The Abbeville Press and Banner

BY W. W. & W. R. BRADLEY. ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1908. ESTABLISHED 1844

EAST END.

HIGHLY COMPLIMENTARY.

Honorable Frank Boyd Gary is receiving hearty congratulations from his many friends on his election as United States Senator to fill the unexpired term of the late Asbury C Latimer.

Mr. Gary had a close run against strong and popular opponents, but came out ahead on the "home run" against the Hon. LeGrand G. Walker, one of Georgetown's prominent and most popular men. All an Abbeville man wants is "ball" a chance, and he will forge to the front against any and all opposition.

Mr. Gary comes from a prominent and distinguished family of South Carolina, and is in every respect eminently qualified to discharge the duties devolving upon him as United States Senator.

In compliment to the memory of the senior Senator, the late Asbury C. Latimer, we would say, the mantle so faithfully and efficiently worn by him has now fallen upon the shoulders of an honored and worthy successor in the person of the Hon. Frank Boyd Gary, one of Abbeville's prominent and highly cultured sons.

Miss Allie May Power came over from Atlanta last Friday to attend the teachers meeting. All the schools on route 3 were closed and the teachers were also in attendance, and great indeed was their disappointment at the absence of Miss Mary Nance who was to address them—she being prevented by unexpected sickness.

Mr. Eugene DuPre of Walhalla spent several days of the past week with his brother Mr F. C DuPre.

Dr Rayford Power and Miss Ada McMillan spent last Sunday with Mr. Henry Power of Brownlee.

Mr. T. N. Tolbert was in the city Saturday the guest of his son Mr Tom Tolbert.

Postmaster Tolbert and his clerks deserve special mention for their quick move of the postoffice and stock, making no delay in the mails either coming in or going out. All mails were delivered and received without the least interruption, and all the furniture, boxes, as well as carriers' desks, are nicely arranged and are all handy and convenient.

The Ladie Missionary Society of the M. E church met at the home of Mrs. Speed last Thursday afternoon and opened their "mite boxes" and to their surprise received more than the Society was pledged for. After the business was over an elegant spread of delightful refreshments was served and the ladies enjoyed the occasion and had a successful meeting.

Miss Janie Lou Riehle entertained quite a number of friends last Friday evening. Delightful refreshments were served and all enjoyed the evening.

Mr. Willie Pat. Roche, after a fight with the measles, has returned to his duties at the postoffice.

Mr. Calhoun DeBruhl put in some good work at the postoffice last week during the move. Calhoun is a hustler anywhere, especially in the postoffice where he can throw a letter across the office and it will land every time "right side up with care."

The L. W. White Company had a rush last week at the exhibition of the Cameron, Steel Range where delicious hot coffee and biscuits were cooked in the twinkling of an eye and served in like manner to every visitor. The workings of these fine ranges were highly complimented by every one, and their sales were fully up to their expectations.

BEAUTIFUL DRUG STORES

Talk about your drug stores! Well, if you want to see one among the prettiest, handsomest and most neatly arranged, just take a look at Dr. Milford & Co's, and your eyes will twinkle and you will be tempted to buy whether you "love medicine" or not. In the beautiful store you will find the handsomest Soda Fountain in the state, where customers can get hot and cold drinks any season of the year. Having recently purchased an adjoining store room, he has added a complete book store and circulating library, together with the largest, finest and most up-to-date stock of stationery to be found anywhere. In short anything kept in a first class city drug store can be found in this one.

If you wish to see another drug store just as neat and handsome as can be found in any city just step over to the north corner of the public square and you will find The McMurray Drug Company, where everything is up to the twentieth century move, bright and clean, dazzling and beautiful with large and elegant mirrors everywhere reflecting one of the handsomest stocks of toilet articles and fancy goods, together with a large and up-to-date stock of drugs, all of which are "nice tasting" and easy to take.

Here you will find a very handsome "fountain" where you can be served with cold and hot drinks at any and all times, and the most delicious ice cream in the City. Dr. McMurray and his clerks are hustlers and have their full share of business. It will pay you to see them in their beautiful store where you will receive a hearty welcome at all times.

The weather has been very spring like for the past week—flowers blooming, birds singing, and butterflies coquetting from flower to flower, but don't be fooled by this spring like picture as the cold winds of March will yet make you shiver and shake ere lovely spring time comes.

We wish our City Council would either clean up the rubbish behind the New Postoffice, or make some one else whose duty it is do so. Our Mayor should step around and take a look.

NEWS ALONG ROUTE 3.

Farmers are hustling, and all around the route you can hear the merry whistle of the ploughman.

A number of young people enjoyed a delightful happening in or pound party last Thursday evening at the hospitable home of Mr. M. J. Link.

Mr. R. P McNeil is now finishing up his pretty cottage at Sharon.

Mr. Charlie Gilbert is farming this year in the Sharon neighborhood.

Mrs. E. A. Gilbert has been quite sick, but is better at this writing.

The measles now have charge on route 3 and everybody is so busy you can scarcely see a soul to ask the news.

Major Parker, S. L. and John A. Wilson were in the City last Monday on business.

SUNDAY'S SERVICES IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Rev. Arlall preached last Sunday morning from the text "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" John 1-29.

His discourse was delivered in an earnest and forceful manner, holding the closest attention of his large congregation all the while.

Professor Huguelet in a very short time has made considerable improvement in the singing of the choir, which is very perceptible especially in regard to quick time and accent.

Devotional services of the Epworth League will be conducted in the Methodist Church this Wednesday evening instead of the regular prayer meeting services. The public are most cordially invited and every member of the League is earnestly requested to be present.

DEATH OF MRS. SALLIE B. NELSON.

Mrs. Sallie B. Nelson, after a few weeks illness of grippe died at her home at High Springs Florida last Thursday February 27th 1908. She was convalescing from the grippe when heart failure set in from which she died suddenly and unexpectedly to the family. Mrs. Nelson with her two sons and one daughter moved to her Florida home last fall, and now leaves the three all alone.

The deceased was a sister of Messrs David and James Gillam, and has many friends who learn of her unexpected death with surprise and sorrow: and extend sincere sympathy to the bereaved family. Interment was made at High Springs, Florida.

Good for Everybody.

Mr. Norman R. Coulter, a prominent architect, in the Delbert Building, San Francisco, says: "I fully endorse all that has been said of Electric Bitters as a tonic medicine. It is good for everybody. It corrects stomach, liver and kidney disorders in a prompt and efficient manner and builds up the system." Electric Bitters is the best spring medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter; as a blood purifier it is unequalled. 50c. at Speed's drug store.

A written guarantee given with every half dozen pair Everwear hosiery. The Rosenberg Mercantile Co.

You don't have to wait for your drugs if you phone Milford's drug store. Those boys do business right now. Phone 107.

Honoring Mother.

Boys, do you read the biographies of the men who have made their mark in the world? Risen to distinction among men? Do you not always read what good mothers they had? Very little said about the fathers; mothers get the praise. Their mothers might have been heard of had not those sons risen to "call them blessed."

Whether they had, or not, exceptionally wise or good mothers, these men by drawing the eyes of the world to their own achievements, have also shown the mothers behind them, colored by their sons' character. And the world goes down on its knees and does homage to these dear old white-haired ladies whose sons have wrung honor and fame from its reluctant grasp.

But some of the tenderest and truest mothers in the world go down to their graves, their virtues unsung because of their sons' dishonor. The world never knows of them; if it meets them, it turns aside. "Who is she?" "Oh, she cannot be much—such an one is her son; and he's anything but an honor to the community." Dishonored, because of her son's dishonor!

After these sweet and tender hearts break because of the ignominy heaped upon—not themselves! They have asked no praise, sought no recognition; but upon the head their poor lips have kissed when he was a little boy—the little white-souled boy, now a man, spotted with shame!

So you see, the verdict is always the same—like his mother. Be he good or bad, mother stands just behind him—mother "reaps as she sowed." This is the verdict of the world, whether just or unjust.

And mother—mother who lives in him, when all other faith has failed, who sees the little, whitesouled child always, through all the murky shroudings of guilt and shame; mother, who kneels and kisses his feet, no matter what mire clings to them; and who, no matter how low in vice and crime the hardened man may have sunken, sees only "her boy" - oh, the loving, hoping mother who prayed for him; who always prays for him as she prays for no other, and who will never give up that there is no good in him—that he will yet show that she knew him best! Poor, yearning, clinging-hearted mother, how pitifully it is for her when the world scorns her because of her scorned son!

Boys, did you ever think of this? Have you no friend in all the human world like this one north star love to which you may always turn, sure of finding it when it is sought. If your mother can say of you before the world, "I can trust my boy," no heart in all the world will be so light, so joyous as hers. Though she may be poor, and toiling, and careworn, no wealth would tempt her to exchange with the mother, who having all other good, is yet so poor if she have cause to be ashamed of her son; the son who might have crowned her old age with the lillies of distinction, yet who buried her spotless name beneath the deadly night-shade of his own shame and dishonor.

LATIMERS' DESK IN SENATE DRAPED IN BLACK.

Spartanburg Herald.

Washington, Feb. 22.—As a mark of respect to the memory of the late Senator Latimer, his desk and chair on the floor of the senate chamber were draped in the deepest mourning as soon as the senate was officially notified by senator Tillman of the junior senator's death. The dignity and sombreness of the senate chamber, always impressive, gave an even more striking effect, and the sight was viewed by hundreds of visitors to the galleries.

Senator Latimer during his residence in Washington, was a regular attendant at Mount Vernon Place Methodist church. In this regard he was somewhat of an exception to the rule---many of the members of congress leave their church-going, if they have any such habit, at home when they come to Washington. Mr. Latimer's punctuality and regularity in this respect were the subject of frequent comment.

Whoever may be the successor of the late junior senator will find a large place to fill in the respect and esteem of the members of the senate. While quiet and unostentatious Senator Latimer was a man of convictions, and a man who had the courage to stand by those convictions. His integrity and high character had won for him a place in the public esteem which can never be attained by men of more gifted tongue but less honorable character.

Rational Pneumonia and La Grippe TREATMENT.

The most successful physicians are now treating pneumonia and la grippe by the application of counter-irritants. They are learning to resist the temptation to doctor the cough, which, after all, is only nature's effort to relieve herself, and are endeavoring to reach the seat of the congestion without the use of internal remedies.

Some are using preparations about as pleasant to the patient as an application of mud or putty, but the wisest use a pleasant liquid counter-irritant.

The ideal remedy is Noah's Liniment. Its carefully compounded ingredients possess wonderful powers of penetration and immediately reduce the inflammation and congestion.

Noah's Liniment is absolutely harmless, and can be used freely without consultation with a physician. Apply the liniment freely over the point of pain or congestion. Saturate a hot flannel and keep it applied to that portion of the body. The effect will be almost immediate, and in many cases the threatened pneumonia will be dispelled before a physician can be secured.

Best for rheumatism, sciatica, lame back, stiff joints and muscles, sore throat, colds, strains, sprains, cuts, bruises, colic, cramps, etc. For internal and external aches and pains Noah's Liniment has no equal. For sale and guaranteed by C A. Milford & Co., 25c., 50c. and $1.00. Sample mailed. Noah Remedy Co., Richmond and Boston.

Best Healer in the World.

Rev. F. Starbird, of East Raymond, Maine, says: "I have used Bucklen's Arnica Salve for several years, on my old army wound, and other obstinate sores, and find it the best healer in the world. I use it too with great success in my veterinary business." Price 25c at Speed's drug store.

CONTRASTS OF SEWING WOMEN.

Advantages of the Factory Girl In the Country Over Her Sister In the City.

You may see in any one of perhaps a hundred shops in this city colorless, sad eyed, dingily clad women bending over sewing machines amid squalid surroundings, with no outlook save through a window opening upon a sordid street. You may see in at least a score of country villages 50 miles from any great city a crowd of neatly clad, happy looking girls and women busied with like tasks, but amid clean and pleasant surroundings, with glimpses of a smiling landscape through every window.

The New York women, released from their toil, hasten home to gloomy tenement lodgings and unwholesome fare. The village girls troop from the factory to modest but clean and pleasant homes, where food is fresh and abundant. The New York sewing machine woman is an insignificant unit in a great community. She feels daily the pressure of her fellows that are ready to take her place and her earnings. She hears from embittered men and women talk of the rights of labor and the greed of wealth. She knows that her earnings would not keep some of her rich sisters in cut flowers. Whenever she stirs out of her own dingy quarter, it is to see at every step evidence of the luxury in which some live and of the contrast between her lot and theirs.

The village factory girl has hardly heard that there is a labor problem. Her $200 or $250 a year, earned at the sewing machine, clothes her well, procures for her small luxuries and helps to keep the family above want. She makes little pleasure trips hither and yon when work is slack and looks forward with confidence to marriage and a home of her own, clean, sweet and comfortable. She never sees among her fellow townsfolk one who has any essential comfort that she lacks, and nine women out of ten in the village have less to spend on dress than she has. She never sees a hungry or ragged person, unless it be an occasional tramp, and she hardly grasps the meaning of what she now and then hears about the lives of the poor in great cities.

The New York slave to the sewing machine lives half an hour from the heart of the western world and may, if she will, on any night see Broadway and its throngs by electric light. The village factory girl believes that she would be happy to give up all her comforts for the other's privilege of seeing at will the splendors of the great city. The New York sewing woman would not, if she could, change places with the village factory girl.—New York Sun.

A Turfman's Tale.

A New Jerseyman told me a good story the other day on one of our foremost turfmen, a man whose name is perhaps printed oftener than that of any other connected with racing in America. A good many years ago this turfman, who was not then deep in the racing business, arrived in Jersey City with a trainload of mustangs from the plains of Texas. He knew nothing of the laws of the state nor of the ordinances of the city. He knew that he wanted to sell his mustangs and thought the best way to do it was to sell them at auction. Being somewhat gifted in speech, he determined that he would be his own auctioneer. The sale started out well. Fair prices were realized. Suddenly it was interrupted by policemen, who demanded a view of our friend's license.

"License?" he said amazed. "What license? I haven't any license of any kind."

"Well, you can't sell horses in this city without a license. You'll have to come along. No monkey business with us."

Of course he went along, but he was lucky enough to find at court a friend (a lawyer), who went bail for him in the sum of $50. Then the lawyer said:

"A license costs $250. You are under bonds. Go ahead and finish your sale, collect your money and skip out. Give me $50 to settle the forfeited bond, and you are $200 ahead of the game."

It was done accordingly. The turfman and his friend met in the St. James hotel lately and laughed over the joke. —New York Press.

Cutting It Short.

A barber's shop is sometimes a trying place for men who dislike to hear other people gossip. The barber, especially if he has a little shop and is alone, must talk to his customers. Here is a scene in a country barber's shop, a full bearded and rather sour looking gentleman being in the chair.

"Hair cut," says the customer.

"All right, sir. How'll you have it cut?"

"Short."

"H'm—purty short, or only middlin?"

"Very short."

"H'm—I wouldn't if I was you, sir."

"Why not?"

"I don't think very short hair would suit you at all well, sir."

"Oh, yes, it would. It would suit me exactly."

"H'm—what makes you think so, sir?"

"Because I shouldn't have to come here for a long time."

"Oh!" The barber cuts away in silence and very short.—London Tit-Bits.

One Spoon Enough.

A Boston man traveling through the south was obliged to stop over in a small town where there was but one hotel, at which the accommodations were hardly to be called elaborate. When the colored waiter brought his dinner, the Boston man found that he was to have roast beef, stewed tomatoes, corn, peas, potatoes and coffee, the vegetables served in the usual stone china canoes. Presently he said to the waiter, "Dick, pass the spoons." The waiter rolled his eyes in genuine amazement. "Spoons, sah! What yo' want with the spoons? There's yo' spoon in yo' corn."—San Francisco Argonaut.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Johnny Whippen's New Watch.

Johnny Whippen wanted a watch on his birthday and wanted everybody to know he wanted it. For weeks in advance at breakfast, lunch and dinner he told his father, mother, sisters and brothers how he yearned for the timepiece.

His persistent harping on the matter finally became unbearable to the other members of the family. When Johnny mentioned the word "watch," they became severely silent. But Johnny kept right on.

One evening he was sitting in the drawing room with his father and concluded it was a good opportunity to do a little lobbying for himself.

"Say, pa."

"Pa" laid down his paper on the table and looked sternly at the boy over his spectacles.

"Now, Johnny, I am going to put my foot down on any more of this watch talk. You are making life a burden for the rest of us. So, if you were intending to ask me about the watch, you had better not say anything further. Don't let me hear the word again."

Johnny was repulsed, but not defeated. It was the custom in the Whippen family for each member to quote a verse of Scripture at family worship each morning.

The day following Mr. Whippen's ultimatum the family met for worship. It was Johnny's turn to quote a verse. He waited until he was sure all present were attentive, and then he slowly repeated with great emphasis the following verse:

"What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."

Johnny wears it in his top vest pocket. —Buffalo News.

A Patient Patient.

Flossie's doll was a very patient little thing. It never cried or screamed or made any trouble. It was just as content with a bed on the floor as in the crib. One day Flossie thought Dollie was sick, and of course she felt very badly about it, and

hardly knew what to do. A happy thought came to her. She dressed hastily and took Dollie to get some medicine. She found Dr. Guy in his office, but all ready to ride out. He gave her some medicine and promised to call and see her. Flossie was very glad for his cheering words and the medicine. Dollie was soon better and has not needed any medicine since.—Our Little Folks' Magazine.

A Strange Pet.

Perhaps the strangest pet ever kept by a man was a wasp which Sir John Lubbock caught in the Pyrenees and resolved to tame. He began by teaching it to take its meals on his hand, and in a very short space of time it grew to expect to be fed in that way. Sir John preserved this pet with the greatest care. True, it stung him once, but then it had every excuse for doing so. Sir John was examining it while on a railway journey, and, the door being opened by a ticket collector, he unceremoniously stuffed it into a bottle, and the outraged Spaniard, not feeling quite at home during the process, gave him a gentle reminder as to the proper way to treat a guest.

A Great Hearted Little Man.

There is an 8-year-old boy in Emporia with a heart in him as big as a man's, says a Kansas exchange. Observing for successive days another boy 6 years old carrying big bundles of clothes, which his mother washed in order to earn a support for him and her, an idea struck him that a nice little red wagon would lighten his burden. So he went among his friends and collected $1.60 in nickels, and with this he bought the little wagon and gave it to the washerwoman's boy for a Christmas gift.

The Robin's Red Breast.

To robin redbreast is ascribed a legend that most of us are familiar with. He is said to have plucked a thorn from the crown that our Lord wore on the cross, and the blood, running down, stained his breast red.

The Snowflake Ball.

Frost on the window- stormy weather—
The winds and the truant leaves at play,
And, dancing across the day together,
The dainty snowflakes flit away.
Light they are as an elder feather,
White they are as an Easter lily—
Elves escaped from a misty tether,
Romping away to a revel chilly.

Fiddle-de-dee! The gray trees fiddle
A woodland tune to a gay quadrille.
Across the sides and up the middle
The snow elves dance with a happy will
Oho, for the snow and wintry pleasure!
Bright is the sun in its robes of gray!
Come, join in the snow elves' dancing measure—
The romping tune of a stormy day!
—Chicago Record.

Of Course He Couldn't.

Angry Father (to little Willie)—Why are your clothes soiled so frightfully?

Little Willie (whimpering)—I fell in the gutter.

"And with your new pants on?"

"Yes, pa. I didn't have time to come home and change them."

To-day we want to talk to you about "Catarrh cures"

During the past few months we have been publishing what some of our good friends have called "heart-to-heart talks" on patent medicines.

That name suits us all right—"heart-to-heart talks" is just what we have intended. There can't be anything more serious to a sick man or sick woman than his ailment and the remedies he or she takes to cure it.

Our talks have been "heart-to-heart." Every word we have printed has been written in absolute earnestness and sincerity, and judging from what our customers tell us, we have not been talking in vain. We are convinced that our frankness has been appreciated, and that our suggestions have been welcomed—which naturally encourages us to continue.

To-day, and perhaps for some time to come, we want to talk about that big class of remedies known generally as "catarrh cures."

Broadly speaking these are the patent medicines that have been the chief targets for the attacks of the "Ladies' Home Journal," "Collier's Weekly" and other magazines which are waging such a lively warfare against patent medicine abuses.

As we have pointed out in previous talks, it is not our business to pass judgment on the crusade of these well-known, highly-respected publications. The public alone must be the judge and jury. Our business, as we see it, is to carry in stock a complete line of patent medicines, and to sell those medicines at the lowest possible price.

We sell hundreds—yes, thousands of bottles of so-called "catarrh cures," and know nothing of their ingredients. The manufacturers advertise them, the public demands them; we order them from the manufacturers, and sell them at the lowest price. That is absolutely as far as our knowledge goes. The manufacturer keeps his formula a secret. It may be good, or it may not—we don't know, and we have no means of finding out.

Naturally, we would rather sell a remedy that we know is right—that we can back up with all our reputation for honesty and square-dealing.

And wouldn't you rather buy that kind of a remedy? Wouldn't you rather hold us responsible than to hold no one responsible? We are right here, right where you can get at us every day in the week, right where one false move on our part will bring upon us your condemnation, the loss of your friendship, your patronage, your influence. **Can we afford to tell you anything that you will learn later is not absolutely true?**

Are you not safer in taking our word for the merits of an article, than you are to rely on the printed statement of a patent medicine manufacturer, whom you never even saw and probably never will?

Common sense most emphatically tells you that we cannot afford to depart one hair's breadth from the rigid truth.

None of us can deny that there is such a disease known as "catarrh." Those who have it, or who have had it, know that it is one of the hardest diseases to cure.

Perhaps the worst thing about catarrh is its prevalence. Almost everyone—especially in a climate like ours—has catarrh in some form or another. That is what has made the "catarrh cure" business so profitable. There are so many thousands of cases of the disease and it is so hard to cure, that the patent medicine manufacturers have reaped a harvest in preparing remedies that appeal to this large class of sufferers.

One of the most serious things about catarrh is that it breaks down the system, so that the sufferer becomes a prey to other diseases. This fact has led the proprietors of so many "catarrh cures" to advertise their remedies as a specific for almost every disease under the sun.

We have ONE catarrh cure that we are willing to say to you; "We know this is all right. Take it home and use it with the full assurance that if it does not cure you, you can bring it back to us and we will promptly refund your money." That catarrh cure is

Rexall

TRADE NAME

MUCU-TONE

There is no guess work with us on Rexall Mucu-Tone. *We know what it is made of.*

Not only do we know, *but we will give you a copy of the formula.*

There is no secret about any Rexall remedy—we make them—one thousand of us leading druggists all over America—in our great co-operative laboratories at Boston, Mass. We own the laboratories, and everything in them, and we operate them just as skillfully as our combined brains and money will let us, and just as honestly as honest men know how.

The Ingredients of Mucu-Tone

The chief ingredients of Mucu-Tone are Gentian, Cubebs, Cascara Sagrada, Glycerine, and Sarsaparilla.

Gentian is recognized in medicine as one of the greatest tonics ever discovered. It is the foundation on which Mucu-Tone is built. Gentian combines in high degree the tonic powers of all the known "bitters," with none of the disadvantages applying to them.

Cubebs have long been recognized as a specific in the treatment of all catarrhal conditions. Its action is prompt and its benefits almost invariable. In whatever part of the body the inflamed or diseased condition of the mucous membrane exists, the use of Cubebs has been recommended by the best physicians for many generations.

Cascara Sagrada is especially introduced for its necessary laxative properties.

The combination of these with Glycerine and Sarsaparilla makes Mucu-Tone a remedy that attacks catarrh from every point, gradually restores and rebuilds the diseased tissues to their former health and strength, promotes digestion and creates a normal appetite. Large trial bottle, 50c.

For Sale Only at This Store.

How can you know whether or not you have catarrh?

Well, here are the symptoms that usually indicate its presence. Check them over, and if you have any of them, try a bottle of Rexall Mucu-Tone.

CATARRH OF THE NOSE:—Chilliness—feverishness—passages obstructed—watery discharge and latter thick, yellow and tenacious discharge into the throat—headache—foul breath—weak and watery eyes—and sometimes loss of memory.

CATARRH OF THE THROAT:—Irritation—sensation of heat and dryness—constant hawking—sore throat—and difficult to breathe.

CATARRH OF THE STOMACH:—Dizziness—emaciation—hollow cheeks—sleeplessness—bad dreams—despondent—dull, grinding or sharp, short pains in side and stomach—nausea after eating—shortness of breath—and bitter fluid rising in throat.

CATARRH OF THE INTESTINES:—Dull, grinding pain in bowels—diarrhœa—emaciation—nervousness—and sleeplessness.

CATARRH OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS:—Skin drawn and yellow—black specks floating on field of vision—weak and dizzy—dull pain in small of back—and constant desire to urinate.

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER:—Sharp pains in the lower abdomen and a loss of control over urine—constant desire to urinate—burning sensation when urinating—face drawn and palid—eyes dull—palms of hands and feet damp and clammy.

PELVIC CATARRH:—Constant leucorrhœa—dragging pain in the back and hips, abdomen and thighs—stomach disturbances—skin eruptions—sick headache—female irregularities—and constipation.

C. A. MILFORD, Druggist

The Rexall Store

The Lucky Quarter

Is the one you pay out for a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They bring you the health that's more precious than jewels. Try them for headache, biliousness, constipation and malaria. If they disappoint you the price will be cheerfully refunded at Speed's drug store.

Cherry juice cough syrup the best on earth at Milford's drug store.

Huyler's food for the angels at Milford's drug store.

The largest and best selected stock of drugs, stationery, books, paints, oils and glass, can be seen at C. A. Milford & Co.'s store than any other retail store in South Carolina.

Huyler's candy fresh every week at Milford's up-to-date drug store.

A severe cold that may develop into pneumonia over night, can be cured quickly by taking Foley's Honey and Tar. It will cure the most obstinate racking cough and strengthen your lungs. The genuine is in a yellow package. P. B. Speed.

Talk about prescriptions. We have the best man in the State in charge of our prescription department which means a lot to you and your family. Phone 107. C. A. Milford & Co.