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YOUR AD IN THIS PAPER Reaches Every Home of the Town

Spring Floods

They Are Full of Danger, but May Lead to a Steady Flowing Stream.

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

When Bob Elliot became engaged to Kate Winston society smiled. Bob was known to be in a chronic state of betrothal, and Kate was considered the queen of flirts.

Just what was the real intent with reference to each other of Bob Elliot and Kate Winston they alone knew. There was the usual skirmishing, with a proposal and an acceptance.

"I am much concerned, Bob, about this engagement between us. You see, it is a very serious matter for a girl like myself, who has not yet seen much of the world, to give her heart to a man. I have been told that you have been engaged many times, and if this is true you must have caused a great deal of distress to a number of innocent girls."

"How about the distress those innocent girls have caused me?" "I thought you said I was the only girl you ever loved."

"Mr. Elliot, being thus thrown on his bear, ends, remained silent. He had nothing more to say in his defense."

"I don't think," continued Miss Winston, "that I should feel safe in announcing this engagement before sufficient time has passed to determine whether you are trifling or—"

"It's the real thing." "Your slowest way of speaking of it is not encouraging."

"To tell the truth, Kit, I am as much concerned as to whether this is one of your butterfly flirtations or whether you are going to stop where you are."

"What do you mean?" "I mean that it's no use for the pot to call the kettle black."

"Call I to later from the slangy expression that I have any such reputation?" "Not at all; my reputation is all right."

"You have spoiled my plan." "You would not have proposed such a plan if your conscience had been clean."

"Kate?" "What?" "Why don't you study law? You'd make a far better lawyer than nine-tenths of the men."

"We women don't need to study law. We are born with enough law in our heads to serve our own purposes, and we don't want any more."

"Then you decline to meet me half-way, confessing your past transgressions as well as mine?" "No; I'll confess all, but I warn you that my sins are so slight that they are not worth confessing."

"I must be the judge of that." "Oh, go on!" "Well, to begin at the beginning, there was that Miss Fitzhugh from Virginia. She was engaged to an army officer in the Philippines. She undertook to make me believe that she had made a mistake, which she didn't find out till she met me."

"The horrid thing!" "There was nothing in that, was there?" "Of course not. Go on!" "Then followed Helen Blake, who had driven a stumpy lad to drown himself. You wouldn't have had me hang myself for her, would you?"

"I wouldn't mind if you had driven her to commit suicide herself." "That's two. A widow got hold of me with the intention of marrying me, whether I would or not. Not being in a marrying mood, I demurred. These are the only ones worth mentioning. It only remains for you to give me a 'clean bill' and proceed with your own record."

"I'm awfully glad to know that there is nothing in these reports after all, and I assure you there is no more in those about me. So you may feel perfectly satisfied."

"Just so, but I think I'd feel better if I had a detailed account of each one of them from your own sweet lips." He kissed the forehead lips save at times, which doubtless brought forth the confession that followed:

"Ned Bissell was the first. He played tennis with me. When we had played awhile we sat down on a bench. There was no one else there and—well, he did what he had no right to do—he kissed me."

"What did you let him do that for?" "How could I help myself?" "How many times did he kiss you?" "How many? Why, several times." "A dozen?" "I suppose so."

"No matter, since you couldn't help it. Was that all there was to that affair?" "Yes." "Didn't he promise you so that you were obliged to go away for a season?" "Well, yes, but I didn't go for a season."

FROM SEPTUS

Septus, Sept. 22.—It matters not what kind of a storm that comes in the shape of wars, strikes and panics, the poor old Southern cotton farmer never fails to get lightning struck. He is always in the storm center. It makes no difference from which direction it comes. Nothing never happens out of the ordinary to boost the price of his product, but nine times out of ten the price of his hard labor goes in the opposite direction.

For the past decade the army worm, the boll worm, the boll weevil, the caterpillar and the cotton gambler, with the consent of our National government, have been "straddling" of the poor old fellow's neck and now in the midst of a great crisis, when the poor old goose that lays the golden egg is drawing the breath next to the last one, everybody is rushing forward in an effort to save the poor old thing's life, and well they might be.

In this trying time we try to be an optimist, we try to see the bright sun shine beyond the dark cloud, but one thing sure, if the Southern cotton planter is to dispose of this crop at the present prices, there are hundreds and hundreds of them over this fair Southland who have always been able to meet their obligations that will never be able to plant another crop.

With but a little over a half crop in this section and the price cut in half, who is it that can not see the hand-writing on the wall? We have never seen a better opportunity for a national democratic administration to come to the relief of the "Solid South" in sore distress, and unless it does, mark our prediction, that you will never again cast a vote for the old party, and never having expected anything of the republicans, they will flock to the socialist. We have already heard them talk. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and if the cotton farmer ever needed help, and the operation of all who are interested in his welfare, it is now. One thing sure, if the crop in which he is sitting goes down he will not be the only one to sink, and now that the elections are all over, let's quit gaying and goring the defeated, for remember that we will vote again two years from now.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace J. Crouch, of Elko, S. C., are spending a few days with the parents of Mrs. Crouch, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Brezale. Mr. Crouch is a former Lebanon teacher, and he and his good wife have many "nieces" here who are always glad to see them.

A new baby girl has arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Jones and "Bob" appears as happy as if cotton was bringing twenty cents per pound.

The Ladies Rural Improvement Association of Lebanon, together with the patrons of the school met on Friday, the 18th, and cleaned off the school grounds nicely, and gave the school building a good scalding, mending, scrubbing and scraping, but of course as usual, there were things who didn't come and a few had to do the work. The Ladies Rural Improvement Association is doing more for the upbuilding of the community than anything and every body else thrown in a pile, and we trust that the good men of the community will not fail to give them all the help and encouragement possible.

Misses Nettie and Mattie Richardson have returned to Limestone and with them went Miss Ruth Webb; this being Miss Webb's first season.

Mrs. C. E. Elgin and little daughter, Nanette have returned to their home at Seares, Ala., after spending several weeks with their mother and grandmother, Mrs. Natalie F. Duckworth.

Mr. Fred Harris has entered Furman University, and here's a tip that you'll make good, Fred, which of course we know you will.

Miss Blanche Dairymore has returned to Anderson College, and her many friends predict for another good season.

Something New To Eat "LOG CABIN" Maple Syrup

has been on the market for thirty years and is today the favorite Syrup among the Nations of the globe. The delicious flavor of PURE Maple makes it good Three Hundred and Sixty Five days out of the year. Pints 25c, Quarts 40c, Half gallons 75c, Gallons \$1.35.

"Hecker's Self Rising" Buckwheat Flour goes good with Log Cabin Syrup—10-20-30 and 40 cents the package.

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