

Information for Mr. Best.

A county officer, a few days ago, in speaking of effectual prohibition related a little story that may prove of interest. He said that when North Carolina went dry, a certain liquor house wrote to a county officer of North Carolina, asking him to furnish him with a list of names of persons who would likely have occasion to use his goods, and if they made any sales on the list the officer would be allowed 10 per cent on such sales. It seems that the officer happened to have a prohibition list which had been filed with him when the county went dry. He tore the heading off the list, and in a spirit of facetiousness, forwarded the prohibition list to the liquor house, thinking no more about it.

In a short while he received a letter thanking him for the excellent list sent, enclosing sixty dollars, and stating that other substantial remittances would follow.

A most reliable gentleman living in a town not so far away from here, hearing the statement, rather acquiesced in it. He said that his town would vote 75 per cent against the dispensary, and about 90 per cent of the voters drank liquor.

LOWNESVILLE.

Lowndesville, April 12th, 1909.

Misses Annie and Pet Hawthorn of Atlanta spent a day or two of last week with relatives in this place.

Mr. W. W. Thompson, rural carrier today was a week ago on business.

The late Mr. J. T. Lattimer of this place will be to his wife, with other property a life interest in a house and lot here, a valuable piece of property. The first of last week Mr. E. F. Lattimer, a stepson of the present Mr. Lattimer, bought and moved upon the life interest above mentioned.

The Baptists in this place and nearby country are taking steps to build a parsonage upon a vacant lot owned by them, near where their church now stands, so that they may have a home for whoever serves them in the future. This home has been badly needed by this denomination ever since the church was built here.

Wednesday night a little later dark the drug store of Dr. T. K. Kirtland, located near the depot, was seen to be on fire, the alarm was given and quickly a large crowd of every one that could be got was on the ground, "bucket brigade" at once formed, and armed with any thing that would hold water and put to work, but the fire had got too much headway and the building and contents were soon consumed. It was with much difficulty that the store of Mr. M. Speer, forty or fifty yards away, was kept from catching fire. Another time when property was saved from destruction by fire being situated among the stores.

Mr. W. M. Speer went to Atlanta Monday and was from home on his professional mission.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Barnes went to Anderson Wednesday and spent a day or two among friends.

Deputy Sheriff Charlie Bruce, of Abbeville, was here for a short time on business Friday evening.

We had light rains Wednesday night and Thursday morning, Friday being clear. There was a white frost in places and some ice.

There was a lucky party at Mr. W. L. Bowman's Friday night when the boys had a much enjoyed. Roasted peanuts and Popcorn were served as refreshments.

Quite a large number of nomadic people passed through this place Saturday evening and are camped nearby, outside of the town limits. They claim not to be gypsies. They neither talk nor look like those people, but their mode of living leads one to believe, if they are different in name, they are not in life.

Mr. J. Ben Gray of Wofford College came over Saturday to spend a day or two with his loved ones at home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Har. Baskin of Iva came down yesterday and were with friends for a short while.

Yesterday being Easter, the day was observed in Smyrna church, a well arranged and appropriate service being delivered by the pastor, Rev. W. R. Humphries, to a large and attentive congregation. Parts of the service of the church, in and about the church and the organ, were as well beautified by our good ladies, with the obtainable subjects of Flora's kingdom, as could be had. Owing to the continued cool weather—backward spring the spring and summer—only a few flowers could be had, but they were very good. There is much talk about postponing the presidential inauguration day that better weather may be had—better weather in Easter in order to have more flowers, and then the ladies can better display their taste in adorning.

Parland-Newhall Co.

From James W. Eddy, Brooklyn, New York—Their entire program was truly entertaining. There was an abundance of humor, variety and cleverness.

From William A. Caldwell, Y. M. C. A. of New York—I take great pleasure in giving the strongest recommendation I can make. They keep the audience in an uproar from start to finish, excepting during the serious musical numbers which serve to show their artistic ability.

From A. A. Bolles, Secretary Lecture Course Committee of Chicago—They are the best concert we have ever had and we have had two in every course for the past five years.

From C. C. Folsom, Manager of the Pontiac and Rockford, Illinois, Assemblies—The Parland-Newhall Company are first class entertainers in every way. They will do us at both Pontiac and Rockford and certainly "made good."

From H. C. Johnson, Superintendent of High School, Decatur, Iowa—I do not believe that as entertainers and artists they are excelled by any other attraction now traveling.

Before it is Too Late.

"If you've a gray-haired mother Or a loving word to say, Sit down and write the letter You put off day by day. Don't wait till the steps are reached Heav'n's fiery gate, But show her that you think of her Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message Or a loving word to say, Don't wait till the steps are reached Heav'n's fiery gate, But show her that you think of her Before it is too late.

The tender words unspeaken, The letters never sent, The long forgotten messages, The wealth of love unspent, For these some heart is breaking, For these some eyes are weeping, So show them that you care for them Before it is too late.

Got What He Deserved.

One night last week some young men went to a negro's home in Georgia for the purpose of whipping him. They demanded admittance. He fled to them, killing one of their number. When such men get what they deserve the people have little to regret!

Should an ecclesiastical politician, after going down into a cesspool, be allowed to go back into the pulpit until after he has been washed, fumigated and disinfectant?

Except the home and the bedside the pulpit is the boldest and purest place on earth. The great trouble, however with some men, is, they mistake themselves for the pulpit. And sometimes the wrong politician gets into the pulpit.

Electric Biters

Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they, the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified.

FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE

It is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

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Mile. Ladoumer was in the theater with her uncle and witnessed the incident. She, who she loved with her whole heart and soul, would be a corpse before another day had passed! That was the one thought that filled her brain, and for a time in her distress and agony she was almost demented. But by degrees she forced herself to be calm. At whatever cost her lover must be saved. Half an hour before midnight, when her mother had retired, she quietly stole out and made her way as furtively as a thief to Emaux's residence.

He had not returned, and she was obliged to wait. It was nearly 1 o'clock when the bravo came in, humming a funeral march, as was his custom on the eve of a duel.

"Good evening, mademoiselle," he said as she rose on his entrance. "This is an unexpected pleasure, though I regret to say I do not recognize you, and my man did not catch your name. Pray be seated, mademoiselle, and tell me what I can do for you."

She obeyed, and he seated himself opposite her. She was trembling and quivering, and her throat was so dry that she could scarcely speak. But at the sight of him sitting there, gay, careless and smiling, and yet to be in a few hours the butcher of her beloved, a tempest of passion shook her, and her tongue was loosed.

"Monsieur," she cried, rising again, "you are infamous, a beast—may, that is, an insult to the poor beasts! I loathe you! You defile the earth! Pah! you smell of blood! Even a beast is merciful as times, but you—you—you!"

Emaux was utterly taken by surprise, but he still preserved an unruffled front.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you are very good to come at this hour to pay me compliments. What have I done to deserve them?"

"Done!" she cried. "What are you about to do, bound? Jules Souvestre is my betrothed, and you insult and intend to murder him. It shall not be, I say. See, I will fight you in his stead. Get pistols, and we will stand on either side the room. I have insulted you. I insult you again. You are vile than any living creature. Come!"

A steely glitter came in his eyes, but he still smiled.

"I am truly sorry for you, mademoiselle. But that dog insulted me publicly, and—well, we fight at dawn."

"Insulted you? He could not, monsieur. But you shall fight me. Get pistols at once, if you are not a coward."

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"I do not fight women, mademoiselle—I love them. I am truly sorry, but unless you can persuade him to an apology as public as the insult there is nothing more to be said. It is late, mademoiselle. I will see you out."

"You shall fight me, ruffian!"

He shook his head, with an amused smile. "Mademoiselle's best weapon is her tongue, and that fortunately does not kill."

She looked at him with terrified eyes.

"Do you mean to kill him, monsieur?"

"No," he said, "but they soon forget those who speak back into the chair with a strangled cry, horror in her eyes. For a moment she sat thus, then she flung herself on her knees at his feet.

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"Rise, mademoiselle, I beg of you," he said. "You have just told me I have no pity."

"Have you no heart, monsieur?" she moaned.

"None when a man has publicly insulted me. And," he went on in a cynical tone, "who knows but I may do mademoiselle a favor. May I ever see their young man, but they soon forget those who may possibly save mademoiselle from a life of misery."

She flushed in momentary heat at that.

"You do not know him," he cried. "His love is as great as the sea. Can you exhaust the sea? Has your heart never known love, monsieur?"

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"Ah, I see it has!" she said quickly.

"By that love, monsieur, have pity. You shall have my gratitude and prayers every day. As long as I live I shall remember you and ask mercy for you, even as you had mercy on me."

He did not answer, but gazed on her beautiful, pleading face. It was a girl a little younger than this one and quite as beautiful who had died ten years ago, and all good influences had died with her.

"You have overcome, mademoiselle," he said. "He shall live for your sake."

"You will spare him?"

"Be comforted, mademoiselle. I meant to kill him, but he shall live. We shall fight no more. He shall not die. Come, mademoiselle, it is time you were gone. Shall I see you safely home?"

"No," she said, "as he led her to the door. "You will keep your oath, monsieur—you will not forget?"

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"You do not know him," he cried. "His love is as great as the sea. Can you exhaust the sea? Has your heart never known love, monsieur?"

He smiled. It recalled a time ten years before.

"Ah, I see it has!" she said quickly.

"By that love, monsieur, have pity. You shall have my gratitude and prayers every day. As long as I live I shall remember you and ask mercy for you, even as you had mercy on me."

He did not answer, but gazed on her beautiful, pleading face. It was a girl a little younger than this one and quite as beautiful who had died ten years ago, and all good influences had died with her.

"You have overcome, mademoiselle," he said. "He shall live for your sake."

"You will spare him?"

"Be comforted, mademoiselle. I meant to kill him, but he shall live. We shall fight no more. He shall not die. Come, mademoiselle, it is time you were gone. Shall I see you safely home?"

"No," she said, "as he led her to the door. "You will keep your oath, monsieur—you will not forget?"

"No, mademoiselle, and you will not forget your prayer he shall not die with me. If you are right, I need them. Good night and fear nothing."

But she did fear. When she reached home, it seemed to her almost impossible to believe that a man with such a ruthless reputation would forbear to kill the man who had insulted him.

She went to bed, but she could not rest and soon she awoke and toward 5 o'clock stole toward the spot where the duel would take place.

From behind a shrubbery, in what state of mind may be imagined, she saw both parties arrive on the field, she saw the formalities gone through, but she lost consciousness for a minute when she stood pistol in hand facing one another.

When she recovered and could raise her eyes, the doctor was blinding up the arm of her lover. Emaux's bullet had inflicted a superficial flesh wound, and Emaux was apologizing to his friends. He had been drinking too much wine, he said.

Not till years afterward did Jules know what his hero had done for him. News again was Emaux known to show a scintilla of pity in his terrible profession. Nevertheless one woman prayed for him till the day of her death.—Titbits.

Found.

A small oval-shaped pin. Gold. Engraved initials "L. P. R." Owner will prove property and obtain same at this office.

Watermelon Seed.

Mr. J. W. Rykard who has been sick for some time is looking again and ready for business. He has a quantity of fine watermelon seeds—the best that grow. See him and supply yourself before they are all gone.

If you are troubled with mites with your chickens or deers on your dogs, get Worrell's disinfectant. It kills any insect that crawls or flies. Try it. For sale at Milford's drug store.

If you want to know how J. P. Morgan feels put one of those \$10.00 suits on. H. Weinraub.

SAVED HER LOVER.

Jules Souvestre was soon to marry Mile. Ladoumer, one of the most beautiful and refined girls in Lyons. One night at a cafe a cantant he rebuked Achille Emaux, a professional duelist, for interrupting a singer and publicly derided him as a cad and a reviler of ladies. A duel was instantly arranged to take place next morning.

Mile. Ladoumer was in the theater with her uncle and witnessed the incident. She, who she loved with her whole heart and soul, would be a corpse before another day had passed! That was the one thought that filled her brain, and for a time in her distress and agony she was almost demented. But by degrees she forced herself to be calm. At whatever cost her lover must be saved. Half an hour before midnight, when her mother had retired, she quietly stole out and made her way as furtively as a thief to Emaux's residence.

He had not returned, and she was obliged to wait. It was nearly 1 o'clock when the bravo came in, humming a funeral march, as was his custom on the eve of a duel.

"Good evening, mademoiselle," he said as she rose on his entrance. "This is an unexpected pleasure, though I regret to say I do not recognize you, and my man did not catch your name. Pray be seated, mademoiselle, and tell me what I can do for you."

She obeyed, and he seated himself opposite her. She was trembling and quivering, and her throat was so dry that she could scarcely speak. But at the sight of him sitting there, gay, careless and smiling, and yet to be in a few hours the butcher of her beloved, a tempest of passion shook her, and her tongue was loosed.

"Monsieur," she cried, rising again, "you are infamous, a beast—may, that is, an insult to the poor beasts! I loathe you! You defile the earth! Pah! you smell of blood! Even a beast is merciful as times, but you—you—you!"

Emaux was utterly taken by surprise, but he still preserved an unruffled front.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you are very good to come at this hour to pay me compliments. What have I done to deserve them?"

"Done!" she cried. "What are you about to do, bound? Jules Souvestre is my betrothed, and you insult and intend to murder him. It shall not be, I say. See, I will fight you in his stead. Get pistols, and we will stand on either side the room. I have insulted you. I insult you again. You are vile than any living creature. Come!"

A steely glitter came in his eyes, but he still smiled.

"I am truly sorry for you, mademoiselle. But that dog insulted me publicly, and—well, we fight at dawn."

"Insulted you? He could not, monsieur. But you shall fight me. Get pistols at once, if you are not a coward."

He still smiled.

"I do not fight women, mademoiselle—I love them. I am truly sorry, but unless you can persuade him to an apology as public as the insult there is nothing more to be said. It is late, mademoiselle. I will see you out."

"You shall fight me, ruffian!"

He shook his head, with an amused smile. "Mademoiselle's best weapon is her tongue, and that fortunately does not kill."

She looked at him with terrified eyes.

"Do you mean to kill him, monsieur?"

"No," he said, "but they soon forget those who speak back into the chair with a strangled cry, horror in her eyes. For a moment she sat thus, then she flung herself on her knees at his feet.

"Monsieur," she cried, "have pity, have pity! I love him. Monsieur, you will kill both of us! Pity, pity!" she gasped.

"Rise, mademoiselle, I beg of you," he said. "You have just told me I have no pity."

"Have you no heart, monsieur?" she moaned.

"None when a man has publicly insulted me. And," he went on in a cynical tone, "who knows but I may do mademoiselle a favor. May I ever see their young man, but they soon forget those who may possibly save mademoiselle from a life of misery."

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The U. D. C. of Due West.

The Moffatt Chapter, U. D. C. of Due West are glad to announce that they have secured as principle orator for Memorial Day, May 10, P. A. Bonham, Solicitor of the 10th Circuit. The public are cordially invited. Exercises to begin at 3 p. m. at the Female College Chapel. Crosses of Honor will be given to the following veterans: A. F. Drake, G. W. Johnson, P. Tribble, S. P. Fessley, R. T. Kirkpatrick, J. F. and Boswell.

Price of fig leaves would have dropped had Adam been permitted to buy one of my suits for \$10.88. H. Weinraub.

Sunday Hours for Drug Stores.

On and after Sunday, April 18th, the undersigned drug stores will observe the following Sunday hours: 10 to 11 a. m., 12.30 to 1.30 p. m., 6 to 7 p. m.

C. A. Milford & Co., P. B. Speed, The McMurray Drug Co.

Civic Club.

The Civic Club will meet Thursday morning at ten o'clock in the City Hall.

Mrs. M. T. Coleman, Secretary.