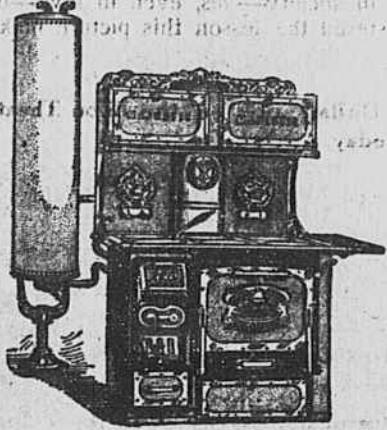


THIS COUPON
GOOD FOR ONE DOLLAR
 If presented before October 15th we will accept this coupon as part payment on any suit of clothes purchased of us at its face value, \$1.00. Only one coupon accepted on each suit sold.
AMERICAN TAILORS.

Our made-to-order garments have no superior anywhere, and few equals—the first garment we make for you will be proof enough to convince you.

\$15.00 UP
American Tailors
 ON THE SQUARE.
 Our \$2.00 Hats Are Wonders—See Them

Treat Your Wife to a New Stove or Range



When it comes to STOVES and RANGES we are, as usual, right here with the biggest stock, the greatest variety and the latest satisfactory improvement.

GET READY FOR JACK FROST

Don't wait until real cold weather when our stove men are so busy that we can't set up your Heater promptly. Buy now and be ready for winter. Our Heaters are made in sizes to fit all conditions and pocket books.

Efficiency is our motto and satisfied customers our ideal.

Sullivan Hardware Co.
 Anderson, S. C. Belton, S. C.

THEIR SUFFERING ENDED

Hundreds of your neighbors are ready to tell you how they made life new for them and relieved them of the tortures of ill health. If you will let them, they have used Mrs. Joe Person's Kidney Pills to purify their blood and enrich the tissues, and so that all their bodily functions could work properly. When that was done, the organs got a chance to do their work, nature cleared up their troubles, so that they are now well. It doesn't matter whether the trouble is in the stomach, the bowels, or the skin. Back of it all is the fact that the blood is either not good enough or is poisoned. Of course you cannot get rid of it, digest what you eat or relax the system, as long as what ought to strengthen nerves tone and your digestive energy and strength is poisoned every minute of the day. Get the blood right. Moses said "It is the life." When the blood is right you live.

Here is what one of your neighbors declares: "A few years ago I was a terrible sufferer from blood poisoning. If the skin would be broken from any cause the flesh would become inflamed, would fester and burn and develop sores. Mrs. Joe Person's Kidney Pills to use her remedy. I bought a bottle and it cured me." Mrs. Medits, Weldon, N. C. If your druggist cannot supply you, write to the Remedy Sales Corporation, Charlotte, N. C., and they will send you this remedy.

Same Back-Kidney Trouble Causes
DR. JOE PERSON'S KIDNEY PILLS
 I don't take long for kidney and bladder trouble to give you a lame back, and even worse, if not checked. H. T. Strayze, Gainesville, Ga., fairly down on her back with kidney trouble and inflamed bladder. She says: "I took Foley's Kidney Pills and now my back is stronger than it was, and kidney trouble and painful bladder are gone entirely." Many druggists are glad to sell Foley's Kidney Pills because they always sell. They contain no habit-forming drugs. Druggists' names.

Rome was not built in a day. Neither can the nations of the world expect to see everlasting peace at once.
 It takes time to accomplish things thoroughly.

Don't be disappointed if the first insertion of your want ad. doesn't accomplish wonders.

All things being equal, the want ad. works fast and to the point.

SPECIAL OFFER
 I will furnish your apple oats at \$1.00 per bushel and Fulghum oats at \$1.25 per bushel, and will give you 10c per pound for cotton in payment for same.
 These oats were raised by me and are very fine and worth that money in cash. You will find samples at the office of The Protwell Company. This offer good for immediate acceptance.
J. J. PROTWELL.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH
 Methodist Church where splendid revival is now in progress.

UNCLE DAVE'S TRIBUTE To HON. JULIUS E. BOGGS

It is surely an easy task to praise a friend, but to praise him wisely, is not easy. There are a great many who loved Julius E. Boggs, looking on as I write, and their affection for him will make them severe critics. They will hardly let the right intention excuse poor work. Nevertheless, as he was generous himself, it may be hoped that his friends are generous also, and that they will read the "lines between the lines," and so fulfill that which is lacking in this attempt.

The most of those who will read these words knew him by thought, if not by sight. He had a wide acquaintance, as the sorrow at his death was made known. It seems that those who did know him nearly were apt to speak of him to others. There are people whom you meet and forget instantly, who speak and no one listens, people with the minus sign—nothing to give. If you remember them at all it is that they borrowed something.

Julius Boggs had life and that abundantly threw off light and heat like a sun. Men remembered that they had met him and his saying did not pass away.

"His presence was a festival." He lifted one out of a low mood on to a rising ground.

Men caught courage and good cheer by contact with him. He reconciled one to being human.

Bright is the sun, O. Frenchman, when he comes to visit us, said the Chief of the Illinois to Pere Marquette.

Our friend had this power to brighten a dull landscape; to let the light and chase away the shadows. Nature made him a welcome guest in the homes and hearts of men.

Boggs was one of those who, when they die, make the world seem thin and inhabited. He was not as other men are. The majority of all who have lived to middle age have declared that there was no use in it—that life was a barren errand, no gain in doing it, except weariness.

Perhaps they all started with a purpose to pick berries for market, but before noon they locked in the pail, and had so few, that they concluded that they might as well eat them and did it, and so have gone home ashamed.

Thoreau says that "the boy, gathered materials for a temple, and then when he is thirsty, concludes to build a woodshed." We are, most of us, acquainted with that boy. We shall see him putting his head on his hands and thinking of his childish purpose of the beauty of it, and the vanity of it. Then he ceases to grow and begins to wither and to shrink. But there was one among us who had not made this failure and fall. Our friend kept his heart. "Blessed are they that hear the joyful sound," Boggs had an ear for it, detected it, where we hear only the doleful. How quick was his recognition, how prompt his praise of anything good in the work of his fellows.

There was little to read, and that little was good. I think something of the charm of his manner, was due to those early associations. He was old fashioned. The memory of old stories read in the firelight was very bright in him, and gave his conversation the glow of the early times, when we did not have to import a man from Switzerland in order to find a man who had no time to make money.

I do not know that I can prove to a stranger and an unbeliever that Boggs was a man of genius. I believe that all who knew him felt that he was. The work that some men are permitted to do is greater than they are. We trace the works of Shakespeare back to the poor player, and cannot so account for them. And again, some men are greater than their work; what they do is only a sign. Boggs was never brought into action. There were reserves in him that were never called to the front. He died, leaving a mass of unfinished business. He thought life was a long summer day. It was not for him even a "short winter day." Who thought that he would be called at noon? He was thoroughly human, and so had faults. But if the flaws had all been ground out and ground down, he would still be of rare size. His faults were of the kind that make us sorry and not angry. With great gifts come great dangers.

Julius Boggs is not what he ought have been; but when you told him so, it was no news to him. It was a thought familiar enough. Some men need a logical argument to convince them that they are sinners. They are so prudent and shy in concealing their sin from others that they forget where it is themselves.

Boggs was not of that kindred; never numbered and discouraged his conscience by disputing its voice, but confessed judgment.

Nature forbids some people to be generous in judgment; but there is always a chance for an attempt to be just. There's a choice in sinners. We would rather have the prodigal son for a neighbor than his older brother. And I judge from the parable that we agree with Christ. Let us look at one another at our best and believe that so we shall appear at our last.

The face of Julius Boggs is before me as I write. None more kindly under the sun. Children believed in it, and old men. You can't deceive instinct and experience both. You can't wear a good face sixty years without a good heart.

The lines are graven from within. There is no beauty at that age, except the beauty of thought. The fashion that it wears reveals the facts of the spirit.

Living asked "what shall I read to you," he answered, "something from Paul. I want something that has meat in it." And so was read to him that wonderful thirteenth chapter of Paul's letter to the Corinthians. With these words for his company—rod and staff to comfort him on his journey through the valley of the shadow of death—we have, in sorrow and hope, bidden "Adieu" and "I'll We Meet Again."

NEAL'S CREEK NEWS.
 Belton, September 28.—Pastor Hott administered the ordinance of baptism Sunday at this place to 16 young converts. The large throng was attentive and the service was very impressive. The pastor's sermon was appropriate and was very much enjoyed. He spoke on Christian Service, and all who do as he directed, will rejoice both here and hereafter. Many of the congregation were compelled to remain outside the house during service. Persons those being baptized Sunday four others were received into the church by letter making a total of 17.

But this is only a partial report of our meeting, and I believe its members will live ever to God henceforth.

Mr. W. C. Burris, who was seriously ill last week, is much improved. His many friends will rejoice at this news.
 A cow belonging to Mr. Eugene Kay broke one of her limbs last week, but as a result of careful attention, it is believed that she will soon be well.
 Miss Addie Holland and her brother, Willie, are attending the high school.
 Those operating the ginners at this place are having smooth sailing with

O. HENRY'S STORIES

IX.—October and June

By O. HENRY
 Copyright, 1911, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE captain gazed gloomily at his sword that hung upon the wall. In the closet near by was stored his faded uniform, stained and worn by weather and service. What a long, long time it seemed since those old days of war's alarms! And now, veteran that he was of his country's strenuous times, he had been reduced to abject surrender by a woman's soft eyes and smiling lips. As he sat in his quiet room he held in his hand the letter he had just received from her—the letter that had caused him to wear that look of gloom. He reread the fatal paragraph that had destroyed his hope.

"In declining the honor you have done me in asking me to be your wife, I feel that I ought to speak frankly. The reason I have for so doing is the great difference between our ages. I like you very, very much, but I am sure that our marriage would not be a happy one. I am sorry to have to refer to this, but I believe that you will appreciate my honesty in giving you the true reason."

The captain sighed and leaned his head upon his hand. Yes, there were many years between their ages. But he was strong and rugged, he had position and wealth. Would not his love,



"Don't take it so hard, please," she said gently.

his tender care and the advantages he could bestow upon her make her forget the question of age? Besides, he was almost sure that she cared for him.

The captain was a man of prompt action. In the field he had been distinguished for his decisiveness and energy. He would see her and plead his cause again in person. Age? What was it to come between him and the one he loved?

In two hours he stood ready, in light marching order, for his greatest battle. He took the train for the old southern town in Tennessee where she lived.

Theodore Deiming was on the steps of the handsome, porticoed old mansion enjoying the summer twilight when the captain entered the gate and came up the gravelled walk. She met him with a smile that was free from embarrassment. As the captain stood on the step below her the difference in their ages did not appear so great. He was tall and straight and clear eyed and browned; she was in the bloom of lovely womanhood.

"I wasn't expecting you," said Theodore, "but now that you've come you may sit on the step. Didn't you get my letter?"

"I did," said the captain, "and that's why I came. I say, now, Theo, reconsider your answer, won't you?" Theodore smiled softly upon him. He carried his years well. She was really fond of his straight, his whole-some looks, his manliness. Perhaps if—

"Don't take it so hard, please," she said gently. "It's all for the best. I've reasoned it out very wisely all by myself. Some day you'll be glad I didn't marry you. It would be very nice and lovely for awhile—but just think! In only a few short years what different tastes we would have! One of us would want to sit by the fireside and read, and maybe nurse neuralgia or rheumatism of evenings, while the other would be crazy for balls and theaters and late suppers. No, my dear friend, while it isn't exactly January and May, it's a clear case of October and pretty early in June."

"I'd always do what you wanted me to do, Theo. If you wanted to—"

"No, you wouldn't. You think now that you would, but you wouldn't. Please don't ask me any more."

The captain had lost his battle. But he was a gallant warrior, and when he rose to make his final adieu his mouth was grimly set and his shoulders were squared.

HOW O. HENRY CHOSE HIS FAMOUS PEN NAME.

Speaking of his start as an author, O. Henry (Sydney Porter) said to a reporter: "I went to New Orleans and took up literary work in earnest. I sent stories to newspapers, weeklies and magazines all over the country. Rejections? Lordy, I should say I did have rejections, but I never took them to heart. I just stuck new stamps on the stories and sent them out again. And in their journeying to and fro all the stories finally landed in offices where they found a welcome. I can say that I never wrote anything that, sooner or later, hasn't been accepted."

"As for rejections, take 'The Emancipation of Billy,' as good a story as I ever wrote. It was rejected no less than thirteen times. But, like all the rest, it finally landed."

"It was during these New Orleans days that I adopted my pen name of O. Henry. I said to a friend: 'I'm going to send out some stuff. I don't know if it amounts to much, so I want to get a literary alias. Help me pick out a good one.' He suggested that we get a newspaper and pick a name from the first list of notables that we found in it. In the society columns we found the account of a fashionable ball. 'Here we have our notables,' said he. 'We looked down the list, and my eye lighted on the name Henry. That'll do for a last name,' said I. 'Now for a first name. I want something short. None of your three syllable names for me.' 'Why don't you use a plain initial letter, then?' asked my friend. 'Good,' said I. 'O is about the easiest letter written, and O it is.'

"A newspaper editor wrote and asked me what the O stands for. I replied, 'O stands for Olivier, the French for Oliver.' And several of my stories accordingly appeared in that paper under the name Olivier Henry."

"After drifting about the country I finally came to New York. Gilman Hall, then the editor of Ainslee's Magazine, wrote me saying that if I would come to New York he would agree to take \$1,200 worth of stories annually at the rate of \$100 a story. This was at a time when my name had no market value."

"Yes; since I came to New York my prices have gone up. I now get \$750 for a story that I would have been glad to get \$25 for in my Pittsburgh days."

"Editors are just like other merchants—they want to buy at lowest prices. A few years ago I was selling stories to a certain magazine at the rate of 5 cents a word. I thought there was a chance that I might get more, so I boldly asked the editor for 10 cents a word. 'All right,' said he; 'I'll pay it.' He was just waiting to be asked."

"I got a story thoroughly in mind before I sit down at my writing table. Then I write it out quickly and without revising it mail it to the editor. In this way I am able to judge my stories as the public judges them. I've seen stories in print that I wouldn't recognize as my own."

"Yes, I get dry spells. Sometimes I can't turn out a thing for three months. When one of these spells comes on I quit trying to work and go out and see something of life. You can't write a story that's got any life in it by sitting at a writing table and thinking. You've got to get out into the streets, into the crowds, talk with people and feel the rush and throb of real life—that's the stimulant for a story writer."

"When I first came to New York I spent a great deal of time knocking around the streets. I did things then that I wouldn't think of doing now. I used to walk at all hours of the day and night along the river fronts, through Hell's Kitchen, down the Bowery, dropping into all manner of places and talking with any one who would hold converse with me. I have never met any one yet from whom I could not learn something. He's had some experiences that I have not had; he sees the world from his own viewpoint. But whatever else you do don't flash a pencil and notebook. Either he will shut up or he will become a Hall Gaius."

DAIRY WISDOM.

The pure bred cow carries a great possibility of reproduction of the qualities of her ancestors. In her the power of heredity predominates because she is bred for that particular line.

Every one who is interested in dairying is not necessarily a dairyman.

The folly of keeping low producing cows should be so apparent that such cows would be shunned as thieves and robbers. The way to secure a good dairy herd is to breed it and produce it on the farm rather than to depend upon purchases every season.

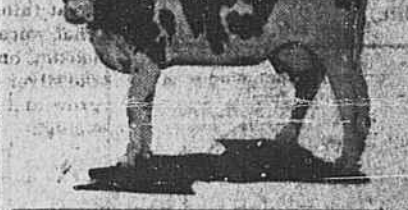
WEED OUT LOAFERS FROM DAIRY HERD

(Prepared by dairy division, United States Department of Agriculture.)
 The work of testing the dairy herd is most interesting and produces many surprises. Many of the finest appearing cattle will be found to be the poorest producers, while some of the animals thought to be scrubs will be worthy of a place in the constructed herd. No time should be lost in disposing of the unproductive cows. A market can readily be had for those in good condition, while the money received for their sale can be wisely expended by purchasing a sire and two or more dams of a dairy breed. These new animals should not be purchased without first knowing their record of production.

If the time, labor and expense of caring for the poor cows in the dairy herd were utilized in the care of the better animals the results would be wonderful and the profits manifold. Think of caring for half the number of cows in your herd and getting twice as much profit from their maintenance.

Every cow should be given a thorough test under the most favorable conditions, and, if then found wanting, the sooner she is disposed of the better. No cow should be condemned before testing, for the animal that lacks quantity yielding may produce milk containing a high percentage of fat.

Many cows that once were great producers may now have passed their usefulness.



The Holstein cow is growing in favor wherever her qualities are known. As an economical producer of milk and butter she is in the front rank. Indeed, the admirers of the Holstein say she is unequalled in her specialty. The pure bred Holstein shown was bred and is owned by the University of Nevada. In a seven day test she gave 25.5 pounds of milk containing fourteen pounds of butter fat when but one year and eight months of age.

Generally the milk from these creatures until the animals are seven years old. Then the yield remains about the same until the twelfth year, when there is a decrease. Ordinarily a cow is at her best between the ages of six and ten years.

The winter season is now near, and it costs considerably more to maintain the herd than during the summer and fall months. The sooner the poor cows can be disposed of the better it will be for the dairyman. Look upon the poor cow as a liability and not as an asset, and the sooner she is got rid of the better.

Cost of Silos.
 The initial cost of a silo is what stops a great many farmers when they are urged to consider the economy of the silage method of feeding the corn crop. From \$200 to \$1,000 may be spent on a silo, the stave silo to hold a hundred tons coming close, the smaller figure and the best types of monopitch silos of sixty feet height costing the highest sum. Pit silos can be built for less than this, the main cost being chafed labor, which the owner may contribute himself at some slack period.

Ration For a Dairy Bull.
 A very good grain ration for a bull is a mixture of equal parts by weight of ground oats and bran, says Hoard's Dairyman. If the droppings of the animal seem somewhat dry, from a half to a pound of oilmeal may be fed daily. A bull weighing from 1,500 to 1,800 pounds in service will require from six to eight pounds of the grain mixture mentioned. In connection with this let the animal have all the alfalfa desired.

When to Feed Silage.
 The silage may be fed just as soon as the silo is filled. It is not necessary to wait for it to ripen or to cure, but if there is an abundance of pasture you may wait as long as you wish. It is one of the most convenient and easily adaptable feeds that can be found anywhere.