

ZEB WHITE

He Tells How He's Con Joe Tackled a Railroad.

Copyright, 1903, by L. T. Richards. I HAD been climbing to the general store at the "formers" with the old posse...

"Dra't that young Perkins! He's got the big head the worst way, and I'm hoj'in' that suthin' comes along to give him a shock. Most young men seem to want to make fools of themselves."

"Yes, if they don't die first. I had a powerful pert son who didn't live to git over his braggin' days. Sometimes I feel bad about it, and, ag'in, I think it happened for the best."

"I asked him for the yarn, and after walking along for a quarter of a mile he began:

"One spring, when my son Joe was eighteen years old, he got the big head mighty bad. I seen it comin' on him and knowed thar'd be trouble, and the ole woman she seen it comin' and said to me:

"Zeb, our son Joe is gittin' ready to make a fule of hisself, and I want you to keep an eye on him. He imagines he's as big as a mountain, and he feels that he kin lick ten men all to once."

"When the big head gits hold of a young man it takes a powerful dose of medicine to cure it. Joe kept growin' wuss and wuss. He got lazy, and he got to braggin' and blowin', and from the way he looked at me now and then outer the corner of his eye I knowed he was achin' to tackle me. Just to let him know 't his ole pop was on deck I grabbed him one day and throwed him sky high over the fence, and he was mo' humble arter that."

"It didn't cure him, however. He went around rubbin' ag'in folks and step'in' high, and one day he comes home and sez to me:

"Pop, did yo' ever tackle a railroad?"

"No, sonny, I never did. I've tackled men and b'ars and wildcats and circus, but not a railroad."

"They've got one over in the valley, and I think I kin whop it in about five minutes."

"Joe had never seen a railroad," explained the old man, "and they had jest run one down Little Valley, twelve miles away. I told him what it was



HE STOOD THAR AND JUMPED UP AND DOWN.

like, but he wasn't a bit discouraged. He jest humped up his shoulders and spit on his hands and said:

"Shuck my hide, but I'm dyin' to whop somebody, and I'll go over to-morrow and tackle that railroad. If nobody around yere has ever tackled a railroad, then it will be all the more glory for me."

"Joe, don't go and make no fule of yerself," sez I.

"As to how?" sez he.

"As to tacklin' a railroad, thar are some things as even yer pop can't do, and one of 'em is tacklin' a railroad. Jest yo' go out and find a b'ar and hev some fun with him and git over this nonsense."

"He didn't say nuthin' to that, but I knowed he wouldn't mind what I said. He went to bed airly, and jest at daylight I heard him movin' around. I told him if he was bound to go over to Little Valley I'd go along with him arter breakfast and see far' play, and so he waited. When we sot out, he was in high spirits. He whooped and hollered and pranced, and the road wasn't wide 'nuff for him to walk in. Befo' I left the house the ole woman sez to me:

"Zeb, are yo' gwine to let our Joe tout a railroad?"

"That's the idea," sez I.

"Will he git whopped?"

"He will. He'll git whopped so powerful quick and hard that he'll be as humble as a nursin' babe fur a year to com."

"We got over to the valley 'bout 10 o'clock in the mornin'," continued the old man, "and Joe got his fust sikt of a railroad. He was disappointed. Thar wasn't nuthin' but the iron rails to fout, and thar was tears in his eyes as he sot down on a stone and sez:

"Pop, thar's nuthin' to fout, and we've walked twelve miles for nuthin'. I'm feelin' that this state of Tennessee is ag'in me."

"Joe, sez I arter thinkin' things over, thar ain't nuthin' yere to fout, jest as I told yo', but mebber it would console yo' to bluff one of them bull-gines."

"I can bluff anything from a mounting to a grasshopper! What's yer bull-gine?"

"Comin' down the valley with some kyars behind it. Yo've bin blowin' and braggin' all the spring, and yer jest feelin' that yo've got to whop suthin' or die. Git down on the track and turn yerself loose."

"I'll do it, pop, and if I don't take seven different twists in this ole railroad then I'll never look another wood-chuck in the face."

"What I figgered on," said Zeb as he heaved a long sigh, "was that Joe would hev some 'nuff in his head to git off the track when he seen what the bull-gine was. He hadn't, though. He stood thar and jumped up and down and cracked his heels together and whooped, and when I hollered at him he turns to me and sez:

"Pop, yo' jest watch my smoke and don't loose any of the fun. Yer boy Joe are gwine to pull this railroad up by the roots or periah in the attempt."

"And he did wait for the engine to strike him?" I asked.

"Yes, jest waited right thar, prancin' around and whoopin'," replied Zeb. "I started for him, but befo' I got thar the bull-gine struck him, and he went sailin' over the bushes. 'Peared to me he never would git done sailin', but bimbeby he cum down with a crash. When I looked him over, I found he was all broke to pieces. I was liftin' him up when he open his eyes and smiles and sez:

"Pop, did I tackle the railroad?"

"Yo' did, my son," sez I.

"And thar was a fout?"

"Thar was."

"And which got whopped?"

"As he was a-dyin' and I didn't want to hurt his feelin's I told him that he had licked the bull outfit and kivered the family with glory. He lifted up one hand and tried to whoop, but that whoop was only a whisper, and he died in my arms."

"Then he never knew how it was?"

"Never knowed it, sah. Jest went to his death thinkin' he had twisted that railroad clean over two mountings and back ag'in and that he weighed a ton or more'n any other critter in Tennessee."

"Poor Joe! If I'd a-gone at it and driv' him about two feet into the air when the cussedness fust got hold of him, he bin livin' and a humble man today, but I let him tackle a railroad, and he got busted all to squash."

M. QUAD.

Interesting to Asthma Sufferers.

Daniel Baite 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 Honey 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.

A PINCH OF SALT.

As Necessary in Our Daily Life as in Our Daily Food.

How could we get on without salt? In our daily food, as in our daily life, a little of it is necessary, and the absence of it takes away from the flavor of everything we eat. The "salt of life" which we hear about signifies the health, vigor and wit which we find in life. There was a time in countries far from the sea when primitive man never used salt in his food, and it was only when nations advanced in civilization that salt became an absolute necessity.

But it was not alone as food that salt was valued. Among the ancients a salt spring was regarded as a gift of the gods, and it was believed that any salt found in the soil lent it a peculiar sanctity and made it a place where prayers were most readily heard. Every meal that included salt had a certain sacred character, creating a bond of piety and friendship between host and guest; hence the expression, "There is salt between us," meaning friendship, and to be "untrue to salt" means to be disloyal or ungrateful.

In the middle ages, when all classes and degrees sat at the same board, they were placed according to rank, above or below the great saltcellar, which always stood in the middle and marked the dividing social line. "Above the salt" meant "of high degree." Below the salt were the yeomanry, serfs and vassals of the feudal days. A good description of this custom may be found in "Ivanhoe" where Cedric, the Saxon, entertains his vassals and friends.

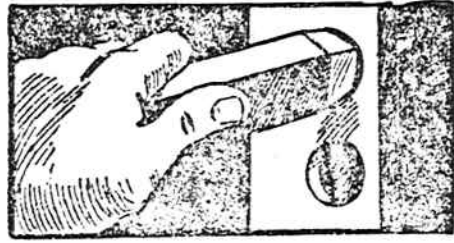
A pinch of salt is always considered lucky in cooking. To take anything "with a pinch of salt" means to excuse or make allowances for it. A "salt" is a sailor. To salt one's conversation means to make it sparkle. Salt is always employed in a sense of benefit or strength.

The Bible has many references to salt, among them being "Ye are the salt of the earth," Matthew v. 13, and St. Paul says, "Let your speech be always with grace seasoned with salt."

Salt is used by Catholics in baptism. They consider it a symbol of wisdom and put a few grains in the mouth of the person baptized.

"I have been troubled for some time with indigestion and sour stomach," says Mrs Sarah W. Curtis, of Lee, Mass., "and have been taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets which have helped me very much so that now I can eat many things that before I could not."

If you have any trouble with your stomach why not take these Tablets and get well? For sale by The Kaufmann Drug Co.



"The square peg in the round hole" figuratively expresses the use of means unsuited to the desired end. A great many people who have been cured of dyspepsia and other diseases of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery say: "We tried many medicines with only temporary benefit. It was not until we began the use of 'Golden Medical Discovery' that we found a complete and lasting cure."

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It is with pleasure that I tell you what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and "Pellets" have done for me. I write Mrs. T. M. Palmer, of Pease, Kaufmann Co., Texas. "Two years ago I was taken with stomach and bowel trouble. Everything I ate would put me in distress. I lived two weeks on milk and even that gave me pain. I felt as though I would starve to death. Three doctors attended me—one said I had dyspepsia, two said catarrh of the stomach and bowels. They attended me (one at a time) for one year. I stopped taking their medicine and tried some patent medicine; got no better, and I grew so weak and nervous my heart would flutter. I could not do any kind of work. Now I can do my house work very well, am gaining in flesh and strength and can eat anything I want."

Accept no substitute for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper covered book, or 31 stamps for the cloth bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

DON'T GET ANGRY.

Fire in the heart sends smoke in the head.—German Proverb.

An envious man waxes lean at the fatness of his neighbor.—Socrates.

One of the very best of all earthly possessions is self-possession.—G. D. Prentice.

The fire you kindle for your enemy often burns yourself more than him.—Chinese Proverb.

The envious man pines in plenty, like Tantalus up to the chin in water and yet thirsty.—T. Adams.

An irritable man lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles.—E. P. Hood.

Lamentation is the only musician that always, like a screech owl, alights and sits on the roof of an angry man.—Plutarch.

A man can easily be intoxicated with anger as with wine; both produce a temporary insanity, and during the paroxysm he should be avoided as a madman.—J. Bartlett.

Night Air. One of the bugbears of old time people is night air, and there is little exaggeration in saying that the superstition against night air has killed more people than the free circulation of it has ever injured. There is abundance of proof that night air is injurious to no one. On the contrary, people who sleep outdoors under the more protection of a tent are the healthiest of all people, and the practice has largely gained in popularity of late years under wider knowledge of hygiene for people in delicate health to go in camping parties and breathe the balsam of the night air. The vigor gained from a few weeks of such an outing is a marked proof that the old prejudice against night air is as foolish as most other old wives' whims.—Exchange.

Talent and Vocation. Each man has his own vocation. The talent is the call. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion. He is like a ship in a river. He runs against obstructions on every side but one. On that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over God's depths into an infinite sea. This talent and this call depend on his organization or the mode in which the general soul incarnates itself in him.—Emerson.

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. I 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.

In the Wrong Direction. When my little brother was five years old, he had the misfortune to fall from the second story porch of a flat in which we were living. Our aunt, who is a minister's wife, was calling a few days afterward and in speaking of the accident said: "Well, Orr, if you had died when you fell the other day you would have gone to heaven, wouldn't you?" Without hesitating, he replied, "Oh, but I didn't take that way!"—Little Chronicle.

Ready For Grace. "Quite a number of the old deacons can now resume the practice of saying grace at mealtime, Willie."

"Allow me to inquire why, Willie."

"Why? Why, because they have ceased chasing the devil around the stump and indulging in political fantasies. A man can't say grace with very good grace if he be graceless, can he?"—Canton Saturday Roller.

Love Growing Cold. Mrs. Octopus—I know that you don't care as much for me as you did before we were married.

Mr. Octopus—What put that notion in your pretty head, my dear?

Mrs. Octopus—Why, you used to put a hundred arms around me, and now it is as much as you can do to use one.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Reason. "Why did Solomon say all wuz wuz wuz en' wexation or spirit?"

"Well, he wuz mighty married, en', 'sides dat, dey didn't grow water-millions in dem days."—Atlanta Constitution.

Expert Opinion. Teacher (to little six-year-old)—Now, Freddie, what is a volcano?

Freddie (with great confidence)—Oh, I know that. It's a mountain that interrupts all the time.—Life.

Unprofitable Questionings. Husband—A penny for your thoughts, Flora.

Wife—I was thinking of a fifteen dollar hat.—Detroit Free Press.

Dilemma.



The Friend—Ain't it hard to remember all de golf terms?

The Caddie—Yo bet. Dey invents a new cuss word every time dey fozzles.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Main Issue. Now comes the dainty maiden all agog with animation and fairly bubbling over with the coming graduation.

But when it comes, alas, we find her knowledge less impressive. Than flounces, frills and tucks and things connected with her dresses.—Baltimore News.

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.

Young Men and Maidens. Life would become intolerable if girls could not be so frank and uncoquettish terms with men of their own age or some years their seniors. The idea that because two young people may have a great deal in common they must also be in love is happily dying out. No one is hurt, no one is compromised, when a friendship does not lead to marriage.—John Oliver Hobbes in Pall Mall Magazine.

A Sorry Finish. Kadleigh—Your wife is always outspoken, isn't she?

Henpeck—Yes, but I try to be that way, too, sometimes.

Kadleigh—Really?

Henpeck—Yes, but whenever I venture to be outspoken it ends in my being outtalked.—Philadelphia Press.

Music beckons the human race on and is followed by the two great columns, the joyous, light hearted and happy and the sorrowful, wretched and despairing.

A Bargain in Real Estate. House Hunter—Isn't \$3,500 rather high for that house?

Agent—High! Why, friends of mine when they heard I was offering that house for such a low price have asked me if it was haunted.—Brooklyn Life.

Not as Serious as It Might Be. An eastern clergyman solemnly informs us that the times are out of joint.

It's a good thing the butcher shops are not.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Gulf. Kate—Is there much difference in their social position?

Nell—Oh, yes; her father gets a salary and his father gets wages.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

An Early Start. Parent—Children, children! What are you quarreling about?

Freddy—We're playing house and don't know who's to get the divorce.—New York Times.

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.

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Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and Home of Swamp-Root. dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.

Albert M. Boozer, Attorney at Law.

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