

The Lexington Dispatch.

Wednesday, April 9, 1902.

General Mixture.

Few people are envied because of their wealth.

An heiress would be as sweet by any other name.

All kinds of useful employment are equally honorable.

A fussy man gets in his own way when he is in a hurry.

Many an individual talks like a wise man and acts like a fool.

Ridicule no man for his snub nose; you can never tell what may turn up.

A successful man forms a plan and sticks to it, working like a gimlet to a point.

When all men are what they pretend to be the millennium problem will be easy.

It's a lucky thing for men that rosebuds mouths haven't any thorns on them.

Pony-Balsam Relieves Right Away and makes a speedy end of coughs and colds.

If a man doesn't know when to be silent he doesn't know when to speak.

Fortunate is the man who really deserves his own opinion of himself.

A little luck and a fools ignorance have made many a fine reputation for bravery.

God seldom looks into the house where there are no little finger marks on the walls.

Governor Beckham, of Kentucky, has vetoed a bill prohibiting the docking of horses' tails.

\$25,000 has been put up by the sporting characters of Charleston to secure the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight.

There is a good deal of cholera in Manila, but it has not attacked any of the United States soldiers yet.

Try Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets, the best physic. For sale by J. E. Kaufmann.

The Rucker cotton press and 2,100 bales of cotton were burned at Athens, Ga., recently, a loss of \$155,000 partly insured.

The war department is alarmed at the rapid increase of drunkenness and immorality among the United States soldiers in the Philippines.

May 20 is the day fixed for turning over Cuba to the civil government, and on that day the United States soldiers will be withdrawn.

By brushing shoes with a soft brush, rubbing a little glycerine well into the leather and polishing with a very clean, soft brush or rag, no blacking will be required.

Hilton's Life for the Liver and Kidneys tones up the stomach.

EQUINE INTELLIGENCE.

Writer Who Believes That Horses Are Capable of Thinking.

There are people who deny that the horse is able to plot, to conceive or reason. Some horses are duller than others, and some apparently are better equipped for thought than the men in charge of them. You teach a horse to start or stop at a word, and acts of kindness or cruelty are seldom forgotten by him. At a farm that we visit a little girl who has given sweetmeats to spirited animals can take the greatest liberties with them. The stranger has to keep a safe distance from their heels, while she may crawl between their legs. They remember her acts of kindness and carefully avoid doing anything to harm her.

We have in mind a stallion who was harshly punished. He treasured up the act of injustice, and the author of his humiliation was compelled to keep aloof from him. His manner plainly indicated that the man would get hurt if he ventured within striking distance. This stallion trusts those who have shown him consideration and in the main is not a bad tempered horse. He appears vicious only to those who have treated him viciously. His knowledge of right and wrong suggests thought. It shows capacity to reason from cause to effect. Teach a horse as you would a child what to fear and what to do, and the lesson will never be forgotten.

Some horses cunningly open their stable doors by removing pegs with their teeth and thus put plan into operation. Their imagination is fired by beautiful scenery. Put one in a paddock where he can look out upon the hills and hear the birds sing and you will quiet his nervous system. In moments of contemplation he has the dreamy look of a poet.

About the only time that a horse forgets to think is when he surreptitiously finds his way to the well filled out bin. He then does not eat in a rational way, but gorges himself to the danger point. This is an unmis-

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. takable evidence of weakness. And yet there are men endowed with intellect who have little or no control over their appetites. Absence of restraint at the feast marks the development of the human as well as of the equine race. In our judgment, the horse sometimes thinks.—Turf, Field and Farm.

APHORISMS.

Observe your enemies, for they first find out your faults.—Antisthenes.

Envy always implies conscious inferiority wherever it resides.—Pliny.

The less heart a man puts into a task the more labor it requires.—Amiel.

Evasion is unworthy of us and is always the intimate of equivocation.—Balzac.

The same people who can deny others everything are famous for refusing themselves nothing.—Leigh Hunt.

If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.—R. Cecil.

The chief pang of most trials is not so much the actual suffering itself as our own spirit of resistance to it.—Jean Grou.

There is no beautifier of complexion or form or behavior like the wish to scatter joy, and not pain, around us.—Emerson.

Success is sweet, the sweeter if long delayed and attained through manifold struggles and defeats.—A. Bronson Alcott.

True popularity takes deep root and spreads itself wide, but the false falls away like blossoms, for nothing that is false can be lasting.—Cicero.

Blunders of Painters.

A picture representing the four elements was essayed by an Italian artist, and he selected fish to indicate the sea, moles the earth and a salamander fire. The chameleon was intended as the allegorical representative of the air, but the painter, having no model of this animal and knowing nothing about its shape, contented himself by introducing a camel. He probably thought in his ignorance that from a similarity of sounds they were one and the same animal.

Another painter in a picture of the crucifixion represented a father confessor holding out a crucifix to the repentant thief who was promised a place in paradise by the Saviour.

A Honeymoon Financier.

Judge Edwards of Lee county, who has married over a hundred couples since he has been ordinary, performed the ceremony recently for a runaway couple seated in a buggy in the public road.

The ceremony over, the bridegroom fumbled in his pocket and fished up 36 cents.

"Judge," he said, "this here's all the money I got in the room' worl'. Ef you're a mind to take it, you kin, but I'll say straightfor'ards that I'd done sot it aside for the honeymoon expenses!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Disappointed.

"So you advise me not to sue?" said the client.

"I do," said the lawyer.

"Well," returned the disappointed client, "it seems strange that when a man pays for advice he can't get the kind he wants."—Chicago Post.

Berote.

Gladys—Why did she ever marry him?

Ethel—Oh, he said he couldn't live without her!

Gladys—Well, she ought to get a medal for life saving.—Puck.

If you have a dime, don't make yourself believe it is a dollar. That is what you do when you stop work to tell what a good man you are.—Atchison Globe.

Neglect Means Danger.

Don't neglect biliousness and constipation. Your health will suffer permanently if you do. DeWitt's Little Early Risers cure such cases M. R. Smith, Butternut, Mich., says DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the most satisfactory pills I ever took. Never gripe or cause nausea." J. E. Kaufmann.

BOWSER IN HISTORY

SELECTED AS ONE OF FIFTY OF THE MOST EMINENT CITIZENS.

His Wife Aids Him in Recalling the Most Striking Incidents of His Life, Which Would Have Covered Over Ten Pages but For an Accident.

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WHEN Mr. Bowser came home the other evening he didn't have "that tired feeling" to warn Mrs. Bowser that he proposed to kick up a row over the gas bill; but, on the contrary, he was stepping high and swelled up with importance. She knew in an instant that some one had been flattering him, and that if she only gave him rope enough he would explain all. He looked at her and talked to her in a patronizing way throughout the dinner hour, and he appeared to be on his guard against letting himself down.



"HE WAS KICKED IN THE STOMACH BY A COW."

When dinner was over, he lighted his cigar and paced back and forth across the sitting room with his head up and shoulders squared, and the cat made up her mind that he had either fallen heir to a big fortune or had discovered that one of his ancestors was at the helm of Noah's ark during a good share of the voyage. At last he spoke. "Mrs. Bowser," he began, "if you are not too busy this evening I should like your help for a few minutes."

"Certainly," she replied. "There was a gentleman in the office this afternoon with a book entitled 'Historic Men of America.' As it has not been issued yet, of course you have not heard of it. Perhaps I should have said a proposed book."

"Well?"

"The idea is to make a book of 500 pages. The lives of fifty of the most prominent men in America are to be written up, and each will fill ten pages. It is to be a very exclusive work, bound in gilt and morocco, and selling for \$10 per volume. I have been se-



MR. BOWSER TOOK THE HISTORIAN BY THE NECK.

lected as one of the fifty to be written up."

"Yes."

"And I want you to help me recall the leading incidents of my life and make a little sketch for the historian to go by."

"How much is it going to cost you?" she asked.

"I take ten of the books at \$10 each. He would have been glad to write me up free of cost, but of course we want at least ten of the books. He came all the way from Boston to see me, and should I repeat one-half the nice things he said you would think me conceited. Let us see what we can get up. You know my life as well as I do myself."

Mrs. Bowser drew a long breath, looked at him in pity, and after a moment's thought she said:

"Well, at the age of ten years, which is probably going back far enough, you were kicked in the stomach by a cow and laid up for two weeks, as you have often related. That is the beginning of your history."

"Woman, do you mean to insult me?" he exclaimed as he flushed up.

"Of course not. If this is to be a history of you, we must get in all the incidents. Don't the histories of Washington record the cherry tree incident? The next thing to happen to you was when you were twelve years old; you fell into the family cistern."

"Are you talking in sarcasm?" he asked as he glared at her.

"Not at all. Every history of every great man goes back to his boyhood. Don't we read that Homer rescued a cat from the jaws of a dog when he was only four years old? All these early incidents are supposed to have a bearing on a man's character. Let me see; at fourteen you fell in love for the first time and wanted to commit suicide by swallowing a box of blu-

ing because the girl played tag with another boy."

"By thunder, but you want to make out that I'm an ass!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he bobbed around on his chair.

"Nothing of the sort," she smilingly replied. "You were making history at a very youthful period, and it should all go into the book. At fifteen, as I have often heard you say, you attended your first circus, and a camel ate up your hat. At sixteen you fell in love with your Aunt Margaret and wanted her to elope with you. At seventeen—"

"Stop!" thundered Mr. Bowser as he brought his fist down on the table with such force as to lift the cat off the floor. "Do you suppose such twaddle as that is to pass into history? If it did, the reader would take me for a fool."

"Well, we'll skip a few years then," replied Mrs. Bowser. "At the age of twenty-one you rescued a calf from drowning. It was a very heroic action on your part. A few months later you challenged a young man to fight a duel because he called you sweet-heart headed, and it was not your fault that he failed to be on the ground. At the age of twenty-two lightning struck a neighbor's barn, and but for you a mule would have perished in the flames. A year later—"

"Hold on!" he hoarsely whispered. "Hold on where you are! I might have known how things would come out. If you insult me further, I may forget that you are my wife!"

"But who has insulted you? If you are going to make up ten pages of history, you will have to make use of all the incidents happening in your life. What has happened to you in the last twenty years, for instance? You fell in love with and married me, you bought a hog, you bought a cow, you bought chickens, you bought fire escapes and spring tonics and root beer and runaway horses and a bike, and you—"

"Madam, go up to your room!" said Mr. Bowser as he arose and pointed to the ceiling.

"But I want to help you to recall."

"Go up—go."

"At the age of twenty-three you wanted to hang yourself in the cowshed because—"

"I say go!"

Mrs. Bowser went. It was the only way to avoid a row. She left Mr. Bowser pacing up and down and the ends of his hair curling and snapping, but she had scarcely reached her room when the doorbell rang. The historian had come to see Mr. Bowser about a full length portrait for the book. The historian had stepped at five or six o'clock on the way, and he had arrived with wheels in his head. He had only got seated in the back parlor when those wheels began to go round, and he looked at Mr. Bowser in a helpless way and asked:

"Are you Mr. Bowser or—the other feller? If you are Mr. Bowser, I don't want to slay nozzing—not a word—but if you are the other feller—"

"Well?"

"I want to tell you good zhoke—good

zhoke. Got an old chap on er string for a hundred dollars; name's old Bowser, and he's an ass. If he don't give it away to his wife—"

Mr. Bowser rose up and took the historian by the neck and led him down the hall; then, as Mrs. Bowser looked over the railing, he opened the door and planted his shoe three times against future history and turned away with white face and swallowing at the lump in his throat. A deep, mysterious silence settled upon the house for the next hour, and Mrs. Bowser crept softly down stairs to find him asleep on the lounge and the cat hidden away in the darkest corner. His ten page history was closed.

M. QUAD.

A Drawback.

Ma's Opinion.

Little Willie—Say, ma, who invented the envelope?

Ma—I really don't know, my son, but I believe the first one was discovered in a married man's pocket addressed to his wife's mother.

Not an Objection.

The Proprietor—But we haven't enough work to keep another man busy.

The Applicant—Oh, I don't mind that. What I want is a steady job.

"How I could love dat gal if she wasn't such a pronounced brunette!"—New York Journal.

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