

In 1908 King James published his famous "Book of Sports" and, thinking to render the Presbyterian form of worship less rigid, ordered that certain of the sports therein commended should be played in the several churchyards every Sunday at the close of divine service. John Ross, a minister of Blairgowrie, adopted a novel method of withstanding the royal ordinance. He was a strong, athletic man and seemed much interested in the recreations enjoined by the monarch. Football was selected by the parishioners of Blairgowrie from the list of "Sunday games." When the services of the church were completed Mr. Ross appeared among his people in the churchyard and joined them in their sport. None of the assemblage kicked more eagerly at the football than did the reverend incumbent. But constant misfortune seemed to attend him. Every kick missed the ball and fell heavily on the ankles of those who stood near. Apologies were promptly tendered and, of course, received, though every Sunday many of the parishioners returned home halting. Finally it was agreed that on account of the minister's awkwardness the games should be abandoned. Thus the ingenious divine gained his end and prevented compliance with the obnoxious order.

Where Greek Met Greek.
The marble clock in the dining room had just announced in mellow tones the hour of 3 a. m., when the wife of the plumber nudged him and whispered nervously:

"There is, hey?" answered the husband, now thoroughly awake. "I'll see about him."

With cunning stealth he got out of bed and tiptoed out of the room. For ten minutes no sound broke the awful stillness. Then the house shook with a crash. There was a century of silence. Then a chair fell, the front door slammed and a heavy bundle thumped down the front stairs and into the street.

The terrified wife fainted, to be brought back to consciousness by the voice of her husband.

"It's all right, dear. I threw him out," he chuckled as he turned on the light. "But the scoundrel had only \$4.30 in his clothes."—Judge.

How Mayne Reid Won His Bride.

It was through his novel, "The Scalp Hunters," that Captain Mayne Reid won a bride. He was thirty years old when he met a damsel of thirteen, with whom he at once fell in love. The child took no notice of him, but he gave her the story to read. Two years later the young lady was at a public meeting where Captain Reid spoke on behalf of the Polish refugees. "An electric thrill seemed to pass through me as he entered the room," she said afterward, and when the meeting was over she went up to him. "I leave for London on the next train," he said hurriedly. "Please send me your address." "I do not know where," she replied, with some embarrassment, and instantly handed out his card and was gone. A formal little note followed: "Dear Captain Reid—As you asked me to send you my address, I do so." By return of post came the answer, "Only say that you love me and I will be with you at once," and then the reply, "I think I do love you."

Whittier's Applause.
In his declining years the poet Whittier was extremely absentminded. He attended a church meeting where there were a large number of persons. As his presence was known, it was deemed fitting by one of the speakers to quote the poet's lines:

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

Great applause greeted the quotation, and Whittier was noticed to join in the handclapping. "I suppose I must have had my mind on something else. I had no recollection of having written the verse," he said apologetically when his attention was called to the authorship.—Boston Post.

Legal Fiction.

Says Sir Henry Maine in his "Ancient Law": "A legal fiction is the assumption which conceals or affects to conceal the fact that a rule of law has undergone alteration, its letter remaining unchanged while its operation has been modified. The fact is that the law has been changed; the fiction is that it remains what it always was."

Frenzied Financiering.

Columbus Washington Johnson Smith—'What's de price er dem watermelons, Mr. Jackson?

Mr. Jackson (cunningly)—Ten cents er piece and I picks 'em; 20 cents er piece and you picks 'em, Mr. Smif.

Mr. Smith—All right, Mr. Jackson. I guesses I'll take 'em all, and you picks 'em, ef you please!—Puck.

What He Wanted.

"You are a poor young man?"

"I am."

"Then what you want is a thrifty, economical wife."

"Not at all. What I want is a rich, liberal wife."

In Luck.

"It's no fun being married. My wife is coming to me all the time and asking for money!"

"You're lucky! I have to ask my wife always for money when I want any!"

Reading In Bed.

"Boys and girls under eighteen should be strictly forbidden to read in bed," says the Lancet, on the authority of Dr. Hugo Felchenfeld of Berlin, who declares that in the case of young persons whose eyes are not fully developed the practice is likely to induce myopia. While young people run the greatest risk, the Lancet thinks that reading in bed is undesirable for persons of any age and states that "in the case of aged, anxious, worried and bedridden people, to whom it would seem cruelty to deny what may perhaps be almost their only luxury, for fear of inducing some slight error of refraction, care should be taken that the light is sufficiently brilliant, the eyes being shaded from it, and that the patient lies on his back with head and shoulders raised."

An Advocate of Pure Milk.

Nathan Straus, the New York merchant who has been selected as president of the Bryan and Kern Business Men's association, is better known as a philanthropist than politician. For fifteen years he has been striving to impress upon the world the necessity of a sanitary milk supply and has spent



NATHAN STRAUS.

hundreds of thousands of dollars upon this and other charitable work. Through Mr. Straus' efforts plants for the pasteurizing of milk have been established in many European cities.

The all important plank of Mr. Straus' platform for increasing the physical welfare and prolonging the lives of human beings is summed up in this statement: "Neither war, pestilence nor famine claims so many victims as impure milk. It is the most terrible foe of humanity, all the more because it gives no outward sign of the danger. Let us pasteurize our milk supply. Let us have for our motto, 'Medicine and hospitals are possible cures, while pasteurization is positive prevention.'"

A native of Bavaria, Mr. Straus came to New York in 1854 with his parents when but six years old. He has accumulated a large fortune in mercantile pursuits.

Hard and Soft.

"What," asked the teacher, "does anthracite mean?"

"That's a kind of coal," said little Willie.

"Yes. Anthracite coal is what we call hard coal. So 'anthracite' must mean 'hard.' Now, can you tell me what 'bituminous' means?"

"That's coal, too," Willie replied.

"But it isn't the same kind of coal that anthracite is, is it? Bituminous coal is what we commonly refer to as soft coal. Now, Willie, let us see if you can form a sentence containing the words anthracite and bituminous."

"Here's one: 'This morning before pa started downtown ma wanted \$5 for groceries and things, and she tried to get it by saying bituminous words, but pa gave her an anthracite look, and when he disappeared around the corner she was weeping bituminously.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

The "Sm-r't" Schoolboy.

Modern children's intellects seem to bud and unfold much earlier than they did a generation or two ago. You often get some rare posers from the youth who is having his first taste of schooling. The other morning at breakfast an admiring father asked his budding prime minister how he liked school.

"Oh, very well, pa, except the master with the star teeth!"

"Star teeth! Star teeth!" puzzled the father. "What do you mean by star teeth?"

"Why, you know, pa, those that come out at night."

The attendant servant mald dropped the muffins, and pa suddenly found something of exceptional interest in the morning paper.—Edinburgh Dispatch.

The Mental Jog.

"There is a certain type of person," said the business man, "especially in New York, who seems unable to understand what is said to him—or her—unless the statement or remark is pre-fixed by some catchword, usually the word 'listen.'"

"For instance, I have a stenographer who simply stares at me in dumb amazement if I say anything to her without first saying 'Now, listen.' If I begin to dictate a letter to her she will not write a word if I forget to give that mental jog. When I snap that at her she will scratch like mad. She is not the only one. The telephone girl cannot take a message unless it has that prefix. When I am out of the office and try to talk over the wire with her I must always begin, 'Now, listen,' or else she is hopelessly at sea and seems not to understand a word I say."—New York Press.

Different in Books.

In the books this is the way they say it:

"Outside the wind moaned unceasingly, its voice now that of a child which sobs with itself in the night, now that of a woman who suffers her great pain alone, as women have suffered since life began, as women must suffer till life wears to its weary end. And mingled with the wailing of wind rain fell—fell heavily, intermittently, like tears wrung from souls of strong men."

Outside the books we say:

"It's raining."—Acheson Globe.

The Brakeman's Joke.

"Ran over a cow this morning up above Coffeyville," said the brakeman to a reporter.

"How did it happen?" asked the reporter.

"She was drinking out of a creek under a bridge," shouted the brakeman as he swung on to the last car and went grinning out of town.—Kansas City Times.

Brute!

Jimson—Where's your wife? Haven't seen her often lately. Weed—Oh, I sent her away on a little vacation. Jimson—So? Where'd she go? Weed—To the Thousand Isles. Jimson—Stay long? Weed—Yes. I told her to take a week to each island.—Judge.

A Saving Grace.

Florence—I can't understand why Ethel married Mr. Gunson. He is old enough to be her father. Lawrence—Yes, but he is rich enough to be her husband.—Exchange.

Waterproof Coats of Grass.

In the tropics of Mexico, where torrential rains fall a part of each year, raincoats are a very necessary part of man's apparel. Owing to the intense heat which prevails in the summer season the ordinary rubber raincoat cannot be worn. A rainproof coat is made from native grasses and is worn by the men of the middle and upper classes. The grasses are woven close together, and it is impossible for the rain to beat through them, no matter how hard the storm may be. Some of these coats are made with a hood which protects the

One Was Enough.

"Papa, why didn't you wear a pair last night?"

"A pair of what, child?"

"A pair of skates."

"What does the boy mean?"

"Why, Bill, the coachman, told the cook that you had a lovely skate on last night when you came home."—Exchange.

He Forged.

Trotter—When young Biffkins left college a few years ago, he declared he was going to forge his way to the front. Did he make good? Homer—As a forger—yes. He's now occupying a front row cell in the penitentiary.—Chicago News.

His Experience.

Spector—Your new house doesn't look much like the architect's original design. Victim—No, but it looks more like it than the cost looks like his original estimate.—Smart Set.

If no fight, no victory; no victory, no crown.—Savonarola.

Our Sixty-Third 1845 Christmas 1908

For upwards of half a hundred years our store has been supplying the needs of the Christmas shoppers of Edgefield County.

While our experienced buyer was in the Northern markets he made his purchases to suit the the people of every class and taste.

See Our Beautiful Assortment of Cut Glass

Prices very low. We have the prettiest assortment of China ever shown in this market. Our vases are particularly handsome and are being greatly admired.

OUR DOLLS ARE BEAUTIFUL,

All sizes and prices. Just the kind we brought to Edgefield for Santa Claus.

Have you seen our pictures? Large assortment at popular prices.

We Want Everybody to Come and See For Themselves.

PENN & HOLSTEIN.

Successors to G. L. Penn & Son.



Dorn & Mims' Holiday Suggestions

Shopping Made Easy at Our Store

The season in which hearts are made happy by the exchange of Christmas gifts is almost upon us, and to those who have great demands upon their time the selection of suitable gifts for father, husband, brother and gentleman friends is rather a difficult undertaking. This problem is made easy at our store by our large stock of useful as well as beautiful merchandise, that is suitable for holiday gifts.

We carry a very large stock of stylish and dependable clothing in all the popular fabrics, weaves and colors.

We sell the celebrated Crossett Shoes and can fit you in vici, gun metal, French calf or patent leather. Full assortment of sizes in all of the popular lasts.

We carry a full stock of stylish hats for men and boys in all of the latest blocks and colors

Here are few suggestions for Holiday gifts:

- | | |
|------------|---------------------|
| HATS | SUSPENDERS |
| SHOES | LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS |
| SUITS | UMBRELLAS |
| CRAVATS | SILK HANDKERCHIEFS |
| COLLARS | OVER COATS |
| CUFFS | RAIN COATS |
| HOSIERY | DRESS GLOVES |
| SUIT CASES | DRIVING GLOVES |

A very large shipment of Beautiful Neckwear has just been received; ordered especially for the holiday shoppers. Other lines have also been recently replenished in order to meet the needs of our patrons and friends.

We invite you to call at our store. It will be a pleasure to show you through our large stock.



Store Your Cotton

To The Planters of Edgedief County: There seems to be a disposition on the part of the planters to hold their cotton for higher prices and we take pleasure in offering them our Warehouse facilities, where we will store and insure their cotton for thirty cents per bale, per month and make liberal advances on same.

We have just received a car load of

Columbus and Weber Wagons.

"Which are as good as the best, and better than the most", which we would be pleased to sell to the wagon using public.

We would also state, that we are buyers of cotton-seed, at our Warehouse, and you will always find Billie Lott on the spot.

Give us a call, and if we don't do business, it will be no fault of ours.

Yours Truly,

Adams Warehouse Co.

DORN & MIMS