

THE BIG THICKET OF TEXAS.

Region Where President May Go Hunting.

New York Sun.

Orange, Tex., March 4.—The Big Thicket of Texas, into which the Texas hosts of President Roosevelt are arranging to take their guest on a bear hunt during his coming visit to the Lone Star State, is the queerest streak of country in the way of thickets to be found anywhere in the Union. Although it lies in one of the most thickly settled parts of the State, it has no population save bears, wildcats, wolves and other wild beasts and odd winged and creeping creatures.

The Big Thicket is from five to fifteen miles wide and seventy miles long. It extends from the Sabine River, the boundary between Texas and Louisiana, twelve miles north of Orange, to the Trinity River region, almost due west. It lies between the vast long leaf pine belt of Texas, and the loblolly or short leaf pine region.

With the exception of scattered dwarfed pines, red oaks, gums and other varieties of trees which have succeeded in getting root room in the density of the thickets, prevailing undergrowth, and some of which have come to a size sufficient for a bear to climb, there is no timber in the Big Thicket. The black haw is found in its depths, and the wild peach and the wild plum are among the growths that provide sustenance to the sweets loving bear.

The growth that gives distinctive character to the Big Thicket, and aided by wild grapevines, the rattan vine, the scrambling briars and other growths, makes the fastness almost inaccessible to man, is a variety of oak that stands as thick almost as cane in a brake and grows but little larger. Matted and woven among the close standing ranks of these bamboo-like oaks are the vines and briars. The bottom of the thicket is soft and in the rainy season is covered in many places deep with water.

Hunters or others who venture into the Thicket far enough to be beyond the hearing of companions on the outside do so at the risk of being lost. Native guides familiar with the intricacies of the great swamp, build camps frequently far in the depths, generally on the shores of small lakes that abound there.

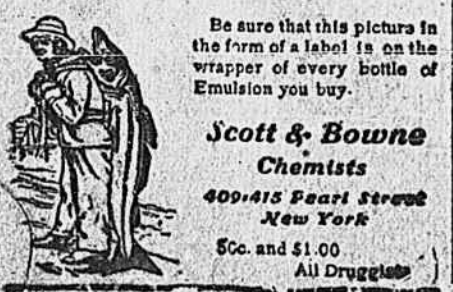
The only way the bear can be hunted successfully in the Big Thicket, plentiful as game is, is with dogs trained to the chase. The dogs can make their way through the dense growths of the thicket with more facility than the bear can, and they soon bring bruin to bay.

The hunters know from the character of the barking of their dogs when that situation is come. They squeeze and cut their way to the spot where the bear has made his stand, sometimes with his back against a tree, sometimes in the tree. If against

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a tree it is more than likely the hunters will find a dog or two lying dead among the briars, victims of the bear's rage. A rifle bullet usually ends the hunt.

Upon miles and miles of the Big Thicket's area no man has ever set foot. Ten feet in from either edge of the Thicket a person is as completely lost to view as if the earth had opened and engulfed him.

During the Civil war the Big Thicket was the refuge of many deserters from the Confederate Army. These were usually men who dwelt in the vicinity of the Thicket. To capture them in their retreats was impossible, except by following those who carried food to them.

There were instances of deserters remaining hidden thus in the Big Thicket until the end of the war, and many feuds resulted from the resentment deserters felt toward provost marshals or their assistants for their persistent efforts to hunt them down. Some of these animosities were kept up for years after the war, and families of both the men who were hunted and the men who hunted them lost more than one innocent member before the vengeance seemed to be satisfied.

One instance is cited of a man who was a conspicuous citizen of the locality where he lived, but who chose to shut himself up in the fastness of the Big Thicket rather than answer the call of his Government and undergo the dangers and hardships of the camp and field. He was two years in hiding.

The provost marshal of the district was persistent in his efforts to capture this particular deserter and bring him to punishment, but without success. The war was no sooner over than this deserter came from his retreat in the Thicket, and once set out to hunt down the man who had so long sought to do the same thing to him. He found his man, with the result that, after escaping all the dangers of a soldier's life and enduring for years the hardships and anxieties of that of a fugitive in the depths of the Big Thicket, he was shot dead a few hours after he was free to come and go as he pleased.

There are many small bodies of water in the innermost depths of the Big Thicket, where that curious bird, the water turkey, otherwise known as the snake bird, which swims and dives like a duck, although not web footed, and has a long sinuous neck which, when it is swimming, gives it the appearance of a snake, abounds and rears its young.

At the eastern extremity of the Thicket one of these lakes has connection with Sabine River in time of high water, and many years ago this connection must have been a navigable channel, for in that lake the rotting hulks of two schooners, one of which must have been a boat of seventy-five tons and the other one of forty tons, lie half embedded in the soft bottom.

Just when these schooners were moored in that lake is not known, and their mission there can only be surmised. They were there seventy-five years ago, then in a state of good preservation.

It is supposed they came up the Sabine River from the Gulf of Mexico with cargoes of negroes obtained from some slave ship in the Gulf, or somewhere along the Atlantic coast. Texas was then part of Mexico, and the supposition is that the negroes were taken over into Louisiana and sold there into slavery, the Sabine River being a safe channel for the carrying on of that traffic. Why the schooners were abandoned at their moorings in the lake, is of course, a part of the mystery.

From the skeleton of one of them hangs a portion of a chain almost eaten up by rust. On the shore near by some other rusty links lie against the trunk of a tree. They are a continuation of the chain that moored the schooner to the tree when it was abandoned, the part of it that went around the tree now being a foot or more beneath the surface of the trunk, the growth of many years having long ago covered it from sight.

The bears of the Big Thicket are said to be large, and of a disposition calculated to stand little trifling. Jim Simpson, an Orange County bear hunter, killed ten bears in this county's part of the Thicket during the past year.

The wildcats that hold forth in the great waste are bigger than those in the open woods or prairie, according to native authority, and are inclined to be ugly and aggressive. Oliver Clark, of Orange County, killed the biggest ever known to be brought from the swamp's depths.

The cat attacked him after he had

thrown a lighted pine knot at it while it was stealing upon him at his camp in the Thicket. Clark supposing the falling brand would frighten the beast away. Instead of doing that it seemed to arouse the wildcat's fury and it leaped upon the hunter. It sank its fangs deep into Clark's left arm.

As it was gnashing furiously away at the arm, Clark drew his knife from his belt, thrusting it beneath his arm, plunged the blade into the cat's vitals and won the fight. It broke up his camp, though, for his arm was chewed nearly to two and he could not use it for a long time.

In the waters of the great swamp fish of many varieties abound. During the summer the alligator, the moccasin snake, the rattler and other chthonic representatives of reptile and insect life disport themselves there. Taking it all in all the Big Thicket is unique as a game cover and preserve for wild things.

Slaves of Economy.

It is difficult for women living in large cities or progressive American towns to realize the condition of thousands of their sex in more remote country places.

In spite of the prodigality of Mr. Carnegie in the way of libraries, and in spite of the penny daily newspapers, which penetrate into distant nooks and corners of our land, whole communities of American women exist today in woful ignorance of anything beyond their own neighborhood. Worse still, these women are well to do in worldly goods and amply able to procure books and periodicals did they not consider the saving of a penny of more importance than the cultivation of their minds.

There was a woman who worked in her own home for more than a score of years from dawn until 9 o'clock at night in order to help her husband accumulate enough money to build a new house and furnish it better than the houses of their neighbors. Never was there a book taken in her hand other than the Bible. Never was she known to journey farther than the neighboring village.

She grew ill and needed rest, but the new home was already planned, and she would not employ help, though amply able to do so, because the habit of saving had become a disease.

She lived to see the new house erected and to die in the "spare room." Eighteen months afterward a young wife took possession of the home which cost her life.

Visit the interior of almost any State and you will find women occupying fine houses who are utterly ignorant of the literature of the world, and who do not even take the time to read a monthly magazine or a newspaper.

These women look old enough to be the mothers of city women of their age. Petty worries, petty cares, petty ambitions have eradicated all beauty and youth from their faces. A visitor from a larger world assisted such a woman in her work one day and urged her to take an hour of rest in the afternoon.

But the poor slave to economy said it would be a "bad habit" to form, as she might want to rest another day. So she remained awake and talked about the money she was saving for the future.

And what is the benefit of money saved at such a sacrifice? During a journey to the St. Louis Exposition the writer saw a pathetic illustration of the results of such economy.

A woman who has worked indoors and out for a lifetime, and who has not been beyond the limits of her farm for twenty years, occupied a compartment in the sleeping car. She was perhaps 50 years of age, to judge by the appearance of her husband, but her face was as old as that of many towheaded women of 70.

Her body was stiff and awkward; her clothing, bought for the occasion, worn with evident discomfort. She was ill at ease in the car, yet anxious to inform her chance associates of her wealth.

"My husband has often traveled in his business," she said, "but I have always stayed at home and looked after things. Now we are well off—rich, in fact—and I mean to see a little of the world." But how much better had she seen a little of the world as she went along and accustomed herself to its ways and ideas. Ella Wheeler Wilcox in St. Louis Republic.

—Eternal vigilance is the price of not getting found out.

—Education is all the things you don't learn when you go to college.

—It's queer how long it takes a man's wife to get over the idea that his lap was made to sit in.

—The man who shouts Hallelujah the loudest, frequently does so just to drown his misery.

—Take all the trouble out of the world and we'd get tired dancing for joy.

—Instead of trying to whip the devil round the stump, the safest plan in the world is to climb a tree when you see him coming.

Romance of the Bank.

A ragged little newsboy entered a Pittsburgh bank one day and boldly invaded the private office of the president.

"Say, mister," he said, "can I put some money in this bank?"

"Certainly you can," the president answered; "how much do you want to deposit?"

"A quarter!" exclaimed the youngster, pulling a handful of pennies and nickles out of his pocket. The banker took him over to the receiving teller and introduced him with all the deference that he would have shown to a millionaire.

The boy left the city soon after opening the account, but kept adding to his deposit from time to time, and, as he was naturally bright and shrewd, everything he undertook prospered. He is back in Pittsburgh now, the head of a successful manufacturing concern and one of the bank's most valued customers.

A year ago a proud young father out in Michigan sent twenty-five dollars to open an account for his first-born then less than a week old. "The boy'll need it some of these days," he wrote, and we may as well begin to save for him right off." Six months later a tear-dimmed letter came, asking to withdraw the money, to pay the little fellow's funeral expenses.

A working woman in a little town in New York sent a dollar bill in the name of her daughter, six years of age. "She'll be marrying by and by," she said, "and ought to have something to start life on." That was nearly two years ago, and almost every week since a dollar bill has been added to the account. There'll be a snug little marriage portion for the young lady some day if nothing happens.

Not long ago a woman living in Illinois sent five dollars, with explicit instructions not to let her "old man" know about it, as "he'd be after spending every cent of it for drink."—Success.

A Ring in Some One's Midst.

South Orange, N. J., March 9.—Mr. and Mrs. William Graves, of Centre street, gave a birthday party for their seven-year-old son, Lee Graves, on Tuesday. There was a magnificent birthday cake with seven candles on top and inside of it a pretty ring. Some people think it was an opal ring. The cake was out and the youngsters present attacked it with enthusiasm. When it was all disposed of—the wait was not long—the hostess asked:

"Well, now, which of you children has the ring?"

There was no answer. There were hasty inquiries, but none of the children could remember swallowing anything hard.

"Well, I certainly put the ring in the cake," exclaimed the compounder of the confection.

This increased the consternation. The children went home. Their mothers were worried. Physicians were bidden to be on instant call and options were secured on X-ray apparatus. None of the children has developed appendicitis yet.—New York Sun.

Signing the Petitions

Spartanburg, March 19.—Petitions are in circulation asking the supervisor to order an election on "dispensary," or "no dispensary." It is said that few voters refuse to sign the petitions. It will require 1,500 to 1,800 names of qualified voters to demand the ordering of an election. It will not be a difficult matter to secure that number of signers. The people understand that, if the dispensary is voted out, prohibition will prevail, for there is no statutory provision for the licensed sale of whiskey by private individuals. The net profits from the sale of beer and whiskey are more than \$2,000 a month. It would perhaps reach \$26,000 a year.

—When two persons tackle a duel it looks as if they ought to sing it in half the time one would—but they can't.

—I have suffered greatly with indigestion, constipation, also a severe liver trouble, took Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup, and I feel like a new man. I was entirely cured. I used in all three bottles, and consider myself perfectly cured. At this time my appetite is good, I sleep well and feel strong and refreshed on arising in the morning.

If you need a medicine write to Dr. Thacher for a free sample bottle and Dr. Thacher's Health Book. It is a free gift. We simply ask you to try it out on your system. We know what it will do. At all druggists.

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DR. THACHER'S
Liver and Blood
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CURES BY REMOVING THE CAUSE
A THREE-PART REMEDY for all the diseases of the Liver and Blood. Acts on the Liver, Gall Bladder and Blood.

Purifies the Blood.
Thousands have used this reliable remedy with perfect confidence and success for 52 years, because they know just what it contains.

The formula consists of Buchu, Hydrangea, Madder, Yellow Dock, Dandelion, Sarsaparilla, Gentian, Senna and Iodine of Potassium.

Any doctor or druggist will tell you that this is a scientific and reliable combination of great merit for all diseases having their origin in the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. After years of experience and patient experiment, Dr. Thacher so perfected the process of manufacture, that it never fails to bring the expected relief when taken according to directions.

Speed Indicators Unpopular.

"You may talk about the desire of the American public for fast travelling, but there's such a thing as bringing speed too prominently before their eyes," said George J. Charlton, general passenger agent of the Chicago and Alton, reflectively gazing at the automatic speed indicator in his private car as he went south at seventy miles an hour at the rear of the new "Newspaper Special."

"The travelling public wants trains that will get them to their destination in the shortest possible time, but they dislike to be told actually how fast they are being hurried through space at any given point on the trip."

"For instance, a few months ago the experiment was made of placing speed indicators in some of the regular coaches on a certain railroad."

"Did the passengers like it? I should say not. When that indicator commenced to creep up to sixty-five miles an hour, went on to sixty-eight, passed seventy and commenced its climb to eighty, the women grew pale, men looked out of the windows uneasily and one old lady became hysterical."

"The indicators raised bedlam, and had to be abandoned. Yet passengers will be perfectly contented on fast trains so long as they don't realize in such concrete form just how fast they are moving."

"Give the public speed, but don't prove it to them by the indicator, and you are all right. So are they."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Low Excursion Rates.

The Southern Railway will sell tickets to the following points on the dates named:

Kansas City, Mo.—Southern Baptist Convention, May 10-17, 1905. Rate, one First-Class Fare plus 50 cents for round trip, \$27.50. Tickets on sale May 7 to 11, inclusive, final limit May 23d, 1905.

St. Louis, Mo.—National Baptist Anniversary, May 10-14, 1905. Rate, one First-Class Fare plus 25 cents for round trip, \$22.65. Tickets on sale May 14th, 15th, 16th, with final limit May 27th, 1905.

Asheville, N. C.—South Atlantic Missionary Conference, May 17-21st, 1905. Rate one First-Class Fare plus 25 cents for the round trip, \$4.50. Tickets on sale May 16th, 17th, final limit May 23rd, 1905.

Fort Worth, Texas.—General Assembly Southern Presbyterian Church, May 18-26th, 1905. Rate one first-class fare plus \$2.00 for round trip—\$32.25. Tickets on sale May 15th, 16th, 17th, final limit May 31st, 1905.

Toronto, Ont.—International Sunday School Association, June 20-27, 1905. One first-class fare plus 50 cents for round trip—\$29.00. Tickets on sale June 12th, 13th, 22nd, 23rd, 1905, limited June 30th, 1905.

Hot Springs, Va.—Southern Hardware Jobbers Association, June 6-9, 1905. Rate one first-class fare plus 25 cents for round trip—\$15.00. Tickets on sale June 3rd, 4th, 5th, final limit June 13th, 1905.

Savannah, Ga.—National Travelers Protective Association of America, May 16-23, 1905. Rate one first-class fare plus 50 cents for round trip—\$7.60. Tickets on sale May 13th-14th, final limit May 26th, 1905.

Savannah, Ga.—Fourth Annual Tournament Southern Golf Association, May 9-13, 1905. Rate one first-class fare plus twenty-five cents for round trip—\$7.35. Tickets on sale May 7th, 8th, 9th, 1905, limited May 15th, 1905.

The Southern Railway is the most direct line to all of the above points, operating Pullman sleeping cars, high speed Pullman dining cars, with superb Dining Car service.

For detailed information apply to any Ticket Agent or R. W. HUNT, Division Passenger Agent, Charleston, S. C.

NOTICE.

The stockholders of the Riverside Manufacturing Company are hereby notified to meet at the office of said Corporation at Anderson, S. C., on Thursday, April 20, 1905, at 12:30, noon, to consider a resolution passed by the Board of Directors on March 17, 1905, to increase the capital stock of said Riverside Manufacturing Company to a maximum amount of Two Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand (\$250,000) Dollars.

By order of the Board of Directors,
D. P. McBRAYER, Pres.
C. M. McCLURE, Sec.
March 22, 1905 40

Meeting of Stockholders.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Riverside Manufacturing Company will be held at the office of the Company, in Anderson, S. C., on Thursday, April 20th, 1905, at 12:30 o'clock.

D. P. McBRAYER, President.
March 22, 1905 40

Notice to Creditors.

All persons having demands against the Estate of W. S. Errod, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to the above named Estate, to make payment to the undersigned.

MRS. ANNA M. ELROD, Executrix.
March 22, 1905 40

New Cure for Dysentery.

Washington, D. C., March 11.—By utilizing the despised vermiform appendix to introduce quinine solution directly into the intestines, the surgeons at Washington Barracks Hospital believe they have found a sure method of curing tropical dysentery, the scourge of the American navy in the Philippines. The new treatment is remarkable in many respects, notably in the curious use made of the appendix.

This mysterious organ is reached by means of an incision in the walls of the abdomen. It is then drawn out through the incision. Thus exposed, the tissue is allowed to heal about it. This process completed, the next step is to inject through the appendix into the large intestine a solution of quinine, flushing the lower intestines with a germicidal and healing stream without affecting the stomach or interfering with its functions.

The treatment has been employed successfully in the case of Sergt. Mould of the engineer corps, who is recovering in the Barracks Hospital here from a severe attack of dysentery, contracted while in the Philippines. He was nearly dead when the operation was tried and is now able to walk.

The idea of utilizing the appendix for introducing medicine directly into the intestines was first suggested by Dr. Wyeth, of New York, but never before applied in practice.—Philadelphia Record.

Old Story Fitted to New Men.

Senator Hale met Senator Spooner one day last week when there was to be a night session of the Senate. "Spooner," said Hale, "I suppose you will be at the night session?"

"I don't see how I can," Spooner replied. "I have a dinner engagement."

"Spooner," remonstrated Senator Hale, gravely, "that isn't the right spirit. We have an enormous quantity of work to do, and we must give up the pleasures at times for the duties our constituents have intrusted to us to perform. We are needed here at our desks."

Senator Spooner thought it over and telephoned Mrs. Spooner that he could not get to dinner because of the night session of the Senate. He told Mrs. Spooner to go and have a good time, and he remained at his desk until the Senate adjourned.

When Senator Spooner reached home that night he asked Mrs. Spooner if she had a good time.

"Oh, delightful," Mrs. Spooner replied.

"Who took you out to dinner?" asked Spooner.

"Senator Hale," Mrs. Spooner replied.

—There is no use in borrowing, trouble when people will give it to you outright.

—A man will always be better off for believing that he could be worse off than he is.

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Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of DR. J. C. WATSON, LONDON

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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Have just received one Car Load of HOG FEED (Shorts) at very close prices. Come before they are all gone. Now is the time for throwing—

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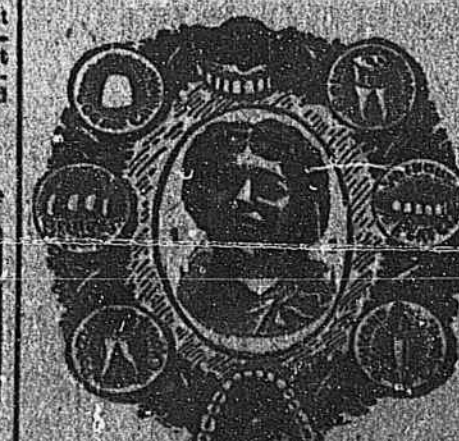
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A LONG LOOK AHEAD

A man thinks it is when the matter of life insurance presents itself—but circumstances of late have shown how life hangs by a thread when war, flood, hurricane and fire suddenly overtakes you, and the only way to be sure that your family is protected in case of early death is to insure in a solid Company like—

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