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WALHALLA, S. C. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1901.

A CUP OF CIDER.

BY WHITE RIBBON.

'Twas about four o'clock on an August afternoon. There was a thunder storm in the air. Already over the mountains the faint rumbling could be heard that a child once called "The chariots the angels go to ride in, rolling around on the golden streets," and great black clouds loomed up over the mountain tops.

Down in the valley the sun beat mercilessly. It seemed to the man toiling slowly down the long dusty road that the heat rose in suffocating waves from the very ground beneath him.

He was an old man—old, more through the agencies of sin and sorrow than of the fifty years he had seen. Now he was hot, dirty and tired, homeless, penniless and deservedly friendless.

But shining through the eyes, half closed against the glare of the sun on the sand at his feet, was a look of determination altogether new to them.

When a child he used to hear his mother say to her friends, "Yes, Jack is a very good boy; he is so easily managed. When he was little he had a will of his own; but I have conquered it, so that now a few moments persuasion will always win him. I have tried to teach him to always respect other people's wishes instead of his own."

Poor broken-hearted woman! She conquered him instead of teaching him to conquer himself and did not show him the line where deference to our friend's opinions and weak yielding meet.

But as he raised his hat and mopped his face, hoping some bit of cool air from the mountains would touch his hot forehead, he felt that at last there was a gleam of hope in the future.

The night before in the town he was just leaving he had heard a woman lecture.

With voice and manner burning with the love Christ gave the world, he had heard her plead for the souls of just such weary wretches as he, and on the dirty, dusty lapels of his old coat was pinned a tiny bow of white ribbon.

Stepping aside in the dust to escape the out-reaching arms of the blackberry bushes, he felt that, in spite of the heat, the dust and his weariness, it was good to live.

Over to the left, a little way from the road, stood an old farm-house. The limbs of a great oak touched the roof and cast long shadows on the ground, weaving fantastic patterns on the white sand of the cleanly swept walk.

There was no living being in sight save a young girl sewing by the door, and a hen with a flock of little chickens scratching in the moist earth in the cool shade of the well-house.

As the traveler turned up the path leading to the house he saw one of chickens hop up on the edge of the horse trough and struggle for a moment, beating the air with its little downy wings to regain its balance, as it was in imminent danger of taking a bath without any preliminary arrangements.

Back in the half-formed idea that our life was something like that perched on the edge—sometimes we go one way, sometimes the other.

But it was too much trouble to put it into a well-formed thought, so he thrust it aside and turned his attention to the girl.

Why, she looked like—but what was the use of even thinking? If the white ribbon had come twenty-five years sooner! Now, he was not worthy to even dream of her.

But he did dream, as he asked the girl if he might rest a bit, and if she would give him something to eat or drink.

She looked at him a moment, then went into the house, returning with a cup of cider.

The cloud had come up now and shielded the earth from the sun. The heralding breeze swept through the valley fanning the lured head of the man as he mopped his face with a not-over-clean handkerchief.

It all seemed inexplicably good. How fair the girl was. How delicious the cool draught would be. Throwing his hat on the ground he held out his hand to take the cup, but started.

Christ in her face she had slowly repeated the words, "I hereby solemnly promise, God helping me, to abstain from all distilled, fermented and malt liquors, including wine, beer and cider." What was the girl saying?

He raised his head and saw her push the cup to his lips. "Drink it, you must be ill, it's so hot."

Then the arch-fiend began: "Drink it, man; you won't break your pledge; it just meant you must not get drunk any more; everybody drinks cider; don't be silly!"

As of old, he yielded, and greedily drained the cup. Then a great jagged streak of lightning pierced the black clouds, like the finger of God writing in wild, weird characters, His wrath.

The thunder shook the house, filling the air with its mighty roar. And with the crash there came to the heart of this man the consciousness of what he had done.

Sometimes it seems as though the human heart were too small to be the abiding place of the demons—Remorse and Despair. What pleasure can outweigh the anguish a heart can feel when first it realizes a broken vow? Unless that heart be so far removed from its Creator as to be insensible to His wrath.

The man had touched no liquor for days and the taste of alcohol in the cider ran him wild.

He started up, pushing the cup into the girl's hand without a word of thanks, rushed down the hill, up the mountain side, into the heart of the storm.

The thunder boomed. The lightning played up and down the mountain side. The pelting rain made every little gully a boiling stream, whose roar seemed as the laugh of the dark angels as they followed him in hellish glee.

But the man saw nothing, heard nothing, knew nothing except that he had broken his vow. God was angry with him. Did not the very mountain in the fury of the storm tremble with His wrath, and that he would give all for one drink of whiskey to quench the thirst that was burning his heart, his brain like the fires of hell?

'Twas Saturday afternoon and when the girl's brothers returned from town she noticed they were unusually quiet.

After they had unhitched the team and were drawing the night water for the stock she went out to the well and asked for the news.

"There's none in town, but as we were crossing the mountain we found a man lying by the road. You know that big poplar at the corner of the river cross road? Well, lightning had struck it and a limb hit this fellow on the head. I thought he was dead at first, but when I bent over him he opened his eyes—and Mary, it scared me. I never had any one look at me that way. He couldn't speak at first, but after a bit he said, 'Cider first—now whiskey!'"

"I had a bottle, so I gave him a drink. (You know I thought I ought to bring some home for sickness.)"

"We took him to town and he kept begging for whiskey all the way, until by the time we got there he was sure 'right!'"

"We took him to Dr. Manly's and he said he might get over it, but didn't think he would."

"He said he was a stranger who had joined a temperance union some woman had gotten up; shows how much good it does; bet he was drunk to start with or he wouldn't have been in the storm."

"Dr. Manly said he must have been drinking for years. That's why he didn't think his head will get well. Hasn't any constitution."

"That night when the girl went to her room she blew out the lamp and sat down by the window in the darkness."

The moon had risen and flooded the yard with its soft light. Down at the foot of the hill a small stream, swollen by the rain, gurgled over the rocks. There was a heavy mist on the mountains and the sheet lightning still played about their summits.

Down in the barn a horse restlessly kicked against the door of its stable. A cat scurried across the yard as if afraid of the great patch of moonlight.

And as the girl rested her tired head on the window sill and thought over the eventful day she wondered if she had anything to do with the man's accident. She wondered why he had acted so strangely. She wondered who would take care of him—a stranger in a strange town.

And as we look out into the darkness of this sin-cursed world and see the harm in only a cup of cider, and the indifference of even professed Christians in regard to this, the greatest of evils, we, too, wonder oh, God, why!

Lazy Liver. I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I tried many remedies, but only found relief from the first trial. I purchased a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and after taking a few boxes, I feel perfectly cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend this medicine whenever the opportunity is presented. J. A. SMITH, 2920 Sunningdale Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

"LAGREOLE" HAIR RESTORER RESTORE YOUR GRAY HAIRS

FOR SALE BY - - - DR. J. W. BELL, - - - WALHALLA, S. C.

THE DRUMMER WHO WAS BROKE.

He Tells of His Experiences—A Misunderstanding Came Near Causing Bloodshed.

[Charleston News and Courier.]

There are two things that seem to bother a traveling man—how to run up a large expense account and how to kill time. Recently, at the Charleston Hotel, a number of old-timers were discussing these topics—topics very absorbing to them—when a young looking fellow with a blue suit on changed the subject by asking if any one in the crowd had ever been dead broke. Of course everybody replied yes. But the young fellow went further by qualifying his remark.

"I mean," he explained, "to get in a pinch where you couldn't even borrow a sue or even touch your money. Never had that experience, eh? Well, you can bet a ton to one shot that I have."

"It has been some time now, but I can't forget it. I was out in the West at the time, near the border of Canada, when my exchequer went wrong, and I had to sell my samples to pay board. That relieved me until I got ready to leave the town. I had nothing to get out with except my feet, and I tell you frankly I used them to good advantage. I literally tramped it for two months, all of the time making for the East. I hiked through towns like a genuine Willy, looking for poke-outs, and had the pleasure of making many strange acquaintances, as well as passing many nights in prison. I stood the hardships very well, because I figured that each one brought me so much nearer home. The idea, though, of having nothing to do almost drove me crazy, and I finally determined to get work of some kind. The afternoon of the day that I came to this conclusion I came to a cross-roads store. I loitered about the place for a little while and then braced the countryman who kept the shop. I told him that I was fairly well educated and was willing to milk cows, nurse babies, play hostler or anything that would bring me bed and board. The proposition being so liberal appealed to the man and he told me that he would take me to supper and then we'd talk the matter over with his wife."

"I found the woman agreeable enough and she seemed pleased to know that I wanted to live with them. The fact, too, that I was willing to work for nothing struck both of them as a fine bargain and the result was I got employment. I was a general farm hand and such satisfaction did I give that the man soon became ashamed of himself for allowing me to work for nothing. He took me into his confidence, saying that he wanted to help me in some way, and suggested that I go to a little trading town near the border and buy fur. He promised to furnish me a team of horses, food and some money and to divide profits."

"That was a pretty fair deal and in the circumstances I was only too willing to get a chance to make money. The old fellow gave me full instructions as to purchasing furs and where to sell the stuff after I had got it."

"Before putting out on my trip he told me to look out for my life, as I would go up against unscrupulous people. He warned me to get myself under cover before nightfall and to be careful with whom I banded. The place I was making for was about fifty miles distant and I took with me, besides provisions and money, an old-time revolver. I had just enough balls for one round and, of course, I had to be careful the way I snapped the trigger. The second day out my attention was attracted to a squirrel, which jumped across the narrow road just in front of me. I vaulted until it climbed a tree and when it became motionless I fired two shots at it. I never seemed to think until after I had fired that I had no shots to spare and it made me sore because I didn't kill the squirrel either. I turned the chamber of my revolver back, stuck it in my belt and whipped up my team so as to make shelter for the night."

"In a little while I came to a small house and was greeted by a good-natured looking woman. I applied for lodging, but she told me that it would be impossible for her to accommodate me, as her husband had gone out on some mission and would not return until 2 o'clock in the morning. When I told her that I wanted to pay her either in money or bacon and grist she consented to let me remain."

"After we had finished supper she directed me to the bed I was to occupy, saying that I would pull a curtain across, so that I would be out of the room from the other half of the room. The room, by the way, answered the purposes of kitchen, sitting room and bed chamber. As I was tired out I lost no time in skinning off and burying myself in an elegant feather bed. All was quiet then and I do not remember anything until I was awakened by whispering in the room. I decided that the woman's husband had returned. The first thing that I heard was the woman remonstrating with her husband."

"'For goodness sake, don't do it,' she excitedly begged. 'Well I am,' her husband murmured, 'and you can't stop me.' 'Let him alone, won't you, please?' the woman pleaded. 'The conversation was taking a decided personal turn and I thought it to my interest to nose about. I was afraid to peep through the curtains, for fear of being killed forthwith, but when I heard someone stalk across the floor and then scrape a knife against the brick chimney I thought I'd better look after my throat. All kinds of visions came to me and I should have fainting had it not been for my revolver. Without any noise I cocked it, propped myself in bed and as the villain came towards me with drawn knife I pulled the trigger."

"'Did you kill the rascal?'" one or two fellows in the crowd asked. "'No,'" replied the man with the blue suit. "You remember that squirrel I shot and the way I turned the chamber of the revolver the wrong way? That is all that saved the guy's life."

"The moment he saw me point the pistol he dropped his knife and cried at the top of his voice for me to stop. That proceeding I thought unusual and a ruse on his part to gain time, but the man soon dispelled any such idea by telling me that he wasn't after my throat, but a leg of venison that hung over my bed."

"You see," he said, "I was hungry when I came in and wanted a slice of meat, and my wife told me that I shouldn't cut the venison for fear of waking you."

Secret of Beauty is health. The secret of health is the power to digest and assimilate a proper quantity of food. This can never be done when the liver does not act its part. Do you know this? Tut's Liver Pills are an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, torpid liver, piles, jaundice, bilious fever, biliousness and kindred diseases.

An Associated Press dispatch tells of the call that 22 American millionaires, headed by J. Pierpont Morgan, and representing the New York Chamber of Commerce, made on King Edward of England, last week. The king is reported to have been as much interested in the Americans as the Americans were in him, and the king's attendants are said to have been more or less concerned for fear that the millionaires might propose to buy Windsor Castle, the palace in which the reception was held. This, of course, was intended as humor; but it is probably no joke to say that King Edward must have realized that kings are pretty common in this country. Here, almost any man may be a king, if he will only conduct himself decently and work as usual.

"A few months ago, food which I ate for breakfast would not remain on my stomach for half an hour. I used one bottle of your Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and can now eat my breakfast and other meals with a relish and my food is thoroughly digested. Nothing equals Kodol Dyspepsia Cure for stomach troubles." H. S. HIDE, Arlington, Texas. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat. J. W. Bell, Walhalla.

Homes for the Sunday School Delegates.

Towaville S. C., June 9, 1901.—Editors Keowee Courier, Walhalla, S. C.—Gentlemen: Please publish this in your paper, homes for the delegates to the Sunday School Convention, to be held with Cross Roads church on the fifth Sunday in June and Saturday before:

- Beavertown—W. M. Sullivan. Bethlehem—W. M. Brown. Chauga—James Bates. Clearmont—J. R. Zachary. Conroos—William Simmons. Double Springs—(Anderson county)—Double Springs—(Oconee county)—W. N. Bruce. Fant's Grove—J. L. O. Shaw. Fort Madison—W. P. Mason. Hopzbah—James Bates. Mount Tabor—(Oconee)—T. P. Singleton. New Bethel—W. S. Prichard. New Hope—R. A. Moore. Newry—J. W. Gibson. New Westminster—J. A. McCleskey. Old Westminister—W. S. Prichard. Okadon—C. A. Whitfield. Pleasant Ridge—R. H. King. Pleasant Grove—T. P. Singleton. Poplar Springs—A. A. Cole. Rockhill—J. E. Gaines. Return—J. R. Cleveland. Seneca—T. C. Phillips. Shiloh—(Anderson)—J. A. Brown. Shiloh—(Oconee)—L. O. Bruce. South Union—P. H. Labell. Towaway—J. W. Gibson. Walhalla—F. L. Sifton. Wolf Station—Elias Mason. West Union—J. S. King.

Mr. James Brown, of Putnam, Va., over 70 years of age, suffering for years with a sore on his face. Physicians could not help him. Dr. W. H. Witch Hazel Salve cured him permanently. J. W. Bell.

The real vital issue in the fight between Senators Tillman and McLaughlin is, whether or not South Carolina wants to be a democracy of the nation or a collection of business policies that are calculated to develop the commercial, industrial and agricultural resources of the State. What Tillman thinks of McLaughlin and McLaughlin thinks of Tillman, is not going to put a dollar in the pocket of any honest toiler, nor will it develop to the slightest any foreign market for our manufactured or agricultural products. When the people understand these points and insist on a discussion of measures rather than of personalities, the chickens will begin to crow for dawn.—Yorkville Enquirer.

THE HOME GOLD CURE. Ingenious Treatment by which Drunkards are being cured daily in spite of themselves—No Noxious Doses—No Weakening of the Nerves—A Pleasant and Positive Cure for Liquor Habit.

It is now generally known and understood that drunkenness is a disease and not weakness. A body filled with poison and nerve centers, which has been perverted or constant use of intoxicating liquors, requires an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating this poison and destroying the craving for intoxicants. Sufferers may now cure themselves at home without publicity or loss of time from business by the wonderful "Home Gold Cure" which has been perfected after many years of close study and treatment of inebriates. The faithful use of this wonderful medicine, developed by thousands of drunkards into sober, industrious and upright men.

Wives, cure your husbands! Children, cure your fathers! The remedy is in no sense a nostrum, but is a specific for this disease only, and is so skillfully devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble and pleasant to the taste, so that it can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. It is administered by loving friends and relatives without their knowledge in tea or coffee, and believe to-day that they discontinued drinking of their own free will. Beware of cheap imitations prepared by ignorant and unscrupulous persons. Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "Home Gold Cure" is sold at the extremely low price of one dollar, thus placing within reach of everybody a treatment more effective than any other costing \$25 to \$50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested, without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of one dollar. Address: Dr. J. W. Bell, 2312 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Correspondence strictly confidential.

An old criminal was asked what was the first step that led to his ruin, when he answered: "The first step was cheating an editor out of his subscription. When I had done that, the devil had got such a grip on me that I never could shake him off."

TOBACCO SPLIT AND SMOKE Your Life away! You can be cured of any form of tobacco smoking habit by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is a new life and vigor by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is a new life and vigor by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is a new life and vigor by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

The farmer who attends strictly to farming is likely to experience no inconvenience from Wall street fluctuation.

How Are Your Kidneys? Dr. Hobbs' Kidney Pills cure all kidney troubles. Ask Dr. Hobbs' Kidney Pills cure all kidney troubles. Ask Dr. Hobbs' Kidney Pills cure all kidney troubles.

Northern Presbyterians to Revise Creed.

The Assembly of Northern Presbyterians, now in session at Philadelphia, have decided to revise the creed of that faith. Practically the revision is to be made as a concession to conscientious office holders, ministers, elders and deacons who are disturbed by some of the doctrines and certain phrases in some of the chapters of the Westminster confession, and for the purpose of furnishing a new doctrinal statement of the reformed faith for the million members in the church not office holders, who wish to know what the church believes without having to depend on the ambiguities of the confession of faith.

In short, while revision will aim at a clear and unmistakable interpretation of the confession of faith, at the same time it will probably introduce some modifications in the forceful, infant salvation and other fundamental doctrines of the church. At first the proposition to revise encountered stubborn opposition, but as the sentiment of the majority of the Assembly became known and the necessity for revision emphasized by some of the clearest speakers, this opposition melted away and the proposed changes were agreed to almost unanimously. So frequent and scathing have been the attacks made on the Westminster document, and so great has been the uncertainty and lack of harmony even among the orthodox, that the final decision excited universal satisfaction.

Educate Your Home with Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. See H. C. C. full, druggists refund money.

Dr. John C. Kilgo, says the Asheville Gazette, is the subject of a good deal of talk on account of certain remarks he made in a recent public address. Speaking of the influence of commerce on life, he said: "The broadest spirit in this country to-day is the business spirit, not the religious or political spirit. Civilization is now engaged in a great fight for supremacy in the Celestial Empire. I tell you that God will go into the line through the cotton factory, the railroad and the telegraph quicker than through the prayer meeting."

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Best for the Bowels. Cascarets. Genuine stamped C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

Husband—I should very much like to know why it is that you are so much more amiable to the servants than you are to me? Wife—Why, you get stupid, if I wasn't they wouldn't stay with me.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure Digests what you eat. Kansas will need at least 20,000 men from outside the State to cut, stack and thresh this season's crop of wheat. Last year about 15,000 men were imported. A delegation from the wheat belt was at Topeka the other day to ask the railway managers to offer special rates to harvesters.

Ezeema, salt rheum, tetter, chafing, itchy poisoning and all skin troubles are quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The certain pile cure. J. W. Bell.

The loss of my husband completely unmanned me."

DR. T. M. MERIWETHER, Dentist, OFFICE IN BANK BUILDING, Westminster, S. C. OFFICE HOURS: 9 A. M. to 12:30 P. M. 1:30 to 5 P. M. Phone 10.

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Dr. W. F. Austin, DENTIST, SENECA, S. C. OFFICE DAYS: MONDAYS, THURSDAYS, FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS. January 15, 1901. Wm. J. Strubling, J. E. L. Herndon.

STRIBLING & HERNDON, Attorneys-At-Law, WALHALLA, S. C. PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED TO THEM. January 6, 1901.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure Digests what you eat.

Southern Railway. Condensed Schedule of Passenger Trains. In Effect Jan. 27th, 1901.

Table with columns: Northbound, No. 12, Daily, Exp. Daily, FstMa Daily. Stations: Lv. Atlanta, Ga., 7:30 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 3:00 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 8:30 p.m.

Table with columns: Southbound, No. 11, Daily, Exp. Daily, FstMa Daily. Stations: Lv. N.Y., Pa.R., 11:15 a.m., 1:45 p.m., 4:15 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 9:15 p.m.

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