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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

THE INSTITUTE AT CLEMSON.

Two Hundred Farmers Attend the Summer School and Receive Valuable Instruction.

The State Farmers' Institute which began at Clemson College on the 12th inst. has been largely attended by farmers from every section of the State, and the proceedings have been unusually interesting to the "students," who manifest an earnest desire to learn. The presence of so many farmers this year indicates that the Institute idea has taken fast hold upon them, and next season the accommodations will have to be greatly enlarged for their entertainment.

The following summary of the Institute work is condensed from the reports made by the correspondent of The State:

Dr. Hartzog, in his usual attractive manner, made an introductory speech and then introduced Col. M. L. Donaldson, of the board of trustees, who made the address of a happy mood and spoke well. He was especially elated because he had been so long an advocate of the summer school for the farmers, and he could feel now that his efforts had not been in vain.

Col. R. B. Watson, the pioneer fruit grower from Ridge Springs, made one of the responses in which he spoke at length of the possibilities of South Carolina and the opportunities the farmers have here of preparing themselves to develop these possibilities.

Capt. William Gilmore Simms, of Barrow, responded also in a speech beautiful to be spoiled by a synonym. It was full of historical, mythical and literary allusions—and such a speech as one would expect from a descendant of South Carolina's greatest novelist.

Dr. Hartzog then introduced Col. J. S. Newman as the Vice-President of the professors of agriculture in the South.

Col. Newman spoke for about an hour showing that this is a progressive age, and that farmers as well as others must study in order to keep up with the procession. We live in the most favored land under the sun, where the cotton and the sugar cane overlap each other, and where nearly every variety of fruit and flower may be grown. We have rich soil, luxuriant vegetation and a variety of animals, and in these three life and happiness depend. Why then are not our farmers more successful? It is because they are not as hearty—they will not study nature around them. We still hear some people say that a man does not need any education to be a farmer, and they point to some ignorant man, as they think, for proof of the assertion, when the truth of the matter is the man was a close student of science without knowing it. He had been observant of soil and plants and their needs. That is science or knowledge. There is more in the man than in the land.

Geology is the foundation of agriculture, treating of the formation of soils, while chemistry is her handmaiden. Both animal and human life are dependent on plants, and yet we have spent more time in star-gazing than in studying the plants around us. Not many can name one in a thousand of the plants they see every day. Happy for us we are getting away from these false notions and are beginning to realize that we must know something of nature's laws in order to be most successful on the farm. For years and years people in the tobacco districts had to pick off the worms with their fingers, but the entomologist and the chemist working together found a way of spraying or putting on a little Paris green thus destroying the worms by the thousands. And yet there are some who speak of an entomologist derisively as a "bug" man.

For years and years the "horse doctor" has been abroad in the land, bleeding and drenching the poor dumb brutes without knowing anything about what the trouble was. But now veterinary science is being recognized so that our horses receive intelligent treatment and are guarded against disease.

One strange thing is that if you go to a doctor to know what you need he sends a bill; go to the lawyer, he sends a bill; go to the mechanic, he sends a bill; but we all expect the agriculturist to tell all he knows and tell it for nothing, and then we will not take his advice. Col. Newman was greatly encouraged to see so large a number of the very best farmers in South Carolina here and in earnest endeavor to learn more of their business.

The next speaker was Mr. Weston, of the Butmore farm, who has been put in charge of the division of animal husbandry at the Charleston Exposition. He spoke at length on the importance of good stock, showing how beef cattle and dairy cattle required different treatment. He gave an interesting account of what will be done along these lines at the Charleston Exposition and created considerable intelligent interest in that big show.

It is encouraging to note so many here this year who were here last year. One drawback heretofore has been that so many come only for a few days. This year the most of the farmers will stay the entire week. It is thought by many that after this year the term will be lengthened to two or to even three weeks. That much and lasting good is being done by these institutes no man with common sense will deny.

SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.
One of the pleasing incidents of today's meeting was a speech by Master

Stanley Newman, a 7 year-old grandson of Col. Newman, on chicken raising. It is wonderful how much knowledge the little fellow has picked up. No speech has been listened to so attentively or cheered more heartily. He'll be an agriculturalist some day sure.

Dr. R. N. Brackett discussed fertilizers historically, scientifically and practically. He gave all the various elements that compose the fertilizers and stated their relative values, emphasizing the importance of making and taking care of home made manures. Dr. Brackett explained the symbols of chemistry and told the farmers how they might judge of the contents from seeing the analysis. Cotton seed meal as a fertilizer and as a food was discussed. Bulletins containing a full analysis of commercial fertilizers were distributed.

Mr. C. C. Newman took up the subject of horticulture, dealing especially with the improvement of the varieties of fruits indigenous to this State. Top-budding was discussed at length. The root stem should be a little larger than the scion. The stem, he said, should be about the size of a lead pencil. At every leaf one to three buds. When there is one it is a fruit bud. The bud most distant from the tree is a wood bud. The fruit bud is round while the wood bud is pointed. The best time to bud is the middle of June to the middle of July as soon after a rain as possible. The bud should be inserted in the ground and tie or wrapped with a string allowing it to stay wrapped for ten days. When the bud begins to grow, tie the sprout up to the main body, and a little later cut off the old stem letting the bud become the main stem.

The bud is cut out with a little wood near the bud, then cut a slit an inch long down the side of the stem and also a slit crosswise at the top of this perpendicular slit, insert bud and bind up. Grafting was used when grafting is done above ground. First to graft on the root. Cut slanting through the root. The cut in cut in same way is bound to side of root and both buried in the sand.

Mr. Newman then showed how all this is to be done, stating the best time was in January. He showed how the fruit of this section could be greatly improved. The great interest in this lecture shows that many intelligent farmers are taking interest in this branch of horticulture.

Dr. G. E. Nesom spoke at length of the advancement made in the last few years in veterinary science. Veterinary science is a course of study made up of the experience of those who have given much attention. The main efforts of the veterinarian have been along the line of combating and preventing these common diseases in animals, so that now, instead of 90 per cent. of the diseased stock dying, about 80 per cent. recover. South Carolina loses \$10,000 a year by death of cattle from Texas fever. Nearly everything that men know today of Texas fever has been learned in the last ten years. The afternoon session was devoted to discussing the need of organized effort to control farming interests.

At the night session Prof. Weed, of Georgia, lectured on entomology. One of the chief ways of killing insects is by spraying. The principal spraying material is Bordeaux mixture. It is important to know whether the insect feeds on leaves or sucks the juices. Insects and fungi destroy 25 per cent. of all plants. Spraying Irish potatoes made a difference of 191 1-2 bushels per acre.

The Bordeaux mixture is composed of copper sulphate 4 pounds, lime 4 pounds and 50 gallons of water. The copper sulphate does the work. The copper sulphate or blue stone should be suspended in a bag near the top of the water. Certainly use fresh lime. Dissolve blue stone in 25 gallons of water and dissolve the lime in 25 gallons of water, then pour together. This is the very best way.

Make up a stock solution of lime just as you make a good whitewash. Bordeaux mixture is applied to kill fungi, thus preventing disease, while Paris green is applied to cure disease.

Whether an insect has been or jaws determines how we are to fight it. Kerosene is an important insecticide by application to the insect. It is commonly known as kerosene emulsion made by mixing soap with kerosene and then with water or mixing with milk and kerosene and then with water. This was found hard to make. The discovery of a mechanical mixture by means of a spray pump simplifies matters very much.

Quite a number of questions were asked Mr. Weed at the close of his lecture and he answered them readily and clearly.

The fruit growers of Georgia use Bordeaux mixture, first just before the blossoms appear, second just after the blossoms drop, and third about four weeks later.

Col. Newman introduced Col. B. F. Crayton, of Anderson, as a man who had been working for agriculture for nearly 80 years. Col. Crayton received an ovation. He is a perfect type of the gentleman of the old school, and proved himself the most graceful speaker that has been on the platform. His speech was full of anecdote and reminiscence incident, as well as good sound advice. Col. Crayton has a right to speak for he is a man who has made a success of life.

This is Col. Crayton's distinction between an agriculturist and a farmer: An agriculturist is a man who lives in town and buys his supplies from the country, while in this day a farmer is a man who lives in the country and buys his supplies in town. The farm-

ers caught the joke on themselves and laughed heartily.

Mr. William Gilmore Simms was the next speaker. He said he must be modest when he referred to his own experience as a farmer, for he had not made a success of it himself, though his wife had. He told how she raised seven bales on six acres where nut grass had grown for years.

Forty-two million dollars of fine cotton goods were imported into this country. This is the trade the Southern people must strive for. He told how his father, the novelist, had prophesied that when the Isthmus canal should be made that the world would use a twenty million bale crop of cotton at a higher price than that at which it now consumes a five million bale crop.

Mr. Simms is a man of decided literary tastes and accomplishments, and always commands the closest attention.

HE HAS A JEALOUS STREAK.

Old Times and Customs of Past Days Are Praised Only by Those Advanced in Years.

Atlanta Constitution.

How naturally mankind sets themselves to those of their kind, their age, sex and mental condition. Birds of the same feather will flock together, and so these little grandchildren will run away from me to frolic with other little tots, and it makes me jealous. Just so the next set from 10 to 12 years clan together. Then comes the blushing school girls from 12 to 15, who have lengthened out their dresses and ceased to pull up their garters every few minutes as they walk about. It is the same with the boys, and when they get to be baseball experts with a college attachment they talk of their exploits in a language that is heathenish to every body except themselves and claim to be the elect. And so it goes on and on until we have passed our maturity, and then we venerate and take our comfort in communion with veterans and pay our tribute to the good old times that will never return. We are the elect.

I believe it is true that nobody but the old men and women give praise to the old times and the customs of their fathers, and so if every generation of old people believe that the age of their youth was the best, then the times must have degenerated awfully since the days of the prophets. Have they or have they not gotten better instead of worse? The answer is, they are better in some respects and worse in others. Public morals were very loose a hundred years ago. Andrew Jackson was a gambler, horse racer and duelist seventy-five years ago. Such a man could not be elected president now. Foreign missions and Sabbath schools were almost unknown. The slave trade with Africa was in full blast in New England, and New England rum was the purchase money. Imprisonment for debt was the law generally, and so was flogging in the navy. Whisky was unknown, but brandy and rum were kept in almost every respectable household. Illiteracy prevailed almost all over the South except among the aristocracy. There were but few books to read and fewer newspapers. There were no railroads or telegraphs or sewing machines. But the people were generally honest and religious. There were no trusts, no strikes, no millionaires, no suicides or robbers, and a murder was a rare event and done in the heat of passion. No doubt but that there are a hundred of these crimes committed now to one then according to population. Well, then, why arraign the old people for lamenting that the good old times have gone? Not long ago I heard a gifted and cultured minister of the olden time preach a most charming and impressive sermon from the text in Jeremiah which reads, "Stand in the way and ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." One of the best tests of the strength of a sermon is your remembrance of the text. When a gifted and scholarly minister is done with it and with holy hands says, "Let us pray," what a solemnity fills the place, and the text lingers with you for years to come. It does not seem like the same scripture. "The old paths," I walk ye in the old paths, has been ringing in my ears ever since.

I know that Lord Bacon was speaking old when he wrote, "Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read." And Goldsmith said, "I love everything that is old." King James used to call for his old shoes, when he was tired. There is something almost sacred about the old songs, such as "Auld Lang Syne," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "The Old Arm Chair," and even "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man." My friend Tom Sawyer, of Florida, writes that he still clings to his old clothes; that he has worn his pants for years and years and had them half-soiled in the seat and reinforced at the bottom. That he bought a home-made pair of socks twenty-seven years ago and is wearing them still, though he has had new feet knit to them three times and new tops twice. He says that Governor Bloxham dearly loves the old times—old heir-looms, etc., and boasts that he has an old barrel that has been in the family ever since Columbus discovered America—for he brought it over with him full of brandy, and it has had good liquor of some sort in it ever since; that his great great grandfather put new staves in it, and his great grandfather put new heads and his father put new hoops on it, but the same old bung-hole still remains and when the bung is drawn the same

old sound goes goodle-goodle-goodle. Tom says he is going to take the bung-hole and the goodle to the Atlanta exposition and exhibit them as the only relics of Christopher Columbus.

But about old friends. Every veteran has them and it gives pleasure to see them honored. The very prospect of seeing Henry G. Turner in the governor's chair gives me pleasure, for I know him well and love him. Maybe I would love Colonel Estill or Pope Brown just as well if I knew them as well. I have great respect for them and am proud of their records. I believe that either would dignify the gubernatorial chair, but as Judge Underwood said to me in the long ago, "Major, let me tell you why I would like to be governor of Georgia. You will admit that knowledge is a little better than faith. There are many good men whom I believe would make a good governor, but I don't know it. Now I do know that I would; and there is a difference between faith and knowledge. Don't you perceive?" Just so I believe that Colonel Estill or Pope Brown would make a good governor, but I know that Henry G. Turner would and knowledge is better than faith. "Don't you perceive?" If he is not an incorruptible, unselfish, brave statesman, we have none. Let his name be presented and I believe the verdict will be as the king said of Modestus: "Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the people delight to honor."

TO CHASE AWAY ONE'S LUCK.

The Maxims of Experience—Superstition Thrives Best Among Women.

Atlanta Constitution.

If a man walks under a ladder and the careless painter above upsets the paint pot upon him the victim promptly forgets both his religious teachings and his materialistic reasoning and all the preachers in the world and all the lawyers in forty-five States combined could not convince him that it was not unlucky to do as he had done. Superstition is the one thing that Christian and unbeliever unite in attacking, yet, despite the onslaught of pulpit, press and platform, it survives not, perhaps, as openly, but none the less strongly, even if shamefacedly feared, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Witch of Endor may be but a classical reminiscence and civilization may have convinced the Salmestins of the utility of the brand and the fagot as an exorcising medium, but few of us have not some hoodoo or some belief, however slight, in fate and fortune. Hypnotism and the faith cure are its modern developments.

The literature of superstition, as expressed in the proverbs of every land, is not usually given the attention it deserves. These maxims representing the tested and accumulated experience of mankind have had their effectiveness destroyed by familiarity. The axiom that in union there is strength is only being fully appreciated by the corporations and the labor unions after centuries of repetition. This was one of the proverbs not based upon superstition, which probably accounts for its lack of recognition sooner. But take the majority of the aphorisms and it is not difficult to trace them back to a superstitious origin or forward to a superstitious moral. "The morpheus, the less speed" finds expression in the belief that it is unlucky to turn back from a journey. The individual who has been a half way to his work with a few minutes to spare and has had to turn back for some essential he had forgotten, realized the ill luck when he was "doeked" for being late. The man who hurries to catch a train or to see a show and leaves his money or his ticket in his other clothes also adorns the illustration.

Spilling a box of matches is a sure sign of a row in many households. If it is the man of the house who does the spilling the row doesn't tarry on the way while he picturesquely blames his better half for leaving them upside down or placing them in an awkward corner. Spilling the salt was long regarded as so unlucky that unspillable salt shakers were invented to dodge it. The unemancipated animal. The black cat brings him ill luck. This is especially true if the threatened victim tries to ward it off by shooting the cat back to its lair. With one's eyes on the cat one may easily trip upon obstructions and break a leg or a neck. But the cat is not always an omen of evil. If he or she spouts at your door and meows lustily at night it means good luck to all within the house. To chase such a cat away is to chase away one's luck. It is terrible to think of the amount of luck that has been chased away.

When one door shuts another opens says the proverb. Quaint and homely was its wisdom. But the one that opens may be the door of the police station or the poor farm nowadays. Still, it is a door, and that lets the proverb out. Some have striven to open the axioms by having two open when one shuts, but one must have been a secret door, and that doesn't count. One might never get farther than the vestibule.

Superstition, like religion, thrives best among women. Their more imaginative minds grasp the ideals that enshrine the masculine materialist. The dropping of a knife in many houses is regarded as so certain an indication of the arrival of "a man at the house," that preparations are at once made to evade the ice collector and the installment man, or to be out when the tax collector calls. The dropping of a fork

equally foretells the visit of a woman and the lady of the house immediately darts to her boudoir to "primp up."

All people do not know that the hair indicates that the person dropping it will soon hear of death. An instance of this occurred last week. Friday a friend of the family, writing from Ohio, incidentally mentioned the death of the mother of the grocer the family used to buy from. The comb was thus corroborated despite the fact that the deceased was otherwise entirely unknown.

For a friend to meet or pass you and not recognize you means that you will be married within a year. The fact that you are already married does not matter, presumably. You must get a divorce and make the prediction good. Fortunately this axiom is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Opening an umbrella in the house is unlucky. Any person who has hoisted his or her umbrella in the house and in so doing has knocked off a lamp globe or shade, never doubted the wisdom of the proverb maker. Dropping an umbrella presages a disappointment. He who has tried to brush the mud off, has many of them before he gets it cleaned again. There is, however, no ill-luck attached to dropping the subject.

A YOUNG MAN BURIED ALIVE.

Hypnotized and Buried in a Grave for Five Days.

The Boston Globe of the 6th inst. says there was a grim and even a gruesome scene in the Bowdoin Square Museum at 10 o'clock last night, when a young man was hypnotized and then buried alive in a real grave, there to remain, according to the promise of the hypnotist, until Saturday night, when he will be disinterred and restored to his normal condition.

The name of the young man who was buried is Parker A. Johnson, an intelligent, clean-cut West Indian, and he was put into the hypnotic state by Prof. Wilnot Barclay.

Prof. Barclay tried to get a permit from Mayor Hart to bury Johnson in the Common for three days and three nights, but the mayor wouldn't listen to it, so the professor and the manager of the museum decided to dig a grave in the museum premises and bury Johnson in their own grave, an enterprise with which the police did not interfere.

Down in the basement of the museum a part of the flooring was taken up and there a grave about five feet deep was dug. The outer covering or rough box of a casket was secured, and all the early part of last evening the box was by the side of the open grave, while crowds of patrons of the place stood around and shivered at the suggestive sight.

It was just 10 o'clock, after Prof. Barclay had concluded the regular performance, when he announced he was ready to bury Johnson, and that young man came out on the stage and listened by the side of the open casket box, which had been moved up there, while the professor told what he was going to do.

He said he would hypnotically suggest to Johnson that he was going to sleep for five days and nights, and that during that time he would not want to eat or drink, but at the end of it he would awaken and be his normal self again.

Then the professor, standing near the reporters, who had been specially invited to witness the interment, made some passes over Johnson, and putting his left hand behind the subject's head he smoothly stroked him down the right side of his face with his right hand, while he softly said in his ear in a tone which was both smooth and soothing: "Now you are beginning to feel sleepy; you are growing drowsier and presently you will be sound asleep, and then you will sleep, and sleep well for five days and nights, when you will wake up feeling fresh and strong. Now, sleep, stumber, sleep," and Johnson's eyes closed and he seemed to be sleeping soundly, although he was standing up. The professor made some more passes over his face and down the length of his body, and Johnson's body became absolutely rigid.

While this was being done a mattress had been placed in the box, and at one end of it two pillows were arranged. When Johnson became rigid some employees of the house picked him up and placed him in his rude coffin. Prof. Barclay put Johnson's head on the pillows, his face turned slightly to the left, and then he covered him up with a big thick comforter, and told the men who were to put the box and man into the grave that all was ready.

They took the box down from the stage and lowered it into the grave, placing over an opening left in the foot of the cover of the coffin a pipe about five inches in diameter, and over the head of it a box, which had no cover over its lower end, so that people could look down into the grave after it was filled up and see the face of the man in the coffin. By the right side of Johnson's head there was placed an electric light, and then, with the pipe and the peek box in place, the earth was shoveled into the grave again, and Johnson was buried in regular style, except that there was the pipe to give him air, and the peek box to present an opportunity of seeing him in his coffin.

The grave was rounded over, and then Prof. Barclay told the reporters he had no doubt Johnson would be all right when he is disinterred Saturday night, for he said he buried him in Kingston, Jamaica, once, and kept him under ground for a week, and Johnson

was just as bright and healthy when he was dug up as he was when he was buried.

The professor said the action of Johnson's heart was reduced a third when he put him under the spell, and that it will gradually increase its pulsation until he is taken out and brought back to life. Johnson, he also added, will be neither hungry nor thirsty, for most of his bodily functions have been suspended for the remainder of the week; and while he may turn his head part way over once he will not be likely to move his body at all until Saturday night, when the grave is to be opened and Johnson brought out of his trance, or whatever it may be called that Barclay put him into.

The professor didn't say what Johnson would do if the building over him should burn down while he is buried, but that wasn't necessary. Johnson would stay buried if that should happen.

MONEY VALUE OF A WIFE.

An Unusual Law Suit to be Tried Shortly in Indiana.

One of the most unusual law suits on record is soon to be tried in the State of Indiana. It will settle the money value of a prospective wife.

Charles Arnold, a citizen of Spencer County, was engaged to be married to a young lady at Melotte station on the Clover Leaf Railroad. It is not stated whether this road is of the three or four leaf variety of clover, but it has a law suit on hand. The prospective bride was not killed by the railroad, nor was bodily injury inflicted upon Charles Arnold. The railroad is asked to respond in the sum of \$20,000 for damages done to the feelings of young Arnold on account of this circumstance.

The young man boarded the Clover Leaf Railroad Co. car at his home station equipped with a ticket which read Melotte. When the conductor came around Arnold told him that he was very tired and sleepy, wearied by preparations for the approaching event, and that it was his desire to take a nap. The conductor promised faithfully to arouse the passenger in proper time, and so Arnold encoiled himself in the coach and slumbered. There were other passengers on the train and the conductor had other duties to attend to, and the coming marriage was not so nobly impressed upon his mind as the youth imagined and hence it did not occur to him that he had a passenger for Melotte station. The train sped on and when the prospective bridegroom awoke he was miles from the appointed station and it was hours after the appointed time. His affianced had waited a reasonable time and then the joyous anticipations turned to anger and she swore she would have none of him.

All efforts to mend matters were futile. The engagement was eternally broken, and Mr. Arnold turned from the court of cupid to the civil tribunal for satisfaction. The answer which the railroad company interposed in fighting the suit for damages and upon which the defendant corporation relies in seeking relief from responsibility is as follows:

First—They are not a sleeping car company, nor subject to its rules.

Second—Plaintiff was guilty of culpable negligence.

Third—The woman he was to marry is a widow, and under the act covering second-hand goods, should not be assessed at the full value of original wares.

Fourth—Wives are cheap in Indiana anyway, and the plaintiff can get another just as good for \$20.

Fifth—Plaintiff in equity owes the railroad company \$20,000 for saving him from an Indiana marriage.

A WONDERFUL COUNTRY.

Marvelous Stories Told of the Land Just Opened to Settlers.

Wonderous rich are the new lands opened to settlement in Oklahoma—according to the veracious tales of railroad boomers, real estate agents and others interested in making things hum out there. A man engaged in real estate operations in the new country is quoted as follows by the Chicago Inter Ocean:

"Say, its the finest land a man ever dug his toes into. An Indian and his family are living on one of my farms now. Their hut is a half section of a watermelon shell. A door is cut in the side. The house was a little damp at first, but this warm weather has dried it out.

"The Indian had a hard time cutting the melon in two. He finally did, though, and the family at their way into their home. The other half of the melon he uses as a barn. I would fetch one of the melons from my place to the Chicago market but I can't get a flatter big enou transport it. As it is, the melon has been used for irrigation during a dry spell. The Indian has gone around and bored holes into a few and the water has saved the corn forest.

"Corn? Say, Kiowa corn is a wonder. You can hear it grow any night from growing pains. The sound of these groans at midnight, mingled with the coyote howls, makes a strange chorus that frightens the tenderfoot at first. It did me.

"The Indian on my place lost a promising son last year. The young buck was on a ladder that leaned against a stalk about 25 feet. From the ground. He was lowering a mechanism ear of corn with a rope, when he fell and broke his neck.

"Crops do not rot as they do in the Kiowa country as much do in

Kansas, where the tornado flourishes. I did not see any turned around while I was there. Pumpkins do well with single-hulled. In Kansas the bunnies have to get down on their knees to work at the pumpkin blossoms, but around El Reno they use step-ladders.

"When a threshing machine of sufficient size is built to handle the crop, wheat will be raised in the Kiowa district. The kernels are too large for the ordinary thrasher. That is all that keeps the country back as a wheat district. The Indian on my place plants just a little. A kernel is soaked in water over night and baked the next morning. It makes a loaf not unlike our Vienna bread. This method saves lots of hard work in hot weather, as the housewife does not have to knead any dough."

Although the use of the telephone has increased rapidly here, there are countries in Europe in which telephones are in far more general use than here. In Stockholm, Sweden, one person in every fourteen has a telephone, there being a population of 271,000. Every tobacco-store is a public call office and the rates are very low.

Projectiles for modern big and rapidly firing guns require about half their weight in powder to fire them.

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