

A LADY PASSENGER.

How She Travels in a Sleeping Car. A Monologue.

"Thank you, porter. Yes, you may open that other window. It's so stuffy in here. It always is in sleeping cars before they start. Can you get me a fan? I forgot mine at the last minute. Yes, that will do nicely. Thank you."

"To newsboy: 'No. No magazine I never read on the train, particularly at night. I knew a man who went blind, and they said it was because he read so much while he was traveling, so I've been afraid to look at a book since except when I was perfectly stationary.'"

"You needn't offer me any candy, either. I am on a diet, and the doctor doesn't allow me any sweets. I would like some chocolate peppermints, though. Wait a minute, you may give me a half-pound box. I'll eat the peppermint for the sake of my digestion and try to forget the chocolate."

(To conductor): "Both my tickets? I thought you wanted only my railway ticket. But I always forget. You know I've travelled so little alone. Now here's my railway ticket, and—where did I put the other one? I thought it was in the same envelope. Dear me! I wonder if I've lost it? Oh, no, here it is. It looks so like that last prescription that I haven't had filled that I overlooked it. I wonder what I've done with the prescription now? You don't see it anywhere on the floor, do you?"

(To porter): "Whose suit case is that? Belongs to the person in the upper berth? Oh, dear! I hope it's a lady, though I do feel sorry for any woman who has to risk her life in one of those things. A man, you say; well, now, isn't that a nuisance? Men are so apt to snore awfully loud, and then I like to have the upper berth to spread my skirt and waist out in. You couldn't possibly give him another berth, could you?"

(To women across the car): "Very warm in here, isn't it? Are you going all the way to Chicago? Yes, I thought so; you remind me something of a Chicago woman I met last summer."

"No, you don't look like her exactly, but she had a suit and a hat something like yours. Probably they came from the same place."

"You've never been to Chicago? Well, now that's funny; neither have I. I am going out to see my brother's family. They've wanted me to come for a long time, but I didn't want to take such a long trip. I don't like my sister-in-law very much, anyhow."

"I just dread this night. I never sleep a wink on a sleep, do you? I don't like to take all my clothes off for fear there'll be a wreck, and I won't be decently presentable, and if I leave some of them on I get so warm that I almost suffocate."

"Yes, and then I can't help wondering who slept in the berth last. Of course it don't do any good to wonder. You'll never know, and it's a great comfort to remember that they clean cars with compressed air these days. There's less danger of germs and all sorts of things, but when you can't sleep, you know, you really can't help borrowing trouble. Sometimes I think I might just as well sit up all night. I'd be quite as comfortable as smothering to death behind those awful curtains."

(To porter): "Yes, you make up my berth now. Don't forget to put a screen in the window, and there's a blanket, I suppose, and make the bed with my head—now which way is it? Oh, yes, with my head to the engine. I never can remember, though, I believe some people like it one way and some like it the other, don't they?"

"Be sure and put the number in plain sight. I have a perfect horror of making a mistake and trying to get into the wrong berth. I heard once—"

(To conductor): "Oh, conductor, you won't forget to give my ticket back to me in the morning? You know it's a round trip ticket, and I don't want to lose it. Oh, yes, I know, but I was afraid I might possibly change conductors before I am up in the morning, and you might carry it off in your pocket."

(To other women in dressing room): "Oh, no, you are not in my way at all. I have plenty of room if you have. Is there any hot water? I might know there wasn't. It's al-

ways such a farce to mark the faucets hot and cold when the water is invariably cold. I always wash my face in hot water before putting on my complexion food, but I suppose I'll have to let it go to-night. It's a nuisance, too, for railroad dust always makes you look grimy and years older than you really are."

"Do you use that skin tonic? I tried it once, but I don't care for it. It seemed to make my skin hard and dry. I like this better than anything I've tried yet. You ought to get some."

(To porter): "Call me at 7, please, porter. Though I don't expect to close my eyes all night. But if I don't get to the dressing room ahead of them I never will get dressed in time to get my breakfast. It takes so long to dress in such cramped quarters. You haven't forgot to put the screen in, have you? Now, don't fail to wake me."—New York Mail.

Our Homicidal Mania.

In the twelve years that I have known America at all intimately I only recollect one instance in which the criminal law worked with anything approaching the English standard of swiftness and precision. That was in the case of the man who shot President McKinley.

Public opinion insisted on a speedy trial and a speedy execution, and public opinion had its way. Had the victim been a man of less prominence, the odds would have been over 70 to 1 against his assassin ever being brought to the chair.

The odds I have quoted are not to be taken as a mere figure of speech. They are a literal and appalling fact. Since 1885 there have been 131,951 murders and homicides in the United States, and but 2,286 executions. In 1885 the number of murders was 1,808; in 1904 it had risen to 8,482. In 1885 the number of executions was 108; in 1904 it was 116.

There was nothing that I am aware of to make 1904 a year of peculiar criminality. Indeed, the figures for 1905 and 1806 tell an even more sinister tale—Americans seem now to be killing one another at the rate of more than 9,000 a year. Looking over the statistics of the last twenty years, one finds, roughly speaking, that while executions have remained virtually stationary, murders and homicides have multiplied five-fold.

There are over five times as many murders committed in the United States per million inhabitants as in Australia, more than fourteen times as many as in Japan, nearly ten times as many as in Canada, and about twenty-five times as many as in Germany.

Only one European country, Italy, has ever shown in this respect a worse record; only one country in the world to-day, Mexico, exceeds the American average; and the United States has the further distinction of being the only country where the proportion of murders to population is positively on the increase.—London Mail.

Mosquitoes and White Stockings.

The recent discovery that army posts are thriving places for mosquitoes because these insects breed in old cannon and in the piles of old cannon balls may be supplemented by another discovery which women attach to these posts made in the Philippines with regard to mosquitoes. An officer's wife at Fort Slocum told about it the other evening when some men visitors wearing low shoes and black hose were slapping their shins.

"If you were here long you would notice," she said, "that every woman around here wears white hose. It isn't because it is the fashion, but because mosquitoes rarely bite through white stockings. We learned that in the Philippines. Black hose seem to attract these pests. There is something about white that repels them. Tell your women folks that when they visit an army post in mosquito time and expect to be out of doors to be sure to put on white stockings. It will save them a good deal of annoyance. A woman rubbing her ankles together because of the misery of mosquito bites is not altogether attractive."—New York Sun.

A building at Broadway and 58th streets, New York, occupied by an automobile garage, collapsed last Tuesday. Several persons were buried in the ruins.

RATTLE AND KING SNAKE.

Story of Strange Battle to the Death on an Arizona Desert.

One of the fiercest and most sanguinary battles to the death between a large rattlesnake and kingsnake ever witnessed took place in the edge of the great palm forest south of Xucua, Ariz., a few weeks ago.

R. P. Wheeler, superintendent of the Big Sandy Mining Company, and two companions were driving from Signal to Castenada's Well and found the snakes in fierce combat in the road, according to the Mohave Miner. For more than an hour they watched the tide of battle with unusual interest. The snake fought wearily, seeking advantage, like a flash the kingsnake gripped the rattler close to the head and was folding itself, coil after coil, around the body of its antagonist. Near the middle of the rattler the kingsnake had formed a running knot of its body like a figure 8, and in its creepy folds was soon crushing out the other's life.

With a desperate effort the rattler freed his head from the grip of the kingsnake and, like a flash of light, was sinking its deadly fangs into the other's body. Time after time the rattler's head quivered and flashed as it struck its poison-flecked fangs against the sides of the writhing kingsnake, until at last they became fastened in its body, requiring an effort to loosen the hold. During all this time the snakes were writhing and beating up the sands of the road into such a cloud of dust that their movements could scarcely be followed.

Soon it developed that it was but a matter of a little time until the kingsnake crushed out the life of the rattler, as he again had him in his deadly folds and again gripped him close to the head. The hour being late in the afternoon Mr. Wheeler and companions placed the snakes, still locked in their deadly coils, into a box and took them to Castenada's Well, where they were dumped out, and the fight continued. Within an hour the rattler was crushed into an inert mass.

The kingsnake, realizing that his foe was dead, proceeded to investigate and smelled his old enemy over carefully from head to tail. One of the men had removed the rattles from the rattlesnake toward the last of the battle and the stump was still bleeding. As the kingsnake came to the bleeding stump his body writhed and swelled and his head raised and swayed from side to side and then descended on the luckless tail with an angry swish. Then, without further ceremony, he proceeded to swallow his late enemy in the most approved cannibalistic manner.

The hard-fought battle had been won, and the victor, having disposed of the spoil, sluggishly and wearily dragged its battered and bleeding frame into a nearby bush, there to digest the dinner it had so hardily won. Four hours had been consumed in the battle and deglutition of the vanquished rattler.

Quick Relief for Asthma Sufferers.

Foley's Honey and Tar affords immediate relief to asthma sufferers in the worst stages and if taken in time will effect a cure. Sold by Dr. J. W. F. P.

The Marvel of Distance.

The distance to the nearest fixed star is so tremendous that, like many of the facts of astronomy, it is beyond the grasp of the human imagination, though not beyond the reach of mathematical demonstration. Light, which travels at a speed of 186,000 miles in a single second of time, takes over four years to reach us from the nearest star. The thread spun by a spider is so excessively fine that a pound of it would be long enough to reach around the earth. It would take ten pounds of it to reach to the moon and over 3,000 pounds to stretch to the sun. But to get a thread long enough to reach the nearest star would require half a million tons. If a railroad could be built to this star and the fare fixed at a cent a mile the total cost of the journey would be \$250,000,000,000, or more than sixty times the whole amount of coined gold in the world.

Farmers' Mutual Association Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Association will be held at the Court House, at Walhalla, on Tuesday, August 6th. All members are urgently requested to be present. J. B. Pickett, President. J. D. Isbell, Secretary.

The Picket Guard.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say, "Except now and then a stray picket, is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro. By a rifleman hid in the thicket. 'Tis nothing; a private or two, now and then. Will not count in the news of the battle; Not an officer lost—only one of the men. Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night, Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming; Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon, Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind Through the forest leaves softly is creeping; While stars up above, with their glittering eyes, Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread, As he tramps from the rock to the fountain, As he thinks of the two in the low trundle bed, Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim, Grows gentle with memories tender, As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep, For their mother—may heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then— The night when the love, yet unspoken, Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes He washes off tears that are welling, And gathers his gun closer up to its place, As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree— The footstep is lagging and weary; Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light, Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves? Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing, It looked like a rifle. "Ha! Mary, good-by!"

And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night— No sound save the rush of the river; While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead— The picket's off duty forever.

CLEVER, BUT TROUBLESOME.

Characteristics of the Red Ants that Invade the Pantry.

The small red ant, the pest of the pantry in country or town, is as clever as she is bothersome, says a writer in the New York Tribune. Many a time a despairing wife has marked a path around the legs of her tables or refrigerators, to find next day that the engineering corps had bought grains of sand to build a bridge over the tar and that the workers were merrily carrying off the sugar, syrup, or whatever they had decided to store away for winter. Once when sand was lacking it was found that the workers had returned to their village and had brought over a drove of their cows and had stuck them in the tar, cheerfully sacrificing them to the urgent needs of commerce.

Learning that chalk lines drawn on the floor would keep the ants away for the sensitive ant nose, a man once drew a thick line around a party of ants that was foraging across his kitchen floor. He kept them several days, as none would cross the line. Finally, feeling sorry for them, he chopped up some fine grass and dropped it in the circle, that they might eat and keep them from starving. Eat? Not they. They simply seized the bits of grass, bore them, piece by piece to the chalk line, built a pyramid and when it was high enough, pushed it over the line, thus making a green bridge over which they passed.

Notice to Confederate Veterans.

The Confederate veterans will meet at their usual places in each township on Saturday, August 2d, at 11 o'clock a. m., and elect one of their number, who is not an applicant for a pension, nor now on the pension list, as a delegate to meet at Walhalla Court House at 11 o'clock a. m. on Monday, September 2d, to elect a pension board for the county to serve the ensuing year. J. W. Holleman, Chairman Pension Board.



The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Charles H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Monkey Frees His Master.
A full-grown monkey sat as judge in the criminal court at Jersey City recently, and acquitted his master of the charge of playing a hand organ without a license. Tony Massella had been hauled to court because Mr. Monk had bitten the finger of a man who offered him a bread crumb. Since the complainant didn't appear, however, that accusation was quashed, but Tony was held by Judge McCarthy for failure to pay a license fee to the city treasurer. While Tony garbled forth excuses, the monkey jumped over the court bar, and perched upon the arm of the jurist. When the latter began a sentence in which he meant to impose a fine, the monk began chattering uproariously. "He says he wants me to suspend sentence," announced Justice McCarthy, "which I hereby do, so that there won't be any dissension in the court." Then he handed his fellow-judge a nickel, which the monkey slipped into his pocket with a tip of his cap.—New York American.

Annual Singing Convention.
The Annual Singing Convention will meet with New Bethel Baptist church, near Oakway, on August 2d and 4th, 1907. Rev. C. D. Mann will preach the introductory sermon on Saturday at 11 o'clock a. m. All singers are cordially invited. J. F. Morton, President. Norton Cox, Secretary.

THREE PAPERS A WEEK FOR \$1.50.
By a clubbing arrangement with the Charleston Semi-Weekly News and Courier we are offering that paper and The Keowee Courier for \$1.50 per year. The Keowee Courier is recognized not only as the best paper in Oconee county, but it is rated among the best county papers in South Carolina. The Semi-Weekly News and Courier is an excellent journal, published on Wednesdays and Saturdays, gives the detailed news of South Carolina as a special feature, and carries the full Associated Press dispatches from all over the world. The combination of the two papers at \$1.50 gives our present readers, as well as new subscribers, an opportunity to secure two of the best papers in the State (three papers a week) for 50 cents more than the regular price of either. Let us send you two of the very best papers in South Carolina for almost the price of one.

Notice, Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy
The officers of the Oconee Monument Association are asking for the names of all soldiers from Oconee county who were killed or died from the effects of the war before the surrender. Any one having such a record, or any one whose kinsman died in the cause, will please take notice. This is important, as the names will be used in the monument. J. W. Holleman will receive all letters or communications regarding the matter.

PINE-ULES for the Kidneys
30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR \$1.00

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Time Table No. 14.—In Effect May 5, 1907.

	12	10	8	20	18
EASTBOUND—					
Lv Walhalla.....	8 35	2 27	1 45
Lv West Union.....	8 40	2 32	2 01
Ar Seneca.....
Lv Seneca.....	8 55	2 50	2 40
Lv Jordan Junction.....	9 00	2 53	2 45
Lv Adams.....	9 10	3 08	3 08
Lv Cherry.....	9 15	3 11	3 12
Lv Pendleton.....	9 20	3 23	3 45
Lv Antun.....	9 25	3 31	3 00
Lv Denver.....	9 45	3 39	3 15
Lv West Anderson.....	10 00	3 51	3 28
Ar Anderson—Pass Dep.....
Lv Anderson—Pass Dep.....	10 05	3 56	8 30	7 00
Lv Anderson—Frt Dep.....	10 08	4 00	8 33	7 03
Ar Belton.....	10 10	4 25	8 37	7 25
WESTBOUND—					
Lv Belton.....	11 5	9 7	19 23
Lv Walhalla.....	11 10	9 22	19 28
Lv West Union.....	11 15	9 27	19 33
Lv Adams.....	11 20	9 32	19 38
Lv Jordan Junction.....	11 25	9 37	19 43
Lv Seneca.....	11 30	9 42	19 48
Lv Cherry.....	11 35	9 47	19 53
Lv Pendleton.....	11 40	9 52	19 58
Lv Antun.....	11 45	9 57	19 53
Lv Denver.....	11 50	10 02	19 58
Lv West Anderson.....	11 55	10 07	19 53
Ar Anderson—Pass Dep.....
Lv Anderson—Pass Dep.....	12 00	10 12	20 00
Lv Anderson—Frt Dep.....	12 05	10 17	20 05
Ar Walhalla.....	12 10	10 22	20 10

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