

YOU HAVE GOT TO

BUY XMAS NECESSITIES FROM SOMEBODY.

Why not buy them where you can have the largest and best stock to select from, and where they will cost you the least money?

200 Boxes Finest Florida Oranges
150 Barrels Finest Northern Apples
200 Boxes Finest California Raisins
1500 Finest Barracoa Cocoannts
1000 Lbs. Finest California Prunes

2500 Lbs. Finest New Crop Nuts: Walnuts,
Almonds, Brazils, Pecans
7000 Lbs. Plain and Fancy Candies, Choco-
lates, Creams, Mixed, Stick, Large and Small
200 Bunches Finest Fat Bananas

BIGGEST STOCK OF FIREWORKS EVER BROUGHT TO UNION COUNTY.

Will save you money on every purchase. See us or write us at once.

THE UNION GROCERY COMPANY.

THE MONEY-SAVERS.

A TROPICAL TERROR.

Most Dreaded of Living Things in Equatorial Africa.

Europeans who visit the great equatorial forests of Africa are subject to many risks, but none perhaps so dangerous as contact with the bashikouay, or great bull ant, which is said to be the most dreaded of living things to be found in that region. It is gluttonous in the extreme. That which it attacks it consumes on the spot—nothing is carried away for further convenience. Elephants, leopards, gazelles, lions, snakes, gorillas, monkeys, even the human aborigines of the districts it infests, fly from any neighborhood in which they know it to be located. According to well accredited reports, these awe inspiring bull ants travel, like locusts, in vast armies, marching in a line two inches or more broad and miles in length. One of these armies has been known to take twelve hours to pass a given point. These ants prefer the shade and, rather than be exposed to the rays of the blazing sun, will burrow tunnels under the surface of the ground and thus travel until they come to the shelter of trees. Any animal which, unaware of the proximity of the bull ant and reposing in the solitude of the velt, happens to be attacked has no chance of escape. It is devoured with irresistible fury, and within a few minutes a pile of bleached bones marks the spot where it reposed. A great deal of valuable information about this dreaded creature has been published by a French zoologist, M. de Chaillet, who has described a personal encounter with the bull ant. "I remember well the first time I met the bashikouays on a raid. I knew not what was in store for me. I was hunting by myself, when suddenly the forest became alive with the foe. A sudden dread seized me, and I stood still in the hunting path, resting on my gun. Suddenly, as if by magic, I was covered and bitten everywhere. I fled in haste and found refuge in a deep stream, yet even then the strong pinches of the ants would not give way, and though the bodies were torn off the heads remained. The native tribes, when a man is condemned for witchcraft, generally fasten him to a tree before an herd of these ants. After they have passed a shining skeleton alone is left to tell the tale."

THE SCENT OF SICKNESS.

Most Diseases, It Is Claimed, Have Their Characteristic Odors. The acuteness of the sense of smell is far greater in many of the lower animals—dogs, for example—than in man, and they employ it in guiding them to their food, in warning them of approaching danger and for other purposes. The sphere of the susceptibility to various odors is more uniform and extended in man, and the sense of smell is capable of great cultivation. Like the other special senses, it may

be cultivated by attention and practice. Experts can discriminate qualities of wines, liquors, drugs, etc. Diseases have their characteristic odors.

Persons who have visited many different asylums for the insane recognize the same familiar odor of the insane. It is not insane asylums alone, but prisons, jails, workhouses, armies in camp, churches, schools and nearly every household that have characteristic odors. It is when the insane, the prisoners and the soldiers are aggregated in large groups or battalions that their characteristic odor is recognized. Most diseases have their characteristic odors, and by the exercise of the sense of smell they could be utilized in different diagnoses.

For example, fava has a mousy odor, rheumatism has a copious sour smelling, acid sweat. A person afflicted with pyaemia has a sweet, nauseating breath. The rank, unbearable odor of pus from the middle ear tells the tale of the decay of osseous tissue. In scurvy the odor is putrid, in chronic peritonitis musky, in scrofula like stale beer, in intermittent fever like fresh baked brown bread, in fever ammoniacal, in hysteria like violets or pineapple. Measles, diphtheria, typhoid fever, epilepsy, phthisis, etc., have characteristic odors.—Philadelphia Record.

Gambling a Religious Duty.

"Speaking of gambling," a missionary said, "I know of a sect that regards it as a religious duty, like fasting or prayer. This sect is the Hindoos. They one day in each year gamble like mad from sunrise till sunset. The day is the festival of the lamps, a day sacred to Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth. A tremendous lot of money changes hands in Lakshmi's honor. All this gambling is done to test the financial success that will attend on each person throughout the year. If a gambler loses he knows a year of hard luck is ahead of him. If he wins he knows he may expect a twelvemonth of prosperity. Strange to say, a good deal of cheating accompanies this religious gambling."

Champion Divers.

"Larry Donovan," said a professional swimmer, "made the highest dive on record. It was 210 feet—a dive from the Brooklyn bridge. Donovan also took a dive from Niagara bridge, a good 200 feet. There are no other divers in the same class with Larry. Jack Burns made a dive of 150 feet from the topmost yardarm of the Three Brothers, the largest sailing ship of its time, and Jim O'Rourke and Julius Gautier have done some good diving, too—100 feet, 125 feet, and so on—but it is doubtful if Donovan's record will ever be broken."

It is a common fault to be never satisfied with our fortune nor dissatisfied with our understanding.—Rochefoucauld.

THE REAL LINCOLN.

He Was Not Homely, and He Was Not Slovenly in Dress.

For many years it has been the fashion to call Mr. Lincoln homely. He was very tall and very thin. His eyes were deep sunken, his skin of a sallow pallor, his hair coarse, black and unruly. Yet he was neither ungraceful nor awkward nor ugly. His large features fitted his large frame, and his large hands and feet were but right on a body that measured six feet four inches. His was a sad and thoughtful face, and from boyhood he had carried a load of care. It is small wonder that when alone or absorbed in thought the face should take on deep lines, the eyes appear as if seeing something beyond the vision of other men and the shoulders stoop as though they, too, were bearing a weight. But in a moment all would be changed. The deep eyes could flash or twinkle merrily with humor or look out from under overhanging brows as they did upon the Five Points children in kindest gentleness. So, too, in public speaking, when his tall body rose to its full height, with head thrown back and his face transfigured with the fire and earnestness of his thought, he would answer Douglas in the high, clear tenor that came to him in the heat of debate, carrying his ideas so far out over listening crowds. And later, during the years of war, when he pronounced with noble gravity the words of his famous addresses, not one in the throngs that heard him could truly say that he was other than a handsome man.

It has been the fashion, too, to say that he was slovenly and careless in his dress. This also is a mistake. His clothes could not fit smoothly on his gaunt and bony frame. He was no tailor's figure of a man, but from the first he clothed himself as well as his means allowed and in the fashion of the time and place.

In reading the grotesque stories of his boyhood, of the tall stripling whose trousers left exposed a length of shin, it must be remembered not only how poor he was, but that he lived on the frontier, where other boys, less poor, were scarcely better clad. In Vandalia the blue jeans he wore were the dress of his companions as well, and later, from Springfield days on, clear through his presidency, his costume was the usual suit of black broadcloth, carefully made and scrupulously neat. He cared nothing for style. It did not matter to him whether the man with whom he talked wore a coat of the latest cut or owned no coat at all. It was the man inside the coat that interested him.—Helen Nicolay in St. Nicholas.

Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within, and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand it.—Mrs. Child.

SUMMONS FOR RELIEF.

Complaint Served.

State of South Carolina,
Union County,
Court of Common Pleas.

R. Melvin Estes, Ida Ellen Dickerson, Fannie McHugh, Willie J. Estes, Arthur A. Estes, Lola Thayer, Ellen McQuown, Timey Moore, Azilee Estes, Massie Lee Estes, Sarah Francis Keller, Johnnie Steverson, Ella May Steverson and Alice Summerall

Plaintiffs,

against
Mary A. Estes, A. J. Hill, W. B. Hill, Sarah Minnie Graham, Loula Sanderson, Bessie Estes, Duncan Estes, Belton Estes, Robert Lee Steverson, McDuffie S. Steverson and Lillian Steverson.

Defendants.

To the Defendants above named: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, the original of which said Complaint and Summons were duly filed in the office of the Clerk of Court of Common Pleas for Union county, South Carolina, at Union court house, S. C., on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1906, and to serve a copy of your answer to said Complaint on the subscriber at his office at Union, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Dated at Union, South Carolina, November 15th, 1906.

J. A. Sawyer,
Plaintiffs' Attorney.

I, Frank Peake,
Clerk of Court, (Seal.)

To the Defendants Bessie Estes, Duncan Estes, Belton Estes, Robert Lee Steverson, McDuffie S. Steverson, Loula Sanderson and Lillian Steverson: Take Notice: That the Complaint in this action, together with the Summons, of which the foregoing is a copy, was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of Court of Common Pleas for Union county, South Carolina, at Union court house, S. C., on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1906.

J. A. Sawyer,
Plaintiffs' Attorney.

Union, S. C., Nov. 15, 1906.

To the Defendants Bessie Estes, Duncan Estes, Belton Estes, Robert Lee Steverson, McDuffie S. Steverson and Lillian Steverson:

Take Notice: That unless you produce the appointment of a guardian ad litem to appear and defend this action in your behalf, I will, after twenty days from the date of the service of the Summons, Complaint and this Notice, in this action, upon you, apply to C. H. Peake, Esq., Master for Union county, at his office, at Union court house, for an order appointing some suitable person as guardian ad litem for you, and authorizing and requiring him to appear and defend this action in your behalf.

J. A. Sawyer,
Plaintiffs' Attorney.
Union, S. C., Nov. 15th, 1906.

LAST NOTICE.

All parties owing the Oetzel Hardware Co. will have ten more days in which to pay. This will be the last notice from me. I will place all accounts in the hands of an officer.

Jason M. Greer,
Receiver.

Dec. 5th, 1906.

Emerson's Prayer.

Whittier and Emerson were taking a drive together when they passed a small, unpainted house by the roadside.

"There," said Emerson, pointing out the house, "lives an old Calvinist, and she prays for me every day. I am glad she does. I pray for myself."

"Does she?" said Whittier. "What does she pray for, friend Emerson?" "Well," replied Emerson, "when I first open my eyes upon the beautiful world I thank God that I am alive and live so near Boston."

Unprofessional.

"You say she's only an amateur nurse?" "Yes, if she had been a professional nurse she wouldn't have married the first patient that came along. She'd have looked around a little first."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Sure Thing.

Stella—Did you try to see whether he loved you with a daisy? Bella—No; I counted with a three leaved clover.—New York Times.

Clean hands are better than full ones in the sight of God.—Publius Syrus.

Part of the Battle.

"A pleasant disposition goes a long ways," said Uncle Eben. "I sympathize with de Indian, but I don't believe he'd have had near as much hard luck if he'd been good natured an' learned to play de banjo."—Washington Star.

Gluttonous Eskimos.

The eating powers of the Eskimos, if the tales told in the books of northern explorations are to be believed, are most extraordinary. One writer tells of a young man scarcely full grown who ate four pounds and four ounces of frozen sea horse flesh, four pounds and four ounces of sea horse flesh broiled, one pound and twelve ounces of bread, one and one-fourth pounds of rich gravy in twelve hours. Besides eating the above he also drank one pint of grog, three glasses of raw spirits and nine pints of water.

Convalescence.

When a sick person is becoming convalescent, the rule of a quiet time between 2 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, should still be adhered to until complete strength is regained. Even if the patient cannot obtain sleep the fact of lying quietly in a darkened room will rest both eyes and brain, producing that feeling of wide awake brightness which invalids so often feel in the evening, to them the pleasantest time of the day in consequence.

Base Slander.

"Your husband," said Mrs. Highmuss graciously, "is decidedly interesting and original, even if he does sometimes blow his own horn a little too."

"It isn't so," indignantly exclaimed Mrs. Gaswell. "My husband always uses his handkerchief!"—Chicago Tribune.

SO SOOTHING.

Its Influence Has Been Felt By So Many Union Readers.

The soothing influence of relief after suffering from itching piles, from eczema or any itches of the skin, makes one feel grateful to the remedy. Doan's Ointment has soothed hundreds. Here's what one Union citizen says: "J. M. Mardis, retired farmer, a veteran of the Civil War, residing at 22 Liband street says: 'I have used Doan's Ointment with very satisfactory results. For a long time I suffered from itching piles. I lost my leg in the war, but I have suffered more from the intolerable itching than I did with the leg, and there seemed to be no relief night or day. It was a constant torture and the more I scratched the more it itched. I have done everything to try and relieve it, but to no purpose until I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and Doan's Ointment and procured a box of the latter at a drug store. The salve stopped the itching on the first application and I can now say entirely cured it. You are welcome to use my name as an endorser of the claims made for the remedy.'"

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.