

THE UNIVERSAL WANT.

"What I Really Want is More Money!"

Sunday News.

The stillness which usually prevails in down-town streets of the city between midnight and morning was momentarily broken one night recently by the voices of two men in earnest conversation as they strolled leisurely homeward; but only one sentence of what they were saying was distinctly audible to a chance listener. It was the very suggestive remark in emphatic tones: "What I really want is more money!" As the voices and footsteps died away, leaving such silence as is compatible with the shrilling of the locusts disturbed from their dreams by the electric light, the listener reflected how universal is that want of "more money." It is felt by all sorts and conditions of men; for we appear to have inherited the want lineal descent from the two daughters of the horseleech—whosoever those young ladies were—and to have been born with the insatiable cry in our mouths of: "Give! Give! Give!" that never ceases until we have received the last gift the world has for us—enough earth to cover us. The one word which it seems impossible for us to say, so far as money is concerned, is enough. One of the Lyceum lecturers this past winter told an anecdote of a western farmer whose whole aim in life was to plant more corn, to raise more hogs, to make more money, to buy more land, to plant more corn, to raise more hogs—and so on indefinitely; and it was an apt illustration of the way the mania for money-making takes possession of a man and drives him ever onward in the race for wealth until he falls into his grave from sheer exhaustion.

The richest men in the world never appear to reach the limit of their desires in this direction; even though their wealth is always increasing by leaps and bounds through additional millions, and by compound interest. Only to a very few of them does the time ever come when they feel they have enough, and that they may begin to take their ease. As a writer in the Century puts it: "The ordinary mortal looks with astonishment and perplexity upon the group of old men who, on the crumbling brink of the grave, are still straining every nerve, their brains and consciences in the frantic accumulation of unnecessary millions. One of these persistent accumulators was asked once by a friend why he kept on thus pillaging unneeded millions upon millions. You can't eat them or drink them; you have no reason to pile up more for your heirs—why do you work so hard in your old age gathering them together?" The old miser turned to him and said: "Did you ever play marbles when you were a boy?" "Yes." "Did you keep on winning them?" "Yes." "Why did you do it?" "For the fun of the game." "That's why I do it; for the fun of the game." In short the old legend of King Midas with his touch of gold, repeated over and over again in our own very practical age with endless variations; but not one of them all ever appears to realize as Midas did that one could pay dear for such a gift; and they prefer to starve, soul and body, rather than to renounce the magic touch. There is no "Pactolus" in this country that has power to put an end to their lust for more money, and if there were they would bridge it. A millionaire may say he wants more money in order to buy a certain railroad, or mine, or to establish some magnificent industry; but that does not argue that he has any special interest in those things, or that it will give him pleasure to watch their workings; or that he wants to benefit others through them. Not at all. It simply means that he wants one or all of those things as a means to an end, and that end is the same the farmer had in view when he planted the corn for the hogs which should bring him in more money.

The strangest part of it is that nearly all the wealthy men in this country—or at least their fathers did—began life in such poverty that a few thousands would have seemed enough to satisfy their desires and to provide them and their families with all that was necessary to make life worth living. But as they became successful and wealth flowed in upon them, their love for gold, just for its own sake, grows until it becomes the ruling passion. They cease to care for the pleasures and surroundings they valued in former years, and their money has brought them nothing which can compensate for that loss. We have heard, however, of one wealthy couple who have never outgrown their taste for the simple fare of their early days, nor have they ever been able to find a cook who can prepare those dishes half so well as can "Madam" herself, and then, too, they are ashamed to ask for such

things at the fashionable hotels they patronize. And so it sometimes happens that from behind the locked doors of their costly suite of apartments there issues a mysterious odor of certain dishes, dear to them both, but not permissible upon the menu of so stylish an establishment, which "Madam" herself is preparing surreptitiously with her own diamond-laden hands for their private delectation. Indeed she sometimes confesses with a sigh, in moments of confidence, that she was far happier in the days when such cooking was a regular part of her daily duties. But do these people make any attempt to return to such idyllic conditions? Not at all. He could not cease from money-making long enough to give himself such a holiday as that would be. They go frequently to Europe, and spend some time in each of their beautiful American homes every year, but nowhere are they thoroughly contented and happy, for all the time the underlying motive of the many movements in the pursuit of some scheme to make more money.

It may be argued that money is a necessity of civilized life, and that money-making a perfectly legitimate occupation; that no sort of business can be carried on without it, and that the churches themselves are loud in their insistent demands for money-making to advance the cause of religion. Every reasonable person will admit the truth of those assertions, and no one more readily than those are interested in undertakings of a religious or charitable nature, and who know how very acceptable a few thousands, or even a hundred dollars would be to each of them; but it is not the money of which we complain, but of the fact that so many people have more money than one person can possibly use or benefit by, beyond the pleasure they derive from knowing they have millions to their bank account, or in whatever form of securities pleases them best.

It is noticeable how largely money enters into every conversation, and permeates all the news of the day. Fully half the items in the daily newspapers relate to money in some way; and a very large amount of the misfortunes, crimes and accidents are directly attributable to money; whether it be a railroad disaster caused by the parsimony of the company in not repairing its bridges and roadway, or by their failure to hire sufficient hands to run their trains; or a brutal murder, as that which occurred near the city last week over a game of chance where the stakes in dispute were only two cents, or the suicide of a man who had allowed himself to embezzle money entrusted to his care. And so it is evident that despite the great good money can do when properly used, the love of it when it becomes an overruling passion, is still "the root of all evil," and no doubt "the father of all evil" is greatly occupied in the cultivation of a root which bears so abundant a harvest for him.

Strange Place For Milk. One of the children sent to Woodstock last week by the Fresh Air Society witnessed the milking of a cow for the first time. He had followed the farmer to the barnyard, and as the milk fell into the pail the child asked: "Is that the milk we drink?" The farmer said it was, and then the youngster remarked: "At home we keep the milk in a refrigerator. Do you keep yours in that thing?" pointing to the cow.—Baltimore Sun.

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A Wonderful Cotton.

Mr. F. H. Hyatt has sent the State office a boll of cotton which is conceded by all who have seen it to be a marvelous product of the cotton plant. The cotton was grown on "Diversification Farm No. 1," which was established by the United States government last February a year ago. The seed of this cotton was given Mr. Hyatt by Col. C. S. McCall, of Bennettsville, who stated to Mr. Hyatt in a letter that these were a few seed that he had selected from year to year and that they had produced, some of them, as high as seven locks to the boll.

Last year Mr. Hyatt planted and raised from those seed some that produced 11 locks to the boll; now he has capped the climax by producing a boll which consists of 13 locks. The boll was weighed and it was shown that it weighed one-half ounce; so it will be seen that 32 bolls will produce a pound which is about three times the size of the ordinary cotton boll. It requires from 100 to 110 bolls of common cotton to produce a pound.

This boll of cotton was exhibited to some of the expert cotton men in town and on investigation was found that the cotton was well matured with good staple. Mr. Hyatt states that he has a good deal of cotton from 7 to 11 locks to the boll, and he has quite a number running as high as 13, and this season he proposes to pick the seed from this cotton and put it into a location where it will not come in contact with any other grade of cotton while growing. And if he should succeed in getting this cotton to reproduce itself it does look as if the cotton plant will be almost doubled in value as soon as this is established and demonstrated as a fact. Mr. Hyatt is not yet prepared to put seed on the market. It requires several years to get a fixed type which will reproduce itself and will not deteriorate in succeeding seasons.—The State.

The Bride's Mistake.

They were newly married and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skyscraper hotel. The bridegroom fell indisposed and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped lightly up to her room, a little awed by the number of doors that look all alike. But she was sure of her own and tapped gently on the panel. "I'm back, honey; let me in," she whispered.

"No answer." "Honey, honey, let me in!" she called again, rapping louder. Still no answer. "Honey, honey, it's Mabel. Let me in!"

There was silence for several seconds, then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door: "Madam, this is not a beshive; it's a bath room."—New York Sun.

Proof For Col. Crowninshield.

The estate owned by the late Colonel Crowninshield, one of the Marblehead's most aristocratic citizens, adjoins the pastures of William Farmer, a sturdy farmer. A valuable dog owned by the colonel used to run into the pasture and annoyed the farmer's cows. The farmer went to Col. Crowninshield and requested that the annoyance be stopped only to receive the reply: "How do you know it is my dog?"

"How do I know?" replied the other, with rising indignation, "why haven't I seen him?" "You must bring me better proof," replied the colonel as he turned coldly away.

"All right, sir," said the farmer, in a unmistakable tone, "the next time the dog bothers my cows I'll bring you all the proof necessary in a wheelbarrow."

The dog never bothered the cows afterward.—Boston Herald.

Why he Lost Out.

A young man not a thousand miles from here went with his sister to a dry goods store. He purchased a pair of gloves for his sweetheart. The sister bought a pair of hose for herself. Of course, the clerk got them mixed. The explosion came when the sweetie opened the package and found a pair of long, black stockings. She blushed. Then she opened the note and read the following tender lines: "I am sending you a little present. Oh, how I wish that no other hands than mine would ever be permitted to touch them after you put them on. But, alas, a score of fellows may touch them, when I am not by your side and other eyes may see them when you are on the street. Or at parties, I bought the longest pair I could get, and if they are too long you may let them wrinkle down. A great many girls I know wear them slipped down a little. Always wear them at parties. I want to see how they fit. When I call Tuesday night. You can clean them easily, dear, with benzine. If you leave them on till they dry, I hope they are not too small. Blow in them before you put them on." The young man did call Tuesday night "to see how they fitted," but it is understood that he failed to win a home.

—It is easy to forgive the man who has wronged the other fellow. —Look to your work and your wings will take care of themselves.

HE WANTED TO SUE.

The Advice He Got Might Profitably Apply to a Larger Case.

Squire Nickerson was sitting in his office leisurely reading the newspaper when a man rushed in with a child in each hand and asked in a loud voice for Squire Nickerson.

"I guess I'm the man you are looking for," answered the squire, laying aside his paper. "You Squire Nickerson?" asked the man sharply. "Well, you are the man I'm looking for, and I want to file suit."

"Whom do you wish to file suit against?" queried the squire. Here the man released the children and began some mild gesticulations, which signified more heat to follow. "I want to sue a woman down at my boarding house."

"What has she done?" "She's got a dishpan of mine, squire, and I want to sue her for it."

"Yes, you might get the dishpan by suing her for it," agreed the squire, "but how does she happen to have your dishpan?"

"Well, said the stranger slowly, "I broke a lamp chimney belonging to her, and she took the dishpan. She said that she would keep it until I paid her for the lamp chimney. But I want to sue her and get the dishpan."

"Now, look here, my good man," said the squire, "you don't want to do anything of the kind. You want to take 10 cents, go down to the grocery and buy a lamp chimney and then take it down to this woman and get your dishpan."

"But can't I get it by suing her?" asked the man stubbornly. "You might get the dishpan, and it might cost you several dollars. Instead of spending car fare to come up here and see me you could have had a new lamp chimney bought by this time, and your dishpan would be under your arm."

"The lamp chimney will cost only 5 cents."

"And you wanted to bring suit rather than settle the trouble for a nickel?" asked the squire incredulously.

"Never thought of settling it the way you suggest, squire," remarked the man after a thoughtful pause, "but I reckon you are right." Whereupon he took his two children by the hands and left the office. "Much obliged, squire," he shouted as the trio clattered down the stairs.—Indianapolis News.

Curran's Wit.

Curran's ruling passion was his joke, and it was strong, if not in death, at least in his last illness. One morning his physician observed that he seemed to "cough with more difficulty."

"That is rather surprising," answered Curran, "for I have been practicing all night."

While thus lying ill Curran was visited by a friend, Father O'Leary, who also loved his joke.

"I wish, O'Leary," said Curran to him abruptly, "that you had the keys of heaven."

"Why, Curran?" "Because you could let me in," said the facetious counselor.

"It would be much better for you, Curran," said the good humored priest, "that I had the keys of the other place, because I could then let you out."

Avaricious to the End.

"So strong is the avarice of the miser," said Uncle Joshua, "that we are not surprised at its often developing itself as the ruling passion strong in death." Mr. Watson, a man of very large fortune and uncle to Lord Rockingham, just before he died desired his attendant to give him a shirt out of a drawer he pointed to. "Lord, sir," said the attendant, "what do you mean, to think of putting on another shirt now?" "Why," said Watson, "I understand it is the custom for the shirt I have on to be the perquisite of those who lay me out, and that is an old ragged one and good enough for them."

Competent to Serve.

One of the quaint characters well known to old timers of Portland, Ore., was Robert E. Bybee, familiarly known as Bob Bybee. He was a justice of the peace in Portland for many years, and tales innumerable are told of him. Once when a jury was being impaneled one of the jurors, a well known attorney, asked to be excused because he was a lawyer. "Well," said Bybee, "I guess that all the law you know isn't going to disqualify you from serving."

Too Much Love.

He—You never seem to care a straw whether I am comfortable or not. You are not the sort of a wife your sister was to her husband. As long as he lived she was perfectly devoted to him and never tired of seeking his happiness.

She—Yes, and what was the result? He got to loving her so much that he made a provision in his will that she should not marry again.

—Too many hope to bull their own religious stock by bearing that of others.

—The day of rest is never the better for making it a day of rest.

—Enough is as good as a feast more leads but to famine.

—All states are homesteads but none are self-made.

—The only doubts for which an apology are those you feel like admitting.

A "BLOWOUT."

Origin of the Word That Now Means a Jolly Time.

"You have often heard the expression, 'We had a great blowout,' used in connection with a dance or some sort of amusement," said a man who studies words and their origin. "Do you know the origin of the word 'blowout'?" No? Well, I'll tell you of it. Away back in the thirties of the last century the cotton mills at Lowell, Mass., were furnished with operatives from the families of the farmers living about the town. The sons and daughters of the sturdy farmers held positions in the mills, and, coming from such good old stock, there was a sort of social spirit developed among the employees which is not found in factories in these days. From the factories of Lowell some prominent people have come. Helen Hunt Jackson was employed there at one time.

"The hours were long, and in winter time lamps had to be provided to give light to the workers. It was before the days of kerosene, or, as they used to pronounce it when it did come out, 'kerosen,' with the accent on the 'o.' Whale oil lamps were burned. They were lighted on Nov. 1 regularly every year, and their use was dispensed with on May 1. It was the operation on this latter date that originated the word 'blowout.' When the bell sounded on this day to quit work all lamps were blown out simultaneously, not to be lighted again until November. This was called the 'blowout,' and after this a dance or supper would be given, which at first was called the 'blowout dance,' or 'blowout supper,' until finally any festivity attending the extinguishing of the lamps for the year was called 'the blowout.' So the word 'blowout' was originated."

Quite a Difference.

Horatio G. Herrick of Lawrence, Mass., for many years sheriff of Essex county, took a lively interest in the schools of his home town. Shortly after Garfield's death Mr. Herrick visited one of the schools and made an address upon the life of the statesman. He asked:

"Now, can any of you tell me what a statesman is?" A little hand went up, and a little girl replied:

"A statesman is a man who makes speeches." "Hardly that," answered Mr. Herrick, who loved to tell this story. "For instance, I sometimes make speeches, and yet I am not a statesman."

The little hand again went up, and the answer came, triumphantly:

"I know. A statesman is a man who makes good speeches!"

She Was.

A Boston woman, after selecting some embroidery in one of the big department stores, discovered that she had not money enough with her to pay for it. She had never opened an account in this particular shop, and it was therefore agreed that the clerk should put the goods aside until the next day, when the purchaser should come for it with cash in hand. When the woman returned the day following to get her embroidery she could not remember which of the saleswomen had waited upon her. After puzzling over the matter for a moment, however, she approached one who looked vaguely familiar and asked, "Am I the woman who bought some embroidery here yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl stolidly and turned to get it.

Five o'clock tea in Japan. At a Japanese tea party the guests sit on cushions placed upon the floor, and the tea service consists of a teapot, a cooling pot, teacups and a hibachi to heat the water, says Home Notes. The Japanese do not agree with us in thinking that boiling water should be poured over the tea, so when the water is boiled a little of it is placed in the cooler and then poured over the tea, which is allowed to steep for a few minutes. Boiling water is then added and the cups filled. Green tea is used, but no sugar or cream is added.

A Hard Word.

"Mamma," said a small girl, "if I get married when I grow up will I have a husband like papa?" "Yes, dear," was the answer.

"And if I don't get married shall I be an old maid like Aunt Sarah?" "Why, my dear, you probably will," replied her mother.

"The little girl sighed. 'Well, no matter what we do,' she said, 'it's a pretty hard word for us women, isn't it?'"—Hartley's Weekly.

Real or Fancied.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the drug clerk.

"Well," replied the man, "my room was full of rats last night, and I want—"

"Yes, sir," interrupted the bright clerk, "bring for yourself or synchronize for them?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

—Where there is no heart in the work there is always plenty of hardship.

—No man wanders more sadly than he who watches only another's ways.

—A barefooted man seldom lives long enough to raise a crop of whiskers.

—Sometimes a man is so straitly that he can't even see if he is married.

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