

The Abbeville Press and Banner.

BY W. W. & W. R. BRADLEY.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1907.

ESTABLISHED 1844

SENSATIONAL Blanket Sale

AT

LINK'S.

WHILE in North buying Blankets it seems that our buyer overlooked two important facts, one was that they would have to be paid for, and the other was that the factories would make plenty more of them next year.

In other words because they were so cheap we bought too many, and propose to unload all

WOOL and MIXED WOOL BLANKETS

at 75 cents on the Dollar.

Every one this seasons goods. Each a genuine bargain. All marked in plain figures.

Don't delay. Come at once select your Blankets and settle for same after deducting 25 cts on the dollar.

S. J. Link

Attention, Ladies!

If you need Underwear either for yourself or your children it will be our pleasure and your profit to supply you with the best. —we are sole agents for Forest Mills Underwear which is made from the finest yarns and is absolutely free from all impurities of any kind.



Forest Mills
HAND TRIMMED
Underwear



Forest Mills Underwear gives better satisfaction than other makes because each garment is cut on an exact system of measurement of perfectly formed women—the sizes never vary—the buttons and button holes are perfect—they won't come off nor will the latter tear. Washing spoils most underwear—Forest Mills stands the test—and a point not to be overlooked is that these goods are no higher than inferior makes.

Poor goods are never cheap no matter the price.
If you do not buy of us you do not get the best.

Forest Mills **Forest Mills** **Forest Mills** **Forest Mills**



We are sole Agents

The R. M. Haddon Company.

The Watered Lillies.
A beautiful lesson is taught in the following poem, which in the sermon on Sunday morning Dr. Watson B. Duncan, of the Methodist church, had occasion to use, and on account of its truth and sweetness we take pleasure in reproducing it:

The Master stood in his garden
Among the lillies so fair,
Which his own right hand had planted
And trained with the tenderest care.
He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye,
That his flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.
"My lillies need to be watered,"
The Heavenly Master said:
"Wherein shall I draw it for them
And raise each drooping head?"

Close at his feet, on the pathway,
Empty, and frail, and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.
But the master saw and raised it,
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled as he gently whispered,
"Thy shall do my work today.
It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to me;
It is small, but it is empty,
Which is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain he took it,
And filled it to the brim,
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be some use to him!
He poured forth the living water
Over his lillies fair,
Until his vessel was empty,
And again he filled it there.
He watered the drooping lillies
Until they revived again,
And the master saw with pleasure,
That his labor had not been vain.

His own hand had drawn the water,
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers,
But he used the earthen vessel,
To convey the living showers.
And to itself it whispered,
As he laid it aside once more,
"Still will I lie in his pathway,
Just where I did before,
O'er my lillies I will keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain,
And perhaps some day he may use me
To water his flowers again."

Letter to Judge Hill.
Abbeville, S. C.

Dear Sir: Josh Hillings never said anything truer than this: "Sucksees duz not konsist ov never makin blunders, but in not making the same wun twist."

N R Watkins, of Lott, Texas, had his house painted some years ago, and it took 13 gallons of what he believed to be paint; he bought it for paint, and it looked like paint, the painter said it was paint.

He had had it painted again; it took 7 gallons Devos.
It cost \$65 before; now \$85.
He knows it is painted now, and he's got that \$80 in a safe place. He's got his knowledge in a safe place too.
Yours truly
F. W. Devos & Co
P. S. P. B. Speed sells our paint.

Cured of Bright's Disease.
Mr. Robert O. Burke, Elmore, N. Y., writes: "Before I started on the Foley's Kidney Cure I had to get up from twelve to twenty times a night, and I was all coated up with dropsy and my eyesight was so impaired I could scarcely see one of my family across the room. I had given up hope of living, when a friend recommended Foley's Kidney Cure. One 50 cent bottle worked wonders and before I had taken the third bottle the dropsy had gone, as well as all other symptoms of Bright's disease." F. B. Speed.

Wanted.
Wanted a live agent for the largest exclusive personal accident and Health Insurance Company in the world for Abbeville county. This right party can get an excellent contract. Apply to W. Carlisle Furse, Manager, 503 Loan and Exchange Bank Building, Columbia, S. C.

A TOUCH.

A living coal, and with its glow
It touched another coal, when, lo,
The dark form into radiance grew,
And light and cheer beamed forth.

A loving heart, and with its love
It touched another heart, which strove
With adverse waves on troubled sea,
When cars were plying heavily,
And, lo, through rifted clouds Hope smiled,
And Love the weariness beguiled.

That living coal be mine to glow,
That living heart be mine to show,
While earth has sorrowing hearts that wait
The opening of Redemption's gate.

—Adverse.

HOTEL KEYS.

They Are Carried Off by Guests Who Forget to Give Them Up.

"Our key fitter is one of the most important men on our staff," said the manager of a large New Orleans hotel. "He is kept busy every day of the year, and sometimes he is so rushed with work that he has to call in an assistant. It is no exaggeration to say that he averages from 25 to 30 keys a day."

"But I would suppose," remarked a listener, "that even a big hotel would acquire a sufficiency of keys in the course of time."

"So it does," replied the manager, "if the public would only let it keep 'em; but it won't. It would astonish anybody not in the business to know how many guests walk off with their room keys when they leave the house. When the average man gets ready to depart, he packs his valise, locks his door and then goes direct to the cashier's wicket to settle his bill. When that formality is attended to, he is generally in a rush to get to the depot and is quite apt to forget that he has omitted to return his key at the clerk's desk. That, at any rate, is the way I account for so much absentmindedness on the subject. The clerk doesn't discover that the key is gone until the chambermaid applies for it to clear up the room, which is probably an hour or two after the guest has taken his departure. Then nothing remains but to call in the key fitter and tell him to prepare a duplicate as quickly as he can."

"Formerly the hotels tried to guard against this innocent kleptomaniac," the manager went on, "by having their keys made very large and cumbersome and attaching them to enormous metal tags, the idea being to render it impossible to put them in one's pocket. To that end they were probably a success, but they were such an unmitigated nuisance otherwise, and guests complained so bitterly at the annoyance of handling them, that they were generally discarded. You will still find the plan popular in the country, however, and in small houses that have no locksmiths on the premises, and only a week or so ago I dropped into a quaint little establishment where the keys were attached to brass disks fully as large as dessert plates and serrated at the edge like circular saws."

"At present most of the big hotels use a modest metal check, stamped with their address and a request to forward through the mails if accidentally carried off. All that is necessary is to attach a 3 cent stamp to the tag and drop the key in the nearest letter box. Incidentally I may say that about one man in 50 takes the trouble. But, aside from the room keys carried away by guests, a vast number of all kinds disappear through the mysterious channels to oblivion that exist in all large hotels. They vanish, and that's the end of it—keys to furniture, wardrobe keys, closet keys, bathroom keys, keys to the help's lockers, padlock keys from the outside storerooms, big coal bunker keys, gate keys and keys of every imaginable size, shape and style. They are continually missing and have to be replaced. If a lost key turns up later, the duplicate is carefully ticketed and laid away in a drawer set aside for that purpose. But they seldom turn up. They have gone to the limbo of lost pins, last season's birds' nests and the snows of yesterday."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Eat All You Can, Mother!

An old man whose hair and beard were cut in a chaste, rural design appeared in one of the table d'hote restaurants the other day. He had his wife with him. That was more than the old lady could say of her hearing. She was almost stone deaf, which gave everybody a chance to find out what splendid lungs her husband had.

The meal was luncheon. The price which the old man was asked after he had ordered two meals was 75 cents. "Seventy-five cents!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean a piece?"

"Yes, sir."
"Gracious!"
He thought it over a minute or two. Then he looked at his wife as if considering whether he should try to get the dreaded news past the old lady's tympanum. Evidently he gave it up. But he did what he could. When the first course came on, he leaned over and shouted in her ear: "Eat all you can, mother! I'll tell you why after, awhile!"—New York Sun.

Got His Tips Direct.

One of the shrewdest serving men who has come to light lately is a waiter in the employ of Whitaker Wright, a London millionaire and director of the London and Globe Finance corporation. Mr. Wright not long ago discovered that the waiter was practically running a syndicate on the strength of remarks relating to the mining transactions the millionaire let fall at home. From the day that Mr. Wright discovered it that syndicate began to experience a series of misfortunes, and from that hour forth the face of the domestic, formerly so bright, became more and more careworn. The ultimate fate of the syndicate was what might have been expected.—M. A. P.

A Coin Collector.

Mrs. Goodart—You seem to have some education. Perhaps you were once a professional man?
Edward Haaher—Lady, I'm a numismatist by profession.
Mrs. Goodart—A numismatist?
Edward Haaher—Yes, lady. A collector of rare coins. Any old coin is rare to me.—Exchange.

Suitable Books.

Customer (hesitatingly)—I suppose—er—you have some—er—suitable books for a man—er—about to be married?
Bookseller—Certainly, sir. Here, John, show this gentleman some of our account books—largest size.—London Tit-Bits.

Land cultivated by irrigation is more productive than land where rainfall moisture alone is sufficient to mature the crops.

An average sheep yields 51 pounds of meat, 43 pounds of fat and 18 pounds of hide and wool.

OUR LINE OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS IS NOW COMPLETE.

Dry Goods, Dress Goods,
White Goods, Domestic.

In fact everything in the Dry Goods line.

GIVE US A CALL.

L. W. White.

Bankrupt SALE!

By TRUSTEE IN BANKRUPTCY.

The entire stock of goods of the late firm of Harrison & Waldrop is being sold at a great sacrifice by the undersigned as trustee for the creditors.

Auction Sale Every Saturday.

G. M. BEASLEY,
Trustee for Creditors of W. C. Waldrop.

Golden Autumn!

is here again and is without doubt the most enjoyable season of the year. Were it not for her changeable moods—now cold then amorous—conditions would be just about ideal. As it is, you may have to do something for that cold and cough.

EUREKA LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP.
25c 25c

is the best thing we have to offer you. The most obstinate cough is quickly relieved by its use.

The McMurray Drug Co.
We comply with the Pure Food and Drugs Law.
"YOU KNOW THE PLACE."

WHEN IT COMES TO The ACTUAL

SHOW DOWN

No tobacco ever made can surpass our Plug, Twist and Smoking. Wherever exhibited in competition with the world, they have never failed to win the gold medal for their general excellence, high quality and for their decided superiority over all competing brands. "SHOW DOWN" is one of the coming brands of America. Only a few years old, its unrivaled qualities have made it one of the leading sellers over all other fine-cured plugs. It thoroughly satisfies and perfectly suits everybody and all classes. Sold at 10c and 15c per plug or 5c cuts. Always buy "SHOW DOWN," and save the tags. There is many an article you need for your comfort or entertainment which these tags get for you without cost.

A copy of our 1907 premium catalogue, which is one of the largest and most attractive ever gotten out by a tobacco manufacturer, will be mailed to any address in the United States on receipt of only 4c in postage stamps or 5 of the tags we are redeeming.

Hancock Bros. & Co., Lynchburg, Va.