a year; they were sweethearts till the next St. Valentine's day, with privileges that no other fellow could have for that period. This made the early morning of the day lively and full of hustlers, and then, as it would be now, the girls were not caught and kissed by very fellow that came along, but when the right fellow came they were pretty easily caught—you all know how that is.

It was generally arranged beforehand who should meet one with another, and this made it all the more pleasant and almost always ended in a marriage before the next St. Valentine's day rolled around. After a day of no and frolic in the old times, the right would usher in a good old-fashioned party that wound up by a kiss all round among the mated couples. This was glorious and you all know how that was.

These old customs are gone; these innocent privileges are no more. They don't write the sweet little verses they used to write; and the kissing could not be innocent now. It takes money now to celebrate the day—it takes money to do anything. Even young boys, with all their boast of progress and culture, fail to write as young folks used to write from the illness of their hearts; but they sail away to the store and pick out a valentine according to its money value as the gauge of their heart's feelings. The valentine that costs the most money is now the one that expresses the deepest affection. That is the idea—commercialism.

By many the happy day is past unnoticed in the greed of business. There make it the occasion for the stirring out of the vials of their hearts upon the poor old down-trodden men like me and Brown through the medium of the comic valentine. It takes no ability to reach whom you could reach through these comic valentines. A nickel spent for the things enough to vent your spleen to avenge. Anybody ought to feel bad to see one of these comics—Brown says he would be ashamed to send one to Mr. Roosevelt or one of his honored guests. Some of our old valentines would be laughed at now, but I can tell you

that there is nothing in the elegance of these store bought things that has such a touch of sincerity or the sentiment of hearts as were found in them. In this age of progress and learning it seems that the young people could find an original and more sincere way in speaking the feelings of their hearts than was ever known before, but they don't, and I am bothered to know if it is because they are not half so smart as the age is claimed to be or is it because there is no such affection in existence. Anyhow, I am sure that the price of a valentine is a poor way to estimate the affections of the heart.

It used to be counted that the birds came with St. Valentine's day and they did, but they don't come much now—especially the blue birds, and there is precious little mating among the birds unless it may be the English sparrows. I can well remember when the trees used to hang with birds' nests and when every hollow stump was occupied by the pretty mated blue birds. They tell me that, progress and the English sparrows have exterminated the birds, but I don't know as this is correct, it would be easier for me to believe that the "pot hunters," who have neither sentiment nor thought of the future nor any knowledge that progress would acknowledge as belonging to it, are more responsible for the absence of the birds than anything else. It may be that the birds became imbued with the ideas of what we call the "new woman" and like these women had a contempt for the good old ways. The mother birds lost the cravings they once had, tired making nests and wearying with baby birds, and so we have the decrease that is so much to be deplored, and sometimes I am afraid that the Anglo-Saxon race will be exterminated upon the same idea. It is distressing to know how many human beings have come to dread the building of nests and the worrying with babies. They tell me that France is in a state of decay from this very blight and just in proportion as this natural and most affectionate feeling departs comes the curse of sin and immorality.

But old folks like me and Brown ought to find better employment than talking about valentines, or love, or the fall off in birds or children; but memories go with us all down to the grave, and are sad or sweet according to the humor. The comic valentines we have received provoked us into comparing the old ways with the new, but it was not altogether for ourselves that we have taken a stand against the "comics." A sweet little girl of our settlement received a letter yesterday by the rural delivery. It was the first letter that she had ever received, and her face beamed with the happiest anticipations as she received it. She had no thought of a valentine, but I expect she was thinking of a youngster who had lately gone to Atlanta as she broke the seal and pulled the missive from the envelope. I am sure that it would be a heartless wretch who could have seen that girl's face as the ugly valentine was revealed and not be against the things. She ran away as quickly as she could and several hours after I saw her and her eyes were red from crying. Sullivan, or Corbett, or Fitzsimmons, men like these, would consider it under the belt to send these comic valentines; and yet there are those who consider these men close akin to brutes that indulge in venting their spleen or getting revenge by sending out comic valentines. It is a poor way to get revenge; it is not funny, and it takes no intelligence to do it. Little dago bootblacks and street gamins might find a laugh in sending these things to one of their sort, but I fail to see how an intelligent person could indulge in such. I'm ergin 'em—Brown's ergin 'em—dogon 'em.—Sarge Plunkett, in Atlanta Constitution.

Like Father, Like Son.

A Washington man has a bright youngster who succeeded recently in getting even with his father in a very telling, though unconscious manner. His father was reproving the little fellow's table manners. The warning seemed to be lost, for the fault was repeated. "Do you know what a pig is?" was the inquiry, put in a solemn manner. "Yes, sir."

"What is it?" "A pig is a hog's little boy." The lesson in etiquette was suspended.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson.

Can Burn Water.

The prevailing coal famine has revived the question of using water for fuel, and an inventor of this city announces that he has perfected a device whereby that coveted object may be realized in every household. This man is John A. Montgomery, 78 years of age, a warm personal friend of the late Prof. Morse, and himself an inventor of note.

His inventions that have proved practical number about thirty, among them being the machine generally used for sticking pins in papers, a railroad chair, from which certain companies have realized millions, and a telegraph switch, which he presented to Prof. Morse.

Thirty-five years ago, when a student of chemistry, Mr. Montgomery learned that perfect heat is derived from the combination of one part of oxygen with two parts of hydrogen. Then he recalled that water is composed principally of those two substances in the above proportion. Why, then, should water not be made to burn? he asked himself.

For thirty-five years he has been trying, off and on, to construct a simple and practical apparatus for separating those two component elements in water and condensing them in form of combustible gas, and now, he says, he has succeeded. More than that, he has demonstrated the feasibility of his invention to a number of his friends.

Having invited a friend to his home the other evening, Mr. Montgomery led him to the sitting room. In the room was a single heating stove. There was no fire in it, but instead a metal tube curled out from under the grate and protruded as high as the stove, terminating in a funnel.

Drawing a panful of water from the kitchen hydrant, the inventor began to pour it by the dipperful into a funnel. A white blaze shot up from the grate, producing intense heat. The water burned perfectly.

"That is what may be done in any stove when my invention is patented," observed Mr. Montgomery. He said he would take great pains to prevent infringement on the patent, which he is about to apply for before putting the machine on sale. He realized that only the device is patentable and not the principle, and for that reason fears that he may not get the protection from the Government that his long labor and study entitle him to.

Recently Mr. Montgomery has been experimenting with dust from the great culm banks of the anthracite region, and declares that, if the Government will protect him, he will demonstrate that more heat can be obtained from a ton of culm than from a ton of chestnut coal. There are hundreds of thousands of tons of this dust near the breakers and it is now of no use to anyone. In burning water, or the water gases, no steam is made and no residue left. The water may be supplied from a tank near the stove, or in houses where there is running water a tube may run from the stove to the hydrant.—Williamsport, Pa., Letter in Philadelphia Record.

Cures Rheumatism and Catarrh.—Medicine Sent Free.

Send no money—simply write and try Botanic Blood Balm at our expense. Botanic Blood Balm (B.B.B) kills or destroys the poison in the blood which causes the awful aches in back and shoulder blades, shifting pains, difficulty in moving fingers, toes or legs, bone pains, swollen muscles and joints of rheumatism, or the foul breath, hawking, spitting, droppings in throat, bad hearing, speaks flying before the eyes, all played out feeling of catarrh. Botanic Blood Balm has cured hundreds of cases of 30 or 40 years standing after doctors, hot springs and patent medicines had all failed. Most of these cured patients had taken Blood Balm as a last resort. It is especially advised for chronic, deep-seated cases. Impossible for any one to suffer the agonies or symptoms of rheumatism, or catarrh while or after taking Blood Balm. It makes the blood pure and rich, thereby giving a healthy blood supply. Cures are permanent and not a patching up. Sold at drug stores, \$1 per large bottle. Sample of Blood Balm sent free and prepaid, also special medical advice by describing your trouble and writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. A personal trial of Blood Balm is better than a thousand printed testimonials; so write at once. Sold in Anderson by Orr-Gray Drug Co., Wilbitt & Wilbitt and Evans Pharmacy.

A billion minutes have passed since Christ was born. I do not know just when the billionth minute was passed, but it was during the year. And this item gives one a fair idea of a billion. For instance, if the great Steel Trust was to divide the dollars it stands for there would be a dollar and a half to squander during every minute of the Christian era. It makes the head swim to contemplate such figures.

Stops Cough and Works off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

The one unpardonable sin of a husband is to come home and find his wife with a new gown on and not notice it with admiration.

Don't Happen Often.

It is generally conceded that the individual who gets ahead of the "green goods" man can only do so by getting up early in the morning. Mr. B. F. Moore, of Yorkville, is an early riser. He is generally at his office along about daylight. Whether this fact has anything to do with the subject under consideration will not be further argued just now; but it is a fact that he is just fifty cents ahead of the green goods people. Here is how it happened: Dr. A. Y. Cartwright, who lives across the way, was one of a half dozen Yorkville people who received green goods circulars last week. Almost everybody knows what a green goods circular is. It starts out by telling the recipient that he is known to the sender as a man who knows a good thing when he meets it; that the sender has been so fortunate as to secure some government plates of the \$1 silver certificate, and provided with silk woven paper in abundance, is in a position to turn out currency which to all appearances is as good as the genuine in unlimited quantities. The circular goes on to give instructions as to how the sender can be communicated with by telegraph or mail, and goes on to say that if the recipient of the circular would more thoroughly satisfy himself, all he has to do is to mail 50 cents to the sender of the circular and get a sample of his money. Mr. Moore and Dr. Cartwright laid their heads together about the matter and decided to make a pretense of biting at the bait of the green goods man by sending him 50 cents. By the mail of Wednesday they received a "sample," in the shape of a silver certificate for \$1. Both gentlemen are more or less familiar with various kinds of paper currency and at first glance they found full confirmation of their original suspicions that the bill had been made by Uncle Sam in the regular way and that it was genuine. They thoroughly enjoy the idea of having beaten the green goods people out of a half dollar; but at the same time they are not disposed to advise anybody to try a repetition of the transaction. The green goods people are too smart to allow themselves to be caught a second time in the same locality, and it is probable that the next man who sends these people 50 cents for a sample will fail to hear anything more from his letter.—Yorkville Enquirer.

Badly Wanted. Sag Skidmore had been "sparkin'" Susie Jane for nearly three years without coming to the point. At last Susie grew weary of waiting, says Harper's Magazine. "Sag," said she, "I want to know now, p't at black are you goin to hev me or not?" "W-e-l-l, I dun'no," Sag drawled—"sometimes I think I will, 'en ag'in I think I won't."

"Now, what do you see about ne yo' don't like." "Well, I dun'no. Some say you're mite nearsighted."

"Who sez that? Just tell me who sez it." "Well, Lizzy Hooper sez it."

"She does, does she? Eh, she cain't see to thread a needle. W'y, I could see the eye of it plum out ter thet gate."

"Well, it's getting purty dark, Susie Jane, en yo'd hardly have a fair show in," but give me a needle en I'll jest try you."

Sag moved slowly out to the gate and went through the motion of sticking the needle in the top of the post. He stepped back and hallowed: "All ready, Susie Jane."

Susie Jane stood on the doorsteps. She bent forward, stooped right, then left, raised on her tip-toes, and appeared to be striving for a sight of the needle's eye.

"Now, I jest kin deern the light oomin' through," she said at last.

"Susie Jane," drawled Sag, coming forward, "there ain't no needle there; but of yo' want me bad enough to look through that pin I stuck in the gate-pest, I reckon, by jings I'll have yo'."

Happy Peter! A clergyman was sitting in his study one evening hard at work on the following Sunday's sermon when a visitor was announced, a wild-looking woman, and when the minister set a chair for her she said somewhat brusquely:

"You are Mr. J., ain't you?" "I am," replied the clergyman.

"Well, maybe you'll remember o' marryin' a couple o' strangers at your church a month ago?" The clergyman referred to his diary for a moment and then said:

"What were the names?" "Peter Simpson and Eliza Brown," replied the woman, adding, "and I'm Eliza."

"Are you, indeed?" said the minister. "I thought I remem'—"

"Yes," interrupted the visitor. "I'm her, and I thought I'd drop in and tell you that Peter's escaped!"—London Answers.

All women have a habit of loving just the way all men have a habit of criticising the government.

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One of the most convincing proofs furnished, comes recently from a gentleman widely known in the capital city of the Dominion of Canada. We refer to Mr. Alfred Brown, 91 O'Connor St., Ottawa, Ont. Mr. Brown's letter fully demonstrates the fact that the greatest sufferer may cast off his or her burden of disease and become well, strong, and happy.

It goes, too, that the great medicine maintains more fully than ever before its unrivaled place in the estimation of people of wealth and social standing as well as with the masses. Mr. Brown says:— "I acknowledge with thankfulness and pleasure the fact that I have been cured of a very painful illness of eight years' standing by use of Paine's Celery Compound. I had, during the years of my illness, tried almost all the advertised medicines without deriving any good results. I was also treated by several of the best doctors of this city, hoping to find that one of them, at least, would understand my case."

"I was getting worse, and was told I was incurable. I was indeed in a critical condition. I could not go from the house alone, as I was liable to sudden collapse. I tried hospital treatment, but no relief or good results came to me. I could not sleep; anything that I ate increased my agonies; I was extremely weak, restless, tired, and despondent; was obliged to walk about with my hands pressed firmly into my left side to ease my pains; my feet and hands were cold continually; had inclination to vomit, had profuse, cold sweats, quick breathing, and would be racked with pain for hours at a time."

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"That's Not my Nigger."

When Senator McLaurin, of Mississippi, was elected for the first time he was visited by a negro in his district who wanted a job in the Government printing office at Washington. The new Senator knew him to be a good man, so he wrote to the public printer, Mr. Benedict, asking that the man be appointed. He told the negro to meet him in Washington.

When Mr. McLaurin arrived he went to Mr. Benedict's office to see about another matter. The public printer was talking to a large and imposing looking negro. He turned to greet the new Senator and, after exchanging a few words with him, said: "By the way, you wrote to me recommending a negro for appointment, did you not?"

Instantly it flashed into Mr. McLaurin's mind that the colored man sitting beside Mr. Benedict had in some way obtained possession of his man's introduction card and palmed himself off as the candidate. Pointing an accusing finger at the man he said:

"Yes; but that's not my nigger!" A panic-stricken look shot into Mr. Benedict's face and he colored violently. Leading Mr. McLaurin aside by the buttonhole he whispered in the Senator's ear:

"Sh-h! Sh-h! That's Congressman Murray, of South Carolina!"—New York Times.

They Had Gotten Mixed.

Two distinguished statesmen, who attended a Gridiron club dinner for the first time, are the subjects of the following story. For the sake of brevity they will be designated as "Black" and "Gray."

They were unaware of an ironclad rule of the club which adjourns the dinner promptly at midnight. Black and Gray had informed their respective families that it would probably be an all night session, and after leaving the Arlington hotel, attended an overflow meeting at a near-by resort before proceeding homeward.

When Gray reached home he was somewhat uncertain as to whether he had pulled the right door bell. His anxious wife stuck her head out of the window and inquired:

"Who's there?" "Does Mr. Gray live here?" said her confused husband. "Of course he does, you old fool. You are Gray."

"My dear, please come down and pick me out, so Black can go home."—Washington Letter.

The coldest charity often resides under the warmest overcoat.

—Marriage is a lottery for man; for a woman it is betting on a dead sure thing.

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