

A Question of Law.

Editor Press and Banner: Just after the public meeting at Zarline, a short note appeared in the Associate Reformed Presbyterian that the injustice and misrepresentation of the facts characterizing the meeting...

WEST END.

Personal Paragraphs and News Items Contributed by Miss Lily Templeton.

Mr. Joel S. Morse came home last Wednesday from Montreal, N. C., where he had been enjoying a two weeks vacation. Mr. H. G. Smith is at home again after an extended stay at Tate Springs...

BROUGHTON MAY ACCEPT LONDON CALL

Probably Will Be Tendered the Pastorale of Westminster.

That Dr. Len G. Broughton, the wellknown pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle church, and head of the Tabernacle enterprises, may be tendered a call to the pastorate of Westminster chapel, Congregational church, London, England...

BREAK RECORDS IN MULLET FISHING

North Carolinians Catch Half a Million Pounds—Find Schools Miles Long.

Beaufort—S. C., Aug. 23.—A catch of five hundred and thirty thousand pounds of mullets aggregating half million pounds, said to be the largest ever known along the Atlantic coast was made off this port by deep sea fishermen this morning.

BE PATIENT WITH THE BOY

You Never Can Tell How Great He is Destined to Be.

I have a profound respect for boys. Grimy, ragged, tousled boys in the street often attract me strangely. A boy is a man in the cocoon; you do not know what it is going to become—his life is big with possibilities.

TWILIGHT IN MY GARDEN.

Purple twilight, from thy dim recesses Pale memories steal and shape themselves anew. Soft breezes stir and lift fair phantom tresses, Tear mingle with the sacramental dew...

Toward the End of June.

Toward the end of June things I have— A girl with daisies in her hat, Their gold beads shining thru a wave Of pale blue flowers—only that!

It seems that the Presbyterian opens its columns only to those of its way of thinking. This is one way to be always right. It is the way of the despot, but it is a little unusual in a republic of free institutions.

I notice the following statement of Mr. Robt. Galloway in the last issue of the A. R. Presbyterian, of which he is the local editor, in reference to the speaking at Zarline on the 17th inst.

It is not a matter of vital importance to me as to Mr. Galloway's opinion of my speech. It is a fact, however, that of the only three county clubs which voted to retain the dispensary in the last election two, Keowee and Bryant's Cross Roads, in whose midst the speaking was held, voted overwhelmingly for it...

The Press and Banner has the following notice of the same meeting: Mr. John H. Blake was the only champion of the dispensary present, and when introduced proceeded to lay on Macduff in a good Shakespearean style. He threw a bomb into the audience when he read that part of the new law that forbids any person to keep in his possession any kind of whiskey in the State...

Now, Mr. Editor, there is clearly a question of veracity between Mr. Bonner and myself. Mr. Bonner was the only champion of the dispensary present, and when introduced proceeded to lay on Macduff in a good Shakespearean style. He threw a bomb into the audience when he read that part of the new law that forbids any person to keep in his possession any kind of whiskey in the State...

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS.

The editor of the Times News recently read some questions used in a teachers' examination and was so disgusted that he suggested that the following be added: Do you feel your best when you do or when you don't? When you are absent-minded what fills the void? It is a ben scratches, a rat gnaws and a bumble bee hums, what's the odds. If any, how prove it? It is a bee, a rat, a dog, a cat, a pig, a lion drink beer and read play leap frog, is education instinct, intelligence or invention and is patentible? How much psychology must your pupil use in raising turkeys, and does it require a furor to raise cane? Illustrate, diagram the turnip, showing the application of the theory. Have you paid your certificate fee, and if not, how do you expect to pass?

Miss Dolly Henry, of Greenwood, has been the attractive guest of Miss Lucy Henry for several days. Miss Blanche Gary is in Saluda spending some time with friends.

Mr. Clement Latimer has been here from Lowndesville spending while with his aunt, Mrs. J. H. Latimer. Mrs. V. D. Lee and Miss Sara Lee are at home again after a pleasant stay at Waynesville, N. C.

Mr. Augustus Prentiss, of Washington, D. C., is spending a while here with his uncle, Rev. S. E. Prentiss. Mrs. Horace McAllister went to Laurens Saturday and will spend some time there with her mother, Mrs. G. McD. Miller.

Miss Anna Clarke of Monroe, N. C., is the pretty guest of Miss Marjorie Fern. Mrs. James Lawson of Smokes, S. C., is spending a while here with her mother, Mrs. L. E. Russell.

Mr. Prof. Harrison of the A. & M. College, Raleigh, N. C., was in the city Saturday and Sunday the guest of his brother, Dr. F. E. Harrison. Mrs. William McIlwain and her children have gone to their home in Ocala, Fla., after spending some time here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smoak of Orangeburg, were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Neuffer last week. Miss Lucy Henry entertained informally Friday evening in honor of Miss Dolly Henry, who has been her attractive guest.

Will Tend Him Call. The story told by Dr. Campbell, which he stated came from New York city, is that Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, pastor of the London church, will likely be called to the Fifth-ave. Presbyterian church, New York, and that in that event the English church want Dr. Broughton and would likely tender him a call.

May Not Accept. That Dr. Broughton will accept the call of the English church, should it be tendered him, is not believed by the deacons of his church. They think that his heart is in the work here and that the present time is just witnessing the beginning of work on a great new building for the Tabernacle church.

Officers Raid Glenn Springs Club. Spartanburg, Aug. 23.—"Skeet" Post, manager of the Glenn Springs club house, was arrested today on the charge of maintaining a nuisance and his place of business raided, the officers capturing many bottles of beer and a small quantity of whiskey, together with packs of cards, poker chips and other gambling effects.

Mayor of Canton Fines Himself. The theory that a man cannot try his own case was upset when Mayor Curtis, of Canton, N. C., heard a case in which he was plaintiff and fined the defendant \$50 and costs. The case grew out of the arrest of George Conway for remodeling his shop without the proper building permit, at the instance of Mayor Curtis.

Woman Moonshiner. Savannah, Ga., Aug. 26.—Savannah has a woman moonshiner in jail. She is Margaret Van Blount, a negress, who was brought in on Tuesday night from Liberty county. It is said Margaret was literally caught with the goods. She had all the paraphernalia for making the inebriating cup right in her cabin and the officers captured the still and liquor both.

Money to loan on improved city or county property. J. S. Stark, President; J. E. McDavid, Secretary. It will soon be time to paint your house with red and lavender base. Much better than camphor base. For sale at Millford's Drug Store. Phone 107.

Lethe Well Managed. McCormick Messenger. It shall be gratifying to the people of Abbeville County to read of conditions at the Lethe Home as portrayed by Mr. W. C. Shaw in an article which we copy from the Press and Banner. Lethe is one of the oldest of the industrial schools in the United States, having been established a hundred years or more, and great numbers of boys and girls have been educated there.

A man at the head of an orphan asylum ought to be such a man. The poor fatherless children gathered there should be made to feel that they have at least a home if they haven't parents. The Trustees of the School have been fortunate in their selections of managers. They have made no mistake in securing the services of Mr. George Watkins.

Miss Marie Cromer in Aiken. Miss Marie Cromer of Abbeville County who has been teaching in Aiken for some time returned there last week to read a paper before the Educational rally in that county. The Aiken Journal gives the following epitome of Miss Cromer's address: MISS CROMER'S ADDRESS. Miss Cromer is president of the Aiken County School Improvement association. Miss Cromer said that the teachers in the schools are the watchmen over the educational interests of communities and urged that more care be exercised in the selection of teachers. Teachers are needed who will train the mind and morals of the children, and who will be willing to become a power for good in a community.

When Jack Baldwin Prayed. An old man in Georgia named Jack Baldwin, having lost his hat in an old dry well one day, hitched a rope to a stump and pulled himself down. A young fellow named Neal came along just then and quietly detaching a bell from Baldwin's old blind horse, approached the well, held in hand, and began to tinkle-ling. Jack thought the old horse was coming and said: "Hang the old blind horse! He's coming this way sure; he ain't got no more sense than I do in me. Whoa Ball!" "Great Jerusalem! The old blind fool will be right on top of me in a minute! Whoa, Ball! Whoa, haw, Ball!" Neal kicked a little dirt on Jack's head, and Jack began to pray: "Oh, Lord, have mercy on—whoa—Ball—a poor sinner—I'm gone now—Whoa, Ball! Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name—E-ll, g-od, what I do? Now I lay me down to sleep—Oh, Lord, I just fell in my well again. "Oh, Lord, if you ever intend to do anything for me—ba-ll, Ball! Whoa—Thy kingdom come—gee, Ball! Oh, Lord, you know I was baptised in Smith's mill-dam—whoa, Ball! Ho up! Murder! Whoa!" Neal could hold in no longer and shouted a laugh which might have been heard two miles, which was about as far as Jack chased him when he got out—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Australia is a great country for competitions. The Victoria mining city of Ballarat has had a love letter competition, which proved so attractive as to draw competitors from all over the British empire. It closed a few days ago, with the result that the first prize was awarded to Miss Gertrude Leighton of England. The letter judged to be the best ran thus: "To An Imaginary Correspondent—You ask me to forgive you. What can you ever do, sweetheart, which for one person could make me forget what you are to me, or that love which has made me to Heaven, and my life a joy? Have I to forgive the sun for lurking behind the clouds when he has shone on my days and made them golden; or shall I welcome him the less when he comes forth to warm me again? Beloved, if I have ought to forgive you, I have it. I have asked to know anything, except that you have loved me and love me still. My faith is unquestioning, for have I not crowned you king, and the king can do no wrong? These eyes of mine, which have closed beneath your kisses, are sightless until you unseal them. My ears are deaf except to the magic call of my beloved, and my heart has ceased to beat until it can throb on yours. I am sleeping, and shall awaken but at the sound of your footsteps.—Ex.

How to Answer the Phone. The enterprising manager of our phone system, which, by the way, is one of the best conducted systems in this part of the country, has recently gotten out a new directory with a revised list of subscribers, in which the house or store you wish to speak to by number is supposed to answer the question. Mr. Smith, and his number is 75. When central answers and asks what number, say "seven-five, seventy-five." By repeating each number separately and then putting them together "Central" is almost sure to hear distinctly the number you wish. Then, when Mr. Smith takes down his receiver, if he knows how to answer the phone, he will not say, "Halloo! who is this?" Did you ever stop to think that this is not only a poor way to answer the phone, but that it is a bad grammar? Of two pronouns this and that, this refers to the nearer object, that to the more remote object. So do not say, "Halloo, who is this?" when probably you are several miles from the person who has answered, and you are asking him to guess who you are, just like you do a little child when you wish it to call the names of several people. You put your finger on one and say, "Who is this?" But when you call some one and the answer comes, "Hello," say "Who is that?" But to return to Mr. Smith. He takes down his receiver and says "75," or "Mr. Smith." Then the one who has called him, says "This is Mr. Love," and the conversation begins. This saves time and a great deal of useless hallooing. Or, as some might say, a "right smart" way of trouble. Well, it is a fact that that is not a smart and certainly murders the King's English, for the word smart does not mean quantity. Mr. Smith wants to call Mr. Love and Mr. Love's number is 125, so Mr. Smith rings central, and says 1-2-5—"one twenty-five, Mr. Love." And then with our good phone system how easy it is to talk love to your sweetheart miles away.

A NARROW ESCAPE. Edgar N. Baylis, a merchant of Robinsonville, DeKalb county, who was shot in the chest and side, and coughed all the time and if I did not have consumption, it was near to it, I commenced using Foley's Honey and Tar, and it stopped my cough, and I am now entirely well, and have gained twenty-eight pounds in weight. For the good results from a late issue of Foley's Honey and Tar. C. A. Milford & Co.

Spices. Ginger is the most wholesome spice, mace, cinnamon and nutmeg the most delicate, while allspice has a coarser flavor and one disliked by many. White mustard and celery seed give an appetizing flavor, and when the seeds themselves would detract from the appearance of a relish they should be placed in a muslin bag and discarded when the relish is canned.

A man's ledger does not tell what he is or what he is worth. Count what is in man, not what is on him. If you would know what he is worth, whether rich or poor.—H. W. Beecher.

Wales is the richest part of Great Britain in mineral wealth.

Swells Constructed by the Mariner Settlers in Indiana. In the primitive Hoosier cabin—rough, uncouth, simple abodes—more genuine happiness has been enjoyed than in all the fine, costly mansions in the great city of New York. Respectable men and women are living today who were born, reared and married in such humble cabins. And there are millions of people living today who have no idea how these cabins are constructed.

The pioneer from some of the old eastern or southern states, with his wife, six or eight children, gun and dog, would come to Greene county in his covered wagon, which was the family abode until he erected his cabin, which was constructed thus: Cut about 40 logs 8 or 10 inches in diameter, 30 of them 16 feet long and 20 of them 14 feet long; split the ends off half and notch the other half to fit; put chunks in the cracks of the logs and daub them with mud. The gables were made of shorter logs until reaching what is called the comb, the ends sloped down to suit the pitch of the roof.

Now comes the most scientific mechanical part of cabin building—the flooring and chimney. Saw out about six logs wide out of one end of the house, six feet high from the ground; cut up the aperture, inlaid this aperture, extending back far enough for the back wall of the fireplace and as high as the aperture. Now dig yellow clay, dampen and with a small man beat down and form the hearth, jamb and back wall. Generally the jambs and back wall being a foot thick. Now split sticks the proper length for the sides of the chimney—the sticks about an inch thick and 1/2 wide. Make a mortar of the yellow clay and build your chimney to the desired height. This makes a comfortable dwelling without nails, glass or paint. Move in and have a "bee down."—Linton Call.

Black's Method of Writing. It is said of the late William Black that his literary method was a slow and painful one. He thought about a proposed book for months before he put pen to paper. He conjured up the chief incidents and characters and lived with his personages, so to speak. When he came to the writing, he was obliged to have perfect quiet. He could bear no noise at all. Those who compiled his life and descriptions of scenery, of localities and especially of atmospheric effects.

Nerve? Well, Rather! A woman shoplifter was caught stealing an umbrella one day in a Philadelphia dry goods store. But it was decided not to prosecute her if she would pay for the article, but she refused to do so. The next day she returned and requested to see the manager. When that surprised person could recover himself sufficiently to ask her business, the woman calmly told him that she had been pricing umbrellas in other stores and found she could purchase one like her own for \$9 and she wanted to know how she would pay for the \$20 umbrella. As a tribute to her monumental nerve, the 50 cents was handed her in silence.—New York Tribune.

Southey and Scott. A letter of Southey's recently sold in England contains an interesting prophecy. The poet writes to a friend: "My profits upon this poem ("Madoc") in the course of 19 months amounts precisely to \$3 1/2. In the same time Walter Scott sold 4,500 copies of his Lay of the Last Minstrel and netted over \$1,000. But my poem will continue to grow when his Turkey bean shall have withered." But who reads Madoc now?

Thousands of Lives Have Been Lost and Many Towns Wiped Off the Map. Monterey, Mexico, Aug. 30.—While the rescue work goes on reports of greater loss of lives are coming in from every section, making the possible death list reach two thousand, perhaps higher.

People are floating above on improvised rafts and famine staring the mountain people in the face. The crops are destroyed. Railroads are washed out and all the life and families are living on the roofs of submerged houses, slowly starving to death. An area of thousands of square miles, from the mountains as to Torres, is under water.

It is impossible to estimate the property loss but it will range from three to fifteen millions. The small towns were completely wiped off the map. Refugees by hundreds are pouring in with tales of gruesome horrors. Troops put to work. It will be a number of days before rivers will be back in their banks.

News About and Around Cape. The revival meeting has started at Little River. Hoping to have a large crowd each day. Miss Irene Gordon from Anderson is visiting Miss Edger Tucker. It was said that Mrs. V. Hall's death. The family have no sympathy. Mr. John Walker of Darlington, attended the funeral and also visiting Mr. J. R. Tucker and family frequently. Crops of this section are needing rain very much.

Miss Livy Pratt attended the picnic. Mr. John Shaw, of Honora Path, has a beautiful home. He has the finest of any one. He also visits Mr. J. R. Tucker, Jr. Mr. Shaw says he enjoys seeing Mrs. Tucker's fine corn and cotton. Mr. Kyla McAdams of Kewanee has been visiting Mr. Tucker. I made a mistake. It was Miss Tucker instead of Mr. Tucker. It seems as if Mr. Tucker and family are having all the company of this section. For one, they are having some of the most attractive young ladies of this section. Mr. Pink Dewley is having all of his out houses painted. Mr. Tucker's fine corn and cotton. The roads around here are in a bad condition. Miss Irene Gordon and Midge Tucker attended service at Little River Sunday. We are having some fine cool weather. By that we know winter is drawing close. Rosebud and Pat.

Would You Employ Yourself. Suppose the conditions were just reversed. Suppose you were doing the business (of which I know nothing) and I was the employee. Would you be glad to employ yourself. In other words, get out of yourself for a moment and have a look at that self from an unbiased standpoint. Do you think that other chap you're gazing at is better suited to the standards you have in mind? Does he work hard while he is working, with the best interest of your cause? Or does he do as little as he can, and shake his conscience when he accepts his pay? Would you the sort of man you would hire if you were made "the boss" tomorrow? If not, if there are like laws in your character, you are not fit to employ yourself. "Grid" em out! Get rid of them, because there is no telling when you may be hiring the best in them—just as your employer does right now. Make that Superman of yours square up to the standards you have in heart—then you would be glad to employ yourself.

Electric Bitters. The Best Tonic, Mid-Laxative, Family Medicine.