WAR STORIES.

Veteran Raiders Plan Attack on Fredericksburg.

From the Washington Post.

Grizzled veterans of the 43d Virginia battalion, army of Northern Virginia—"Mosby's Men," as they were known and feared in the sixties, from the Long Bridge to the Carolinas—will gather around the camp fire at Fredericksburg, Va., next Thursday, for their annual reunion, and stories will be told of combats of times gone by, midnight raids, attacks and pursuits, to make the hair of the old survivors' grandsons stand on end.

In the winter of 1862-63, soon after Lee had hurled Burnside, stunned and shattered, back from Fredericksburg, and the two armies lay glaring at each other across the waters of the Rappahannock, "Mosby's Men" had their small beginning. The great captains were idle, and a young cavalryman serving with Stuart, thought it an auspicious time to put into execution a plan that had long been buzzing in his brain.

Lee had abandoned the part of Virginia lying north of the Rappahannock and east of the Blue Ridge Mountains to the enemy, and Mosby, the youthful trooper, asked his leader to let him take a small squad of men, go up into that country, and do things to the enemy. Stuart readily assented, for he had much faith in the initiative of the young Virginian. He remembered that it was this same Mosby who, the previous summer, had suggested to him his famous ride around McClellan, which ushered in the unfortunate general's Iliad of woes.

So Mosby went up into Fauquier and Loudoun counties. He was an utter stranger there, and for a couple of months devoted himself to learning the land, occasionally stirring up an outpost and getting himself thoroughly disliked. He was "getting his hand in." Then one morning he found himself famous. He did not, like Byron, awake to find himself so, for he hadn't been to bed all night. In those dark hours, when all good young men are asleep, Mosby, with two dozen equally irregular young troopers at his back, penetrated far within the enemy's lines, reached Fairfax Court House about 2 o'clock a. m., and there, surrounded by thousands of the enemy, and with all the army of the Potomac between him and safety, stole a sleeping general from the bosom of his brigade. He likewise brought away several scores of prisoners and horses. Mr. Lincoln, when informed of this impudent theft of a brigadier, dryly remarked that he wasn't worried about losing a general—he could make another in five minutes; but it was different with horses.

The daring of this deed dazzled the eyes of the Southern cavalry. Mosby could now pick his men, for, though the dangers were far greater than in the regular service, there was about this debonair company of free fighters a fascination that made every soldier long to join them. But no "pull," political or military, availed. The examination of the applicant was conducted in the first fight, after the making of the application; the interrogatories came whistling from the guns of the enemy, swarming about the applicant's ears in a manner calculated to discourage his ambition and unnerve his right arm.

If his answers spoke back, swift and true, from the muzzle of his navy 6, and he kept within view of his watchful leader, the end of the fight found him one of Mosby's men—if he wasn't one of the angels. But it did not suffice merely to become one of the command. Their leader knew that in work so dangerous and responsible, a high standard must be maintained, and that his rule concerning it in order to be effective, must be inflexible. Hence, when a trooper fell away from that high standard, there was no probation, no purgatory of repentance. It was "back to the regular army," and there was not a man among them but would have cheerfully faced any danger rather than have that sentence pronounced against him.

From the day of the Fairfax adventure to the close of the war. Mosby's battalion was an irritating gadfly, forever worrying the army of the Potomac. There was probably no Southern officer who was so universally execrated by the public and press of the North as its leader. Jackson might destroy a whole army corps. Lee might terrify Pennsylvania with impending invasion. But Lee and Jackson stopped fighting sometimes and sometimes, too, the Union armies dealt them staggering blow for blow. But this ubiquitous, perpetual, pestilent, shifting, slippery fellow was impossible. Darting out from nowhere with his flight of midnight daredevils, he would sweep up a picket post in his clutches, terrify a company, startle a regiment, and flutter a division. And then, when the long roll had hurried a couple of frightened soldiers from their slumbers into fighting rank, they found nothing but the place where the picket post had been. Mosby was gone, gone with it in his pocket, swallowed up in the darkness whence he had shot forth.

This sort of thing made him very unpopular with the Union armies. Your veteran soldier much prefers being shot at, and even killed, to being startled out of a sound sleep at 2 a. m., and compelled to form for fight and then get no fighting. Mosby "got on the nerves" of every soldier within a hundred miles of him.

The war department at Washington, irritated at repeated failures of the regular troops to deal with him, offered extraordinary inducements to any one who would abate his nuisance. And from time to time squadrons of picked men, headed by some brave and seasoned old soldier who had agreed to exterminate Mosby's men, would sally forth in quest of their quarry. They would scour all Northern Virginia, in vain, for Mosby was always somewhere else. He never consulted their convenience as to time or place. Then, someday, when they had grown careless and doubtful of ever finding their prey, they would find him.

The usual result of these discoveries is naively set forth in a dispatch from a general from whose camp there had set out a few days before a dauntless colonel, who, with 500 determined spirits at his back, had "taken the contract to clean out Mosby," as the dispatch stated. The doughty colonel, so the document informs the department, had met Mosby that morning with about 200 men and forthwith had slipped the leashes on his 500 exterminators. "Two of the colonel's men escaped and came in." That is all the general says about the fight.

The reason Mosby's men were never "at home" when thus called upon was that except when engaged in active service they did not retain their organization, but scattered around among the many farmhouses of that fertile region. Many of them had their homes there. Others lodged at places known to their chief. He kept scouts ever flitting like phantoms along the Federal lines, and when from their information he determined to strike a blow the call went forth as though on wings to such of his troopers as he desired to take with him. Where an hour before there had been along the countryside quiet young men, engaged in special pursuits of making love to the girls of the neighborhood, there now rode out a squadron of veteran cavalry, equipped as no soldiers on either side were, a deadly missile in the hands of a soldier who knew well just how and whither to hurl it. No time was lost after the assembling. On swift horses, the best the United States Government could furnish, they galloped behind their leader, swept down upon the enemy, a yelling, shooting, death dealing cyclone of horse and man, drove their blow home, and were away before the astonished fugitives could hurry up support.

This method of warfare was condemned by the North as being wholly wanton. There seemed to be no system in the wiping out of an isolated picket post, a wild foray that resulted in the destruction of a hundred wagons, or a reckless raid that flung the commissary's railway cars into the ditch. But Mosby was aware that food and supplies were absolutely essential to the soldier in the field, and hence when he aimed a blow at a wagon train he knew it would land on his enemy's stomach. Hungry soldiers will not fight.

At that time the historical stage of the war was passed and soldiers thought less about bullets and more about breakfast. Nothing could more effectually upset the plans of a commander than to have things happen to his supply trains, and Mosby saw to it that every one that came through his country was heavily guarded, or else fell into his hands. Of course, if he compelled them to detach forces to guard them he had also achieved one of his objects, since their offensive force was weakened to that extent.

Mosby's men also made allies of darkness and mystery. The very fact that his movements were so erratic kept the enemy in a state of unpleasant anticipation all along his lines, for it seemed to be that Mosby always struck where he was least expected. And under the shadow of night he excited imaginations of a panic stricken enemy always magnified their numbers many times. In the mathematics of fear 2 and 2 are not 4, but 22, and darkness ever multiplies by ten.

Thus by playing upon the imagination and fears of his enemies Mosby accomplished a hundred fold what he could have achieved with the same number of men in the regular army. The lonely pickets, the thrifty sutlers, the insufficient guard, were really captured by their fears before Mosby had even called upon them to surrender. And the people and press of the North, as well as the army gossip around the Union camps, all were his unconscious allies, since they increased his efficiency by increasing the terror of his name.

In 1864 Sheridan started up the Shenandoah Valley, determined to make short work of that region. He had 75,000 men, and opposed to him was Early with barely one-fifth of that number. He set about his work at once, and it looked as though it was a matter of but a few days longer, when one day he halted. Sheridan had missed his dinner because Mosby had eaten it. With 300 men he had captured one of Sheridan's largest trains near Berryville, and that magnificent host of 75,000 veterans sat down dormant for a space of some weeks until their general could arrange about getting his meals regularly.

Of course Sheridan wouldn't admit that he had been halted indefinitely by a band smaller than his own bodyguard, but the facts of history override the feelings of even a major general.

While there never was a body of men so completely vitalized and dominated by one person as this body, yet Mosby encouraged independent leadership in his officers. One Major Blazer had been harrying the valley, and there came to Mosby the cry of the afflicted people. "Richards," said he to one of his captains, "take companies B and C, go over into the valley and stay there until you whip Blazer or Blazer whips you."

A week after Richards returned with Blazer and what he had left of Blazer's men. In his report, Mosby gave entire credit for the planning and execution of the campaign to his captain.

Ten or fifteen years ago the survivors of the historic command held their first reunion at Alexandria. About 120 attended. Since then they have met annually at the various towns that are scattered throughout the country wherein they once followed a life strenuous enough to satisfy the most exacting advocate of that cult. Each year sees their numbers dwindling, and it is not expected that more than half a hundred will respond to the roll call at Fredericksburg next week.

Women's Wear in War Time.

We had one cotton mill to spin the warp. The people stood in line to get a bunch of cotton for warp. The filling was yarn, cotton, flax and tow. We got our dyestuff from the forest; it was almost as bad on timber as the tanbark trade is now. There was a great rivalry among the women to see who could have the prettiest dress. I have a quilt made of cotton and linen, called a "Confederate" quilt.

The clothing of every member of the family was made from the raw material, carded, spun, woven, dyed and made with homespun thread.

The tow linen cloth had one peculiarity. It was a great stretcher. It was often exchanged for other things. A man and his wife started to town with cloth sufficient to get some articles; on the way he remembered he needed a gimlet also; he told his wife. They decided to tie the ends of the cloth to two saplings, he to stretch a gimlet out of it.

I took great interest in the silk industry. We fed the worms on mulberry leaves, and such beautiful silk we did have—a bright stripe in a cotton dress made it very fine. A family made gloves, beautiful silk mits, with bees embroidered on the back. Nothing went to waste. The thorn trees furnished us pins and hairpins. Our millinery was out crowning effort. Hats were made of cotton thread crocheted, put on a block, stretched very stiff and ironed, then wired; we had home made flowers and all kinds of material for trimming. A cloth frame made stiff and covered with scraped cow's horn was much admired, if it did look like a cocoanut cake. —Charlotte Observer.

Beyond His Limit.

During the civil war soldiers were very apt to become intoxicated, as liquor was sometimes the only drink they could get. One soldier, who was in the habit of becoming intoxicated, was remonstrated with by the colonel of his regiment, the conversation which took place being as follows:

"You are a remarkable clean man, sir."

"Thank you, colonel."

"But, sir, you have had habits."

"I am sorry for that, colonel."

"You drink, sir."

"I am sorry for that."

"Oh, I know you are sorry, but why don't you drink like me?"

"Colonel, I couldn't do it. It would kill me."—Boston Herald.

Thrilling War Encounter.

Mrs. Butler, the mother of Senator Butler, was a resident of Greenville, S. C. She was quite an interesting character. She reared a large family, and when the war broke out her sons promptly responded to their country's call for volunteers.

As Greenville was but a small town, and there was but one train a day, it was customary for a crowd to assemble at the depot every evening to hear the news from the scene of battle, some gentleman usually reading the paper aloud to the others. And as regularly as the evening came, Mrs. Butler might be seen on her way to the station, sitting in her little carriage, or "carry-all" as it was called, driving an old horse which had evidently seen better days. She would take her position, close to the platform, near the reader, and raising her ear-trumpet, listen attentively, showing her approval or disapproval as the case might be, by a nod or an emphatic remark.

The following storry is told of her: When a division of Sherman's army came through Greenville, the headquarters were on Boyce's lawn, but a short distance from Mrs. Butler's home. Some of the more lawless members of the army scoured the country, pillaging and taking possession of anything on which they could lay their hands. They visited the stable and carried off Mrs. Butler's only horse. Early the following morning she presented herself at headquarters and asked to see the federal commander. Dr. B.——, a Southern gentleman who was present, thinking that if the General knew her social position, he would feel more inclined to grant her request, introduced her as the "sister of Commodore Perry, our distinguished naval officer." But the patrotic old lady remarked with a good deal of spirit, "I did not come here as the sister of Commodore Perry, but as the mother of seven sons in the Confederate army, and I want my old gray horse."

It is needless to say that the Federal officer, admiring her independence, promptly restored the animal to its owner.—Charlotte Observer.

A Remarkable Family.

Capt. George Nickles was born in Laurens County, S. C., in October, 1800. When a young man he moved to Abbeville County, where he spent the remainder of his life and where nearly all his descendants have remained. His wife was Miss Bryson, of Laurens, and his second wife was Miss Aiken, of Abbeville. He is the father of twenty-one children, the grandfather of ninety-seven, the great-grandfather of one hundred and ninety-two, the great-great-grandfather of thirty-seven, making the number of his descendants to date three hundred and forty-seven.

He gave four sons to the Confederate army, all of whom were wounded in battle and only one of whom survived the war. He had also seven son-in-laws in the Confederate army, four of whom were wounded. Most of his descendants have lived as he did, in the country on the farm. Several have been merchants, one a lawyer, five doctors, fifteen teachers, one licensed minister of the Gospel and one is now in a course of preparation for the ministration.

Capt. Nickles was brought up in the A. R. P. Church, and all but three of his descendants have been Presbyterians.

On last Friday there was a reunion of the family at "the brick house" and two hundred of the connection were present to answer again, or for the first time at the family roll-call. It was a delightful occasion, and will long be remembered by all present. Surely some member of the tribe will make a complete family tree to present on the next like occasion.

The writer hopes to be there.—Abbeville Medium.

Put Them All Up.

John Gary Evans, it will be recalled, remarked while he was governor that Tillman took rebates while he, Tillman, was governor. Mr. Christensen and Mr. Lyon of the investigating committee now have their opportunity—they should summon both Tillman and Evans and put searching questions to both and find out all they can about the whole nasty business. In fact they should summons as witnesses, not only Tillman and John Gary Evans, but Traxler, Rev. S. A. Nettles, Seth Scruggs, ex-Governor Miles B. McSweeny, D. H. Tompkins, ex-Secretary of State Cooper and all the others who ever had anything to do in any way with the Great Moral Institution. If these men know anything they ought to be made to tell it, and if the whiskey houses know anything they also ought to be made to disgorge. Now that we are into it we want to know everything, and the people are certainly entitled to know the inside workings of a business—at they have an interest in.—Darlington News.

—Any humorist who thirsts for fame must be a dry joker.

The Spencer Boy.

Master D. I. Spencer is a lad of 12 summers. He was depraved from early childhood, but when charges were brought against him his parents invariably screened him, and naturally he became very insolent. Many people would not believe that a boy of such parentage could be wicked, and as bad as his conduct was, they contended that he was good in principle and would be all right in deportment if he would reform and behave himself.

There were many others who saw that he ruined every boy that associated with him, and though they deplored his influence and shuddered to think what the end would be, yet out of respect for the lad's distinguished father they continued to befriend him.

Then there were some irreverent persons who always said that the chap was no better than anybody else's kid, and tried to chunk him away from their premises. This was very rude, and sorely grieved the fond and pious father, who regarded every old gin saw shied at the boy aimed at him.

Finally people who thought the brat was getting no better and was about to bring disgrace upon all his kindred and friends began to say that he must be brought to account. Then his best friend jumped up before anyone else could say another word and said: "We will get up a committee and investigate him; his friends can do it better than anybody else." Of course he thought that none but chums would get on that committee.

The talk went on and a good many people said the Spenser boy shouldn't play in their back yards any more, and lots of others say they are going to order him off, as much as they like the old man.

When the dear old father sniffed the scent that was in the air he said: "There must be something dead up the branch, and I'm afraid that boy has been at the killing. His early training was all right but he has been in bad company. He must change his associates and reform, and I'll give him six months to do it in; if he doesn't get right in that time I'll help to kill him." That was a very brutal remark, and he softened it down afterward when he declared that he would give the boy six months to reform and if that was not enough he would give him a year or two longer, and he didn't set any time to kill him.

There was some mistake in getting up the committee to enquire into the behavior of the Spenser boy. The man that was in a hurry to investigate told the fellows, "We're just going around smoothing things over," but other members of the committee didn't understand the business that way. They "took off the lid," and things began to come out. When they went to tracking around in the sand they found footprints said to have been made by the friendly investigator. Then he cried, "Treason! treason!" He jumped up and cracked his heels together and shook his fist and said things.—Chester Lantern.

He Became Independent.

Charles M. Schwab, in the cool of the evening, was pacing Atlantic City's board walk. Every little while a chairman, passing, would give him such a salute as an Emperor might have envied.

"Why," said someone, "do these chair-pushers greet Mr. Schwab so impressively?"

"It is because he tips them with such generosity," another replied.

But Mr. Schwab deprecated that statement. Then, laughing, he said:

"No, I am not extravagant in my tips. At the same time I try to avoid the example that old Thomas McWade set in Loretto in my boyhood.

"One day Thomas pulled up his team before the general store.

"'Here Herb, hold my horse' he said, getting down.

"So Herb, a one-armed man, held the horse ten minutes. Then Thomas reappeared.

"'Thank you, Herb,' was all he said, and he got in and drove off. And Herb, who had expected at least a nickel, was too angry to say a word.

"But a few weeks later Thomas got down from his team at the same place and asked the one-armed man to hold it for him again.

"Herb, primed now, shook his head.

"'No, Thomas,' he said, 'I've given that up. I don't need to hold horses no more.'

"'How's that?' asked Thomas.

"'Why,' Herb answered, 'what you gave me last time has made me independent.'"

—A tramp broke into an undertaking shop in Holland recently and went to sleep in a coffin. He was arrested and sent to jail for four months for usurping a place that rightfully belonged to the dead.

—A Kentucky farm of 110 acres on which Lincoln was born was sold at auction for $3,600.

FOR SALE.

322 ACRES OF LAND,
3½ miles from Central.
Apply to
F. B. MORGAN,
Central, S. C.
Aug 6, 1905 12 4

Sale of Real Estate.

Will offer for sale at public outcry on Salesday, October 2, 1905, at Anderson, S. C., the following Tracts of Land:
One Tract containing 106½ acres.
One Tract containing 82 acres.
One Tract containing 59½ acres.
Situated seven miles northeast of Anderson, S. C., on the Williamston Road, adjoining lands of Col. L. E. Campbell, E. H. Valentine and others.
Terms—One-third Cash, balance on time, interest from day of sale at 8 per cent per annum. Credit portion secured by a mortgage of the premises.
J. R. VANDIVER,
Anderson, S. C.
Sept 6, 1905 12 4

For Sale—1530 Acres Land.

Tract No. 1.—400 acres, 4 miles east of Mt. Carmel, in Flatwoods wheat belt. Seven good tenant houses. Place all wired in. On main public roads. Will grow three-fourths of a bale of cotton per acre, from one to two tons of hay per acre and 15 to 30 bushels of corn.
Tract No. 2—1130 acres, 8 miles south of Abbeville. Good cotton land. Nine good tenant houses and out buildings. Well watered and on public roads. Mineral spring. Fine Bermuda grass. Pastures between 300 and 400 acres, wired in. 2 miles from good public school. 40 head graded Short Horn and Polled-Angus cattle. 1 Registered Dayon Bull, 4 years old. For further particulars call on or write
HUNTER BROS.,
Hunters, S. C.
Abbeville Co.
August 30 1905, 11 4

Judge of Probate's Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON.
In the Court of Common Pleas.

Samantha M. Heaton, as Heir at Law and Administratrix of the Estate of C. E. Johnson, dec'd, Plaintiff, vs. James Edward Johnson, Rufus A. Johnson, Mary A. Johnson, John H. Johnson, Inman S. Johnson, William C. Johnson and Charles E. Johnson, minors, Defendants.—Complaint for Partition.
Pursuant to the order of sale granted herein, I will sell on Salesday in October next, in front of the Court House, in the City of Anderson, S. C., during the usual hours of sale, the Real Estate described as follows, to wit:
All that certain Tract or Parcel of Land containing two hundred and thirty-nine (239) acres, more or less, situate in said State and County, in Garvin Township, bounded by lands of T. T. Wakefield, Westley Williams, G. M. Cole and others. The said Tract was purchased by the said C. E. Johnson in two Parcels or Tracts, one of which was from Alford Hix, as shown by Deed executed by him and recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Court of the said County in Book UU, page 616, and the other by Deeds executed by the children of Mariah Watson and recorded in the said office of the Clerk of Court in Book GGG, pages 60 and 63, all of which will more fully appear by reference thereunto: the said Tract of Land herein sought to be partitioned is the home place of the said C. E. Johnson, dec'd.
Terms—Cash.
R. Y. H. NANCE,
Judge of Probate as Special Referee.
Sept 6, 1905 12 4

Judge of Probate's Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON.
Court of Common Pleas.

Jos. J. Fretwell, Plaintiff, vs. Oliver Williford, Dock Williford, William Williford and Moses Williford, Defendants.—Order for Foreclosure.
Pursuant to the order of sale granted herein, I will sell on Salesday in October next, in front of the Court House, in the City of Anderson, S. C., during the usual hours of sale the Real Estate described as follows, to wit:
All that certain Piece, Parcel or Tract of Land situate, lying and being in the County and State aforesaid, on Wilson's Creek and branches thereof, and Taylor's Branch, all waters of Rocky River, containing two hundred and forty-five and one half (245½) acres, more or less, adjoining lands now or formerly belonging to Jas. S. Beatty, R. R. Beatty, Mrs. Mary Taylor, Jack Richardson, Lent Hall, Jos. N. Burries and Mrs. S. E. Bowman, it being the same land conveyed to Oliver Williford, Dock Williford, William Williford and Moses Williford, by Deed of Jos. J. Fretwell, of date the 8th day of November, 1894.
Terms—One-half Cash, balance on twelve months, with interest from date of sale at eight per cent. per annum, with leave to the purchaser to pay all Cash. Purchaser to pay extra for papers.
R. Y. H. NANCE,
Judge of Probate as Special Referee.
Sept 6, 1905 12 4

SECURE A HOME.

I am in the REAL ESTATE business for buying, selling and exchanging lands in any part of this or adjoining Counties.
If you have lands for sale, or if you want to buy lands—see me at once.
I own and control large and small bodies of lands, and will cut them up to meet the reasonable wants of purchasers.
If you have a mortgage on your farm, and want to sell to get out, NOW is the time.
I have sold over $7,000 worth of land since my last advertisement, and know how to handle your property to advantage.
My commissions are very reasonable. Be sure to see me. Lemon business.
Here is a partial list of holdings, which are all good lands, and are worth more money than I ask for them:
Hopewell Township, 100 acres, 175 acres.
Pendleton Township, 300 acres.
York Township, 200 acres.
Corner Township, 140 acres.
Garvin Township, 100 acres.
Savannah Township, 300 acres, 275 acres.
Hall Township, 200 acres.
Yours truly,
J. J. FRETWELL.

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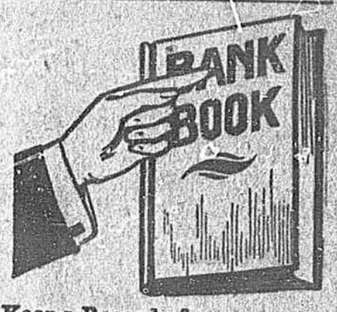
67th year begins Sept. 13th.
Strong faculty of 8 men, 11 women. 125 pupils from 11 States. 70 boarders. A. B., B. S. and L. L. degrees. Usual extras. Board and tuition $185 per year. Ideal place for quiet study, thorough work, sweet Christian influences, and kind personal oversight. For catalog address Rev. JAMES BOYCE, President, Due West, Abbeville Co., S. C.
July 5, 1905 3

Notice to Creditors.

All persons having demands against the Estate of John W. Shearer, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.
JAS. A. SHIRLEY,
W. H. SHERARD,
Executors.
Sept. 6, 1905 12 3



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Put your money in the Bank and pay your bills by check.
The Bank Book is the best record of receipts, and your check is the best receipt for your bills.
The SAVINGS DEPARTMENT of The Bank of Anderson will pay you interest on that idle money you have. One Dollar will open an account.
THE BANK OF ANDERSON.
Capital $150,000—Surplus $150,000.
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B. F. Mauldin, Cashier.

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IF that name stands for square dealings and truly artistic—
PIANOS,
That's what our name stands for.
Call and inspect our handsome array of—
PIANOS
—AND—
ORGANS.
THE
C. A. REED
Music House,
ANDERSON, - - S. C.

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Your accounts cannot well get in a tangle if your money is deposited with and all payments made through the—
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It is our business to take care of your business—the banking part of it—and we do it with accuracy that comes from experience.
The Bank's past history is a guarantee for the future.
Deposits of any amount received.
Interest paid on deposits. Good borrowers and good depositors wanted.

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

C. C. McWhorter, Plaintiff, against the McNeel Marble Company, a Corporation under and by the Laws of Georgia, Defendant.—Summons for Relief—Complaint not Served.
To the Defendant The McNeel Marble Company, a Corporation:
YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, at Anderson, C. H., S. C., and to subscribe your answer to the said Complaint on the subscriber at his office in Anderson, C. H., S. C., within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.
Dated Anderson, S. C., August 4, A. D. 1905.
BONHAM & WATKINS,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.
(Seal.) Jno. G. Watkins, C. C. P.
To the absent Defendants, The McNeel Marble Company: You will please take notice that the Complaint in this action has been filed this day filed in the office of the Clerk of Court of Common Pleas for Anderson County, South Carolina.
August 4, 1905.
BONHAM & WATKINS,
August 9, 1905 3 6

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
County of Anderson.
COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Martha Pickens, Plaintiff, against Mary Jane Thomley, Perry Pickens, Benny Pickens, Tiny Williams and Daisy Pickens, Defendants.—Summons for Relief—Complaint Served.
To the Defendants above named:
YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to said Complaint on the subscribers at their office, Anderson, S. C., within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.
Dated Anderson, S. C., July 19, A. D. 1905.
To the above Defendants, Perry Pickens and Benny Pickens:
You will take notice that if you fail to answer the Complaint herein, which was filed in the office of the Clerk of Court for Anderson County, S. C., on the 8th day of August, 1905, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.
O. A. TRIBBLE & CHAPMAN,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.
August 9, 1905 3 6