A Mean Trick.

A lawyer defending a promissory note went to lunch, leaving his books and citations on the table in the court room. The opposing counsel sneaked back into the room and changed the places of all his bookmarks. In the afternoon the lawyer, taking up his books, referred the court to his authorities. His lordship noted every volume and page carefully and took the case under consideration. In rendering his opinion he said:

"I was inclined after hearing argument of counsel for defendant to nonsuit plaintiff, but I find, after referring to the authorities quoted by counsel, none of them bear on this case, and I am led to think that the gentleman has been willfully trying to insult the court. He has referred me to an action of an Irishman who sued the proprietor of a monkey for damages for biting him, to a case of arson, one of burglary, two of petty larceny and three divorce cases, none of which bears on an action to recover on a promissory note. Perhaps the grossest insult to the court is referring to 'Duckworth versus Boozyman,' an action charging defendant with breach of promise. Judgment for plaintiff with costs."

The lawyer never knew what the matter was and to this day thinks the judge was out of his mind.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Way of the World.

"When we were poor," remarked the prosperous man reflectively, "we looked forward to the time when we could have a summer home."

"Well?"

"Well, when we got rich enough to have one, we didn't like going to the same place every summer because it was monotonous, and we looked forward to the time when we could have another for variety."

"Well?"

"Well, we got another, and then we began to long for a winter place, so that we wouldn't have to be so much in the big house in the city."

"Well?"

"Well, we've got them all now."

"And are you happy?"

"I suppose so. At least, I suppose my wife is. She keeps them all shut up and spends most of her time in Europe, but she knows she has them."—Chicago Post.

Anticipated Him.

"I ran across a remarkable jeu d'esprit the other day," said the casual acquaintance who is ambitious to be entertaining.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Cumrox, "but my wife has just returned from Europe with a whole lot of art treasures, and I shouldn't have any place to hang it even if I bought it."—Washington Star.

Thinks Well of Himself.

"Isn't it strange," remarked Mrs. Billins to her husband, "that I can never get a good bargain in shoes?"

"You did once," said her husband.

"When was that?"

"When you got me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sufficient Cause.

Mary—But why do you think they are so certain to fall in love?

Ann—In the first place, their parents hate each other; and, in the second, neither of them has a penny in the world.—Smart Set.

Eskimo Gambling.

Those who have spent any time in the north polar regions and become acquainted with the life and habits of the Eskimo know that he is by nature a gambler. A favorite method of gambling that affords much amusement is to take one of the long handled musk ox cups and, partly filling it with soup or stew made from the seal or walrus, whirl it on the top of a flat rock, about which are grouped those who have entered the game. The person to whom the handle of the cup points when it has stopped turning is the winner of the contents of the cup.

When the winner has emptied the cup then another article, not always or necessarily a soup or stew, is put into it for the next winner. If, however, the article is too large to put into the cup—for instance, a walrus tusk or seal hide or what else—then it may be represented by something else. The cup is then sent spinning again, and when it comes to a rest the winner takes the prize. One of the most valuable prizes, next to a gun or harpoon, is a needle, especially when one is very much needed in the household.

The Real Thing In Toothaches.

"Geewhitaker! Jumping Moses! But it was the worst case of toothache I ever bumped against!" he said. "It was easy in the early part of the evening, but when midnight arrived it got busy for fair. Liniment, hot and cold water and all the rest of the standard remedies were applied without avail. Seven thousand demons, with 7,000 redhot sledges, hammered, hammered and hammered away at the throbbing nerve. That tooth stood upon its head, rolled over the carpet and hung out of the window. It growled, grumbled, moaned and muttered, laughed, cried, ran, walked, trotted, galloped, sailed, flew, dug and excavated and did everything under the heavens but quit and go to sleep like a decent tooth and stop monkeying"—

"And why didn't you have it extracted?"

"Just as soon as Brown could get to the dentist's he"—

"Great Scott, man! Wasn't it your tooth?"

"No. It was Brown's."—New York Press.

English Street Names.

The English towns have more distinctive and interesting names for their streets than American towns, in most of which many streets are simply numbered. London's Cheapside and Aldwych are more than matched by oddities many times stranger. Bootham is a street in York and Botchergate in Carlisle. Norwich is assertive of class distinctions in its Gentleman's walk, and Shrewsbury may stand almost at the head of a list of peculiarities with its street labeled Dogpole, which may or may not be related to Newcastle's Dogleap Stairs; but, then, Newcastle has Pudding Chare, and what may that signify?

The First Glass Cups.

The first glass cups were made at Alexandria. Some were colored like Bohemian glass and decorated with glass pastes, imitating precious stones and cameos. Some were opaline, others clear as crystal and still others formed of opaque layers welded together like the famous Portland vase, in which the white upper layer had been cut away like that of a cameo, leaving a blue ground around the figures.

WE CLOTHE THEM ALL

OUR STOCK comprises all that is best in Wearing apparel for

Men, Women and Children

FOR THE MEN WE HAVE

Stein-Bloch "Smart Clothes", Strouse & Bro. "High Art" Clothes. Shirts, Hats, Neckwear, Etc.

FOR THE WOMEN WE HAVE

Tailor Suits, ilk and Flannel Waists, Ready-to-Wear Hats, Belts, Neckwear, Etc.

FOR BOYS WE HAVE

Crescent Clothes for Boys, Junior Suits, Norfolk Suits Caps, Ect.

Give us a call when you come to Augusta.

J. WILLIE LEVY,

844 Broad treet, - - - Augusta, Ga.

ONE-CENT STORE

628 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.

Come to our store for BARGAINS when in Augusta. Read these prices; Special Bargains: 36 inch wide sheeting 5c yard; yard wide Sea Island 5c yard; good quality drills 5c yard; first-class Checks and Plaids at 5c yard; all oiled colored Calico to go at 5c yd; 6¼c Waists and Dress Outing at 5c. 10c Black Sateen cut to 8c; all 25c Table Domestic cut to 15c and regular 50c goods at 25c.

CLOTHING.

Men's Pants from 45c to $2.60 pair; Men's Suits from $2.50 to $7.25 suit; Boys and Children's Suits from 65c to $1.98 suit; Men's Overalls from 25c to 49c pair

Underwear.

100 Dozen Ladies 40c Vests cut to 23c; 300 dozen heavy 50c Jersey Ribbed Vests to go at 25c; Men's heavy Shirts cut from 49c to 25c; extra soft finish Shirts and Drawers cut from 75c to 37½ each.

Best values in Suspenders on the market for the money.

LADIES' SHIRT WAIST: 1000 Percale Waists for 24c; lot of Summer Skirts cut to 24c; heavy Fall Skirts for 82c.

Our Shoe Stock can't be beat, Childrens 10c up; Womens 93c up and Men's from $1.00 to $1.75 for best Calf or Vici Dress Shoe.

LARGE STOCK OF TINWARE AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

We can save you money on everything we sell. Call to see us

A. M. THOMAS, Proprietor.

628 Broad Street, - - - Augusta, Ga.

Augusta Bee Hive

Has just received a full and complete line of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

Consisting of CLOTHING for stout and lean men; Clothing for Youths; Clothing for Men and Boys. Also a full line of Overcoats for Men and Boys. The finest assortment of Men's and Boys Hats. A full and complete line of

FURNISHING GOODS

My Dress Goods Department consists of everything the ladies need in Plain and Fancy Goods. SILKS of all shades and prices. In Ready-to-wear Skirts and Shirts, I have the most complete line in the city.

Millinery Department

My Millinery Department is complete in every detail. All the different styles of Walking Hats and Dress Hats, of the finest quality and latest Parisian styles.

Shoes. **Shoes.**

My stock of Shoes is too well known to need any comments I have from the tiny infants to the No. 14 brogans. All you need is to call at THE AUGUSTA BEE HIVE to be convinced that this is the place to get your bargains.

ABE COHEN PRO

BROTHER GARDNER

The President of the Limekiln Club Talks on Old and New Issues

[Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis.]

"De odder night," began Brother Gardner, as he arose after the routine proceedings of the Limekiln club had been concluded—"de odder night, when Pickles Smith cum ober to my cabin to borry a dollar, an' I had a few words to say to him on extravagance, his excuse was dat we had new issues befo' us.

"I has been hearin' 'bout new issues fur de last year. When I warned Samuel Shin agin sittin' up nights to learn big words to git off at the woodyard next day he pleaded new issues.

BROTHER GARDNER.

"When I advised Waydown Bebee to keep to work at a dollar a day an' let ward caucuses run deir selves, he flung new issues at me till I had to run away.

"When I gently hinted to Absolute White dat it didn't make 2 cents' wuth of difference to him who was 'lected alderman of his ward, an' dat his wife was gwine round barfut an' his chillen wanted close, he brung up new issues as an excuse.

"When I found Giveadam Jones lettin' his rent git three months behind while he stood on de co'ner an' talked free trade, he raised de question of new issues an' was so sassy 'bout it dat I had to take him by the collar an' whop his heels agin de lamppost.

"It wasn't two weeks ago dat I went ober to Samuel Shin's house to find his chillen cryin' wid hunger an' his ole woman weepin' wid grief, while he an' Kurnel Cabiff was off somewhar huntin' fur new issues.

"Oh, yes, I'ze hearin' 'bout new issues fur a long time past, an' de time has now arrove when I propose to take a hand in. I agree wid dese new issue men dat old issues am dead, but I kin remember all 'bout 'em.

"I kin remember when no man libin' dared charge a political candydate wid burglary, arson an' highway robbery.

"I kin remember when de man who jumped up an' wanted a nomination kase he had money to push a campaign took a tumble as soon as he began to holler.

"I kin remember when dar was no sich word as 'divy' among officeholders. If a city ordered a sewer or a sidewalk dar was no risin' to demand 20 per cent from de contractor.

"Once upon a time in dis kentry we had men who couldn't be bought an'

"PICKLES SMITH CUM OBER TO BORRY A DOLLAR."

sold. Dey held office year arter year, an' we had no scandals. Instead of bein' hunted ober de land as embezzlers, defaulters an' thieves, dey stayed at home an' died in deir beds an' war mourned as honest men.

"If we had had sich political scandals fo'ty years ago as have filled de papers fur de last three years, an' of which nobody seems to take any particular notice, de public would have got up on deir hind legs an' busted out into revolution.

"In de olden time de question asked 'bout a candydate was, 'Am he fit?' In dese days de question am, 'Has he got de cash?' We ain't lookin' fur fitness. De question of integrity don't cum up 'tall.

"I'ze only a pore old cull'd man, who put in his first years as a slave on a plantashun, an' who nebber had much to lib fur, but dar am one thing I am proud of. No man eber called me a thief. All round me, since de new issues showed up, I have found white men an' officeholders who didn't care what name de people an' de papers called 'em so long as dey got de cash.

"Yes, de old issues have vanished, an' we have got new issues in deir place. It's what dey call progression. In de old days an officeholder who stole $100 lost his good name an' went to prison. Under dis new deal he steals $10,000 an' is looked upon as a good candydate fur a higher office.

"I don't know what de people of America am gwine to do 'bout it, but I am gwine to speak a few words fur myself. We am gwine back to old ideas in dis yere Limekiln club, an' we will start in dis wery night. I'ze got a deep suspicion dat Jimweed Johnson am comin' to me arter de meetin' is ober to git me to go security fur his rent. Brudder Johnson is a new issue man. He's left off work to shout politics. He'd better not cum. If he does he'll want three porous plasters fur his back befo' daylight.

"Nine different members of dis club owe me borrowed money. It has been borryed on de new issues idea—borry when yo' kin an' pay back when yo' must. If dat money ain't in my pocket befo' noon tomorrer I'll sot out an' wollop nine men as fast as I cum to 'em.

"De treasurer of dis club am Waydown Bebee. His accounts haven't bin audited for three months, but dey are gwine to be within twenty-fo' hours, an' if he am a defaulter to de amount of even 2 cents his heart will be made to ache fur de next year.

"Brudder Givendam Jones was swellin' round de odder day an' tellin' what he 'spected to git if a sartin man was 'lected to office. Brudder Jones will either git de swell out of him an' drap politics or dis club will drap him.

"Liveforever Hooper has taken it upon hisself to turn a cake walk into a political meetin' an' put for'd de claims of a sartin candydate. He will be granted jist twenty-fo' hours to git his senses back an' pick up his whitewash brush.

"I'm tellin' yo', an' I want ebery member of dis club to listen wid boaf ears, dat sich old issues as honor an' honesty am gwine to prevail in dis club while it lives, an' de man who don't like it kin git out. We want newness, but we want integrity. We want progress, but we don't want embezzlers an' defaulters. We want to keep at de front, but we don't want dat front to have iron bars across it.

"Dat's all I'ze got to say, an' now, bein' as de fire am out an' dar ain't much lie left in de lamps, we will break de meetin' in two an' depart fur our respective homes." M. QUAD.

A Rich Diet.

"'Tis a fact," said this Jersey mosqueet,
"That you soon become like what you eat.
Now, I make it my pride
To alight on the hide
Of only the very elite."

—New York Times.

Log Cabin Philosophy.

De worl' wouldn't make no progress ef ever'body wuz easy satisfied. Only takes a log in a millpond to make an alligator happy.

No use ter say de heathen don't 'preciate de gospill, kaze he proves, by eatin' de missin'ry, dat he knows a good thing w'en he sees it.

De porkypine got des ez high ideas 'bout his mission in de worl' ez what de lion has—only he don't comman' one-half ez much respec'.

Dey's lots er blessin's dirt come ter us in disguise. A cyclone saves lots er folks railroad expenses des 'bout de time taxes is high en rent due.

Jonah wuz des like some'er de people in dis day en time. He even wuzn't satisfied wid a whole whale.

Dey's mighty few mans in dis worl' what would be willin' ter let a lookin' glass deliver a lecture on 'em.—Frank L. Stanton in Chicago Record-Herald.

Favorably Struck.

"Papa, have—have you seen Harold since you told him he was too poor to think of—of marrying me?"

"Yes. I ran across him at the club last evening. We got into conversation, and he struck me—er"—

"Struck you! Oh, papa!"

"Struck me as quite an agreeable young man. I understand his uncle has left him two hundred thousand."—Kansas City Journal.

Inconsiderate Fellow.

"He said he'd die if I didn't marry him."

"And still you refused?"

"Yes. I wished to find out before promising whether he really loved me as much as that or not. Oh, Harriet, I'm p-p-perfectly miserable! He seems to be wretchedly healthy, and I d-do love him so much!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

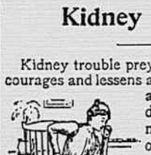
The Evolution of Names.

The evolution of names from foreign tongues into English is in many cases easy. From the German Bauer to the English Bowers and from the French Boulanger to the English Bullinger is but a step, as it were. But there are no people who are oftener more humorously accused of altering their names than the Irish. Thus Crehan has become Rehan; Carroll, Karl; Dillon, Dyllyn; Divver, Devere and Devyr; McCarty, Macartee and Makart; Slattery, Slater and Satterlee; O'Brien, Obrion and Breen; McGinness, Guinness and Innes; Reilly, Relyea; Duffy, Dufay; McGuffin, Magoffin; Quinn, Queen; Fogarty, Fougert; Haggerty, Haggart; Sully, Soule. The English singer, Braham, merely dropped a letter when he went on the stage. He was a Hebrew, and his real name was Abraham.

Old Custom Handed Down.

How many can tell the origin of the habit of closing the eyes in prayer? Far back in the past the sun was the universal object of worship. As it rose above the horizon the devotee thanked it for its return to bless the world. As it set in the west he implored its early return. His face was always toward the sun in prayer, and his eyes were closed to prevent blindness. The habit has passed down from father to son for thousands of years. Though the object of worship has been changed, the custom survives.

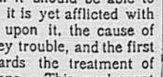
Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.



Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.



Home of Swamp-Root.

Nothing has ever equalled it.
Nothing can ever surpass it.

Dr. King's New Discovery

For CONSUMPTION, COUGHS and COLDS. Price 50c & $1.00

A Perfect Cure: For All Throat and Lung Troubles.

Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles free.

CUPID AND THE MUD CLERK

By W. W. HINES

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

They rate on the company's pay roll as third clerks. Unofficially, but more correctly, they are known as mud clerks.

Jimmy Boynton was mud clerk on the big side wheel steamboat Rena Stanton, and he was proud of the fact.

Now, the chief clerk on a Mississippi river boat is a dignitary of no mean importance, while the second clerk is almost as impressive an individual. The mud clerk is the youngster who follows the foremost deck hand off the gangplank at every landing and checks the freight. When he jumps off the gangplank he generally lands in mud up to his knees. The reason why he never receives his rightful title of third clerk is obvious.

Some men might not consider this pleasant work, but it suited Jimmie. He knew, too, that the way of a mud clerk, if properly directed, leads to a chief clerkship and eventually to a post as captain. Meantime he was a happy go lucky sort of lad who was liked by every one from the captain down to the negro deck hands, more commonly known as "rousters."

On this particular evening he was at peace with himself, the world and even the rousters who were unloading the cargo of cotton on the levee. Jimmy was mechanically checking the numbers atop the bales, but a strange sort of inner consciousness was drinking in the beauty of the scene before him. The setting sun had turned the muddy waters to a sensuous, laving silver. Just beyond the ripples made by the slowly turning paddle wheels of the boat in the reverse motion necessary to counteract the force of the current lay a tiny island, formed by the cutting in two of a long, narrow sand bar. A few cottonwood trees nodded lazily on the willful bit of land. To his right the old levee had crumbled away, and a new one had been built behind it, forming an artificial lake fringed with tall cottonwood trees and gnarled stumps of cypress. Across the stream the mighty force of water had cut into an island, and every time the boat passed up and down the river the contour of the bank had changed. Sometimes only a foot or two had been sliced away. Sometimes whole acres had disappeared.

It was a marvelous power, was this mother of waters, and yet Jimmie thought exultantly that he was master of it. He could ride it, turn its force into money, make it earn him position and promotion. And, thinking thus, he decided that he would not trade jobs just now with his own congressman. And then she came on the scene, and he suddenly discovered that it might be desirable to be a congressman after all and wear glossy boots and unstained trousers.

It all happened very suddenly—so suddenly, in fact, that he stopped in the midst of a mighty volley of very forcible language aimed at a lazy rouster, dropped his stub of a pencil and, in blissful ignorance of what he was doing, stood deliberately staring at the dainty vision tripping up the gangplank.

The vision wore something very fluffy and thin and blue, with something thinner still at her throat and wrists, something which fluttered about very coquettishly when she turned her head or lifted her skirts. And her broad flat hat was wreathed in the pinkest of pink roses. Jimmie had only one brief glimpse, but he remembered quite distinctly that the blue in her dress and in her eyes matched perfectly, likewise the pink in her hat and her lips.

Now, of course any authority on fashion could have informed Jimmie that the vision was most badly dressed for traveling, but to Jimmie "good form" was an unknown quantity. He decided that the vision must be a daughter of a railroad president at least, and probably had a million or two in her own right. Having reached this decision, he finished the volley of language, picked up his pencil and resolutely turned his back on the vision.

But visions such as Miss Lorena Thomas possess a haunting quality. The ladies' cabin, so called by courtesy, lay at the other end of the long, narrow, oval expanse, but Jimmie was thoroughly convinced that Miss Thomas could see his mud spattered garments as he rushed through his report in front of the clerk's desk. So expeditiously did he complete this task that the Rena Stanton had not got under full headway before Jimmie bolted into his tiny stateroom in search of the only other pair of trousers he possessed.

They met at the supper table, and when the meal was over Jimmie thanked his stars that, after all, he was only the mud clerk.

Both the first and second clerk had desk work before them, and Jimmie had only a long, lazy evening on deck, during which he could show Miss Thomas the beauties of his river life.

There were moments when this pleasure palled, however. That was when the soft, thin stuff at Miss Thomas' neck and wrists fluttered with a particularly elegant air or the pink roses in her hat bent with languid dignity in his direction. They seemed to remind him that daughters of railroad presidents with their purple and fine linen, which in this instance appeared in the form of forgetmenot blue and rose pink, were not for mud clerks, even if the latter had flattering prospects. He had about decided to lead up to the topic of her family when she Kate Adams hove in sight, and they leaned against the rail while Jimmie discoursed upon the feats performed by this the fastest boat on the river. In truth, Jimmie's ambition had once stopped with the captaincy of the Kate Adams, but now he thought with a sigh, "What is the Kate Adams after all?"

But he did not linger on the thought. Everything happened too quickly. Miss Thomas in her excitement had climbed up on the foot rail when the impertinent evening breeze took a fancy to the pink crowned hat. Away it went. There was a shrill shriek, and something blue and fluttering bent a little too far over and then went after the hat. And after both went Jimmie.

* * * * * * *

It must be admitted that under the influence of a blanket, some hot grog and the fulsome praise of one or two of his comrades Jimmie indulged in some romantic day dreams. He had a picture of a grateful railroad president, a pink and blue vision with downcast eyes and a brown eyed young man being very magnanimous, but nevertheless accepting a lifetime devotion in return for a cold plunge. Then the effects of the grog wore off, and Jimmie shook himself vigorously.

The next morning he stood diffidently in Miss Thomas' presence. Gone were the blue frock with its lace frills and the beautiful rose crowned hat. A very sober, sad eyed young woman clad in a simple gingham dress murmured her thanks.

Jimmie shifted from one foot to the other and tried to hide his embarrassment, but when Miss Thomas burst into tears he forgot differences of station and sat down beside her.

"Oh, I reckon you won't be any the worse for the ducking," he said by way of consolation, wishing he could take the sobbing figure in his arms and say something more comforting.

"It isn't the wetting I mind, but—but—my—oh, my dress! I sewed three weeks for Aunt Myra to pay for that dress, and I—I was so proud of it. I know I shall never have another one as pretty as long as I live."

"Yes, you will," declared Jimmie, with the air of a prophet who knew his calling. "Just you wait," he added mysteriously. "Why, you'll have one of 'em every summer; see if you don't."

The girl dried her eyes and looked at him in wonder, but he hardly noticed her expression. He was thinking ecstatically that you cannot always tell a railroad president's daughter by her clothes.

And it was not until Jimmie became chief clerk of the Rena Stanton and settled his bride and her widowed mother in a neat little cottage at Natchez that he discovered that very pretty muslin could be bought for 12½ cents a yard, with pink roses at 50 cents a spray. That was when he insisted upon choosing the bridal gown and ruled severely against the loveliest cotton back white satin at 37½ cents per yard.

Take Your Time Eating.

Here is an example that is worth remembering and following. Horace Fletcher writes of an experience that he had while traveling on a railway with the proverbial twenty minutes for dinner in which to satisfy a laboring man's appetite. There was an excellent array of good things on the lunch counter to eat and drink, and from these he made a selection rather than attempt the regular dinner. He chose plump ham sandwiches, creamy milk and a large piece of pie. The twenty minutes was ample time for disposing of sandwiches and milk, while he had the pie put in paper to give epicurean enjoyment on the train. He says:

"If I had put the pie and sandwiches and the milk into my stomach in seven or eight minutes, which, by actual observation, is the gluttonous rate of dispatching a station meal, I would have lost two-thirds of nutriment, more than one-half of taste and taken on twenty-four hours of discomfort, possibly inviting a cold and creating an 'open door' for any migrating microbes that were floating about in my atmosphere looking for strained tissue or fermenting food in which to ouild their disease nests."

Observation proves that you cannot get more nutriment into your stomach than salivation prepares, "gulp" though you may, but you can take in a load of disease possibilities in trying to force or evade proper salivation.—Cooking Club.

Women In Poland.

Polish women are renowned for their beauty, for the perfection of their hands and the smallness of their feet. Polish ladies maintain that when they shop in Vienna and show their small feet with the high instep to be fitted the tradesmen exclaim, "Ah, those are Polish feet!"

But their pleasure in this distinction is not so much a matter of personal vanity as of satisfaction in the superiority of anything belonging to their country, for they are fervidly patriotic.

The lady of position rises between 11 and 12 in the forenoon and goes to bed at 4 o'clock the next morning. She drives from one visit to another, but in reality she is laboring all day for public interests. Everything, the founding of a library, a hospital, a sewing school, is made to strengthen the Polish cause. Four ladies do not meet on a charity committee, says George Brandes, without taking some measure, under that innocent pretext, for the national benefit.

As a consequence of this charm and spirit, the women of Poland receive from the men a courtesy amounting to homage. Men always rise in a tram car to give a lady a seat. At any public place a chair may be ruthlessly demanded of even the most distinguished official present, with the sufficient explanation, "for a lady."

A Gentle Reminder.

Clerk—Here's an order from Smiths' for two quarts of berries, but it doesn't say what kind.

Grocer—Send them billberries. They owe us over $100.—Detroit Free Press.

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SWIFT & CO., Patent Lawyers, Opp. U.S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

MRS. CECELIA STOWE, Orator, Entre Nous Club.

176 Warren Avenue,
CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 22, 1902.

For nearly four years I suffered from ovarian troubles. The doctor insisted on an operation as the only way to get well. I, however, strongly objected to an operation. My husband felt disheartened as well as I, for home with a sick woman is a disconsolate place at best. A friendly druggist advised him to get a bottle of Wine of Cardui for me to try, and he did so. I began to improve in a few days and my recovery was very rapid. Within eighteen weeks I was another being.

Cecelia Stowe

Mrs. Stowe's letter shows every woman how a home is saddened by female weakness and how completely Wine of Cardui cures that sickness and brings health and happiness again. Do not go on suffering. Go to your druggist today and secure a $1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui.

WINE of CARDUI

We Invite

Your attention to the greatest sale of WHITE TABLE CROCKERY that has ever taken place in Augusta.

More than 67,000 pieces—a solid car of 60,000 pounds the freight alone being $257.52

1000 Fine Decorated Cups and Saucers at 10 cents.
About 150 doz Platters from 8 to 14 inches at 10 cents each.
No limit you can buy as many as you want
About 100 doz Nappies 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 inch at 10c each
147 doz 4 in Fruit Plates at 2½c each
196 doz Bakers assorted 5 to 10 inch 10c each, no limit
40 doz Table Pitchers pints, quarts ½ gallons 10 cents.
Sauce Boats 10 cents each.
15 doz Brush Vases 10c each.
8 doz Covered Soap Dishes at 10c
A few doz 9 pieces Chamber Sets at $1.25 each.

LOOK AT THIS

28 piece Dinner Sets $1.25.
109 piece Dinner $4.75.
54 piece Dinner Sets $2 55.
50 piece Plain Print Dinner Sets $4.00.
50 piece Decorated and Gold line Dinner Sets at $5 00.
4 doz Sugar Dishes at 10c each.
2 doz Tea Pots 10c each.
25doz Covered Dishes good large size 25c.
1 lot about 100 Decorated covered dishes 39 cents. These covered dishes are really worth $1.00
About 50 doz Wash Bowls worth 50c to go at 25 cents.
Pitchers to match Bowl 25c each
2 doz $1.50 covered Slop Pails at 75c
4 doz Cabinets at 69 cents.
About 1½ doz $2.50 Slop Jars at $1
1 lot Covered Chambers at 35 cents
675 doz 5 inch Plates 2½ cents each
70 doz cake 5 cents each.
About 2000 dozen White Plates assorted 6, 7, 8, at 5 cents each
66 doz Soup Plates at 2½c each.
898 doz. Tea Cups and Saucers a 2½c each or 25 cents per set
88 doz Card Plates at 2½ cents.
10 doz Jumbo Coffee Cups at 2½c,
About 25 doz Decorated Plates at 10 cents each.
500 pieces Japanese China worth double the price to go at 10 cents

At The Time

Of writing this advertisement we have plenty of every item mentioned but on account of the

Very Low Prices

we have put on them we do not expect them to stay very long. So

Come Early

and do not get disappointed.

Look At These For Bargains

8 quart Galvanized Iron Buckets 13 cents each.
Galvanized Wash Tubs, 45c, 55 65 and 75 cents,
Pint Tin Cups 3 cents each.
2 quart Pudding Pans 5 cents
1 quart milk Pans 5 cents.
2 quart milk Pans 5 cents.
1 quart covered Buckets 5 cents
9 inch Jelly Plates 5 cents.
14 inch Basting Spoons 5 cents
4 quart Pudding Pans 5 cents
3, 6 and 8 quart milk Pans 10c
No. 8 large size Tin Wash Bowls in 10 cents.
9 inch Pie Plates 3 cents.
1 quart Coffee Pots 8 cents.

Shoes! Shoes!

Ladies' shoes 75c upwards.
Men's shoes 89c upwards.
Children's shoes 15c upwards.

We cannot describe every item of Shoes that we carry. Dare not use to make this statement, which we can substantiate. We are at

No Expense To Sell Shoes

We simply combine them with our immense stock, therefore being at no expense to handle Shoes we can sell them for less money than regular Shoe dealers and yet—this difference goes to our customers.

Dry Goods.

Here we are at home to our friends.

Checks at 5 cents yard.
Better Checks at 6¾ cents.
Fancy Outing Flannel at 4c.
Good Outing Flannels 10c.
Very best Spool cotton 25c doz
All the leading Dress Goods at lowest prices.

In this brief advertisement we have been able to tell you but a few facts concerning our bargains. We want you to

come and see

for yourself. We are very sure that you will be surprised at the stock and especially at the price.

Old Santa Claus will make his headquarters with us this season.

Padgett Variety Store.

1110 & 1112 Broad Street.

A Kiss on The Seashore

She was very pretty and very young and very sorrowful looking, and as Arnold saw her sweet lips quiver and a tear roll down her cheek he felt an irresistible desire to take her in his arms and kiss and comfort her.

He had only known her a few days and wondered how she would take it. She would resent it probably and make him feel like a fool. And there were two young women walking further down the beach.

Arnold stopped to examine a shell, but his eyes glanced stealthily at the forlorn little figure sitting on a rock a few yards away. She had not seen him, and he crept nearer.

Under his immaculate flannels and faultless "chapple" attire there was almost a woman's tenderness. Anything in trouble appealed to him—stray dogs, lost children, or a pretty girl in tears. He glared at the two young women lingering on the beach and muttered into his mustache an emphatic "Confound it!"

The waves lapped softly, another tear glittered on its downward course, and Arnold stood hesitating, distracted and uncertain. The young ladies had encamped on the sands and were quite hidden under their big sunshade.

A faint, piteous little sob.

Arnold strode suddenly forward, and, putting his arm around her, kissed her tear stained cheek.

"What is the trouble?" he asked gently.

And the little three-year-old threw her arms around his neck and sobbed:

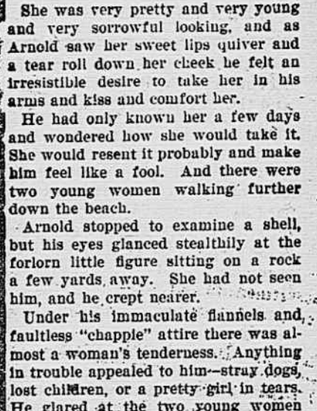
"Baby's losted! Oo nice man! Oo tate baby home!"—New York Times.

A Concession.

"You used to speak disparagingly of the school of acting."

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "But that was some time ago. I am now prepared to say that it should be encouraged as an offset to the prize ring in preparing people for the stage."—Washington Star.

A New Record.



The Kid—So dis here is de department of records?

The Clerk—Yes.

The Kid—Well, just put down dat I've made a hundred yards in 49 seconds flat!—New York Journal.

The Reason Explained.

"If Mrs. Bounderby was so delightfully situated why did she leave home?"

"She left home for the same reason that so many other women leave home during the summer time."

"For rest and recreation?"

"No, indeed. To visit some women who would otherwise visit her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Careful Man.

"Mr. Jonesmith isn't in," said the maid at the door. "Will you leave your name?"

"Oh, no," replied Professor Absentmind. "You see I may need it myself before I see him again."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Prize Winner.

"So ye expect that hawg to take a prize at the county fair, hey? I've seen lots fatter hawgs than that one."

"Mebbe ye have, but ye never seen a dirtier one."—San Francisco Examiner.

None Needed.

She—Mamma says I mustn't encourage you at all.

He—That's all right. I don't need any encouragement.—Philadelphia Press.

One Less to Feed.

"Say, Mrs. Jackson, ma wants to know why you don't come around an' do her washing."

"Yo' tell yo' ma dat my ole man's in jail now, an' I don't hab to wuk so ha'd like I did befo'."—San Francisco Examiner.

The Optimist's Song.

Life may be filled with aches and pains,
With waste and seeming folly;
Our path may be a path of stains
(Blood stains of Melancholy).
Dull Grief a mighty monarch reigns,
Deposing Master Jolly;
Yet, come what may, one joy remains—
The kiss I stole from Molly.
—A. Walter Utting in New York Times.

There will be perfect newspapers when there is a perfect world.—Baltimore Herald.

VICK SEEDS

have been grown by thousands of satisfied customers for over fifty years. They are as good as can be procured anywhere in the world. At the prices listed in our catalogue we deliver goods to you FREE of express or mail charges.

Vick's Garden & Floral Guide for 1903

Valuable to everyone who plants seeds, whether it's only a flower bed or an immense farm. It is not a mere catalogue, but a work of reference, full of profitable information. A book of over 100 illustrated pages. Free, if you mention this paper. Write for it.

Farmer's Handbook

A valuable reference book that tells all about the culture and care of crops, preparation of land, fertilizing, spraying, etc. Sent FREE if desired.

JAMES VICK'S SONS
Rochester, New York