

A NEW THEORY FOR MAD DOGS.

L. W. BICAISE SAYS MANY FINE DOGS ARE KILLED THAT ARE NOT MAD.

A recent dispatch from Charleston says: The marked prevalence of mad dogs throughout the State is attributed to foxes by L. W. Bicaise, a leading authority on dogs in Charleston, and attention will have to be paid to the mad animals in the swamps before the trouble is corrected.

In the opinion of Mr. Bicaise, the rabies develop more readily and commonly among the foxes than dogs, probably for the reason, he explained, that they are thick in the swamps and when one is bitten the infection spreads more rapidly, and the infected animals are free to continue to roam, biting and extending the rabies until the disease kills them. Dogs, and especially hunting animals, will run into or along the swamps, often chasing a fox, and the affection spreads in this way among the domesticated animals. A mad fox will not run away from the dog, being affected with a short of blindness, just as are dogs with the disease, and consequently the dogs which come upon the foxes always have a fight and are inoculated with the much dreaded virus. Once a dog is bitten it is only a question of time when the rabies develop in these animals and gradually the dogs make others mad and the prevalence of mad dogs becomes noted.

The affection is brought into Charleston and other of the larger communities of the State, Mr. Bicaise said, through the practice of many sportsmen sending their dogs into the country at certain seasons of the year. Some of the dogs are sent to be trained or perhaps for better keeping than they would get in a city, and these dogs are bitten and later, upon being brought back to the homes of their owners, they develop the rabies and unless the animals have the attention of their owners, that they might be killed at once, the dogs bite others and the number of mad dogs in the cities grows numerous.

In his experience of many years with fine breeds of dogs, Mr. Bicaise has seen many cases of the kind, and he has often urged upon people having good dogs to be very careful about quartering these animals in the country, on account of the likelihood of becoming affected. "Much of this mad dog scare is without foundation," said Mr. Bicaise. "There are not near so many dogs with the rabies as people declare and many fine animals are killed without cause. I have treated dogs which were pronounced mad in a few days or a week or two the dogs were again as healthy and gentle as they ever were. I have in mind one case in particular where the dog was declared by several parties to be affected with rabies and, yielding to my entreaty to allow me to treat the dog with a few doses of a worm medicine, the animal was again as well as ever and never again did it have any trouble which resembled the rabies or which caused any uneasiness in the household.

"Dogs do get crazy sometimes, if I may so call the affection, but these spells are due either to some disease or perhaps, an injury, acting in a peculiar manner, which caused them to be mistaken for mad. In most of these cases the dogs will recover, but at the same time I am not of the class of people who advise any unnecessary exposure of the person or of other animals to dogs which may be acting strangely, for sometimes these spells are followed by the rabies. Caution should always be observed."

In Charleston about a dozen dogs have been killed recently on the streets as a result of their peculiar antics and fear that they might have been mad. The streets are still, however, very full of dogs, but it is expected that the dog pound will be soon opened and the catching of the stray animals will start. More freedom of the streets is allowed to dogs in Charleston than in probably any other city in the country.

CASTORIA

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Union Ordered to Pay Damages.

Seattle, Wash., July 3.—Even though not incorporated, labor unions may be held responsible for damages inflicted on organizations, according to the ruling in the Federal District Court here Saturday. The question was raised in the suit of D. E. Johnson, a printer, who was awarded \$3,500 damages against Seattle Typographical Union, No. 202.

Johnson was expelled from the Seattle Union for an infraction of the rules. By reason of his status he was forced to surrender a good position and was unable to obtain work in Seattle. As a result he went to Los Angeles and accepted a position in a non-union office. Johnson considered himself humiliated and damaged in such a degree that he sued the union for \$30,000 damages. The suit was resisted on the ground that the union was not incorporated. The defendants also deturred to individual suits on the ground that an organization was the fender.

G. B. Burhans Testifies After Four Years.

G. B. Burhans, of Carlisle Center, N. Y., writes: "About four years ago I wrote you stating that I had been entirely cured of a severe kidney trouble by taking less than two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure. It entirely stopped the brick dust sediment, and pain and symptoms of kidney disease disappeared. I am glad to say that I have never had a return of any of those symptoms during the four years that have elapsed, and I am evidently cured to stay cured, and heartily recommend Foley's Kidney Cure to any one suffering from kidney or bladder trouble." Sold by J. W. Bell.

Assailant Sought By Posse.

Scottsboro, Ala., July 4.—About three o'clock yesterday morning Harrison Cothran, a negro, aged 22 years, attempted to criminally assault Miss Janie Sowell, the 16-year-old daughter of Bailiff Porter L. Sowell, at her home, one mile east of Scottsboro.

The young lady was in her room asleep when the negro entered. She screamed for help and her father, who fortunately was sleeping in an adjoining room, jumped out of bed and ran into her room.

Although the negro struggled fiercely, Mr. Sowell succeeded not only in capturing him, but held him until a messenger went to Scottsdale and returned with an officer.

While the men discussed the affair and how to get the negro to jail safely the negro leaped through a window and made his escape. A posse followed, but the negro has not yet been found.

The bites and stings of insects, tan-sabars, cuts, burns and lacerations are relieved at once with Pinesave Carbolic. Acts like a poultice and draws out inflammation. Try it. Price 25c. Sold by Dr. J. W. Bell, Waihalia; W. J. Lunney, Seneca.

Silk Manufacture Shows Increase.

Washington, July 3.—The census bureau issued a bulletin to-day showing the increase between 1900 and 1905 in capital invested in silk manufactures is over 35 per cent, making the total money invested in the United States in this industry over \$109,000,000. It is shown in the five years' period the proportion of men and boys employed in the silk industry has decreased and the number of women increased.

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. Sold by Dr. J. W. Bell.

Troops in Riot.

Norfolk, Va., July 4.—Five hundred South Carolina and Kentucky militiamen, while attempting to take charge of the War Path at the Jamestown Exposition last Tuesday night, were resisted by the Powhatan Guards. A riot ensued and several persons were injured.

Headache and constipation disappear when King's Little Liver Pills are used. They keep the system clean, the stomach sweet. Taken occasionally they keep you well. They are for the entire family. Sold by Dr. J. W. Bell, Waihalia; W. J. Lunney, Seneca.

Lee J. Longley, a well-known attorney of Atlanta, is in jail accused of attempting to assault a 13-year-old white girl.

A bill for State prohibition of the whiskey traffic was the first introduced at the present session of the Georgia Legislature.

A free delivery letter system will be established in Newberry in the near future. The houses are being numbered and street signs tacked up preparatory to installing the system.

The... Camera Hunt

BY HONORE WILLISIE.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Penelope took a long breath and started on after her brother and his wife, who were chatting with the guide. After the rough climbing of the morning the little plateau seemed heavenly. But even this respite did not ease Penelope's sense of irritation.

Arthur's and Alice's fad had seemed so amusing at first that she had readily accepted their invitation to join them. To hunt the wild game of the Rockies with a camera was unique enough to be interesting, but the hunt of the long tailed deer, so high among the peaks that rapid work was misery, had been very bad. The three days' chase for a snap at the black wolf had been worse, and it ended in failure. But this chase for a mountain sheep was trying Penelope beyond endurance.

"It's easy for Alice," thought poor Penelope, digging her staff viciously into a crevice. "She's like a bundle of steel wires. She loves to get up before daylight and crawl half a mile on her hands and knees to wait at a spring for some silly beast to come for a drink. But I'm just worn out. Alice! Arthur!"

The three enthusiasts ahead turned back. "You three leave me here in the shade of this rock and come back for me when you are finished. I am worn out."

Arthur looked at Penelope in dismay. "But don't you want to see a mountain sheep?" he conxed. "Since the black tailed deer were in the river bottom this morning the sheep are sure to be up here. Just think, Penelope, one of those curious, rare mountain sheep!"

But even this vision failed to move his sister. She shook her head. Alice gave a resigned little sigh.

"I'll stay with you, Penelope," she said.

"No, you won't," said Arthur hastily. "It's not safe. Two women are no better than one here."

Here the guide interposed. He had been with them but a day, but already, besides being their guide, he was their counselor and friend. He was too well bred to be treated otherwise. Penelope looked at the stalwart, heavily bearded fellow in a troubled way. His resemblance to Dick in spite of the beard was startling.

"Now, I tell you, Mr. Seymore," he said, "you know as much about this business as I do, and you tell me you have been up this trail half a dozen times before. Why can't I stay here with your sister, fix up camp for the night and let Mr. and Mrs. Seymore go on and locate the sheep?"

"Good, good!" exclaimed Seymore. Mrs. Seymore looked a little dubious, but Penelope spoke eagerly. Here was a chance for an hour or two of rest that was not to be foregone.

"It will only be a couple of hours," she said pleadingly. "You will be back before dark, and I am so tired, and," she added artfully, "you may miss your only chance at the mountain sheep."

"Come on, Arthur," said Mrs. Seymore, and the two started off up the mountain.

The little plateau on which the colloquy had taken place was smooth and wide, with a little spring trickling out of the great wall of the mountain. Penelope sat quietly watching the distant peaks in the afternoon light while the guide set about his preparation for the night's camp, watching Penelope surreptitiously the while. Very lovely was the sunlight on the masses of her hair, the quick glow of color in her cheeks, the delight in her eyes as she looked at the distant glory of the canyon walls.

Finally her gaze wandered to the guide as his work brought him close beside her, and again the troubled look came to her eyes.

"Do you know," she said abruptly, "you have a resemblance to some one I used to know that is startling."

The guide straightened himself and looked at her keenly. "Is that so?" he said in his quiet way.

Without knowing why, she added, "It was some one who was very dear to me."

"And now?" said the guide tentatively.

"There is no now," said Penelope, rising and walking toward the edge of the plateau.

The guide watched her anxiously. "Not too near the edge, please," he called.

Penelope did not answer. Far, far below curled the silvery line that was the river, then up and up chaos of color in the rock masses, and silence, silence so intense that, though every sense was keen to catch the brilliancy of the canyon coloring, Penelope stood counting her own heart beats. She leaned over a little to look at the ledge below her.

And then the thing happened—a sudden vertigo, a hoarse cry from behind her, a sense of endless falling, then unconsciousness.

After ages of nothingness she opened her eyes—far above, the sky with a glory of sun and snow, a grandeur of distant peaks and far horizon, then a sense of pain and with it a man's voice calling:

"Penelope! Penelope!" And above the brush grown ledge on which she lay a man's face looked down upon her.

"Here I am! I'm all right!" she called back weakly.

"Will you lie perfectly still while I get the rope?" called the guide. "For

heaven's sake, don't move!" And the face disappeared, leaving Penelope alone with the blue above and the far circling of an eagle about the crags.

Then a rope with a carefully adjusted slip noose dangled beside her. "Can you put it over your head and under your arms?" the guide called. "For my sake, Penelope, be careful! And look up at me all the time. Don't look down into the canyon."

Too bruised and shaken to be surprised, Penelope took the noose with trembling fingers and tried to disentangle herself from the brush which had broken her fall. Slowly, inch by inch, with pain at every motion, she raised herself to a sitting position, then little by little adjusted the noose under her arms to the guide's satisfaction.

"Now," he called, "I'm going to lower your staff to you, and you must keep yourself from brushing the wall by means of it as I pull you up."

The fear and misery of that trip back to the plateau Penelope was never to forget. The rope cut into her chest until she would have fainted with the pain had not the difficulty of warding herself from the wall with her alpenstock forced her to keep her senses alert. Now, with a quick jerk, she was pulled upward for a few feet; then a pause, while the rope twisted her dizzily, with now a view of the serenity of the opposite canyon wall in the afternoon sun; now the yellow dampness of stone within an inch of her face, then another violent jerk upward.

As she paused within a foot or so of the plateau level she closed her eyes and dropped her staff. Then a pair of arms lifted her slowly, tenderly, and laid her on the ground, then carefully removed the rope.

Penelope opened her eyes. "Dick!" she said hesitatingly. "Dick!"

"Are you hurt?" asked the guide unheeding. "What shall I do? Shall I go after your sister?"

"I think there are no bones broken," said Penelope weakly. "I am only terribly bruised and shaken. How I am to get down the mountain again I don't know."

"Oh, we can arrange that easily," answered the guide eagerly as he adjusted the steamer rug on which she lay.

Again Penelope's senses dimmed. "You do look so like Dick," she murmured. "Aren't you Dick? Only Dick was not so strong!"

"Tell me about Dick," said the guide, with a hand that trembled so that a cup of water he had brought sprinkled her gown.

Penelope looked at him with puzzled, half delirious eyes. "Dick? Why, Dick was my husband, and after we had our silly quarrel he went to Europe. That was three years ago."

The guide threw aside the cup. "Do you think it was a silly quarrel?" he cried. "Would you forgive Dick?"

"Yes," answered Penelope. "If only I could find him."

The guide stooped and lifted the slender, aching body into his arms. "Here I am, dear," he said. "Here is Dick! It was never Europe, after all. I came here, where I could work and be forgotten."

Penelope looked into his face, forgetting her pain in the wonder of it all. "I must have known it," she said, "in spite of the beard."

Then she closed her eyes on his shoulder. "Sheep hunting is not bad, after all," she said. And Dick held her close.

Needed a Mowing Machine.

He walked about the main thoroughfare of the little town awhile when he discovered one of those familiar red, white and blue globe topped posts. He had sighted his place, and the discovery was confirmed when his eye met the original legend, "Raise 10 cents or whiskers!"

There was but one tonsorial chair, and it was occupied by a stalwart fellow, evidently a blacksmith. Judging from the stubborn growth of beard, the patron could not have shaved but once a week on an average, for the growth was like a scrubbing brush. The barber made a lather, paced all over the countenance of the recumbent blacksmith, stropped the razor vigorously and sailed into his work. After he had struggled long and dangerously over his patron he felt constrained to say:

"Ain't I hurtin' you?"

"No," answered the Plutonian gentleman, still with energy.

"I seem to be workin' hard without gettin' there," commented the village barber further.

"Oh, just go on," encouraged the blacksmith. "You're doin' all right, for them you ain't cuttin' off your cripplin' so much I guess they'll never grow again!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Limitations of Fame.

In Professor Knight's reminiscences of Tennyson it is related that on one occasion when the poet laureate was stopping at an inn in the island of Skye the landlord was asked if he knew who had been staying in his house, and on being informed that it was the poet Tennyson, he replied:

"Lor, to think o' that! And, sure, I thought he was shentleman."

At Stirling some one asked the landlord of the house where the poet was stopping:

"Do you ken who you had w' you t'other night?"

"Naa, but he was a pleasant shentleman."

"It was Tennyson, the poet."

"And wha may he be?"

"Oh, he is a writer o' verses sich as ye see i' the papers!"

"Noo, to think o' that! Jest a pooble writer, and I g'ed him ma best bedroom!"

But the charms of Mrs. Tennyson, her gracious manners, did not pass unnoticed, for the landlord said, "Oh, she was an angel!"

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ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

Got Thirty Days for Stealing Shirt Waist.

Spartanburg, July 4.—A young white woman, who gave her name as Sissie Gosling, was convicted in the police court yesterday morning on the charge of larceny. She was sentenced to serve thirty days in jail. She was accused of stealing a red shirt waist from Miss Nelson, daughter of T. D. Nelson, proprietor of the Magnolia Hotel. The woman who was convicted of the charge had been a guest of the hotel since Tuesday night.

Summer coughs and colds yield at once to Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup. It contains honey and tar, but no opiates. Children like it. Pleasant to take. Its laxative qualities recommend it to mothers. Hoarseness, coughs, croup yield quickly. Sold by Dr. J. W. Bell, Waihalia; W. J. Lunney, Seneca.

Handsome Woman Accused.

Cincinnati, O., July 3.—At the request of John Sternberger, a traveling salesman of Philadelphia, Anna Bailey, a handsome musician of Nashville, was arrested this afternoon

with Philip Bohnert, a bellboy, at a hotel here.

Sternberger complained that his \$1,000 diamond ring had disappeared from his room. He told of meeting the Nashville woman and spending several hours with her at the hotel and of the disappearance of his ring.

The bellboy was arrested in connection with the affair. The woman declared that she knew nothing of the theft of the ring. Later it was found hidden in the bellboy's room. He then declared the woman had given it to him to conceal, and that they were to sell it later and divide the proceeds.

Sternberger is traveling for a millinery firm.

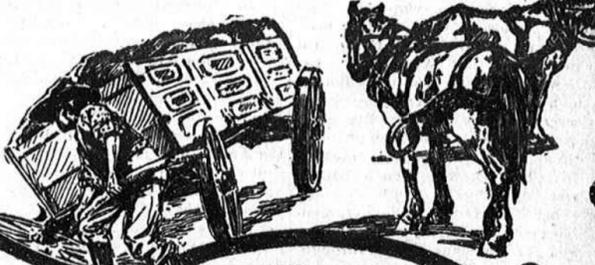
Was in Poor Health for Years.

Ira W. Kelley, of Mansfield, Pa., writes: "I was in poor health for two years, suffering from kidney and bladder trouble, and spent considerable money consulting physicians without obtaining any marked benefit, but was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure, and I desire to add my testimony that it may be the cause of restoring the health of others." Refuse substitutes. Sold by J. W. Bell.



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