

### BROTHER GARDNER'S LECTURES

He Argues That Riches Are Not Necessary to Happiness

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MY frens, de subject of my lectur' dis evenin' am, 'Kin We Be Happy Wid-out Bein' Rich?' At de fust send off every pussion in dis large an' cultivated audience will answer in de negative, but let us consider de matter a little.

"None of us eber think of a rich man widout a vision risin' up befo' us. Dat vision locates dat rich man in a red velvet chair. He has fo'teen servants standin' behind him in de death to jump if he sneezes. Dar am champagne in front of him, bananas on his right, coconuts on his left. In a silver platter on his knees am ice cream, sweet cake, ten cent cigars an' a cocktail.

"In his breast pocket am \$10,000 in greenbacks, and each of his feet rests on a bag of gold. All around him am eight day clocks and rugs that cost as much as \$12 apiece. He's got three tons of coal in de cellar an' a bar'l of flour in de pantry. He hain't got no rent to pay, an' he's got hosses an' keeridges in de barn.

"If he wants to walk out, de street kyars will be keeful how dey bounce him over a fence, an' if he stays home a dozen newspaper men will call to tell him dat he owns de airth.

"Dat's de vision dat allus dances befo' our eyes when we read of a millyonaire, an' we hold our breath till we get red in de face. Madness an' envy an' jealousy comes along wid de vision, an' de fust thing we know we am jawin' de ole woman an' kickin' de family dawg. We kin almost taste dat champagne an' hear de chink of dat gold. In de midst of de vision de ole woman generally breaks in to tell us dat de coal am out or de flour bar'l am empty, an' we git up an' cuss de rich an' de clar dat de world am all wrong.

"My frens, let us make no mistake. I libed 'longside of a rich man fur year's an' years, an' I had opportunity to see de odder side. No man eber gits to be with a millyon dollars dat his troubles doan' begin next day. No man will come to you or me to try to sell us windmills, lightnin' rods an' patent churns, but de way dey do track up de front steps of de millyonaire am awful to see.

"He's got to git his ha'r cut de fust thing an' shave once a day, an' if his boots ain't blacked or his necktie gits around under his left ear dar's a thousand people to notice it.

"You an' me know dat two shillin' suspenders hold up our trousers as well as a pa'r costin' \$6. De millyonaire knows it, too, but he's got to pay out \$5.75 extra 'cause he's in de swim.

"In our vision we see him seated in a red velvet chair. It don't fit his back



"WID HIS FEET IN DE COOK STOVE AN' HIS MIN' AT REST."

nor give him de comfort of an ole fashioned splint bottom, but he's got to grin an' bear it 'cause he's rich.

"In all de y'ars dat I knowed a rich man sunthin was allus happenin' to him. While I was gwine on foot his hosses run away an' broke his leg. While I was enjoyin' my kitchen stove his steam pipes busted and killed his cook. While my cabin was too small game fur thunderstorms lightnin' struck his palatial mansion an' knocked all de chimneys off. While me an' de ole woman was grubbin' along by ourselves he had to have sixteen of his relations in his house. My dawg wasn't wuth 15 cents, but he lived on. His dawg was wuth \$250, an' somebody pizened him within two weeks.

"Bein' I was only Brudder Gardner, no one spected anything of me, but dat rich man had to rent a post office box, a church pew, buy a steam yacht an' carry around a five dollar umbrella an' worry ober it.

"He nebbber had no show to eat onions, make molasses candy nor pop corn. He nebbber slid down hill, went rabbit huntin' nor drunk cider out of a jug. If he eber sot down of an evenin' wid his butes off an' a feelin' dat he wanted to take comfort, his wife dragged him off to de theater or a man called to sell him a gold mine.

"My frens, what d'ye s'pose was de end of dat man? He used to come over to my cabin an' eat a biled dinner wid me an' weep 'cause he was rich. He wanted to be pore an' wear old clothes an' eat corned beef; but, alas, he couldn't be. He had to be rich an' eat fried oysters an' drink champagne an' pretend to be happy.

"What was his end? Why, he went down an' down till he reached de limit at last. Dat limit was reached when he had to give a party an' buy \$10,000



When Sandow poses and the muscles ridge his back and knot his arms, we think we have before us the very secret of strength in those magnificent muscles. But we haven't. Starve Sandow, or what is practically the same thing, let him be dyspeptic, and his muscle would soon fail. Strength is made from food properly digested and assimilated, and no man is stronger than his stomach, because when the stomach is diseased digestion and assimilation are imperfect.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food so that the body is nourished into perfect health and strength.

"I had what my physicians called indigestion. It gave me medicine for the trouble but it did me no good," writes Mr. W. H. Wells, of Willard, N. C. "I wrote to Dr. Pierce and stated my case. He sent me a descriptive list and by his rules I carried out these as best I could. I bought six bottles of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and commenced taking it. A few days later I noticed a great change. Felt like a new man. Before I began the use of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' I suffered greatly with pain in stomach, my nerves seemed all 'run-down,' I was very thin in flesh, but now can eat heartily and sleep good at night."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send twenty-one one-cent stamps for the paper-covered book, or thirty-one stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

wuth of roses to decorate de house. De next mawnin' dey found him dead in his bed, an' de look on his face proved dat he was glad to git out of it all.

"Don't you make no mistake, my frens. We was put into dis world to take comfort. Natur' nebbber intended a man to sot up like a crowbar. She nebbber meant dat he must be on his good behavior all de time. She invented sweet cake an' champagne, but she also invented barley coffee an' baked taters.

"In imaginashun I kin see a pictur'. It's of a pore man gwine home of a Saturday night wid his wages in his pocket. He stops at de grocery an' orders oddish an' sugar. He stops at de cobbler's an' takes home his chillen's shoes all mended up. He orders kerosene ile an' soap for ober Sunday, an' he knows dar's butter an' flour in de house.

"He gits home to be greeted at de gate by fo' chillen' an' a dawg. He opens de door to receive de smiles of his wife. He hasn't got no coupons to cut off, no checks to draw, no bonds to hide under de bed. All he's got to do am to eat supper, box de chillen's ears an' set de hull eavenin' long wid his feet in de oven of de cook stove an' his mind at rest.

"Dat's me, an' dat's you, an' dat's ebery odder pore man in de kentry, an' when we lie down at night or rise up in de mawnin' we orter realize an' be grateful fur de fact dat we am takin' comfort in hunk's an' chunks, while de rich man am hastenin' to his doom."

M. QUAD.

#### Kodol Gives Strength

By enabling the digestive organs to digest, assimilate and transform all of the wholesome food that may be eaten into the kind of blood that nourishes the nerves, feeds the tissues, hardens the muscles and recuperates the organs of the entire body. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Catarrh of the Stomach and all stomach disorders. Sold by all druggists.

#### In a State of Doubt.

"You claim to be a law abiding citizen, don't you?" asked the man who argues.

"I don't know whether I am or not," answered Mr. Sirius Barkie. "There's a lot of laws and police regulations that I never read. I can't be sure that I'm not violatin' some of 'em every day."—Denver News.

#### Just Pop's Way.

Teacher—Now, Mary, suppose your father agreed to work for \$2 per day and at the end of the first week or six days he brought home \$10. Would that be right?

Mary—No, ma'am, and mom always tells him it ain't right.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

#### A Relief to Him.

"Young man," said her father kindly, "you look a little bit nervous. How do you feel?"

"I feel flattered," replied the girl's lover, who had asked for the interview. "I was afraid I looked scared to death."—Philadelphia Press.

#### Complimentary.

He (at the art exhibition)—Well, how do you like Brown's picture?

She—That one? Why, I thought it was yours! Very bad, isn't it?—Punch.

The safest principle through life, instead of reforming others, is to set about perfecting yourself.—Haydon.

During the summer kidney irregularities are often caused by excessive drinking or being overheated. Attend to the kidneys at once by using Foley's Kidney Cure. The Kaufmann Drug Co.

Remember, on Saturdays, you will find ice cream at the Bazaar.

### JACK MASON'S WAGER

HE WON IT IN GREAT STYLE WITH-OUT "TURNING A HAIR."

Unique Hunting Escapade of a Famous Old Time Virginia Sportsman. Bird Shooting That Opened a Grim Old Seaman's Eyes.

From all accounts Jack Mason in his youth was the wildest rattling young blade in the country. One of his sporting escapades is a household tradition down in old Quantico to this day, says Alexander Hunter in Gating.

There was a large plantation in the section owned and worked by a Scotchman, an elderly man, who employed no overseer, but filled the place himself. He was the typical stern, bigoted Scotch Covenanter as drawn by the immortal pen of the Wizard of the North. He was a fanatic in all things and was utterly out of place among the pleasure loving Virginia gentry. It was the irrepressible antipathy of the Cavalier and Puritan—the rising of the bristles of the boar at the approach of the staghounds. He herded by himself, and they left him severely alone. The canny Scot was himself no sportsman, nor would he allow any of the neighbors to fire a gun on his place.

Now it happened there was a large ball near by, with Jack Mason in attendance, of course, and during the night the young planters discussed the chances of autumn shooting and deplored the failure of all their efforts to be allowed to hunt on the Scotchman's preserves. Jack Mason offered to bet his favorite horse against any of equal value that he would shoot over that preserve on the morrow and with the full and free consent of the owner. He was asked if he knew him personally or had unknown means of winning his favor.

He answered in the negative and added he had never even met the Scot in his life. The wager was closed there and then. The next morning as the old Covenanter was walking up and down the porch enjoying his after breakfast pipe a strange apparition advanced up the gravel walk and took off his three cornered hat and made him a sweeping bow. The Scot winked his eyes and looked again. He saw a slender, effeminate looking fellow some twenty-five years old who seemed literally to have stepped from the ballroom. His ruffled shirt front was adorned with a diamond, mother of pearl buttons gleamed on his sky blue coat, and his satin small clothes glistened in the sunshine. A pair of silk stockings were gartered by a love knot bow of blue ribbon, and his dancing pumps were decorated by a jeweled buckle. He carried a gun in one hand, and two pointer dogs trooped at his heels.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the planter.

In a mining voice the intruder asked his gracious permission to shoot a few birds, saying he had been dancing all night at Warwick hall and needed a little morning exercise.

The Scot gazed at him with the same feeling perhaps that his stalwart mountain bred ancestor had at the perfumed dandy fops of Charles II.'s court. He was about to utter a curt and positive refusal when his grim Scotch humor got the better of him. He came near hilarious laughter as he saw that delicately clothed creature standing so clean, jaunty and nice and then pictured him returning from the hunt, his costly attire in rags, his tender limbs scratched, his morning glory all gone. So he smiled in his beard and asked him if he intended to hunt just as he was dressed. He was answered in the affirmative. So he gave his assent that his unknown guest for that one day might shoot all he pleased, and then he started off for the low grounds to attend to the cornshucking.

A short time after his negro manager came running up to him and said: "Marster, there won't be a bird left on dis here place. De man's a debbil, and de dogs is de debbil, and de gun is a debbil."

Dropping his work, the owner hurried to the scene, and he opened his eyes very wide indeed at what he saw. In the front of the house was a stubble field of several hundred acres that had been harvested in wheat the same year. It was as level as a table and an ideal feeding place for the quail. For many years they had whistled, mated and fed around the place all undisturbed until they became almost as tame as barnyard fowls. The owner saw the dogs stand motionless, saw the dandy sportsman pick his way gently where they were, saw a few birds rise and two puffs of smoke, followed by a nearly simultaneous report. Two birds dropped, then the dogs retrieved, and the game was handed to a nondescript negro lad whom the sportsman had picked up somewhere, who had tied the birds to a string and wrapped them around his body until he was half hidden from view.

The gun was loaded and capped inside of a minute. The performance was repeated. The man never hurried, the dogs, beautifully trained, never bungled, the gun never missed, and the dandy had, in sporting parlance, never "turned a hair." The stockings were a little colored by the chickweed, but he was ready to lead the minutet that moment.

The Scotchman at first was furiously angry, but as he saw the matchless work of the trinity of destructive agents—man, gun, dog—so perfectly blended into one, and beheld in the affected cockcomb the same metal which under Rupert had again and again broken the steel fronted squares of Cromwell's Ironsides, he advanced and asked his name, and when it was given he answered, "I might have known it."

And that's how Jack Mason won his bet.

### One Exception.

"Seeing is believing, you know," remarked the man with the ingrown quotation habit.

"Not always," replied the fussy person. "I see you frequently, but I seldom believe you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### His Good Natured Way.

De Broune—Is Fitz-Greene good natured?

Van Schmidt—Good natured? Good natured? Well, I should say so! Why, he laughs at his own jokes.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Wretch.

Jim—That man destroyed all my married happiness.

Jam—What! You don't mean to say—

"I do. He married the cook."—Baltimore Herald.

### Looked Ahead.

"What interesting sermons you preach!"

"Yes. The time I should have been in a theological seminary I spent sowing my wild oats."—Life.

### Proof Enough.

"I say, Carleton, do they have very high proof whisky out your way?"

"Do they? Why, man, they run automobiles with it instead of alcohol."—Boston Herald.

### How He Pleasated Her.

Maisie—The diamond in this engagement ring is awfully small.

Morton—I told the jeweler it was for the smallest hand in the city.—Indianapolis Journal.

### Spring.

Folks on muddy crossings—

Slip, slip, slip!

Women making dresses—

Snip, snip, snip!

College boys class yelling—

Yip, yip, yip!

Some one beating carpets—

Blip, blip, blip!

—Chicago Tribune.

### Interesting to Asthma Sufferers.

Daniel Bante of Otterville, Iowa, writes, "I have had asthma for three or four years and have tried about all the cough and asthma cures in the market and have received treatment from physicians in New York and other cities, but got very little benefit until I tried Foley's Boney and Tar which gave me immediate relief and I will never be without it in my house. I sincerely recommend it to all." The Kaufmann Drug Co.

### Wanted to Be Sure of Him.

"I want a real nice monument for him," said the widow.

"About what size, madam?"

"Well, about six or eight tons. You know, it's pretty hard to keep a good man down."—Atlanta Constitution.

### Not Stimulating.

"Funniman has a dry sort of humor."

"Yes, his jokes are enough to drive one to drink, if that is what you mean."—Town and Country.

### A Musical Preference.

I likes to hear de playin'

When de band comes down de street,

An' I jines de crowd a-strayin'

'Cause it gets into my feet.

But in spite of all de pleasure

Of dem harmonies sublime

Dar's a company dat I treasure

Even more; dey's frien's of mine.

I've waitin' till de cricket

Or de murrurin' honeybee

Stah to fiddlin' in de thicket;

De's de orchestra foh me.

—Washington Star.

### Greenville, Tenn.

I have thoroughly convinced myself that Dr. Baker's Blood and Liver Cure is the finest medicine made for Indigestion and Constipation. (I have tried them all) and was cured by the use of this medicine, after all others had failed. I most cheerfully and unhesitatingly endorse it. Yours truly, H. N. Baker, Mayor. For sale at the Bazaar.

### A Bashful Man's Ruse.

A bashful young man who was afraid to propose to his sweetheart induced her to fire at him with a pistol which he assured her was only loaded with powder, and after she had done so he fell down and pretended to be dead. She threw herself wildly upon the body, called him darling and her beloved, whereupon he got up and married her.—London Tit-Bits.

### The Cow.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "write a sentence containing the word 'contents.'"

After a few moments' hard labor Johnny submitted the following: "The contents of a cow is milk."—Chicago News.

### Don't gey people.

It's not much fun for you, and the people whom you gey will hate you and lay for a chance to get even.—Atchison Globe.

### Ten Years in Bed.

R. A. Gray, J. P., Oakville, Ind., writes, "For ten years I was confined to my bed with disease of my kidneys. It was so severe that I could not move part of the time. I consulted the very best medical skill available, but could get no relief until Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended to me. It has been a God send to me." The Kaufmann Drug Co.

### Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

How To Find Out. Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.



What to Do. There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and \$1. sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Home of Swamp-Root, Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

Albert M. Boozer, Attorney at Law. COLUMBIA, S. C. Special attention given to business entrusted to him by his fellow citizens of Lexington county. Office: 1216 Main Street, upstairs, opposite Van M. Tre's Furniture Store February 28—t.

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

Respectfully, J. Wm. THURMOND, G. BELL TIMMERMAN. October 22, 1902.—17.

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SUCCESSORS TO Wm. FURTICK.

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### SHOES AND HATS,

We have competent men at the head of all departments. We have cash to give for bargains and have bargains to give for cash. Come to see us. We handle but the best goods.

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WE WILL PAY THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE for clean and pure Beeswax. Price governed by color and condition.

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That Grow and Bear Fruit.

Write for our 60 page illustrated Catalogue and 40 page pamphlet, "How to Plant and Cultivate an Orchard." Gives you that information you have so long wanted; tells you all about those big red apples, luscious peaches, and Japan plums with their oriental sweetness, all of which you have often wondered where the trees came from that produced them.

### EVERYTHING GOOD IN FRUITS.

Unusual fine stock of SILVER MAPLES, young, thrifty trees smooth and straight, the kind that live and grow off well. No old, rough trees. This is the most rapid growing maple and one of the most beautiful shade trees. Write for prices and give list of wants.

J. Van Lindley Nursery Co., POMONA, N. C.

### PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Clarifies and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to Restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00. Druggists.

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Will Practice in all Courts, KAUFMANN BUILDING. LEXINGTON, S. C.

On the 18th day of October, we formed a co-partnership for the practice of law. We will be pleased to receive those having legal business to be attended to at our office in the Kaufmann building at any time. Respectfully,

J. Wm. THURMOND, G. BELL TIMMERMAN.

October 22, 1902.—17.