The Man Who Went Wrong

By C. B. LEWIS

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There had been a gale in the gulf all night long, and as daylight came and the Cuban scouts looked out of the thicket in which they had lain through the night the white topped waves were chasing each other ashore like so many wild horses. They were there to meet a blockade runner which was to have landed a cargo for them the previous night, but the gale had kept her away from the coast.

"What is it?" was asked as one of the group uttered a shout and pointed out to sea.

"Boom!" came the report of a cannon as if in answer.

Three miles off the coast was a tiny craft heading straight for the shore under a bit of sail, and not half a mile behind her was a Spanish gunboat which had opened fire at the reeling, dancing target. Such was the tumble of the waves that the larger craft might have fired all day long and only planted a lucky shot by accident, and it soon became apparent to the watchers that if the little craft were handled right she would at least reach the breakers in safety. Then heaven help the man who was sailing her. She came on like a gull, sometimes hove up until she seemed to launch herself through the air and again sinking so far out of sight and being hidden so long that the watchers held their breath and spoke no word.

"A-h-h-h! Cheer!"

As the water began to shoal the gunboat slewed her head around and wallowed in the trough of the sea for a moment, as if she would turn turtle, and then got her keel under her and steamed out to sea. The scouts waved their hats and cheered the man who was holding the stem of the boat, hardly more than a skiff, straight for the beach at their feet. They ran and pulled down a vine from a tree, formed in line with the outer man up to his waist in the boiling foam, and when the craft struck the first breaker and was hurled end over end the stranger was caught by the collar of his jacket and drawn out of the grip of the deadly undertow.

"Well done and thanks for it," he said five minutes later, when he had cleared his eyes and mouth of salt water.

"How came you afloat in that craft?" asked the leader.

"I came from Key West to join you. You are insurgents, I take it? Take me to headquarters."

"But you braved the gale in that craft?"

"I scudded before it all night."

"And you—you have come to help us fight?"

"Take me to headquarters," answered the man. And he shut his jaws and would talk no more.

A man was detailed to conduct him to insurgent headquarters. What the stranger said to the general never will be known. Perhaps he told all; perhaps he simply said that like many another American free lance he had come to help Cuba win her independence. Good men were too scarce for any caviling. In two days the stranger, who had simply been dubbed "Yankee," was scouting. He was silent and taciturn and made no friends, but when it was found that he had plenty of courage the men rallied to him and were led by him without heartburnings or jealousies. They said of him to each other when out of earshot:

"He is educated. He is a gentleman. He has gone wrong somehow. Let it be his secret, however."

Three months after the landing, General Weyler had offered a reward for Yankee, dead or alive. He detailed fifty scouts for no other purpose but to look for him.

Day by day he rallied at them for their want of success. One by one their number dwindled away under the bullets of Yankee's little band of ten. The Spanish tried bribery, but the insurgents turned their backs on the sums named. They set traps, but the Cuban scouts scented them and refused to walk in.

In six months a hundred Spanish soldiers owed their death to the little band, and a hundred night alarms could be laid to the same cause. Then there came a day when Spanish cunning prevailed. Men were sent out to be defeated and fall beneath Cuban bullets, while those who lived fell back in seeming panic. The ruse succeeded, and the ten, led by Yankee, suddenly found themselves surrounded.

It was on the edge of an old sugar plantation. When the leader saw that retreat was cut off and that he was surrounded on all sides, he gave orders to retreat to the engine house of the mill. It was a small brick building, and when doors and windows had been barricaded it made a strong little fort. It was so strong that, although there were 400 Spanish infantry on the ground, they dared not assault. They simply surrounded it and sent for cannon to batter down the walls.

The Cubans were trapped like rats. They had neither food nor water, and their cartridges were reduced to seven per man. It did not take the slowest witted man among them more than a quarter of an hour to realize that the engine house was a death trap. All instinctively gathered about the leader. No one asked a question. The posture of each told his story for him.

"They are 400 to 10," said Yankee as he looked around him. "We have seventy bullets, and we must kill seventy of the enemy. After that"—

"What?"

"We must do fighting with our ramrods. We will make a rush for it and die fighting."

"But if we could send word to Gomez?"

"He has 200 men with him," answered the leader, with a look of pity at the speaker, who of all else is to bend over the dead.

A bird sang by over head. A fox could not reach his den through them. No, my comrades, we are hedged. We have fought long and well. It only remains to die without shame. Whenever you see a target plant a bullet into it. We must have seventy lives for our ten. It will take them till noon tomorrow to get a cannon here. Now to work."

The Spanish maintained a hot musketry fire all the afternoon, but their bullets were thrown away. It was more for moral effect than any hope that the lead might reach any of the defenders. On the contrary, the trapped men fired only when they had a human target within range, and not a bullet was wasted.

The night passed quietly. There was no earthly show for the Cubans to escape through that cordon, and men were under arms all night to repulse a sudden rush. When morning came the fusillade recommenced, and at 11 o'clock the fieldpiece arrived. There had been no firing from the Cubans for the last half hour. Their last cartridge had been expended.

"This will be the way of it," said Yankee as the men gathered around: "We shall first be summoned to surrender. If any one or all of you want to take advantage of that, well and good. You will probably be shot within half an hour, but there is a bare possibility that the Spanish may keep faith with you. Any one want to try it?"

There was a murmur of dissent from every man.

"Very well. We will reject surrender. They will then open fire. Whether they use solid shot or shell, they will batter down these walls like paper. Get the barricade at the door ready to throw down when I give the word, and then we will give our old battle cry for the last time and have at them. Your firing was so good that I have scored off seven for each man, but we can get one more apiece in the rush. We shall go under, but we have comrades who will know how we died."

Under a flag of truce they were summoned to surrender, but the ten answered with cheers of defiance. Then the cannon opened fire, and at the third discharge the barricade was thrown down, and there was a cheer and a rush. The useless guns were left behind. It was a rush, a melee, a mad whirl of fighters, and then all was over. The ten had got another man apiece and more. Their comrades back in the thickets heard the tale days after; we read of it in the papers after weeks had gone by. All of us said the same. It was the way to die for Cuba.

Where the weeds grow rank and the hideous land crabs scamper about unchecked and unafraid there is a grave for nine. Some strange fragment of sentiment caused the Spanish commander to give the tenth man a grave by himself. Had he finished his work by erecting a headboard he might have written thereon, "Here lieth a man who went wrong, but in death he atoned for it." But a week later no wolf could have found the spot.

His Happy Return.

It was Old Home week, and the returned sons and grandsons had been telling with more or less pride of the changes time had wrought for them. At last Edward Jameson spoke:

"I went away from here twenty years ago a poor young man, with only one solitary dollar in my pocket. I walked the four miles from my father's farm to the station, and there I begged a ride to Boston on a freight car. Last night I drove into town behind a spirited pair of horses, and my purse—guess how much my purse holds in money today, besides a large check." And Mr. Jameson looked about him with a brilliant smile.

"Fifty dollars!"

"Seventy-five!"

"A hundred!" shouted the boys, filled with admiration.

"No," said Mr. Jameson, drawing a large flat purse from his pocket when the clamor had subsided, "none of you has guessed right. When I had paid the 25 cents to Ozzy Boggs for my refreshing drive in the coach I had, besides my trunk check (which I retained for financial reasons), exactly 4 cents. I have come back, my friends, to stay. Any little jobs of sawing and splitting will be gratefully received."

Comparative Strength of Materials.

Cast iron weighs 444 pounds to the cubic foot and an inch square bar will sustain a weight of 16,500 pounds; bronze, weight 525 pounds, tenacity 3,600; wrought iron, weight 480, tenacity 50,000; hard "struck" steel, weight 490, tenacity 78,000; aluminium, weight 168, tenacity 20,000. We are accustomed to think of metals as being stronger than wood, and so they are, generally speaking, if only pieces of the same size be tested, but when equal weights of the two materials are compared it is then found that several varieties of wood are stronger than ordinary steel. A bar of pine just as heavy as a bar of steel an inch square will hold up 125,000 pounds, the best ash 175,000 pounds and some hemlock 200,000 pounds. Wood is bulky. It occupies ten or twelve times the space of steel. The best steel castings made for the United States navy have a tenacity of 65,000 to 75,000 pounds to the square inch. By solidifying such castings under great pressure a tensile strength of 80,000 to 90,000 pounds may be obtained.

The Japanese Jury.

In the Teiyei era (along about the middle of the thirteenth century) a Japanese statesman brought the laws in touch with the people by establishing a council of state, with twelve judges, the same as our jury. Before these twelve all litigation was brought for investigation and decision. The plaintiff and defendant had their spokesmen, who argued and defended the case, and afterward the twelve retired into a closed chamber, where the following oath was administered:

"During the deliberation of a case, and the decision afterward between right and wrong, neither family consideration nor sympathy with nor antipathy against the party shall influence. Fear not a powerful family or favor not a friend, but speak in accordance with the dictates of truth. Should there be a case decided wrong and redress refused to a man as small be punished by all the gods and goddesses of the realm. Thus we swear, and affix our signatures."

It is many a young man who cannot make anything else can make love.

Christmas Greens

A Christmas Story

By Martha M'Culloch-Williams

Copyright, 1904, by Martha McCulloch-Williams

"Christmas without greens! Impossible! There surely must be some of a sort in this big farming world," Leona said almost tragically.

Her cousin and host, Amos Baker, nnook his head.

"None nearer than Sinking Fork," he said. "That's twelve miles off and the chances against finding anything even there—the hills are so low and the valley hardly worth the name."

"You must take me to the head waters. I know I shall find what I want there," Leona said imperiously. "Get out the wagonette at once! No matter if Christmas is ten days off, I know a way to keep greens fresh."

"Won't you say please?" Amos asked banteringly as he went toward the door. Leona ran after him with the prettiest face of contrition.

"Of course I will and 'thanky, sir,' and anything else in the world you ask," she said, laying her hand on his arm.

He smiled at her. "Suppose I should ask you to say 'Yes' to Norrie Cordon. I've a great mind to do it. If Norrie is my brother-in-law, he's worth a dozen of that other fellow."

"H-m. You are sure there is another fellow?" Leona queried saucily, but with a pretty flush.

Amos looked supernaturally wise. "There must be," he said. "Candy three times a week and flowers and gimcracks till the carrier wishes rural free delivery had never been thought of—those are signs I've never yet known to fail."

"You should not peek. It's ungentlemanly, even in your private mail box," Leona said severely, pursing her lips.

Amos shook his head at her. "You shouldn't flirt," he said, "but today I'm bound to give you a chance. Norrie will go with you on this fern chase, because I'm bound to go somewhere else."

"How nice! Norrie is never saucy," Leona said, with a dimpling smile. It made her so enchanting that Norrie, just then coming through the door, lost his heart over again for at least the twentieth time. The losing gave him a fearful joy. He too, had read and interpreted the signs of the post, but as he climbed into the wagonette and sent the horses away at a slapping pace he put all thought of this unknown rival from him, resolved to enjoy at least one blissful day basking in the sunshine of Leona's smiles.

Presently the way bent at almost a right angle. Norrie reined in there and said, letting his free hand rest over Leona's clasped ones: "The fork is just ahead, but you'll find nothing there. I know. I hunt around it every fall. I wonder if you dare go down in the hills with me? There you can get loads of things—green cedar, cross vine, ferns and big green briers with leaves like wax. I know of a holly bush, too, and a clump of pines"—

"Why aren't you taking me to them?" Leona interrupted, her eyes dancing.

Norrie smiled back at her, but there was an anxious undernote in his voice as he answered, "Because they're a long way off, not too far for the horses, but so far we'd be in the night getting home."

"As if that mattered," Leona said scornfully, "when you know my heart is set on giving those dear babies such a Christmas as they never saw. Your sister Amy says I may do just what I please. I please to have a Christmas tree, with the whole house trimmed to match. Drive on—like the wind. Sancho and Sally will have a long rest while you are helping me hack and hew."

"Just as you say, ma'am," Norrie answered suspiciously meek. "But if I haul the tree home, to say nothing of cutting it down, I'm to have my choice of whatever is on it or under it. Is that a bargain?"

"It has to be, but I never thought you'd be such an extortioner," Leona said loftily, although her eyes twinkled. Then she fell silent, drinking in the joy of the sunshine, of the rapid whirl through the soft December day.

The landscape grew more barren, more broken; the fields were smaller, the farmhouses meaner and less thrifty. By and by the road ran down a steep ridge, only to climb an opposite one steeper still. The sun had begun to sink. Norrie looked up at it apprehensively, then sent the blacks faster. A mile farther on he stopped and sprang out, saying as he lifted Leona to her feet, "You'll want your supper before you get it, I reckon, but here we are."

Leona cried out in raptures. Before her stood a clump of pines. On beyond down the rocky slope lay matted armfuls of long, lacy fronds. The green briers also were in evidence. She caught up Amos' pruning shears and begun to cut things right and left. She was so intent that she did not see Norrie slip away, but very shortly she looked up to see him dragging in a fine young holly full of scarlet berries. "The kids never saw anything like it," he said as he hoisted it into the wagonette and made it fast there. Then he fell to work, wrenching up ferns in armfuls and tearing down mats of brier. Leona looked at him with something of awe. He was so slight and light on his feet, she had never credited him with the thews and sinews of manhood. Insensibly she contrasted him with the other fellow, the city fellow, who could and would give her millions—millions which had almost tempted her to accept the man, albeit she knew she did not love him truly. If she had asked him to set his hand to hard things for her pleasure she could fancy his look of amazed disgust.

Still she could not whistle him down the wind. She was proud, ambitious, luxury loving, not the least bit inclined to be a farmer's wife. And Norrie Gordon loved his land and his vocation too well ever to be anything but a farmer. Within a week, she told herself she should no doubt end by taking Ennis Loring. Suppose he should accept her casual invitation and come down to Longly, the Baker place, for the holidays? How bare and cramped the life would appear to him—a life wherein the circus made the event of the year and going to church of Sundays was as much a diversion as a duty.

Something of all this floated nebulously through Leona's mind as she watched Norrie at his joyous obedience.

"The best branches are over on that far side," he said, flinging off his coat and scuffling out of his shoes. "We'll take just half a dozen. The tree won't miss 'em. I'd hate to leave it ragged. Somehow this clump seems to belong to me. I found it first when I was little more than a boy."

Almost before she knew it he stood among the branches, breaking and cutting slender stems. Leona ran to pick them up as they fell. "Stand back!" he called to her, at the same time reaching for an especially tempting bough. The wood of it was tough. It bent where he thought to break it, and, instead of snapping, it crushed into stringy fibers. Norrie had the impulse of mastery even over inanimate things. Forgetful that he was twenty-five feet in air, he gave the bough a jerk so energetic it made him lose his balance and come crashing earthward. But there were boughs lower down, and somehow he clutched one with his right arm, swung himself up to it and clambered back to the trunk. Coming down this, Leona saw him hitch himself along in a way wholly unlike his ascent. She did not know the reason until he stood by the wagonette, saying almost apologetically: "I reckon you'd better drive on the way home. My left arm hit that big limb when I fell and put itself out of business."

* * * * * * * *

Longly farm at Christmastide made the neighbors stare. Amy had insisted upon a party. It would never, never do to waste all Leona had brought to pass simply upon the family. Greens were everywhere—over doors and windows, in nooks and corners and up and down the broad stairway. The tree, too, was a vision with tapers gleaming through its coral wealth and all manner of tinsel ornaments sparkling amid its green leafage. The tinsel had come from the city. So had the other fellow.

Leona had been panic stricken at the outset. Now a sunny peace possessed her spirit. Since she had seen Norrie toppling against the evening sky—falling, it might be, to his death for his lady's whim—she had begun to question her own heart more closely than ever before. What answer had rewarded the questionings she did not tell. But Ennis Loring had found her more softly, more subtly fascinating than ever and was ready for her sake to keep terms with all the rural world. It amused him, of course, that the tree bore such wondrous fruitage. Trees were not Christmas commonplaces roundabout Longly, so all the people thereabout had sent their gifts to be piled at the tree's foot and thence distributed. After they were distributed there would be supper, then the dance. Norrie would have to be a looker on. His broken arm was not yet out of the sling.

Amos ought to have been Santa Claus, but had flatly refused. So Leona herself, made up into a startling Christmas fairy, with a black half mask and a pair of realistic wings, apportioned properly the Christmas tree's fruit, saying things that fitted most cases beautifully and so doubled the value of the presents. Nobody had been forgotten. Ennis Loring stood hugging a huge tin horn. Norrie's sound arm was fairly heaped with bulging parcels, topped with a toy automobile. Then the fairy lifted from the litter of moss and greenery at the tree's foot a huge pair of spectacles and clapped them upon her own eyes. "I am looking for—the person I belong to," she said clearly. Everybody held breath as she walked up to her two lovers, who by some chance stood side by side. For a breath she studied their faces intently, a beautiful flush showing below her half mask; then, with a little laughing cry she laid her hand upon Norrie's, saying very low, "This is what you get for finding me these Christmas greens."

Good Story, Bad Copy.

The impression that only about 10 per cent of the manuscripts submitted to publishers ever see the light of print is, according to observations made by a former newspaper man and now manager for a big publishing house, erroneous. "There is a demand for good stories among publishers in New York that is hardly met by the product," says the manager. "Any manuscript, decently written and with any merit whatever, is bound to receive careful consideration. More than that, I have in mind a case in which the first consideration was not met, and yet the story was accepted and published. A California woman sent to a large house a 20,000 word story written on what appeared to be discarded curl papers. Yet so conscientious was the reader that he waded through a great part of it under protest, and, behold, he found a gem! A poorly written story, no matter how good the plot or interesting the theme, has little show, but writers should not be discouraged by reports of harsh or indifferent treatment at the hands of publishers." —Pittsburg Dispatch.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

—Mrs. Jefferson Davis, wife of President of the Confederacy, still keeps her residence in New York although she goes South in the winter months. Mrs. Davis is now 81 years old and very feeble, although not ailing. Her old Mississippi homestead, "Beauvoir," is now the home of Confederate veterans, and when Mrs. Davis makes a sojourn in the South it is usually with friends. While in New York she lives in a quiet uptown apartment hotel and keeps only one servant.

HER WORNOUT RUBBERS.

She Took Them to the Dealer and Got Some Advice in Return.

It was a pretty bad storm, but it couldn't keep that woman at home. Immediately after luncheon she packed her rubbers into a shoe box and struggled out to interview the man who had sold them to her.

"Just look here!" she said by way of introduction.

The dealer looked and saw dangling before his eyes a pair of rubbers rent from heel to toe.

"Well," he said, "what have you been doing to 'em?"

"Nothing," said the woman. "I haven't even worn them—not more than half a dozen times. I didn't get a chance to. They wore out too soon. This is the fourth pair of rubbers I have had in six months, and every pair went to pieces just this way. They are no account. You ought to be ashamed to handle such poor goods."

The dealer took the dilapidated footgear into his own hands and rubbed the uppers gingerly.

"Ah, I see," he said. "You've been blacking them."

"Of course," said the woman. "I polished them as soon as they began to look gray. I always do."

"And that," said the dealer, "is just the reason they don't wear any better. No self respecting rubber is going to stand that. The composition of rubbers and shoe polish don't hitch. There is something in the latter that mighty soon eats holes in the former, and by the time the rubbers have been blacked two or three times they are ready for the ash heap. It's too bad. Dingy rubbers don't look well, but unless you are willing to keep buying new ones all the time it is better to wear them that way than to daub them over with shoe polish."—New York Herald.

Crushed.

A pompous tourist was talking loudly in a railway car. He was boasting: "I have been all over Europe, seen everything that's worth seeing. I've been to Italy, France, Germany, Spain, England, everywhere in fact. Why, I've been to Constantinople ten times at least. Funny thing the way the dogs are the scavengers in Constantinople. Lie about the streets and eat all the rubbish. Awfully dangerous to touch 'em. They eat up every scrap of rubbish." Then at last a young woman managed to say, "I really wonder you got home alive!" And silence fell on the passengers.

Drinking Water.

A rational habit of drinking water will improve health and preserve it. Cold water is good for some and warm water for others. The former stimulates the membranes of the stomach and the latter soothes them, so it becomes a matter of choice to suit the system. Neither one should be taken rapidly. Sipping is the healthful way. When the taste of hot water is unpleasant to the palate it is improved by adding a pinch of salt or a dash of lemon juice, and a pinch of soda with lemon juice is better still.

J. L. SHERARD.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ANDERSON, S. C.
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Money to lend on Real Estate

THOMAS ALLEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Old Benson Building
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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH Dr. King's New Discovery
FOR CONSUMPTION COUGHS and COLDS
Price 50c & $1.00 Free Trial.
Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

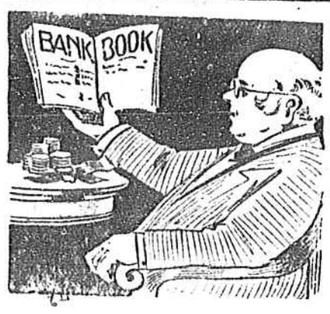
C. & W. Carolina Railway.

Schedule in effect Dec. 10, 1905.

	No. 6, Daily.	No. 22, Ex. Sunday.
Lv Anderson	4 30 p m	7.27 a m
Ar Calhoun Falls	5 59 p m	9.34 a m
Ar McCormick	7.00 p m	11.15 a m
Ar Augusta	8.40 p m	
	No. 42, Daily.	
Lv Augusta	2.55 p m	
Lv Allendale	4.22 p m	
Lv Fairfax	4.33 p m	
Lv Charleston	7.40 p m	
Ar Beaufort	6 30 p m	
Ar Port Royal	6 40 p m	
	No. 3, Daily.	No. 1, Daily
Lv McCormick	7.00 p m	11.45 a m
Ar Greenwood	7.45 p m	12.33 p m
Ar Laurens		1.45 p m
Ar Greenville		3 25 p m
Ar Spartanburg		3.50 p m

Arrivals at Anderson: Train No. 5, daily, from Augusta and intermediate stations 11 a. m. Train No. 21, daily except Sunday, from McCormick and intermediate stations, 4.05 p. m.

W. B. Steele, U. T. A., Anderson, S. C.
Gen. T. Bryan, G. A., Greenville, S. C.
Ernest Williams, G.P.A., Augusta, Ga.
H. M. Emerson, Traffic Manager.



WHEN YOU ARE FIFTY

Men will say are you a success or a failure. YOU'LL know long before. Success is a structure you build day by day.

Are you building? Are you laying by something daily for the declining years? HUNDREDS are depositing a part of their earnings each week and each month in the Savings Department of The Bank of Anderson, where it draws interest compounded semi-annually.

Wouldn't it be wise for you to open an account and add to it systematically?

THE BANK OF ANDERSON.
Oldest and Strongest Bank in upper South Carolina.

A SURE THING

That we can supply you with
RYE,
BARLEY,
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First shipment just received.
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WELL BALANCED.

Your accounts cannot well get in a tangle if your money is deposited with and all payments made through the—
Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, Anderson, S. C.
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.

Assessment Notice.

Auditor's Office, Anderson, S. C.

This office will be open to receive returns of Real and Personal property for taxation for the next fiscal year from the first day of January, 1906 to the 20th day of February following, inclusive.

The Real Estate, Lots and Buildings are to be assessed this year. Taxpayers will be careful to list exactly the number of acres, lots and number of buildings on their returns, as the assessment made now will stand for the next four years.

The Township Assessors are required by law to list for all those that fail to make their own returns within the time prescribed. Hence the difficulty of delinquents escaping the 50 per cent. penalty, as well as the frequency of errors resulting from this practice. By all means make your OWN returns and thereby save expense and trouble.

Ex-Confederate Soldiers over 50 years of age are exempt from Poll Tax. All other males between the ages of 21 and 60 years, except those incapable of earning a support from being maimed or from any other cause, shall be deemed taxpayable polls.

For the convenience of taxpayers, I will also have Deputies to take tax returns at the following times and places:

Holland, Wednesday, January 10th.
Moffettsville, Thursday, January 11th.
Iva, Friday, January, 12th.
Moseley's Store, Saturday, January 13th.
A. E. Scuddy's Store, Monday, January 15th
Starr, Tuesday, January, 16th.
Storeville, Wednesday, January 17th.
Clinkscales' Mill, Thursday, January 18th.
Boyton, Tuesday, January 16th.
Bishop's Branch, Saturday, January 20th.
Five Forks, Monday, January 22nd.
Autun, Tuesday, January 23rd.
Wyatt's Store, Thursday, January 18th.
Cedar Wreath, Saturday, January 20th—a. m.
James' Store, Saturday, January 20th—p. m.
Wiggins' Store, Friday, January 19th.
Equinity, Wednesday, January 17th.
Pendleton, Friday and Saturday, January 19th and 20th.
Townville, Friday, January 24th.
Tugaloo, Saturday, January 27th.
House Path, Monday and Tuesday, January 15th and 16th up to February 20th.
Belton, Wednesday and Thursday, January 17th and 18th.
Piedmont, Monday and Tuesday, January 15th and 16th.
Pelzer, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, January 15th, 16th and 17th up to February 20th.
Williamston, Wednesday and Thursday, January 17th and 18th.

G. N. C. BOLEMAN, Auditor.

Nov 9 1905

SAW MILLS.
LIGHT, MEDIUM AND HEAVY WOOD-WORKING MACHINERY FOR EVERY KIND OF WORK ENGINES AND BOILERS AND SIZES AND FOR EVERY CLASS OF SERVICE.
ASK FOR OUR ESTIMATE BEFORE PLACING YOUR ORDER.
GIBBES MACHINERY COMPANY
COLUMBIA, S. C.

People's Bank of Anderson.
ANDERSON, S. C.
We respectfully solicit a share of your business.

Notice to Creditors.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of Anthony Webb, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

NOEL B. SHARPE, Administrator.

Dec. 6, 1905 25 3*

Notice to Creditors.

ALL persons having demands or claims against the Estate of S. L. Wharton, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted are notified to make payment to the undersigned.

MRS. M. C. WHARTON, Administratrix.

Nov 22, 1905 23 3

Notice to Creditors.

All persons having demands against the Estate of Charlotte A. Reeves, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

W. A. G. JAMESON, Administrator.

Nov 22, 1605 23 3*

TAX NOTICE.

THE Books for the collection of State, School and County Taxes will be opened from October 15th, 1905, to December 31st, 1905, inclusive, and from January 1st, 1906, to March 1st, 1906, I will collect with the penalty—for January 1 per cent, February 2 per cent, and from March 1st to the 15th with 7 per cent penalty. After the 15th of March Executions will be issued.

The rate of Tax Levy is as follows:

State Taxes	5½ Mills
School	3 "
Ordinary County	4 "
Public Roads	1 "
Total	13½ "

An additional levy 4 mills School District No. 50.
Additional levy 4 mills School District No. 43.
Additional levy 6½ mills School District No. 31.
Additional levy 5 mills School District No. 20.
Additional levy 3 mills School District No. 24.
Additional levy 4 mills School District No. 28.
Additional levy 3 mills School District No. 52.
Additional levy 4 mills School District No. 52.
Making 8½ mills for Walker-McGlimoyle School District No. 48.
Making 17½ mills for Good Hope School District No. 42
Making 16 mills for Gantt School District No. 34.
Making 18½ mills for College School District No. 29
Making 16½ mills for Hunter School District No. 24.
Making 19½ mills for Bishops Branch School District No. 38.
Making 21½ mills for Zion School District No. 49.
Making 17½ mills for McLees School District No. 52.

The State Constitution requires all males between the ages of 21 and 60 years, except those incapable of earning a support from being maimed or other causes, and those who served in the war between the States, to pay a Poll Tax of One Dollar. All persons between the ages of eighteen and fifty years of age who are able to work the public roads, or cause them to be worked, except preachers who have charge of a congregation and persons who served in the war between the States, School Teachers and Trustees are exempted from road duty, and in lieu of work may pay a tax of One Dollar, to be collected at the same time other taxes are collected. I will collect taxes at Slabtown, Mt. Airy, Piedmont, Pelzer, Belton Mills and at House Path, but will give notice later the time I will visit these places.

J. M. PAYNE, County Treasurer.

Blue Ridge Railroad.

Effective Nov. 29, 1903.

WESTBOUND.

No. 11 (daily)—Leave Belton 3.50 p. m; Anderson 4.15 p. m.; Pendleton 4.47 p. m.; Cherry 4 54 p. m.; Seneca 5.31 p. m; arrive Walhalla 5.55 p. m.

No. 9 (daily except Sunday)—Leave Belton 10.45 a. m.; Anderson 11.07 a. m.; Pendleton 11.32 a. m.; Cherry 11.39 a. m. arrive at Seneca 11.57 a. m.

No. 5 (Sunday only)—Leave Belton 11.45a. m.; Anderson 11.07 a. m.; Pendleton 11.32 a. m.; Cherry 11.39 a. m.; Seneca 1.05 p. m.; arrive Walhalla 1.3, p. m.

No. 7 (daily except Sunday)—Leave Anderson 10.30 a. m.; Pendleton 10.59 a. m.; Cherry 11.09 a. m.; Seneca 1.05 p. m.; arrive Walhalla 1.40 p m.

No. 3 (daily)—Leave Belton 9.15 p. m., arrive Anderson 9.42 p. m.

No. 23 (daily except Sunday)—Leave Belton 9.00 a. m.; arrive Anderson 9.30 a. m.

EASBOUND.

No. 12 (daily)—Leave Walhalla 8.35 a. m.; Seneca 8.58 a. m; Cherry 9.17 a. m.; Pendleton 9.25 a. m.; Anderson 10.00 a. m.; arrive Belton 10.25 a. m.

No. 15 (daily except Sunday)—Leave Seneca 2.00 p. m.; Cherry 2.19 p. m.; Pendleton 2 26 p. m.; Anderson 3 10 p. m.; arrive Belton 3.35 p. m.

No. 6 (Sunday only)—Leave Anderson 3.10 p. m.; arrive Belton 3 35 p. m.

No 8 (daily)—Leave Walhalla 3.10 p. m.; Seneca 5.31 p. m.; Cherry 5.59 p. m.; Pendleton 6.12 p. m.; Anderson 7.30 p. m.; arrive Belton 7 58 p. m.

No. 24 (daily except Sunday)—Leave Anderson 7.50 a. m.; arrive Belton 8.20 a. m.

H. C. BEATTIE, Pres., Greenville, S C
J. R. ANDERSON, Supt. Anderson, S. C.

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