

HOW IS IT DONE?

The Startling Manifestations of a Sixth Sight by a

SMALL PEASANT BOY.

In Norway Who Has Located Missing Persons, Found Lost Articles and Unravelled Murder and Other Mysteries in a Way That No One So Far Has Been Able to Satisfactorily Explain.

A letter from London to the New York American says there can be no further doubt that the marvelous clairvoyant powers of Johann Floetum, the fourteen-year-old farm boy whose "sixth sense" has enabled him to perform feats that have set the whole of Norway, his native country, talking.

He has located missing articles, explained mysterious murders, revealed the spot where the body of a missing child lay, and directed the police in many searches for criminals.

Sir Henry Seton-Karr, the noted traveler and hunter of big game, has lately returned from a visit at the home of this remarkable boy, where he tested his occult gift with results which enabled Sir Henry to endorse all that has been claimed for it.

Sir Henry describes Johann Floetum as an apparently normal and healthy Norwegian farm lad of the peasant class, of good size for his age, which is barely fourteen. A closer inspection reveals, however, a pair of eyes which seem to have the habit of turning their glances inward—rather, a lifting of the pupils until they are nearly or quite veiled by the upper lids.

When engaged in ordinary conversation the lad's glances are frank and his eyes do not appear different from those of ordinary persons. It is when Johann exerts his strange power of "seeing" things which have happened, or are happening, elsewhere, that this transformation in his organs of vision occurs.

Sir Henry's visit to the lad's home was at a time last Spring when Johann's powers were about to be put to a most exacting test. Being owner of an elk forest not far from Sing-Sass, the boy's native place, Sir Henry had heard much of the gossip circulating about the neighborhood concerning Johann's feats of clairvoyance. And he knew the sad story of the little girl who was lost in the woods near Aalesund two years before, the mystery of whose fate was now expected to be solved by the "sixth sense" of Johann Floetum.

This widely announced test of the boy's powers was looked upon as a great occasion, especially by the peasant class. For many miles about Sing-Sass came peasants of both sexes, in their quaint national costumes, full of confidence that the boy would tell what had become of little lost Sophia.

"Johann, my boy, you used to know little Sophia, didn't you?" queried Sir Henry, "the little girl who has been missing two years?"

"Yes, sir, we used to go to the same school," said Johann.

"Try and tell us what has become of her; tell us where we can find little Sophia." Sir Henry urged gently. Johann did not appear to go into the conventional trance. At first he seemed to be looking far, far away towards the mountains at Aalesund. Gradually his glance turned inward, the pupils of his eyes turned upward until they were concealed by the lids. Every now and then he passed his hand lightly across his brow. Presently his lips began to move. The audience became absolutely silent.

At length the boy began speaking, hesitatingly, in low, dreamy tones. "He said he saw the little girl leaving her home with the permission of an elder sister to go and pick berries. He saw her pass her father who was at work in a field near the house and disappear in the mountainous woods. He said he saw her picking berries and she was happy and singing. Then he said he saw her sad and she was going in the wrong way. Then he concluded by saying:

"I see poor, lost—little—Sophia crying and stumbling along by the river. I—see her—foot tripped—by a vine—and she falls—into—the river. I hear her screams, and—I—see—her—carried swiftly over the falls. Now—something seems to—hide her from—me."

The peasants are powerfully stirred in their emotions. They lean forward eagerly as Johann brushes his forehead absently. Now his lips move again, and he says, with absolute certainty in his voice:

"I seem to see little Sophia's body lying at the bottom of the waterfall."

At this point Johann comes out of his trance-like state. It was not really a trance, for he remembers all the details of what he has seen.

"Ja, ja, ja," says a peasant from Aalesund. "I know that waterfall. Come, neighbors, we will go and find the body of little Sophia."

Sir Henry Seton-Karr returned to his hunting lodge in his elk forest, where a few days later he learned from a message he had sent to Aalesund that the body of little Sophia, two years after her disappearance, had been found under the waterfall, exactly as described by Johann Floetum.

Thereupon Sir Henry invited the boy to his hunting lodge as a guest, desiring to make the most thorough personal test of his clairvoyance. One extraordinary episode Sir Henry describes as follows:

"To come to my own experiences with Floetum, I may say that they came about through elk-hunting, and a certain amount of 'chaff' in regard to a big bull elk which I

wounded four years ago in my forest, but could not trace, and whose head I much desired to find.

"There was snow on the ground at the time, but although I followed the trail of blood for a whole day I never found the beast, and I often wondered at its immense staying power. The rain which followed completely spoiled the trail for the dogs.

"I invited young Floetum to take coffee with me and discuss that big bull elk. He is an intelligent type of the Norwegian boy, about fourteen years of age. There is no affectation about him, and when he is asked a question he puts his elbows on the table, covers his eyes with his hands, and describes minutely what he 'sees.'"

"I talk Norwegian, and I explained to him where I had started from. Then I drew a rough map for him, and asked him to describe the trail of the elk."

"This he did with his eyes closed. It was an amazingly circuitous trail, ending at a pool where, he said, the head and leg bones now lie."

"I next asked him to draw a straight line from the spot where I shot the elk to the pool. This was the most amazing part of the performance."

"Without a moments hesitation he drew a straight line from one spot to the other, with his eyes closed, marking off with his pencil intervals of a hundred yards. He informed me that the spot where the head lies is exactly 1,800 yards, as the crow flies, from the spot where I shot the animal."

"One of the 'intervals' was a trifle shorter than the others. When I asked him the reason for this he explained that he was taking into account a sharp dip in the ground at this spot. This particular dip I know well, and I was more impressed by this little detail in the boy's drawing than by anything else."

"Of course I am having the spot explored; and in a few days I shall hear if the elk head is where the boy 'saw' it! I should certainly not be surprised if it were."

Strangely enough, a few days after Sir Henry made the foregoing statement, he received word from his game-keeper at the elk forest, that the head and leg bones had been found in exactly the spot described by Johann Floetum.

All accounts agree that Johann, a simple minded, honest lad, had no idea of putting his rare gift to his own pecuniary advantage. He has seemed to regard as a joke several offers from dime museum and music hall managers. He seems quite satisfied with the gratitude of neighbors, and visitors from distant parts of Norway, when his "sixth sense" has solved difficulties for them.

A year ago many farmers of his neighborhood complained of mysterious losses of sheep. They went to Johann about it. He went into his trance like state and 'saw' the miss-sheep shot and eaten by "riper" (red grouse) hunters, a class of sportsman who live on what they can capture.

This verdict, strengthened by the prestige of the boy's fame, was circulated everywhere, with the result that no more sheep were missed.

One day in the winter a peasant came to Johann lamenting the loss of his old silver watch, an heirloom in his family. Young Floetum "saw" it buried in a snow drift where the peasant had dropped it. He gave an accurate description of the spot and there the delighted old man found his property.

A resident of a neighboring town, a man not well balanced mentally disappeared and was searched for in vain. Johann was appealed to. He described a deep pool in a running by the town, and there, at the bottom of the pool, the body of the demented man was found.

At the present time most of the inhabitants of Norway are exercised the success or failure to locate Anna Jensen a young girl stolen from Christiania and carried off by tramps. The boy declared that he "saw" the girl being carried by tramps to the sea coast, thence into the mountains and there concealed in a certain cave.

"The girl is alive," he said. "But she has suffered terribly and is much emaciated."

He described the mountains and their location with so much detail that there was no difficulty in identifying them.

More than two hundred peasants engaged in the search for the cave. In Christiania interest in Anna Jensen's fate was so intense that a large party of soldiers equipped for mountain travel, was sent out to assist in the popular undertaking.

The cave was finally found, just as it had been described by Johann Floetum, but owing to its size and many winding branches, could not then be thoroughly explored.

Sir Henry said that when he left Norway preparations were complete for a thorough search of every part of the cavern, and there was a general expectation that it would prove successful—so firm is the faith of his countrymen in the occult powers of Johann Floetum.

Naturally, public confidence in Johann's clairvoyant powers has come to be shared by public officials in the part of Norway where the boy lives. Upon several occasions the police have sought his aid in solving criminal mysteries—usually with complete success.

Last Spring the police were at their wits' end to account for a series of robberies committed in a fine country mansion not far from Sir Henry Seton-Karr's hunting lodge. Several tramps were arrested, but the robberies continued. Finally Johann was appealed to. He went into his trance-like state and "saw" the confidential man servant of the owner of the house stealing money and plate, which he hid until able to dispose of it in Christiania. Confronted with Johann's statement, the man confessed.

Johann has many visitors of scientific pretensions, interested in trying to explain his strange power. They have come to the little town to Sing-Sass from Christiania, from Stockholm, and even from the Ger-

PAYS TO BE POLITE.

Some Suggestions All of Us Should Remember and Practice.

It does not cost anything to be polite to your friends and acquaintances and incidentally it goes a long way toward making life pleasant for yourself.

A civil answer makes more friends than a gruff one, and a smile succeeds where a frown fails. We have no right to impose our little tempers and annoyances on our fellow-beings.

The fact that one person annoys us does not justify us in visiting it on the next person we meet. And yet that is what a great many of us do. One trivial annoyance often upsets us for the whole day.

Some people have the happy knack of showing courtesy to everyone with whom they come in contact. It is a delightful quality and one which brings its possessor great popularity.

Abruptness is a hard fault to cure, and yet it can be done. You see, it is so easy to hurt people's feelings by speaking abruptly to them. It may be done quite unintentionally but nevertheless the fact remains that it is done. And the funny thing about it is that those who are most given to hurting others are generally very easily hurt themselves.

The quickest way of curing a habit is by never forgetting that you are curing it.

If you are inclined to be brusque, abrupt and harsh-spoken, you must keep the one thought constantly on your mind. Underneath all that you are doing must run the refrain, "I must be pleasant, I must be courteous."

When anyone asks you a civil question, don't snap this head off with a sharp answer. You can at least answer civilly.

There is one special case of incivility that we see illustrated too often. It is that of strangers or old people asking the way to certain points or streets. Nine out of ten persons whom they ask look as if they are being insulted. And yet the request is a perfectly ordinary one, and surely demands a civil answer. There are thousands of other instances just as simple.

Don't think that you can save your politeness for those you like or for those whom you dare not offend anything but polite. If you want to get on well you must be polite to everybody.

Sometimes you find people who are models of courtesy when among strangers and demons of incivility in the home circle.

The politeness that is only kept for show is a pretty poor brand, hardly worth dignifying with the name.

Politeness isn't a virtue—it's an absolute necessity, and the more of it you practice in your everyday life the better off you will be.—Merchants Journal.

INVENTOR OF ARTIFICIAL ICE

Was Dr. Gorrie a Native of Charleston, S. C.

We clip the following interesting paragraph from the Atlanta Journal:

Editor of the Journal: Sir, I note in your issue on Monday the following paragraph:

"Florida papers are mentioning Dr. John Gorrie as a candidate for the Hall of Fame. Now, who in thunder is the gentleman?"

In his anxiety to turn a humorous paragraph your paragraph has betrayed an ignorance that would be surprising were it not so common among all our people. So little do some of us know about men who performed great services to mankind before the days of press agents.

Dr. John Gorrie, a physician residing in Apalachicola, Fla., invented the process for making ice, being, despite the claims of certain Frenchmen, the first man to produce ice by artificial means. In his earnest desire to make comfortable a fever-ridden patient, Dr. Gorrie produced ice by mechanical means, utilizing his knowledge of chemistry, and thus laid the foundation of an industry which to-day numbers more than three thousand ice plants and a considerably larger number of cold storage plants.

Dr. Gorrie's invention was ridiculed by New York papers to such an extent that he could obtain no financial backing to build machines large enough for commercial purposes. He died without seeing the Gorrie system applied on a large scale.

There is a handsome monument to Dr. Gorrie, who was a native of Charleston, S. C., standing in Apalachicola, where the first ice was made in which nature played no part. His name is perpetuated in the corporate titles of many large ice manufacturing companies in the coast cities, Charleston, Savannah and New Orleans, where the first factories were built.

Not six months ago The Journal published in the Haskin's series a full account of Dr. Gorrie's invention. No man could be commemorated in the Hall of Fame who did more for the comfort of his fellow men in the warm climates than through the preservation of food products in all lands.

Geo. D. Lowe, Editor "Ice," Atlanta, Ga.

THE farmers can depend on the banks of this county to help them all they can in the fight for better cotton prices. But the banks like the balance of us, have limitations as to the money they can get.

man universities.

The theory finally arrived at, after many tests, like those here described, is not very satisfactory, being simply that Johann Floetum is a "sensitive" and a natural clairvoyant—something which even science has latterly come to admit the account for in set scientific terms.

LICKING FOR BAD MAN

Western Editor Makes Quick Work of Two-Gun Tough.

Vickers Pitted His Fists and Teeth Against Braggard Who Was Afraid To Stand Before a Man.

Quick thinking has done as much as any other agency in ridding the West of its two-gun bad men. Armed officers of the law have rendered the life of the professional robber too unsafe to pursue, but the gunless man with nerve and muscle has played his important part in ridding many a community of a "bully," who wielded a .44 but was a coward at heart. Jack Vickers, editor of a newspaper in Leadville, Col., was one of the latter type of men. In his day he was a prospector miner, freighter and cow gouser in the West and Southwest. His last encounter is worth mentioning.

After a varied life, Vickers turned out to be an editor. He was a printer by trade and hailed from Philadelphia. In the rush for land in Leadville there were many Easterners. They were tenderfoot and easily imposed upon. It so happened that a man named Jeff Hudson was on hand to do all the imposing he could. Frequent complaints came to Vickers of Hudson's doings until finally the editor decided to do something for his subscribers and friends. He knew Hudson and his record, and wrote him up in fine fashion, declaring he was a bully and a coward; that he had killed two men in Arizona and one in New Mexico, and that in both cases he shot the men in the back. Every-body declared Vickers would be killed. When Hudson returned to Leadville from Denver, he hunted up Vickers and rushed into the editor's room, gun in hand.

"Oh, you're an editor now, you sand toad, are you?" was Hudson's greeting. "So you're the Tucson mule-shacking shrimp that write these things about me, eh?" Vickers began to utter some inconsequential things and, with face drawn into an expression of agony, began to rock back and forth in his chair. This pleased Hudson and as he had a habit of spitting into the face of his victim before shooting he approached Vickers, but here his triumph ended. Vickers whirled in his chair, seized Hudson's right wrist between his teeth and began to bite with all his power. Hudson scowled, struck, fought, and finally dropped the gun. Then Hudson released his wolf's grip, made a sudden spring and butted his head into the back of Vickers' protruding chin. The braggard's tongue was lolling apart way out his mouth at that instant and he bit the member almost in two.

Hudson dazed and half conscious from a blow from the butt of his own gun began to beg off, but his final departure was made simple by a blow from Vickers' boot when sent him sprawling down the rickety stairway. Hudson quit the town that night and never returned. The story of the bully's downfall spread like wildfire. Vickers thought nothing of it. Later when one of his employes returned to the office and asked if anyone had been in Vickers' room, "Ye-eh" but he didn't subscribe."

NEW WAY TO "PHONE."

Girls Find Method That Will Transmit Heart Throbs to Lovers.

It is not necessary to place the lips near the transmitter of a telephone to be heard at the other end of the wire, providing the transmitter be placed firmly against the chest and one speaks in a natural tone. This discovery was made recently by two young women of the St. Louis (Mo.) fashionable set. The principle involved is the same as that in the physician's stethoscope.

Experiments developed the fact that conversation can be carried on with the transmitter placed on any part of the body, even the top of the head or on the knee. It is not yet on record whether heart throbs may be communicated over the wire between sweethearts.

Among the advantages of the new system which, in addition to knocking away all stereotyped rules as to how to talk, contained in the telephone book, are that it is germ proof and non-fatiguing, since the transmitter may be switched from place to place in conversing with sweethearts and the long talkers. Moreover even the intuitive wife cannot detect suspicious odors under the modern plan in talking to her husband. The directions are simple: place the transmitter firmly against the chest or other part of the body and speak in a clear, conversational tone.

Prof. Calvin M. Woodward, one of the scientists of Washington university, explained that there was nothing new in the principle, but admitting he had never before thought of its application to the telephone. He said the sound vibration in the lungs is communicated through the chest instead of through the lips and then carried over the wire in the usual way.

"The chest system," he said, "is in accordance with the principle of the physicians' stethoscope."

AFTER December 10 there will be a rush for cotton on the part of the spinners and exporters, and the price will advance because the government report will show that the crop is short, very short.

PROFESSOR Joseph H. Drake, of the law department of the university of Michigan, has started his class by declaring that he would favor electing Theodore Roosevelt as king of this country. This fool professor is evidently tired of teaching; and is on the lookout for a government job

A MARRYING GIRL.

She Married Three Husbands in One Short Week.

A special dispatch from South Norwalk, Conn., tells of the death there of Mrs. Minnie Dauchy, who, while not yet out of her teens, was married three times and leaves four children. She married all three husbands in one week before she was 15 years old. Her first husband was a tattooed man in a circus, with whom she ran away. She returned a few days later, and being upbraided by her mother for not bringing home her husband, she ran away again; and the same day married Peter Strum. Both marriages were declared void because of her age and within a week she became the bride of Edward Dauchy, this time with her parent's consent. She was known as the most beautiful girl in that part of the state. After her last marriage she joined the Salvation Army.

BRYAN IN NEW YORK.

Explains His Scheme of Government Guarantee of Bank Deposits.

William J. Bryan was in New York on Thursday, arriving early from Worcester, Mass., where he delivered an address Wednesday night. He breakfasted at the Hoffman House and previous to going to Dobbs Ferry, where he ate his Thanksgiving dinner with a friend, took occasion to tell reporters who called on him of his scheme for a government guarantee for deposits in such national banks as will join in an agreement to reimburse the government for losses on banks that fail. Such a plan, he said, would restore confidence and protect the country against future panics.

STOLE A PILE.

Financier Sells Warehoused Cotton and Disappears With Proceeds.

J. E. Reeves, head of a chain of supply stores and cotton warehouses at Griffin, Va., Jackson, Glenville and Norcross, Ga., has disappeared, carrying with him a sum of money supposed to be over \$100,000. Most of this he procured by selling cotton stored in his warehouses to farmers who were holding it for 15 cents. Reeves is a young man and has been regarded as a great financier. Receivers are in charge of his stores and warehouses, but there is little left. A reward has been offered for his apprehension.

TRESTLE GAVE WAY.

Part of Train on West Virginia Road Falls in Ravine.

A Pensboro and Harrisville Railroad passenger train was crossing a trestle twenty-five feet high near Harrisville, W. Va., Thursday, when the supports gave way, precipitating all to the ravine below. The engine and baggage cars were smashed, but the one passenger coach containing thirty persons was dragged slowly over the side and no one was killed, through a good many were severely cut and bruised.

DIED UNDER WHEELS.

In a Dream Mother Saw Her Son Crushed.

As Jas. A. Sattelle, eighteen years old, was ground to death beneath a freight train at Hannibal, Mo., when hurrying home to Chicago to spend Thanksgiving, his mother learned of his fate by mental telepathy. "In a my dream," she said, "I saw a mangled form and huge grinding wheels, but could not distinguish them. I only knew Jimmie was in danger and I could not help him. Then I awoke with a start and sat shivering in bed."

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

Young Woman Whipped Fellow Who Had Slandered Her.

Because David Hirsch had made remarks affecting her character, Miss Inez Schaefer, formerly of Boston, owner and exhibitor of blooded dogs at the annual dog show at Philadelphia, publicly whipped the man Thursday.

Five times she wielded her whip and after each stroke blood rose in a well across the man's face.

SWIFT JUSTICE.

Robbed Bank, Convicted and Sent to Prison in Two Days.

Less than forty-eight hours after they held up and robbed the State bank at Clinton, Ill., Edward Miller and Edward Davis were arrested, pleaded guilty and sentenced to prison. They robbed the bank Monday evening, were arrested Tuesday and on Wednesday were given indeterminate sentence in the penitentiary at Chester.

FORTUNE IN NAILKEG.

Old Mississippi Lawyer Had \$75,000 Thus Stored Away.

Nearly \$75,000, the life hoardings of an old bachelor, was discovered on Friday stowed away in an old nail keg by relatives searching the home of Samuel Packwood, a retired lawyer, living near Magnolia, Miss., who died recently.

Down an Embankment.

Crowded with holiday pleasure-seekers an electric car left the rails on a sharp curve in South Fort Worth, Tex., Thursday, and tumbling down a twenty-foot embankment One passenger, Charles Gibson, was killed, and ten others were injured.

A Happy Father.

Richard Pearson Hobson, who, in addition to this fame as the hero of Santiago, was engaged in many famous engagements, is reported to have been made the father of a son recently.

BAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.

Albany, Georgia, Terrorized by Many Robberies.

Albany, Ga., is terrorized by an epidemic of burglaries. Dozens of homes have been entered in the last two weeks and not a night passes without from one to six burglaries. Citizens are greatly excited and after nightfall suspicious characters in all parts of the city are shot at by citizens on the slightest provocation. The excitement reached its height the other night, when calls for police were so frequent that not all of them could be answered.

Shooting was heard nearly all the night long in every direction. A policeman was mistaken for a burglar and shot at. Eight men have been arrested on suspicion. Two Scotch carpenters were among those arrested. They were walking in the neighborhood of the home of J. D. Weston, which had just been burglarized. They have proven an alibi but have not yet been released. They give their names as Blair and Philip.

ASSAULTED AND ROBBED.

In the Streets of New York by Brutal Men.

Margaret Kelly, a handsome woman of 23, is lying in Harlem Hospital, in New York from injuries which she told the coroner in an ante-mortem statement today had been inflicted by a highwayman who, after assaulting her and leaving her unconscious, had taken her money, amounting to \$19.

According to the girl the assault occurred in East One Hundred and First street, near Brook avenue. She was brought to the hospital late that night by two men, whose identity has not been learned by the police. They said the woman had been found unconscious at Twenty-fourth and Lexington avenue. An hour before Miss Kelly says she was followed from a subway train by a man who first strangled her, then knocked her down and robbed her.

Weevil's Advance Marked.

The advance of the cotton boll weevil Eastward last summer toward the Atlantic Coast was recently mapped out by the State crop pest commission. Last summer for the first time in the history of the pest it crossed the Mississippi River. The easternmost outpost of the weevil is given as follows by the commission: Southeastward, beginning at White, Ark., a line may be drawn in a southeasterly direction cutting across the northeast corner of Louisiana and entering Mississippi near Waterpoff, La. This line traverses the counties of Jefferson, Adams and Wilkinson, in Mississippi, and again enters Louisiana running to Bayou Sara, in West Feliciana Parish. At this point the line turns southwest and runs to a point in Iberville Parish.

THREE NEGROES KILLED.

Were Walking on Track and Struck by Passenger Train.

At Harts, on the Southern Railway, south of Lynchburg, Va., on Thursday a passenger train struck and killed three unknown negroes who were walking on the track.

"Hub" Got Beat.

In the second primary at Newberry on Friday to nominate a candidate for mayor J. J. Langford won over H. H. Evans by a majority of 34. Langford received 61 votes and Evans 37. Mr. Langford has served the city as alderman for 10 or 12 years and is familiar with city affairs.

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Other plants will be ready in February. Your orders will have my prompt and personal attention. When in need of Vegetable plants give me a trial order; I guarantee satisfaction. Address all orders to B. J. DONALDSON, MEGGETT, S. C.

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Write your name and express office plainly and mail orders to W. R. HART, ENTERPRISE, S. C. References: Enterprise Bank, Charleston, S. C.; Postmaster, Enterprise, S. C.

KILLS HIMSELF AND WIFE.

Brooklynite Shoots His Wife While She Lay Asleep.

John Whitley, one of the leading dealers in stoves, ranges and householding apparatus in Brooklyn, and vice president of the Reliance Ball Bearing Door Hinges Company, killed his wife with two pistol shots early last week as she lay sleeping in her room on the ninth floor of the Hotel Belleclaire, Broadway and 77th street, Manhattan. Whitley then leaped from the window into the street, being killed instantly by the fall. Whitley was 60 years old and his wife 38. They had a home in a fashionable section in Brooklyn, but had been living temporarily at the Belleclaire.

No motive for the murder and suicide could be discovered, but financial troubles are surmised. In the room occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Whitley was found a checkbook on the Franklin Trust Company, showing that all the funds were exhausted. The couple had always lived lavishly.

THE TEXAS RETIRED.

Historic War Vessel Has Been Placed Out of Commission.

The battleship Texas, which was the first armored