

A BACHELOR'S DREAM.

Out on the porch amid the eaves
Of honeybees with bloom,
I sit and watch the coming night,
The fire flies dancing in the gloom.

The moon drops down behind the hill,
The shadows deepen on the floor;
I wander through the rose-trees late,
With one that walks with me no more.

I see an old house long and wide,
And hear the night winds whispering in
Across the field of rustling corn,
And cotton waving as drifted snow.

The porch is hung with tangled vines,
That hide the lovers sitting there,
Who dream and had their happy smiles,
For future days so sweet and fair.

I lay a ring upon her hand,
She leans on me with loving trust;
Ah, me, how long the years have been,
Since that slim finger turned to dust.

And yet sometimes it seems to me
But yesterday, and once again
Laid by her, and here once more,
The darkeys singing in the lane.

I hear again her happy voice,
Upon the night air softly fall,
And dreaming of the life I planned,
I wonder why I lost it all.

Loss! No! I did not lose it all,
She waits for me somewhere, and yet
Where? I dream of those old days,
My faded eyes with tears are wet.

—Adella Wheeler, in Lippincott's Magazine.

SMITH GIRL'S SLIGHT.

BY OPIE READ.

Jeff Slogan and old man Matterson sat at the kitchen table long after the remains of supper were cleared away. It was a night of reminiscence with 'the old man' and he did not of the bears and wolves he had slain in the days when Tennessee was young. "My old granddaddy left me the rifle," said he, glancing toward a corner of the room, "and many a time I've been advised to have a percussion lock put on it, but a flintlock was good enough for him and it's got to be good enough for me. Of course you've seen the gun, but I'll show it to you again."

"It's a beauty," said Jeff.

"Well, yes, unless you can find a better word. And let me tell you something, but don't say anything about it. Granddaddy was beginning to get pretty old and little things had begun to bother him. One of his daughters married a no-account stage-driver, and his half-witted son out a fellow all to pieces at a sawmill. So he fretted a good deal. Well, one night he was coming home from a muster, and a man named Bridge Peters with him. All at once granddaddy stops in the road and says to Bridge: 'If I only knewed which one of them stars up that was my unlucky star, I'd shoot it out.' Bridge asked if he thought his gun would tote that far, and the old man hooted like an owl. 'Don't you worry about that,' said he. 'Just pick out the star you think is the cause of my bad luck and out it goes.'"

"Bridge was a sort of reckless fellow, so he looks up, he does, and says: 'There she is, that star off there about 15 feet from the moon.' The old man didn't hesitate a minute. He raised his gun—this here old one right here—and she cracked like a whip—and what do you think happened? Out went the star like a snuffin' a tallow candle. Bridge he took to his heels, and it was enough to scare any man, but granddaddy didn't run. He walked slow to show the other stars that he wasn't afraid, but he begins to get sick at his stomach, and the time he got home he could hardly hold up his head. And, sir, he laid for four weeks, and then died."

Jeff looked hard at the old man and said: "I don't believe a word of it."

"How do you account for it?"

"I account for it by not believing it; that's how," Jeff said in a sorrowful mood that night, and was not prepared to believe even the most apparent truth.

"What are you thinkin' about, Jeff?"

"Liza Smith and her party."

"Sorter in the dumps because she didn't ask you?"

"Well, I don't like it."

"Why don't you kill her dog?"

"What good would that do?"

"Why don't you know that the best way to get over with a high-headed woman is to kill her dog? It is there's a sort of charm about it, and if you kill a woman's dog, and she don't find out who does it, she'll fall in love with you. It's a fact; she'll drop right down into pure love. Say, that Smith girl has a dog that she thinks the world of. Why don't you kill him as you go by there tonight on your way home?"

"No, but you can take granddaddy's gun."

"Is she loaded?"

"With a double charge of powder and a slug an inch long."

"I'm half inclined to do it."

"I'll bet the gal drops down into the purest sort of love. I just want to see it; these ain't nothin' putter to me than a first rate article of love."

"Only when he was out in the road did Jeff realize that he carried the old gun upon his shoulder. He had a mad and, here of head, set upon a rock to let the cool air fan him. From over the hilltop came the bark of the Smith girl's dog. Jeff got up and strode along until he came within sight of Smith's house. He could hear the merry-making of the Smith girl and her guests. Through a window he saw the company dancing; and the Smith girl danced with a fellow named A. V. Slogan. Jeff hated Slogan. He was cross-eyed and low of brow. He thought that he saw her smile at Slogan and he gripped his gun. But there was no murder in his heart. He aspired only to assassinate a dog. Jeff saw him coming down the hill.

The dog came at a gallop, cut a caper of delight, and before Jeff could fire, he had leaped his hand. Then there came a gulp of remorse. He put down his gun, stroked the dog and hugged him in his loneliness. "I would'n't hurt you, old fellow," he said. "They thrust you into the darkness, and they don't invite me out of it, and so we are brothers. Hello! there is the moon, brim full, just above the trees." The dog whined. "Just as well shoot at it as to bark at it, old fellow," he said. He took sight and touched the trigger. Off went the gun. And then Jeff's heart flew to his mouth. The moon exploded, and the sky was full of stars. The dog whined. Jeff dropped the gun and, over logs and through bushes, bore home.

When Jeff reached home the world was dark save the pale stars slowly weeping out their light. He went to his room and, sitting at the window, strove to reason with himself. But it was of no use to reason. He had seen the moon fly to pieces and fill the air with snafes. "There's no use in talking. I've done it. The moon is gone. No use trying to reason—gone. And here I am sick at the stomach, and will

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Reasons for Keeping Bees.

The farmer should keep bees because they work for nothing and board themselves, only requiring a house to live in. Because there is so much surplus nectar which the bees can convert into honey. The farmer can exchange the honey for money after he has set 100 pounds of it aside for family use. Because honey is the only product on the farm which will not spoil if not hurried to market. Because bees will pay a better revenue per acre than any other department of agriculture. Because only a little capital is needed to make a start. The number of hives can be increased very fast. Now is the time to get ready for next spring. Study up during the evenings and be ready to put your knowledge into practice when the time comes.

Profit in Chickens.

Chickens are machines by means of which grass, worms and other injurious insects are converted into eggs and marketable poultry. Is there not a profit in keeping them on the farm, even if they eat a little grain and annoy us a little by scratching? It is claimed that poultry manure, if properly taken care of, and judiciously applied, is worth half of the food the fowls eat. Poultry manure contains 2.46 per cent. of phosphoric acid, 2.35 per cent. of potash and 3.35 per cent. of nitrogen as ammonia and organic matter. It is claimed that poultry manure is worth from five to eight times as much as the same quantity of stable manure. A little more attention to the chickens and other poultry on the farms, would enable us to considerably reduce our fertilizer bill, or better, leave it at what it is, and increase our yield from the farm.

Chickens Hoop.

Roup often causes a very sore mouth and gaiting in the throat, which is a consequence of canker in the windpipe. Wash mouth and nostrils with weak soda water, quite warm. Take a wing feather, and with it wipe out the split in the roof of the mouth; then dust with burnt alum and borax. Leave it a minute or so, and then wipe out as dry as possible; then apply the following mixture: One part turpentine, one part sweet oil, and one part castor oil. Shake well before using. Drop this into the nostrils twice a day until the fowl is better, then once daily for a few days. As soon as the eyes begin to swell, paint the head with iodine, but do not get any into the eyes. If the eyes are the only parts affected, just drop a little of the mixture into the nostrils.

A JAPANESE CHARACTER.

The Crafty Jirikisha—the Dane and Blessing of Travelers.

Onoto Watanabe, the gilded Japanese writer, writing of "The Horseless Carriage of Japan" in The Woman's Home Companion, gives this description of the most picturesque laborer of her native land: "The jirikisha—a white and black coat and a white turban, though this is contrary to the exact police regulations. However, the jirikisha man is not always as principled as he might be, and has little, if any, regard for the police or his regulations. He has no compunction whatever in overcharging the scale of fares by the police, but as a rule the customer himself pays but little attention to this. The fare is usually higgled over before riding, and while they walk, and sometimes great distances are covered before terms have been reached. The jirikisha man also generally (unlawfully) demands drink-money, especially when he is forced to wait at tea-houses or pleasure resorts on the road. He is constantly being set on by the police for charging more than agreed upon, threatening to put down female customers unless his demands are acceded to. A woman hiring a vehicle, for instance, may sometimes find herself within impossible walking distance of any town or point, and a surly man demanding extra fare or threatening to 'dump' her. Counter-threats do not affect him. Better pay and be done with it. However, when you are threatened with a hand-to-hand fight of sen he becomes a friend worth having. It is true he may 'spout' you as one whom it is worth his while to keep in touch with during your visit in the city, and you will find it difficult to leave your hotel without encountering him hard by, impudently soliciting your patronage, though on each and every occasion he will call to you as though you were an utter stranger to him and he has never seen you before, or does not appear to recognize you as the person who tipped him so well the previous day."

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Happiness does not depend on money, but it certainly prospers on it. An air of superiority and condescension is the raw material of revolution.

When a clock or a conscience is audible at midnight there is something wrong.

Where there is emulation, there will be vanity; where there is vanity there will be folly.

In the darkest hour Hope used to strike a match, but now it presses the electric button.

Occupation is one great source of enjoyment. No man, properly occupied, was ever miserable.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame, that nobody ever had the confidence to own it.

There is no dispute managed without a passion, and yet there is scarce a dispute worth a passion.

Failure to the man who learns, means experience, and experience is wealth.

Equipment, and equipment is wealth.

He is incapable of a truly good action who finds not a pleasure in contemplating the good actions of others.

Nothing is so wretched or foolish as to anticipate misfortunes. What madness it is to be expecting evil before it comes.

Amiable people, though often subject to imposition in their contact with the world, yet radiate so much of sunshine that they are reflected in all appreciative hearts.

Mr. Ganthon's Quiet Fun.

Robert Ganthon asked Weedon Grossmith to read a play which Ganthon had written. Mr. Grossmith took the comedy, but lost it on his way home.

"Night after night," he says, "I would meet Ganthon and he would ask me how I liked his play. It was awful; the preparation used to come out on my forehead as I'd say some times, 'I haven't had time to look at it yet!' or, again, 'The first act was good, but I can't stop to explain, etc.; must catch a train.' That play was the bane of my existence and haunted me even in my dreams.

Sometimes the passed, and Ganthon, who is a merry wag, still pursued him without mercy. At last it occurred to Mr. Grossmith that he might have hid the comedy in the cab on the night it was given to him. He went down to Scotland Yard and inquired. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Play marked with Mr. Ganthon's name; sent back to owner four months ago, as soon as found."—London Weekly Telegraph.

French residents who live near the sewage farms of Paris have entered protest because their wells are contaminated.

HOW MUCH YOU EAT

Is not the question, but how much you digest, because food does good only when it is digested and assimilated, taken up by the blood and made into muscle, nerve, bone and tissue. Hood's Sarsaparilla restores to the stomach its powers of digestion. Thin appetite is natural and healthy. Then dyspepsia is gone, and strength, cleanliness and endurance return.

Stomach Trouble—"I have had trouble with my stomach and at times would be very dizzy. I also had several headaches and that tired feeling. When I had taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I was relieved." Mrs. ANNE LIZAVIA JARVIS, 5 Apollon St., Holyoke, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best Medicine Money Can Buy.

An Effort to Explain.

A gentleman who had engaged an intelligent French maid was at work in his library at one end of his house, when it struck him, from certain sounds, that something must be wrong in the drawing-room, at the other end of the house. So he rang his bell, and the maid came.

"What are these cries that I seem to hear in the direction of the drawing-room, Marie?" he asked.

"I do not precisely know, monsieur," she answered. "At one time I think it is madame who sings, and at another time I am sure it is ze cat and ze dog who fight, monsieur!"

Are You Itchy?

If so, something is wrong with your skin. Ask your druggist for Tetterine, and you can cure yourself without a doctor for 50 cents. Ask your druggist, ringworm, eczema, salt rheum, etc. Or send 50 cents in stamps for box prepaid to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga. Try a box.

Skirts for Summer Wear.

Women who have been delighted in the tight-fitting skirts, with no fullness in either the back or the front, may as well make up their minds at once to be sadly disappointed in the most ultra summer modes. For the tight-fitting skirt is no longer deemed elegant. Yokes, shirred, tucked and smocked, are the limited effect of tightness. In fact, even when a yoke is used it often runs only to the back, or rather sides of the back, where gathers are introduced. Skirts are very full and long at the hem and are not tied back. To keep them down firmly weights are sewed in the foundation. One model shows fullness at each side of a narrow front breadth. Some of the skirts are shirred down in a point, others are shirred only twice straight around. Most of the skirts are gored, but there are skirts made of straight widths, shirred and tucked into the waist line. A skirt stitched in small tucks all around the upper portion, except directly in front, is modish. A skirt with a yoke, possibly of lace, is gathered quite full all around, while a similar model is laid in shallow plaits about the front and gathered in the back. Cloth skirts are made quite plain in the front, but all of the latest models have some fullness in the back, and they are not confined in any one place, but several in quite a broad effect. Many of the thin skirts are so full that they suggest hoods. Thin fabrics are shirred about the hips or tucked. A charming model is lined with tucks at the front and back, which run to the line of the knee, where they fly out and muffle about the feet. In the backs are gathered. Some of the importers suggest that before the summer has gone ruffled and frilled skirts will be in vogue.

The Philippine Climate.

The effect of the climate in the Philippines is very evident in the amount of sickness among the officers as well as the rank and file of the army and navy. Scarcely a day passes that a new name is not added to the list of those who have broken down from tropical service. The hospitals are filled with men. The good health which was so long a feature of the fleet has ceased to be—Manila correspondence Army and Navy Journal.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot, Itching and Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Toenails. Sold by druggists and stores, 25 cts. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lenoir, N. Y.

Trouble Ahead.

Mrs. Peck—you know very well, Henry, that I'm a woman of few words, and I'm ashamedly overworked.—Chicago News.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELSS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a palatable form. No cure—10 per. Return \$5.

Not Quite Under Way.

Maud—Well, summer is really here, isn't it? I'm a woman of few words, and I'm ashamedly overworked.—Chicago News.

You Will Never Know.

What good ink is unless you use Carter's. It costs no more than poor ink. All dealers.

Tommy—Pop, why do slugs eat tar paper? Tommy's Pop—To give their voices a dropkick. I suppose.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic, etc. A bottle, 25c.

FITS permanently cured. No fee or narcotics. Dr. R. H. Kline's Cure. No fee or narcotics. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 291 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Usually the more money a man has the more he spends his children are.

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Harris' Catarrh Cure gives the best satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, but I can't give you any more."—Druggists sell it, 25c.

A girl loses her self-possession when she puts on a wedding ring.

Flo's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SARGENT, Crown Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1906.

Comforting Himself.

"What is wealth?" asked the worried man.

"Wealth," answered the complacent philosopher, "is what makes a man feel guilty because he is squandering the interest on a whole lot of money every time he breaks a ten dollar bill."—Washington Star.

Rein Holders.

To securely hold the reins when the driver leaves the wagon a new dashboard attachment has a flat tube provided with a sliding rod, which supports a pair of pivoted jaws at the end of the tube, an internal spring pulling the rod down and closing the jaws over the reins.

The Dairyman's Mistake.

Probably the first and greatest mistake is that the dairyman will milk the best of his environment. Possibly he does not have as good cows as his neighbors, but he should make the

Unbroken Rule.

"Look at that bicycle," exclaimed the woman as she identified it in the cloak-rooming room that it had been knocked about badly.

"Yes, I've been looking at it," was the humble reply of the official.

"It's all smashed to pieces."

"Yes, it is."

"And it was done on this line."

"Yes, it is."

"Well, what do you propose to do about it?"

"I'll report it to the foreman, ma'am, and he'll report it to the station manager, and the station manager to the general manager, and the general manager to the board of directors, and some day, three or four years hence, a lawyer will call on you and want to know why you didn't travel with your bicycle in a properly made case. That's our routine, ma'am, and we never deviate—not even when the guards forget to leave us a piece of the machine."

The Irishman.

The Irishman is more a citizen of the world than the Englishman. The former is sensitive, imaginative, incoherent, light-hearted and verbose. The Anglo-Saxon is staid, solid, silent, with a freezing manner that stings rather than chills the expansive Celtic nature. Few Englishmen have any conception how repulsively offensive they can make themselves to the Latin, Celtic and Teuton races by their inhumanity. The insularity of England has been one of the chief sources of her safety—like the skin of an armadillo—but as the British grenadier wears upon his head a bearskin hat to make him look more formidable than he is by nature, so the average English official in Ireland—there are, of course, some excellent exceptions—adopts as his official manner an air of the superiority and condescension which is the raw material of revolution.—Arnold White, in Harper's Weekly.

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EXTENSIVE HAIR CUT.

Some Forty Thousand Sheep Shorn at New Brighton, Minn.

Nineteen professional sheep shearers have begun shearing 40,000 sheep at New Brighton. The task will keep them busy for over a month. The men use specially designed power instruments and they will each draw from \$7 to \$10 per day.

The trusting sheep are enticed into pens where they are at the mercy of the shearers who are paid by the piece and consequently work with all possible speed. The up-to-date shearing instrument operates on the same plan as a barber's hair clipper, and makes a clean sweep of several inches in its trips back and forth across the body of a sheep. The most skillful shearers work the clippers along the body of the animal with great dexterity and as they proceed the wool falls away in a solid bunch as though the animal had been skinned instead of shorn. When the clipper has finished its work the wool lies on the floor in a bundle, the naked and indignant sheep scampers away and a man with the long row of operators and gathers up the wool, takes it to the packing room, where it is tramped down into large burlap bags, which when filled weigh about 355 pounds each.

The men are paid from 7 to 9 cents per head for the sheep shorn, and 125 is a good day's work, although there are men who claim to have sheared as many as 250 sheep in a day. When the 40,000 wool at New Brighton have all been deprived of their wool the band of shearers will move on westward, the most industrious of them finally ending up in Nevada and California, where there are single ranches with as many as 300,000 sheep belonging to one man. From there they will come up through the south to Minneapolis, whence they will start out to cover the circuit again next March.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Curious Article From Alaska.

All the curious articles of commerce which are transported from Alaska to Europe, those which are engaged in the trade pick the whistlers out of the animals one by one with squeeze. The thimblepicks thus secured are used principally by the wealthier classes in China and Russia, and are also beginning to come into favor in the most noted clubs in London.

Her Preference.

Minister: "Now, little girl, you want to be a Christian, don't you?"

Ethel: "No, sir; I'd rather sing in the choir!"—Puck.

Sleep Changes the Verdict.

The jury in a recent law suit unanimously agreed upon the verdict, sealed it and went home to bed. After sleeping over it they decided the next morning. This shows the power of sleep in strengthening the human mind. Those who are troubled with insomnia should try Chamberlain's Sleeping Tablets. It puts the stomach in good condition, and the nerves at ease. It is the best of remedies for kidney, liver and blood disorders.

Disimulation.

"Yes," replied the beautiful Geraldine naively. "I'm like thirty cents, but I guess nobody suspected. I talked so like sixty."—Detroit Journal.

Wearily Women

Rest and help for weary women are found in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It makes women strong and healthy to bear their burdens, and overcomes those ills to which women are subject because they are women.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

is known from coast to coast. It has cured more sick women than any other medicine. Its friends are everywhere and they are constantly writing thankful letters which appear in this paper.

If you are puzzled write for Mrs. Pinkham's advice. Her address is Lynn, Mass. She will charge you nothing and she has restored a million women to health.

An Earthquake.

Yokohama and the neighboring Tokio are said to have about fifty earthquakes a year. Most of them are insignificant, but now and then comes one of a different sort. In 1891 the Japan Mail described the experience of a man who had witnessed the terrible earthquake at Gifu.

He had just finished dressing when the first shock came. He crawled and dragged himself out of the house, for to walk was all but impossible. The next morning, so highly strung were his nerves, he burst into laughter at the girl who was walking in the garden path, stepping high in the air, as it seemed.

Then, looking over his shoulder, he saw a great and ancient temple, which he had been admiring the previous day, leap into the air and fall in dreadful ruin.

Looking again to his front he saw the whole town in an instant swept away before his eyes, and out of the great cloud of dust came a screaming, gesticulating, wildly frantic crowd of men, women and children, rushing hither and thither, their knees not where they should be, their faces not where they had come upon them.

Choice Vegetables

Will always find a ready market—but only that farmer can raise them who has studied the great secret how to obtain both quality and quantity by the judicious use of well-balanced fertilizers. No fertilizer for Vegetables can produce a large yield unless it contains at least 8% Potash. Send for our books, which furnish full information. We send them free of charge.

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93 Nassau St., New York.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3 & 3.50 SHOES

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with the cheap ones. Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers. The genuine have W. L. Douglas's name and price stamped on them. Take no substitutes. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sole agents: W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.

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39 S. Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.
Steam Water Heaters, Steam Pumps and Fanblowers, Injectors.

SAW MILLS.

Corn Mills, Feed Mills, Cotton Gin Machinery and Grain Separators. SOLID and IMPROVED Saws, Saw Teeth and Locks. Knight's Patent Gears, Birdall Saw Mill and Engine Repairs, Governors, Grade Bars and a full line of Mill Supplies. Price and quality of goods guaranteed. Catalogue free by mentioning this paper.

Why Go To Hot Springs?

In your blood poisoned? We can cure you at home of rheumatism, syphilis, and all chronic sores and blood troubles. Sole makers of Dr. Howard's Root Bitters. Has no equal for Blood, Liver and Kidneys. Absolute cure for Syphilis. If taken in time and no cure effected, we will refund money paid. One month's treatment by mail \$5.00. Complete package \$10.00. Address: OCEAN MEDICINE CO., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY!

Price. Dr. H. H. OBER'S BOTTLE, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

OPIUM AND MORPHINE

habit cured at home. NO CURE, NO PAY. Correspondence confidential. GATE CITY SOCIETY, Lock Box 715, Atlanta, Ga.

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WHEELS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cure Ever. Guaranteed. One will in time. Sold by druggists.

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That's Bad Blood

The question for you now is,—how to make bad blood good blood; how to get rid of all these impurities in your system. Everybody knows the answer,—a perfect Sarsaparilla. No ordinary Sarsaparilla, such as you can buy at almost any store, will answer; it must be a perfect one. There is such a Sarsaparilla, and it differs widely in every way from all other Sarsaparillas.

That's AYER'S

"The only Sarsaparilla made under the personal supervision of three graduates: a graduate in pharmacy, a graduate in chemistry, and a graduate in medicine."

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"I had frequent and most painful boils. I was treated by a number of physicians, but they did me no good. I tried many kinds of patent medicines, but without effect; but when I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla I got hold of the right thing, for I was soon completely cured."—R. P. Crooks, Attica, N. Y.

KEEP AWAY FROM THE SHOP

"ROCK HILL" BUGGIES are "A Little Higher in Price, But" they stand up, look well, and above all, keep away from the shop. Only a dollar or so higher than cheap work. Why not use them when this is the case?

See our Agent or write direct. ROCK HILL BUGGY CO. ROCK HILL, S. C.

WINCHESTER

FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS

"New Rival," "Leader," and "Repeater"

Insist upon having them, take no others and you will get the best shells that money can buy. ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM.

Monarchs can never afford to leave off learning, whatever their subjects may do. A striking instance in point is furnished by an article in Pearson's Magazine an article the proof-sheets of which were corrected by Queen Victoria herself. From this article it appears that in spite of all her duties and responsibilities, in spite of the fact that she has devoted so much time to the study of politics as to have become one of the greatest living authorities on the practical politics of Europe, Queen Victoria has, within the later years of her reign, acquired an intimate acquaintance with a difficult language spoken by a large number of her subjects. She makes it a custom, we are assured, to note in Hindustani the daily events of her life, keeping a diary for this special purpose. She speaks the language fluently, having devoted a part of every day for the last ten years to instruction in it, and to acquiring a knowledge of the intellectual treasures of the East. The queen has surprised many of her Indian visitors by making unexpected observations in good Hindustani. As everybody knows, she is always attended, when at home, by one or more of her picturesque Indian servants. The presence here of the queen is not, however, so generally known that she always speaks to them in their own tongue. However serious the remark, or however serious the command, it comes to them in Hindustani. Her admiration has been expressed at the determination of the queen at an advanced age, not only to learn to speak Hindustani, but also to take an interest in the literature of India, and to acquaint herself with the ideas and aspirations of her Oriental subjects.

An Unforeseen Embarrassment.

The strenuous efforts of the church had been crowned with success. The promise of the ages was fulfilled. Every day was Sunday, now, in other words. "But when," exclaimed the Ladies' Aid Society, "shall we hold our oyster socials and bean-bag parties?" Ab, here was an unforeseen embarrassment.—Detroit Journal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BRONCHITIS TABLETS. All drugs offend the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 15c.

Cause and Effect.

"What a bore that man is!" "He never borrows me."

"Whenever I see him coming I'm in a great hurry to catch a street car."—Chicago Record.

Mitchell's Eye Salve

makes the use of pungent drugs unnecessary and saves you from all the inconvenience and danger of that painful treatment.

Price 25 cents. All druggists.

HALL & RUCKEL, 1848, London.

Plantation Cure is Guaranteed

To Cure or Money Refunded by Your Merchant, so Why Not Try It? Price 50c.

"I will admit that a woman ought to marry a man cleverer than she," said the sweet young thing, in the course of the after-dinner argument.

"But if he's cleverer than she is, he won't give her the chance," said the savage bachelor.—Indianapolis Press.

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