

The Press and Banner

By W. W. and W. R. Bradley.

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ABBEVILLE, S. C.

Published every Wednesday at \$2 a year in advance.

Wednesday, Aug. 21, 1907.

The Real Estate Whirlwind.

Not in the history of the city has there been such trading in real estate as has been in the last month.

Unprecedented prices have been paid for land and lots in and near the city.

There are some who think land and lots hereabouts are above par; the fact is, however, real estate has been below par here for a long time. Those who think that land is too high have not been keeping pace with the times.

Abbeville is growing, and has been growing steadily for years.

The demand for houses is unprecedented. When the Seaboard shops were brought back we did not have houses to accommodate operators who came with them, and the continued building of houses since that time has not yet supplied the increased demand.

No town in upper Carolina has better building than Abbeville. Real estate is higher in some counties than here, but that does not argue that real estate is worth more.

Our land in the county is below par!

Five years from now, if nothing unprecedented happens, land in Abbeville, in the lower part especially, will be worth twice as much as it is to-day.

The South has been struggling since 1865 as no other land has struggled, and now we are beginning to see light.

The South started on its new era when Lee surrendered, and ten years of diligent application and unremitting toil are at last beginning to tell. We were bankrupt and without credit, disheartened and almost without hope, but now we have about served our apprenticeship in this poverty grind, and a better day is just ahead.

This is the reason we are prosperous. We are just beginning to make for ourselves a credit in the money market. We have the resources, resources unparalled. An acre of Abbeville cotton will give the most complete, fruitful, flexible, delectable dirt to be found between the poles, and people are finding it out.

Abbeville's geographical conditions are also a factor in the high price of lots. Situated on a ridge, as it is, building lots are hard to find without the expense of grading.

City Hall.

Work on the City Hall is progressing. The foundations will soon be finished. The foundations are laid in concrete and make a most substantial rest for the eighty-foot wall that is to rest on it. The laying of brick has begun, the first brick being laid last Thursday morning.

The Appalachian Forest Reservation.

There is a bill pending before Congress for the preservation of the Appalachian Forest. The importance of this measure does not strike the casual observer, but a little reflection will convince one that it means perhaps more to this State and the States bordering on the great Appalachian range, than any single measure pending before Congress.

Time was when the lands along the banks of all the rivers and branches were not subject to constant overflow, and when they yielded a splendid annual harvest. This was before the hills were denuded and robbed of humus deposits, nature's reservoir. From this humus the water was deposited gradually into the streams, slowly feeding them, and yet not allowing them to overflow at any time.

The many advantages of large areas of woodland need not be discussed. It is conceded that the sections of the world that are best wooded are best watered, and that those sections that are without woodland are rain less.

Man, in his avarice, has cut away the primeval forest, until the question of fire wood has become a serious one. Up to the very foothills of the beautiful blue mountains the giants of the centuries have been laid low. And now the precipitation of the mountains has begun, in fact it has progressed to an alarming degree.

The individual looking for a profitable lumber business sees only the present. He does not know that every tree cut from the mountain side affects the States entire area. If every tree was cut from the surface of South Carolina and the mountains left bare, the State would be nothing but a desert waste. The streams which turn thousands of wheels of industry would be dried up, and water would be as scarce as on the plains of Texas and the West. This is putting the proposition in the extreme form for the purpose of impressing the lesson.

Trees, with their shade and humus deposits, coquet with the clouds. It is the old principle of like attracting like. Moisture attracts moisture. Clouds hang about and shower their beneficence where they find congenial affinity.

Man has marked the earth with his vandal tread. He has left scars and deep incisions where nature crowned with virgin green. Will he be permitted to invade the mountains, all that is left of nature's reservoir?

South Carolina is unique in the possession of more water power, developed and undeveloped, than any State in the Union. This is nature's gift. This accounts for the State venturing prematurely into manufacturing; it is a basis of a large part of the State's recently developed wealth. It is destined, if preserved, to constitute the State's main source of revenue and year by year, by laying bare the mountains and hillsides nature's richest gift is being destroyed.

The denuded mountains and hillsides are washed by the winter torrents, and unobstructed, the deposits of silt are carried into the waterways to choke the wheels of industry.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless wood." There is no beauty in the condition of present affairs. If there are still those who love the beauty of nature, and if there are those who appreciate nature's beneficence, from a commercial point of view, let them join hands to arrest the axe-man of the mountains, whose every blow wounds deeply the vital interests of the State.

South Carolina is not alone in this fight. The condition here is the condition of practically all the Atlantic and Gulf States. Our representative in Congress has already rendered valuable service in behalf of a bill protecting the Appalachian range of mountains. All the representatives of the State should be interested, and should join hands with other states bordering the mountain range. A bill should be passed authorizing the purchase of so much of the mountain range as affects the sources of our principal rivers, and the reservation should be turned into National parks. This will mean economy in the end—it will mean the preservation of the industrial life of one of the most favored sections of the United States.

First Open Cotton.

Mr. P. D. King exhibited the first open cotton from his fields a week ago. He says that he has plenty of other bolls open, and we infer that he will soon be picking the fleecy staple and bagging the golden seed—at least the seed that will bring the gold. Seed has gotten to be so valuable that we expect to hear of a demand for lintless cotton.

The Philippines.

The Democrats are forming at the mouth and changing the bit over the Philippine question. They would hitch a bucking free government to the buggy of state and give the little *hombres* free rein. These same Democrats, right here in South Carolina, some forty years ago thought the negro not qualified to vote, and in Florida and Georgia these Democrats are passing disfranchisement bills. But since Roosevelt and Taft are running things over about the China sea they want to give them all the trouble possible. To hear a man philosophize over the Philippine question who doesn't know any thing about it sounds to us like a blue waisted Yankee harping on the negro question in the South.

The Philippine question is a case of self government in certain parts of the islands during the Spanish-American war or a little thereafter, to be exact, during the interim between the time of American occupation of Manila and pacification of the islands, and a nice self government it was; a beautiful spotted, little active self government, a self government that would make an ordinary American take to a flying machine, and a government which did make all the whites "hit the grit" that could get out.

One desultory Spaniard was left in Albay province, in southern Luzon, and only one. He would make a good referee for this question. He told what happened during this time of Filipino self government, but what he said has not been published in the reports at Washington.

Santos was this Spaniard's name. He says that things were in a most chaotic state after the Spaniards left. The new Filipino government was organized exactly after the pattern of the Spanish government and things began to happen.

Santos lived in a town called Libog with his Filipino wife and children. By dodging and perjury and bribes he managed to preserve his own life during this farcical experiment. A certain very influential *hombre* lived out in the hills of the province near Libog who had not been treated, as he thought, right and proper by a certain republican citizen of Libog. This *hombre* of the mountains had an immense backing in the way of semi-slaves and bolo men and tribal relations, especially bolo men, and he knew it. So, to vent his spleen, he entered the town of Libog one quiet morning with an immense following of scabby "gente," hunted up the republican citizen with whom he had a grudge. He found him, and in order to make the proceedings as impressive as possible, took his man to the plaza before the municipal building. A crowd of the policemen and consajales and the city proceeded himself to sever the republican citizen's head from his body with a war bolo sharpened for that particular purpose. The eye sockets of the citizens of the town who witnessed the proceedings suddenly grew too small for their respective orbes and those who had any motive power left in their legs disappeared like rats at a cat congress.

The policemen of the city knew what was going to happen, but for fear lest the ill-will of the *hombre* of the mountains might extend to them shot for their nips shacks and hid in the lots.

After strutting around over the city for some time, intimidating the citizens and gloating over his deed the *hombre* of the mountains took himself and his back to his retreat.

A council meeting was called at which the president and all the aldermen made speeches. The city policemen were scored for allowing such a thing to happen. Strange to say, no policeman knew anything of the affair and all were riotous with a desire for vengeance. So the mayor and the aldermen philosophized and argued and prated in grandiloquent style. After a time they reached a consensus of opinion, which was something like this:

The deed had been done.

The *hombre* of the mountains had vented his spleen.

No trouble might be expected from him in the future.

If the town attempted to punish him he might come again.

If he came again he would more than likely cut off a few more heads.

It would be too much trouble to corral him any way.

The best policy is to let things stand as they are.

And they did let things stand. They are standing today in stanne quo, and they are going to stand so far as the consajales and president of Libog are concerned.

This is just a small sample of Filipino self government. Hundreds of just such instances could be cited.

Why talk about Filipino self government. The Anglo Saxon has reached his present stage through long and protracted struggles. The struggle of the Anglo Saxon is beyond dispute. We were not made in a day. Long, trying years of toil and sober industry with a submission to the immutable laws of the Almighty have made us what we are.

The Filipino has not been in this school and it is putting it mildly to say that he is thousands of years behind the Saxon.

Can he be made equal to the Saxon in ten years?

It would probably be very much better for the United States, viewing the question from a selfish standpoint, if we were rid of Philippine. We have them on our hands, however, and if we are to get rid of them we must look not only to the interests of the Americans, Englishmen and Spaniards who have settled there, but also to the best interests of the Philippine people.

Hitch the self government male to the Filipino state wagon and give the dusky Indians the whip and lines, and in ten days you will receive a telegraphic picture of "Maud" that would make the eyes of old "Si" himself stand out like the blinkers of a snail.

The Picnic at Cold Springs.

The annual picnic at Cold Springs was this year one of the most enjoyable. About eight hundred or more people assembled there last Friday, August 16th, and all on pleasure bent. There was a refreshing absence of popped up speeches. The day was given over to service of the "love god" who in glance and smile and touch of the dainty hand, thrilled young hearts and set them in motion for the mating day. The older and more sedate looked on, and listened to the merry music of voices, with now and then a thought of when they too forgot the world in the dreamy land of love. Occasionally they looked wise as if to imply there were some stern realities that Cupid did not take into his calculation. But why inform oblivious youth? The rainbow is no less beautiful because it is set in clouds.

Well, to get back to more material matters, Cold Springs is an ideal place for a picnic. The place is surrounded by people whose hospitality is unbounded, and a better dinner was never served than that enjoyed by the picnickers Friday. A bold spring of the coldest water that ever gushed from nature's bosom refreshed the crowd. Nothing contributes more to the pleasure of a picnic than good water easily accessible, a fact that is too often overlooked in selecting picnicking sites.

If the Cold Springs people will repeat their entertainment next year, we will promise all to be present and to bring our friends.

CANNON-GILBERT.

A Well-Won Banquet.

"Gimme a dime for the newboys' dinner," a boy asked as he shoved a dirty hand in front of a man at Tenth and Main streets.

"You haven't seen anything in the papers about a newboys' dinner?" the man said. "When does it take place?"

"Just as soon as you give me the dime and I can get to a lunch counter," the boy said. He got the dime.

—Kansas City Star.

A Happy Marriage.

At the preacher's home, Hones Path, S. C., August 16th, by Rev. Mr. R. H. H. Mr. Henry Taetius Cannon and Miss Mary Lee Gilbert. The bride is the second daughter of Mr. G. W. Gilbert of Hones Path. The groom is from Abbeville county but has been residing at Hones Path for several years, having a good paying job at that place.

The happy couple is now at the home of the grandmother, Mrs. Josephine E. Cannon, of Abbeville, with their friends and relatives, a long and happy life.

M. E. C.

The new Columbia negligee shirt at one dollar at Rosenberg's can't be beaten.

ADVERTISE ALL THE TIME.

There are two ways of looking at advertising, both of them right. Advertising should be done during the dull time for the purpose of starting up trade at that time, and also for the sake of the benefit which will come from being constantly before the public's eyes. A man should just as quickly think of stopping his advertising in the summer as he should think of closing up his store for several months in the year, and keeping it open only when trade would keep him busy.

There are probably many houses in the country that could shut up for four months in the summer and be about to open at the end of that four months. But at the end of the next four, the gain would not be apparent.

It does not take people very long to forget things, and if the store were closed four months, or the advertising stopped four months, a great many people would have forgotten that the store was in existence.

The other view of advertising is that it ought to be pushed during the busy time when people are ready to buy. Advertising cannot be expected to sell goods when people do not want them, and it will naturally be most effective when it gives publicity to some desirable article at just the right time.

I should think that if a merchant carried a space of four inches single column all the year round, he could double the space for the busy months, and occasionally during that time he can make large spaces very profitable.

In business, as in all other affairs of life, everything comes at once. When a business man is so busy with trade and with buying and receiving his goods that he has no time to eat or sleep, just at that time his advertising demands the most careful attention. Just at that time his advertising is the most important part of his business, and usually it is the most neglected part.

In every store somebody has charge of the window display. That seems to be an established rule. The window display is an important part of advertising a store.

There are places where, I think, with a good window display, such as advertising will be all that the store will need. These places are few and far between, however.

Now, if the work of preparing copy for newspaper advertising were turned over to some employe, and a little premium offered him for good work in this line, the result would be a great deal better advertising than is generally done. Of course, all copy should be examined and O. K.'d by the proprietor before it appeared in the paper.

He will also, of course, decide on what the advertisement was to be about, but this would not take a minute of his time.

If there is no clerk in the store who seems to have an aptitude for this sort of thing, there are a great many professional advertisement writers who could be made use of to good advantage.

Some of them are good, some are different, and some are bad, but most of them will be able to write better advertisements than the merchant can himself, and they will be worth more than they cost in every instance.

The advertisements ought to be changed in every issue of the paper. There are lots of new goods coming in, and each line furnishes material for an excellent advertisement. Publish the ads as if they were new; and tell about the new goods as they come out. If anything comes which seems to be especially desirable, give it particular prominence, and in almost every case it would be a good idea to mention the price.

Whatever you do, do not deal in glittering generalities. Do not put an ad into the paper and say: "John Smith, dealer in watches, diamonds, jewelry and silverware. Repairing a specialty. Come here for holiday presents." There is nothing to be gained by such advertising. It probably isn't worth what it cost, but the same space used in an intelligent, thoughtful manner will bring returns every time.

All stores in a given line keep pretty much the same things. The difference between them are made by quantity, or both. People know the generalities without being told. The thing that will attract them is something special and new.

Testing Home Remedies.

Refined castor oil, applied to a corn or wart on absorbent cotton once a day for some time will surely remove them.

For soft corns between the toes, or for bunions, paint with iodine. This will take the soreness out of them.

An excellent external application for treating colic is made of five ounces of gum camphor dissolved in one pint of coal oil, and then add a pint of cod liver oil. Rub parts affected.

To cure a quick putrid sore, one teaspoonful of alcohol into twelve teaspoonful of water. Dose: one teaspoonful every fifteen or twenty minutes until the desired effect is secured.

For bruises severe cuts, barb-wire laceration or rusty nail wounds, place bits of wool or woolen cloth on live coals and hold the smoke of this until the pain is relieved. This will prevent blood poisoning.

A very valuable remedy for watery eyes, or for tired, inflamed eyes, suffering from strain; make a solution of two grains sulphate of zinc, ten drops of tincture of opium, and two ounces of rosewater. This will cost about twenty cents, and will last a long time. Put several drops into the eyes two or three times a day. The lids should be lifted that the solution may reach the muscles of the eye ball. This recipe is from a very successful oculist.

Raw potato peeling burned in the stove will clear the under parts and the chimney of soot.

To prevent the accumulation of soot in the chimney, make a brine of common salt, pour it over small coal and half burnt cinders and burn this with the fuel. The cause of liquid soot, which so often streaks the walls where wood is used for fuel is caused by the steam from the wood wetting the soot in the chimney and draining through the lapping of the joints of the pipe, and out of the chimney hole.

HOW TO ACT AT A HOTEL.

Best Plan of Registering and Getting Wants Attended To.

A man accompanied by his wife should not drag her into the crowd that hangs around the office, as two-thirds of them do. He should first take her to the parlors, leave her there and go to the office alone. When he has registered and been assigned a room, he should go and get her.

When the boy has shown them the room, the guest should not hesitate to say so if he does not like it. There are doubtless others empty, and it is the clerk's place to try to please.

Another great blunder is not to ask the price of the room before looking at it. Many a man feels reluctant to do this, but it is purely business. If the price does not suit, he can kick, but there is no use complaining after the bill is sent in and saying that he has been overcharged, that he has been there before and always had a lower rate and all the many things that a man is apt to think about when he is ready to leave.

When a woman is alone, she should not go to the office. All that is necessary is to take a seat in the parlor and send her card to the clerk, stating whether she wants a bathroom or not and exactly the kind of accommodations she wants.

She should frankly say if she wishes a quiet room, a small room, an inexpensive room or any preference she may have.

Despite all the printed warnings on hotel walls it is almost impossible to get women to send their valuables to the office safe. Why? It is a mystery. But the owners prefer, as a rule, to take the chances. Then, if a loss occurs, they blame not their own carelessness, but the hotel management.

Another thing: Trunks should be kept locked. Every hotel tries to get honest help. No hotel can guarantee that all its employes are or always will be proof against temptation. Every hotel asks its patrons not to tempt them.

How to Make Cocoa Cordial.

One-half teaspoonful of Dutch cocoa, some boiling water, two blocks of loaf sugar and two tablepoonsful of port wine. Put the cocoa and sugar into a china cup and pour directly upon them some boiling water and add the wine, making in all the usual amount called a cupful. Serve at once. This is an excellent drink for those who are chilled or exhausted or to take after a bath.

How to Make Squirrel Pie.

Six squirrels, a quarter of a pound of salt pork and a pint of oysters. Cut the squirrel into meat joints and put into a stewpan with water enough to cover them. Add the pork, cut into slices, and half a medium sized onion. Cover close and simmer until tender. When done, take up the pieces of squirrel, strain the gravy and set both away to get cold. Line the sides of a deep pie dish with a good paste, put a little gravy in the bottom of the dish, then a layer of squirrel and a few oysters and some of the oyster liquor. Sprinkle with flour, season with salt, pepper and a little mace and cover with bits of butter. Repeat until the dish is full. Cover with paste, cut a hole in the center and bake half an hour.

How to Decorate the Table.

A charming dinner table arrangement is of La France roses and maidenhair ferns, with striped grass. A wavy line is formed down the middle of the table of the ferns and grass, and the roses are deftly intermingled in the curves. Another pretty scheme is of holly berries and leaves, with asparagus fern. In the first case the candle shades are pink, in the second red.

How to Care For the Eyes.

When the eyes ache, relieve them by closing the lids for five or ten minutes. When stinging and red through crying, they should be bathed in rose-water or wet a handkerchief with rose-water and lay it over them for a few minutes. If they are bloodshot, you need more sleep or have been sitting in a draft. If they have a burning sensation, bathe them with hot water to which a dash of witch hazel has been added. If the whites of the eyes are yellow and the pupils dull, strict attention should be paid to diet.

How to Cook Hashed Clams.

Melt pat of butter in chafing dish; then put in three dozen Little Neck clams, hashed fine, and their juice. Add a teaspoonful of chopped chives and two of parsley. Cook over open fire until it boils up twice, cover up thickly with bread crumbs, add two tablepoonsful of sherry, season to taste and serve on buttered toast.

How to Make Peppermint Cordial.

Peppermint cordial may be made at any time of the year, for the chemist always keeps the necessary preparation of peppermint. Put 60 drops of essential oil of peppermint on to three or four lumps of sugar, pound it in a stone mortar, with a tablepoonsful of brandy, till all is thoroughly mixed. Add this to one quart of proof spirits of wine and the same quantity of white sugar sirup. Color the cordial with beet root, and you will have a delicious sirup.

How to Clean Lamps.

Soak lamp wicks in vinegar before using them in a lamp. Wash smoke stained chimneys in warm water and soap and rub while wet with vinegar or fry salt. They can also be cleaned, as may be globes on gas fixtures, in warm water and soda and then in warm water and ammonia.

How to Serve Oranges.

Cut seedless oranges in halves, take out the little piece of white in the center with a very sharp pointed knife and all the cavity with sugar.

The First South Carolina Rifle.

The first South Carolina Rifle, commonly known as O'Leary, will have its annual reunion in Abbeville next month. The exact date has not been fixed but will be made known hereon. It was the famous command, the first regiment, that enlisted for three years for the war.

The Survivors Association was organized in 1873. Gen. R. E. Hemphill is president of the Association. He has been elected unanimously to that position eight successive terms.

For Rent.

One 6-room house on Magazine St. Apply to J. L. Ferris.

GO-FLY keeps files on Horses and Cattle—20 and Sold by A. Milford, and McAlister & Black, Mt. Carmel.

For cash candy always at Speed's Drug Store

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