

BIG PRICES FOR NEW CABBAGE.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA TRUCK FARMERS FORMED TRUST AGAINST DEALERS.

A Charleston special says: Charleston cabbage kings, shipping cabbage now at the rate of a hundred cars a day, are smiling in their sleeves and counting the cash by a shifty move recently by which they boycotted the New York dealers, selling to the Western markets and boomed the New York quotations sky high.

Therefore, although the local truck planters have lost heavily in beans and cucumbers, the cold following the spell of hot weather having played havoc with this part of their crops, yet they have cause to smile once more on the cabbage outlook, and are sending out thousands of crates of cabbage each day and setting top notch prices for them from domineering New York.

The trick was done this way: New York commission men got huffy, and would not pay anything for cabbages; at least what they offered amounted to almost nothing, 80 cents the crate being smashed into zero when the freight of 60 cents was paid and other expenses taken account. And so the Charleston cabbage monarchs got together and shipped not a cabbage head to New York. The haughty consumers of cabbage boiled and cabbage raw were given the merry ha, ha, and all Charleston cabbage were shipped to the Western markets.

The cabbage buyers of the great West gave Charleston truckers around \$1.20 per crate for cabbage on the platform here. One dollar and twenty cents looks mighty good to the Charleston men and they just lay back in their Morris chairs and "larfed" right out at New York minus cabbages and ready to boost the price immediately. What a difference between this nice price and 80 cents in New York with the freight to pay and a chance of the cabbages spoiling en route and being rejected at that.

And then the New York prices began to rise. Eighty cents was left far in the rear, or way down in the cellar, but the Charleston men put their feet higher on the mantelpiece and just smoked good cigars and "larfed" and sold cabbage at a fat profit to the West and watched the prices at New York soar. They bided their times, not acting hastily, when the New York quotations continued to ascend and reached the handsome figures of \$3 per crate.

Charleston began to take notice. Their cabbages were far in advance of the usual time of the year and were well formed and of the best quality. The hearts of the local planters began to soften towards their New York commission friends. And the stacks of letters that were previously unopened were sifted a bit and now and then one was read. It would be wrong and cruel to reveal the touching appeals that came down to Charleston from New York for cabbages, at almost any old price.

"Give us cabbages." "We must have cabbages." "What shall we do for cold slaw, and hot kraut, and boiled dinners, and table decorations?"

These were some of the melting sentences that were slung down here from the far metropolis. Now, the Charleston truck farmer is not a stony hearted man, and so they all took counsel together and said among themselves: "Let us give ear to the cry of our brethren in New York, and relieve the cabbage famine, that the hungry may be fed and the cries of the afflicted be hushed."

So it was that the truckers became soft hearted and lent an ear to the cry from New York. They relented and shipped their cabbage hence (at \$3 per crate) and now there is much joy among the cabbage chowers of the great city, and much money in the pockets of the Charleston cabbage kings. Even shall the cabbages go North and West, not as the wind bloweth, or the commission merchant, but as the price prevaileth.

Coughs and colds contracted at this season of the year should have immediate attention. Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup contains honey and tar and is unequalled for hoarseness, croup and coughs. Pleasant to take; mothers endorse it; children like to take it. Contains no opiates. Moves the bowels. Sold by J. W. Bell, Walhalla; W. J. Lunney, Seneca.

A Berlin newspaper declares that the "reign" of Rockefeller and Carnegie in the United States will soon come to an end.

"W. W. M." Concludes His Letters.

Walhalla, April 30.—Editors Courier: A little more of my ramble of State and I am through.

On leaving Aiken, on my return to Walhalla, I came back by way of Augusta. Here I met some of my old friends from Greenville, S. C. They are all engaged in a lucrative business and seem to be doing well, but they said they were like the children of Israel, their hearts yearn back to the flesh pots of old South Carolina, and as the people in South Carolina were aroused from their lethargy, and had about thrown off the monarchical, tyrannical yoke by electing Governor Ansel and Gen. Lyon, and that it began to look like a man could worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience and under his own vine and fig tree, and not be bossed by the dictator, or his spies either.

I left Augusta for Greenwood over the C. and W. C. railroad. I passed the historical town of McCormick, where there was a riot with the Tolberts several years ago. It looked at one time as if there would be serious trouble. So much so that Sheriff McCaslan wired me to hold myself in readiness, as my services might be needed. On reaching Greenwood I met the sheriff, whom I had never seen before, and in talking about the riot he told me well did he remember my reply to his telegram: "If it was necessary I would be there on first train with a hundred of the best men that ever went to battle."

While at Greenwood I met several of my old friends and comrades that belonged to Orr's Regiment. Among them was William McKinney, and who is it that does not remember Bill McKinney? I found him to be the same genial, big-hearted fellow he always was. I had the pleasure of visiting him in his home and meeting his kind lady and his beautiful and accomplished daughter. They made me feel quite at home. Bill can tell all about the war, from Sandy Springs to Appomattox, and many a little incident did he relate while I was there. We split our blood together on more than one battlefield in defense of what we thought was right. In his rehearsing the war, and telling over how the loved ones cheered us and encouraged us to go to the front, made me think of these lines:

"When war is at hand and danger is nigh,
God and the soldier is the people's cry.
When the war is over, and all things righted,
God forgotten, and the soldier slighted.

Greenwood is a growing, healthy, thriving place, with nice churches and good school facilities. Some of our Oconee people live down there. In my ramble over the State I did not enjoy it anywhere better than at Greenwood, and when I left there I told the depot agent I wanted a ticket to the banner county in the State, and he showed me out one for Walhalla and asked me no questions.

Now, Messrs. Editors, with this communication my ramble ends. I hope I have not trespassed on your valuable columns, for no where in the State have I seen a better weekly paper than the Keowee Courier.

In the treatment of piles it becomes necessary to have the remedy put up in such a form that it can be supplied to the parts affected. Man Zan Pile Remedy is encased in a collapsible tube with nozzle attached. It cannot help but reach the spot. Relieves blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles. 50 cents with nozzle, guaranteed. Try it. Sold by J. W. Bell, Walhalla; W. J. Lunney, Seneca.

Board Named to Pass on Food.

Washington, April 25.—Secretary Wilson to-day created by executive order the Board of Food and Drug Inspection, whose duty it shall be to administer the national pure food laws. The board consists of Dr. Harvey Wiley, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, chairman; Dr. Frederick L. Dunlap, whose commission as Associate Chemist dates from today, and George R. McCabe, Solicitor of the Department of Agriculture.

Secretary Wilson has found it practically impossible to take the required time to go into all the necessary details imposed in the administration of the pure food law. The amount of administrative work in this connection, he says, has been rapidly increasing during the past months, and to keep up with it he has found it will take absolutely all his time. President Roosevelt was consulted in the matter and at once gave hearty assent to the plan of placing the administration of the laws in the hands of a board.

There are many kidney remedies, but few that accomplish the result. "Pineules" is a kidney remedy that contains no alcohol or opiates of any kind, complies with the National Pure Food and Drug Laws, guaranteed to give satisfaction. Thirty days treatment for \$1. Inquire about "Pineules." Sold by Dr. J. W. Bell, Walhalla; W. J. Lunney, Seneca.

A. B. Williams, editor of the Richmond News Leader, will make the annual address to the State Press Association at Charleston in June.

CASITORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Pettekin*

PICTURES OF NOTED CAROLINIANS.

A WASHINGTON ARTIST COMPLETES PORTRAIT OF POPE, TILLMAN AND HAGOOD.

Washington, April 29.—Miss Clara Strait, a South Carolina lady, has recently painted the portraits of three distinguished South Carolinians in her studio here. These portraits are of Col. Joseph Daniel Pope, Gen. Johnson Hagood and Senator Tillman.

The portrait of Col. Pope is for Mrs. T. Reed Stoney, daughter of Col. Pope. She will presumably hang it in her home.

The portrait of Gen. Hagood was ordered by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and it will be presented to the State of South Carolina and hung in the State House.

The portrait of Senator Tillman is to displace the one already at Winthrop College, in the front parlor. This picture at Winthrop Senator Tillman does not like. It is a life-size portrait, three-quarter length, and represents the Senator in his most pleasing attitude.

The portrait of Col. Pope is life size, though only a bust. The Colonel is smiling and happy and his genial, lovable nature is admirably shown in his features, as they are in life.

Gen. Hagood is in a Confederate general's uniform, the likeness being taken from a picture when the General was in his middle life vigor. There was no photograph of him in Confederate uniform, however. Miss Strait painted the picture from a number of photographs and from frequent consultations with Capt. Johnson Hagood, a grandson of Gen. Hagood, who is in the United States Army, now stationed in Washington.

The portraits of Col. Pope and Gen. Hagood will be sent to South Carolina soon. They have created considerable interest among South Carolinians in Washington who are acquainted with the man or with their families.

Miss Strait is the artist, it will be remembered, who painted the portrait of Gen. Micah Jenkins, which was recently unveiled in the State House. She has had a studio in Washington since 1903.—P. H. McG. in News and Courier.

In using a cough syrup, why not get the best? One that comes highly recommended is Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup; contains honey and tar and is superior to other cough syrups in many ways. Children always like it, because it contains no opiates, is a laxative and is guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money refunded. Try it. Sold by Dr. J. W. Bell, Walhalla; W. J. Lunney, Seneca.

A Country of Trousers.

There is a point on the coast of France where not only the men, but the women and donkeys, too, wear trousers.

At Ile de Re the peasant women work in the salt and oyster beds, catch shrimps and take their turn in the fields. They don't draggle around in petticoats, however, but wear baggy knee breeches; loose waists and light colored sunbonnets. The sabots of the winter have been put aside and the feet are left bare, although the legs of old stockings are often drawn up as far as the knee as a protection from the heat and insects.

It is, indeed, a country of trousers. Nor does it stop with humanity, for many of the donkeys as well wear long, striped red and white or blue and white coverings on their legs, which look very much like the remnants of Uncle Sam's wardrobe. These are put on the stubborn little animals to keep off the flies and mosquitoes, so that they will be less liable to kick.—New York Sun.

Improper action of the kidneys causes backache, lumbago, rheumatism. "Pineules" is a kidney remedy that will relieve these diseases. Pleasant to take and guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. "Relief in every dose." Sold by Dr. J. W. Bell, Walhalla; W. J. Lunney, Seneca.

Packing Plant Burned.

Pittsburg, April 25.—A loss of \$300,000 was sustained by fire in the William Stroled Packing Company's plant at Spring Garden, Allegheny, opposite the city, when 500,000 pounds of lard and the killing department of the plant were destroyed. The fire is supposed to have been caused by the crossing of an electric wire. A panic was caused among the spectators by the explosion of a dozen ammonia tanks, but no one was injured.

Artists have no trouble in securing models. The famous beauties have discarded corsets and have become models in face and form since taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents—Tea or Tablets. Dr. J. W. Bell.

The eloping couple were in quest of a magistrate.

"Will you always protect me?" asked the girl.

"Always," he replied fervently.

"And if we are caught," she added, looking fearfully about her, "will you keep mamma from spanking me?"

Then he realized that the real test of love was still to come.—Exchange.

Bounty Land Locals.

Bounty Land, April 21.

Kind friends who may with interest read old Bounty Land tidings, Pray listen while we comment on her people and their happenings. Mrs. Rankin is improving, Of late she been quite feeble, This inoffensive family Are honest, clever people. J. B. Pickett returned Thursday; Where from? Do you query? Pelzer, as a delegate, He met the Presbytery. Mr. Pickett is a man

Of firm fixed resolution, To try to turn him from his way Would cause a revolution. The golden rule he tries to live, May sometimes fail 'tis true, To do unto his neighbor

As he'd have his neighbor do. Mrs. Gilmer's moved among us; She's quite an acquisition With her quiet modest manner And her genial disposition. Miss Bertie Smith's expected home, At any hour or minute, The school at McKimoye has closed, She was a teacher in it.

J. J. Davis is at his post again, He goes with zeal unmatched— The post, we mean, to which His mail-box is attached.

Miss Sallie Davis has returned. From an extended visit To her aunt in Atlanta, She could ill afford to miss it.

Though Georgia 'gainst taking some things, Has yet no law enacted, And in some auto tour perhaps, The measles she contracted.

J. E. Pickett and B. E. Bagwell, Be it our fondest mission, To all our mental powers exert, Or clear them of suspicion.

Would you my friend suspect these men Had o'er the wine cup gloated? If so you quit misjudge them; Who, no sir; they're not bloated; But sober quiet men are they, Whose courage never falters, Whose virtues shine like beacon lights Across tempestuous waters.

Thos. Hubbard, who is now ensconced In his new two-story domus, Is an excellent example For all ambitious farmers.

The Oakway school closed Friday, And during her vacation, Miss Leiza Perritt expects a trip To Jamestown Exposition.

The Gillison boys have been again— These two old bachelor brothers— Resolve, we think, to profit By the failures of some others.

They now (or one of them at least) After serious meditation, To shun through all his future years The marital relation.

Though love he says is very good, He never did deny it; But 'tis by no means solid food, And he never means to try it, We'll own that many men who wed, Might avert domestic trouble, If they'd but calculate ahead, They'd find their means wouldn't carry double;

Though Hymen's bonds have made them one, By one now they are 'trouthed, Yet there are two mouths to be fed, Two bodies to be clothed.

J. M. Gillison and J. L. Smith— Good men of judgment sound, But more eccentric men than these Are rarely ever found.

But what of eccentricities? For these we do not blame, For have not all our noted, All brainy men the same? Mrs. Smith has suffered agonies— Her sight almost obscured— But all with Christian fortitude Has patiently endured.

Miss Maude Ellison is no better; We extend our heartfelt sorrow, And may she yet her health regain On some bright glad to-morrow. We'd say of Capt. Ellison, Of friends he has no lack, For no one ever left his doors

But wanted to come back. Of the Stones we little know, Nor whence they came, nor why, We judge they're men of firmness tho', The name would this imply.

J. Ervin Denny and family Enjoyed a Sabbath's rest At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Doyle, Of whom they were guests.

D. A. Perritt's left hand never knows (Nor ever yet his neighbors) The deeds his right—What's that you say?

"Neither of them labors?" He makes a living just the same— A good one too you bet— Just wait, and keep on waiting— He may surprise you yet.

This page would seem a blank indeed Without Jap Doyle's name on it; He who would evil speak of him Might wish he hadn't done it.

Our rural mail man, Hunnicutt, Comes promptly to deliver Our letters, some of which may cause Many a heart to quiver.

Of McDonalds, Guntharps, Mills we'd write— In fact the whole creation— But time and space forbid us, And lack of information.


Now we'd be grieved indeed to learn A neighbor we've offended, And beg his pardon in advance And say 'twas not intended, But if he would retaliate With pen and ink on scroll, We bow in meek submission And say, "Just let 'er roll."—E. M. D.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Pettekin*

A New Orleans woman was thin. Because she did not extract sufficient nourishment from her food. She took **Scott's Emulsion**. Result: She gained a pound a day in weight.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00



To Be Hanged for Assaulting Girl.

McDonough, Ga., April 26.—Book High will be hanged here May 29th. He is the 17-year-old negro who assaulted little Mary Daniel, four years old, on March 26th. He was convicted in the Superior Court by Judge E. J. Reagan Tuesday morning and given the death sentence.

The trial lasted only about two hours and the jury was out only a few minutes. The child is still in a critical condition.

The statement made by Mrs. Daniel, the child's mother, caused the jury and the court officials to weep.

Every one knows that spring is the season of the year when the system needs cleansing. Dade's Little Liver Pills are highly recommended. Try them. Sold by J. W. Bell, Walhalla; W. J. Lunney, Seneca.

The health department of Philadelphia is fighting an epidemic of "spotted fever."

WHITE'S Cream Vermifuge

THE GUARANTEED **WORM REMEDY**

THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE TONIC.

Beware of Imitations. THE GENUINE PREPARED ONLY BY **Ballard-Snow Linctum Co.** 57 N. 3rd St. MO.

WALHALLA DRUG COMPANY. W. J. LUNNEY, SENECA.

AT LAST

The safest, soundest and most reliable LIFE INSURANCE in the world has been put within the reach of the common people. THE OLD RELIABLE SOUTHERN MUTUAL has done it.

The plan of this splendid company is no experiment, no now-fangled scheme to fleece the public. It is the old original plan of MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE introduced in England two hundred years ago and was in vogue in this country until Life Insurance became so popular that speculators seized upon it to enrich themselves, and gradually advanced charges until, for many years past, they have collected in premiums three dollars for every one they pay back in death losses. Their plan is simple, bold, bald-faced robbery, by which they have piled up hundreds of millions of dollars, unnecessarily taken from the pockets of the people. They pay their officers enormous salaries, sometimes as much as a hundred thousand dollars a year, while those who control them speculate on their immense surpluses of hundreds of millions of dollars and become millionaires, and worst of all, out of these vast surpluses, fifty millions of which is collected annually out of their policyholders in twelve Southern States, they make large contributions to campaign funds to secure the election to Congress and other high official positions men who are pledged to support measures concocted and intended to still further rob the people of these Southern States. (See testimony taken by Legislative Committee that investigated the affairs of those insurance companies in New York.)

These so-called "strong" Northern companies are taking from the people of Georgia alone, in premiums, every year six millions of dollars, only one-third of which ever comes back to pay death losses. This is nearly twice as much as the people have to pay in taxes to support their State government, including the pension roll, the public schools and all other State institutions.

The mission of the SOUTHERN MUTUAL is to stop this enormous drain on the productive industry of the South by furnishing the soundest and safest Life Insurance ever offered to the people at one-third of what these robber companies charge for their policies, and thus put this wise provision for our dependent ones within the reach of all—the small farmer, the mechanic, the preacher, the teacher, as well as the planter, the merchant, the manufacturer and the banker. It does this by cutting off every speculative feature of Life Insurance and charging its patrons only what is actually necessary to pay economical operating expenses and death losses. Its officers and agents are paid no salaries, but each is allowed a moderate commission on what he does. If he does much he gets what he would make at any other legitimate business; if he does nothing he gets nothing.

It piles up no "reserve" to invite speculation and enrich officers and favored agents, and thus leaves in the pockets of its policyholders two-thirds of what the speculative companies take out of them.

Its plan and methods have stood the test of the most rigid scrutiny for many years. Its strong points, which commend it to an intelligent public are:

1. It is the safest, soundest and surest Life Insurance in the world. The payment of its policy is as certain as that of a United States bond.
2. It is the cheapest Life Insurance ever offered to the public, its policy costing only one-third of what most other companies charge.
3. The money you pay it to meet death losses does not go to New York or Chicago, never to return, but is kept in a bank in your own home town, by a Treasurer selected from among your own people, who has established a character for honesty and fair dealing, and who is under an ample bond, secured by one of the strongest surety companies in America.
4. It has, moreover, large deposits of securities in the Treasuries of the States in which it operates for the protection of its policyholders. Its policy is as simple and plain as an ordinary promissory note. Any one who can read can easily understand it, and it is as good for what it promises to pay as a United States bond. It adds as many dollars to the value of your estate as it calls for, strengthens your credit, and above all, provides for the immediate wants of those you love when you are taken from them.

THE OCONEE COUNTY BRANCH of the SOUTHERN MUTUAL has been established with Westminster as headquarters and with the following well known officers to direct its affairs:

DR. C. M. WALKER, President. THOMAS P. ANDERSON, Treasurer.

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Robert H. Maret, Matthew H. Lee,
Paul P. Sullivan.

The OCONEE COUNTY BRANCH is a home institution, managed by home men and the money you pay it stays at home, not in other States, thousands of miles away.

Can you afford, when you can so easily and so cheaply protect your family against want when you are taken from them, to run the risk of leaving them unprotected?

The agent of the OLD RELIABLE SOUTHERN MUTUAL is in your midst. See him and secure a policy for their protection before it is too late.

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