

TOWNE VISITS BRYAN.

New Yorker is Candidate for Second Place on Democratic Ticket.

Lincoln, Neb., July 1.—Charles A. Towne, of New York, was a visitor at Fairview this afternoon. Mr. Towne, who is an avowed candidate for the Democratic nomination for Vice President, as well as an old-time personal friend of Mr. Bryan, stopped off here for the express purpose of discussing Vice Presidential politics. Mr. Bryan was expecting him, and for half an hour they remained closeted.

At the conclusion of the interview Mr. Bryan said that he had been glad to see Mr. Towne. He had nothing further to say.

"New York is the logical State to furnish the Vice Presidential nominee," said Mr. Towne. "The public does not seem to realize the number of Democrats there are in Northern New York. I am not surprised at the declination of Judge Gray to be mentioned for Vice President. I have expected it right along. Judge Gray is a strong man, a popular man with all classes, he has ability, a magnetic personality and marked attainments. However, he has been assured by friends from all parts of the country of support for myself. Assurances of an unmistakable character were given me by leading New York Democrats before I would permit the use of my name."

"What will be done with the anti-injunction plank at Denver?" Mr. Towne was asked.

"It should be a strong one—one that does not hedge. The laboring man will be protected."

"Will provision for the interlocking decree be made for use in extreme cases? What is Mr. Bryan's position on this phase of the question?"

"That I cannot discuss; I cannot even express my opinion, for it would borrow color from the fact that I have been talking with Mr. Bryan."

Mr. Towne smiled as he parried this question. Likewise he laughingly dodged interrogations as to whether Mr. Bryan had singled him out for support in his canvass for the Vice Presidential nomination. Previous to Mr. Towne's visit, however, Mr. Bryan had practically set at rest, temporarily at least, reports that he favored Mr. Towne.

"Mr. Towne is quoted as saying that you some time ago assured Mr. Towne that he would be acceptable to you. Is that true?" Mr. Bryan was asked.

"He meant that he was favorable to them," said Mr. Bryan, with stress on the last word, and with a wave of the arm indicated the galaxy of favorite sons whose names have been mentioned in connection with the nomination for a running mate.

Mr. Bryan is silent on all matters pertaining to probable action by the convention in order to disarm probable criticism on the score that he is attempting to dictate.

His intimates here have taken the cue, and if he has confided his wishes to any of them they are guarding their secrets well. Mayor Brown, who is a delegate at large, and Nebraska's choice for member of the resolutions committee, is generally credited with being the man in Lincoln who knows Mr. Bryan's wishes regarding a platform.

HEAT PROSTRATES THE NERVES.

In the summer one needs a tonic to offset the customary hot weather nerve and strength depression. You will feel better within 48 hours after beginning to take such a remedy as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Its prompt action in restoring the weakened nerves is surprising. Of course, you won't get entirely strong in a few days, but each day you can actually feel the improvement. That tired, lifeless, spiritless, feeling will quickly depart when using the Restorative.

DR. SHOOP'S RESTORATIVE WILL OPEN A FALLING APPETITE.

It will strengthen the weakened kidneys and worn-out nerves these organs depend upon. Test a few days and be convinced. Sold by J. W. Bell.

COX MILL SUPERINTENDENT.

G. A. Franklin Succeeds H. G. Welborn at Cox Mills.

(Anderson Mall, July 3.)

G. A. Franklin has arrived in the city and has assumed the duties of superintendent of the Cox Mills, succeeding H. G. Welborn, who resigned in order that he might be associated with five mills in the lower part of the State. Mr. Welborn left Anderson this morning for Lexington, N. C., where he will spend a week with his mother. He will then return to Batesburg, where his headquarters will be.

Mr. Franklin came from Walhalla, where he has been superintendent of the Walhalla Mills for some time. Before going to Walhalla he was superintendent for three years of the Draper Mills of Spartanburg. He is considered one of the very best mill men in the State, and the management of the Cox Mills are considered lucky in securing his services. Mrs. Franklin is yet in Walhalla, but she will move to Anderson shortly.

WAYS OF MINING PROMOTERS.

How Schemes Are Worked to Get Funds to Open Mines.

A mining man from Mexico tried to interest an Eastern capitalist in his proposition, but was turned down politely, but firmly. A shade of disappointment crossed his face. He half arose from his chair and reached for his hat. He hesitated for a moment as if debating some momentous step. Then he dropped back into his seat and leaned forward confidently, as though he had decided to impart some weighty secret.

"Suppose I should tell you," he began, "that I know where the long sought treasure of the Aztec kings is buried, that within an hour after reaching the City of Mexico I could go to the place where it lies, the vast store of gold and jewels that Guatemotzin hid when the little band of Conquistadores, Cortez's conquering Spaniards, appeared before his capital?"

"How do I do this? Listen!" The promoter's voice sank to a tense whisper. "Can any one hear? Don't let us be interrupted. I have never told this to a soul before. May I knock the door?"

"Suppose I tell you how a mozo, one who had served me faithfully for many years, had left my employ at the mines and had gone to the City of Mexico, there to take service with one of the old Spanish families who live in a street a little back of the great Cathedral, which, as you know, was built on the site of the ancient temple, where they used to sacrifice thousands of human captives each year? You can see huge sacrificial stones in the National Museum there to-day."

"This family went to the tierra caliente, to their hacienda there, in the winter months, when there is no rain, but the air is chill in the city. Before they left the master told this Indian servant to take up the stones in the patio, the interior court around which the house is built—the residence has been in the same family for two centuries and a half—and to clear out the ancient drain that had become half choked and unserviceable, also to relay all the paving stones flat and level."

"The soil is soft there. There are no cellars in the houses, for the city is built on an ancient lake bed and almost anywhere you strike water within ten feet from the surface."

"In due time the family departed, leaving this Indian in charge of the other servants in the empty house. These Mexican peons, by the way, are slow, but faithful and sure. Without undue haste the work began and proceeded."

"Sometimes Juan worked alone, digging in the damp soil; at other times some of the other men helped him, carrying out the dirt of lifting the heavy blocks of stone that paved the courtyard. Juan one night had a dream that if he should dig in a certain spot in the patio he would find a vast treasure."

"The next day was the Fiesta of All Souls—a great religious holiday, when every one goes to the Dolores Cemetery, decorates the graves of his dead and gets stupid with pulque. Juan made some excuse, pleaded illness, I suppose; the rest of the servants went away and left him alone in the great house."

"The moment they were gone and the outer door fast bolted, Juan commenced to dig, with a feverish haste such as he had never shown before in the spot indicated by his dream. He was standing in a pit as long and as narrow as a grave when a chance thrust of his shovel into the black, reeking soil touched a stone."

"Now there are no stones in the City of Mexico except what have been brought there from the quarries, miles away, so Juan knew that what he had encountered was either an ancient idol of the Aztecs or else the forerunner of what he sought. He stopped to take a drink of pulque, and went back to work. With infinite labor he uncovered what appeared to be a great square stone, and finally, I don't know how, succeeded in lifting it from the place it had rested for nearly three centuries."

"Two weeks later—I was in the mountains of Durango, at Topia, at the time—I received a letter from Juan. It was written by one of those public letter writers, who sit in the plaza before the Cathedral, for Juan, like nearly every one of his class, cannot read or write."

"The letter urged me to come to Mexico at once and to see him immediately on my arrival, that he was in great trouble, that he had news of personal interest to impart. In short I gathered from the letter, aided by my intimate knowledge of Juan's character, that there really was something urgent. He had saved my life once, and, as I had intended going to Mexico soon, I decided to hasten my trip and start immediately."

"It's a week's journey by mule, horse and rail from the mines to the capital. On my arrival I sent for Juan, and he came to my room at the turbide, where he was well known as my former mozo."

"What would you say if I told you that he recounted to me how he had dreamed and dug and lifted the stone, and how he had found a mass of coarse gold, washed from placer workings by the Aztecs no one knows where and no one knows when; how he had found, also, curious images of gold, figures of the gods and of the sun and rain; how he brought from a fold in his blouse, tied in a very dirty handkerchief, a double handful of coarse gold, mixed with huge uncut rubies, like cherries in a handful of wheat?"

"Did he tell any one else of it? No, he would not do that. He had an idea of the value of the gold, but not of the rubies. What next? This is only supposing, you know, a kind of hypothetical question."

"Suppose I should tell you how I assayed the gold myself and found it what I thought it, from a placer; that I had two of the uncut rubies priced in one of the jewelry stores along Piateros street, and found them gems of great value. I have bought a good many mines, and a great many people have tried to salt them on me, but I am cautious and I haven't been caught yet. I trust no

one, and I know that my own judgment is not infallible."

"Suppose I tell you how I agreed with Juan to buy the house, to give him a few thousand for himself—those peons don't know what to do with money if they get more than \$2 at a time—and how the next day urgent business called me to New York. The Aztec treasure still lies where it was buried, and I can do nothing toward reaching it at present. Suppose my story interested you, would you care to put any money into a matter of that kind?"

It Builds Force

"I have also cancelled your signature to the stock subscription list, as you see. I regret this very much, but I trust that you will appreciate that I have acted honestly and in good faith."

The Canadian was taken aback. He rose from his chair and grasped the promoter warmly by the hand, assuring him of his high esteem. They threw bouquets at each other for a few minutes, and then the conversation imperceptibly turned on mining propositions again. The promoter rose to go.

"Well, Mr. Smith," said the capitalist, "whenever you have anything that you can conscientiously recommend just let me know, and I'll take a far bigger slice than I did in the one we have just buried. I like your way of doing business. To tell the truth, I have always been suspicious of mining investments, and I would not have taken the few dollars' worth I did had I not been impressed by your personality. So just bear it in mind, won't you?"

Mr. Smith hesitated a second and said:

"I've got a good thing that I have intended all along to keep exclusively for myself. I'm the sole owner of a property in Mexico. It's a big property, and I've spent all the money I can afford just now in developing it. I'll take you in on the ground floor if you want to put in \$150,000 or \$200,000."

The next two hours were spent in describing the property, showing maps of the underground workings, assays and engineers' reports. The upshot of it all was that the promoter took the train for New York that night with the Canadian's signature to a contract to take \$175,000 worth of stock in the proposition.

When he showed this to his partners on his return to his home office they leaped for joy.

"How on earth did you do it, Jim?"

"Why, they told me in Toronto that that millionaire was the easiest mortal up there, that he had no confidence in any one and little trust in himself. I won his confidence, that's all. I sold him \$5,000 worth of that Dead Horse mining stock, gave him his money back next day, and so landed him for this block. I had it all planned out before I left New York. But he's got a good thing as it is for he's a close buyer."

One of the most noted bits of promoting work during the last twenty years was done in Colorado. Two miners were out hunting one day in the rugged hills. They stopped to rest and one of them kicked a small stone loose from the earth and when his companion was not looking slipped it into his own pocket. It assayed almost pure silver.

In a fortnight a new mining camp was born and several hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of silver ore was taken out of pockets in the earth. It did not occur in veins. The pockets were soon cleaned out and the shanties of the once populous town were vacant, except for a few prospectors who still hung on, hoping against hope.

A Boston metallurgist rode out there one day and a prospector showed him a sample of the silver rock that had once lined the pockets of every one so richly. The scientific man was interested, but said nothing, moved into one of the deserted cabins and spent his days taking observations with curious instruments. "Crazy," was the general opinion.

In a fortnight he vanished. Three months later he had a force of men at work sinking a shaft in the apex of a low mountain some miles away. "Crazy," was the unanimous verdict.

The scientist had noted that the rich ore found in the pockets seemed to be of volcanic origin. He immediately concluded that it had been spewed out of a volcano ages ago. He settled in his own mind which of the mountains thereabout used to be a volcano. Then he went back to Boston. He told his capitalist friends there what his theories were. He had grown to regard them as facts by that time.

He told them that he had found the extinct volcano and that if they would back him to sink a shaft from its apex down into what had been its crater they would be rewarded by finding an enormous mass of solid silver—the mother bodies of the little pieces that had rained down miles away. He got \$100,000. When that was almost spent the miners found a small piece of the volcanic silver ore.

The Boston man took this back east with him at once, saw his backers, convinced them that he was on the right track, and got \$200,000 more. Before half that had been spent they ran across a big pocket of enormously rich ore that netted about \$75,000 profit.

The money came easy after that. The shaft sank, foot by foot, but never another bit of ore did they find. The volcano that once had spouted molten silver like a geyser had not

What is medicine for? To cure you, if sick, you say. But one medicine will not cure every kind of sickness, because different medicines act on different parts of the body. One medicine goes to the liver, another to the spine, Wine of Cardui to the womanly organs. So that is why

Wine of Cardui

has proven so efficacious in most cases of womanly disease. Try it.

Mrs. Wm. Turner, of Bartonville, Ill., writes: "I suffered for years with female diseases, and doctored without relief. My back and head would hurt me, and I suffered agony with bearing-down pains. At last I took Wine of Cardui and now I am in good health." Sold everywhere, in \$1.00 bottles.

Write today for a free copy of valuable 64 page illustrated Book for Women. If you need Medical Advice, describe your symptoms, stating age, and reply will be sent in plain, sealed envelope. Address: Ladies Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

WRITE US A LETTER

give up its riches. The backers of the promoter refused to continue to give up theirs and the mine became a memory.

Most disgusting skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc., are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is a cleansing blood tonic. Makes you clear-eyed, clear-brained, clear-skinned.

Which Side are You On?

(Copied from The Foreign Mission Journal, and Published by Request.)

One of our Baptist papers tells the story of a respectable grocer who, as was the almost universal custom in those days, kept liquors for sale. In a large temperance meeting, at which nearly the entire population of the town was present, all those in favor of the traffic were asked to take one side of the hall and those opposed to it the other side. The grocer looked on until the division was nearly finished, and after scanning closely the anti-temperance side, he deliberately went over on the side of temperance, saying: "You don't suppose I am going to stay over there with that crowd, do you?"

In reading that story, you can apply it to the Foreign Mission question. Suppose all the people in a community could be gathered together, those in favor of missions in one company, and those opposed in another; how long do you think these respectable Christians who say they do not believe in foreign missions would be willing to stay with that crowd? Is it not true that Christian people do not stop to think where their opposition to missions places them?

Without any unkindness of feeling and with perfect fidelity to the facts in the case, let us look at those two companies. On the side of the opposition would be found the worldly, unspiritual, inactive church members. There would be the man who is stingy, close and mean in his business dealings. The drunkard, the gambler, the man unclean in his life, the outcast woman, the common cheat, the thief, the robber, the infidel and the blasphemer, all without exception would stand against missions. It is certain that Satan and all his folks would be on that side. In a word, all the forces that count for nothing in the Master's kingdom and all those that stand for bitter, unrelenting opposition to God and righteousness are against Foreign Missions.

In the company favoring missions are our noble Christian women, almost without exception; our most liberal, conscientious, devoted laymen; our most intelligent and consecrated preachers; Paul, the first great missionary, and all the splendid army of heroes and martyrs who have suffered and died for the cause through the ages; and the goodly host of brave, self-sacrificing men and women who are now on the field, every one of them heroes of the first order. On this side is God the Father, "who so loved the world"; Jesus Christ, the Son, who died for men everywhere; the Holy Spirit, whose insistent plea is that no soul shall be left in heathen darkness; in fact all the forces that make for righteousness in the world.

In this warfare all that is akin to heaven is on one side, and all that hold kinship with hell is on the other side. Oh! you who say you do not believe in foreign missions, look closely and honestly at those two companies, and then have the courage to say, like the old grocer: "You don't suppose I am going to stay over there with that crowd, do you?"

\$100 Reward—\$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

VISITING CARDS—All the latest styles. We want your orders for first-class work in the Engraving line. We can furnish any style or any quantity you may desire. Write or call on THE KEOWEE COURIER, Walhalla, S. C.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUMMONS FOR RELIEF.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF OCONEE.

Court of Common Pleas.

Georgia R. VanDiere, as Administratrix of the Personal Estate of M. R. VanDiere, Deceased, Plaintiff, against Matilda Chambers, Ellen Lyles, Roxey Roach, Hampton Chambers, Lucy Roach, Albert Chambers, a minor, Defendants. Summons for Relief—(Complaint not Served.)

To the Defendant Above Named, Roxey Roach:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for the said county, on the third day of June, 1908, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office, on the Public Square, at Walhalla Court House, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated at Walhalla, S. C., June 3, 1908.

(Seal) C. R. D. BURNS, C. C. P. ROBT. A. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

To the Defendants Above Named: The Defendants in this action will take notice that the Plaintiff, as administratrix as aforesaid has filed Summons and Complaint in this action in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, at Walhalla, South Carolina, June 3, 1908, for the foreclosure of the mortgage therein described.

June 3, 1908.

ROBT. A. THOMPSON, 24-29 Plaintiff's Attorney.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF SENECA COTTON MILL STOCK.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF OCONEE.

Court of Common Pleas.

R. T. Jaynes, as Guardian and Trustee for the Estates of the Children of Mrs. Catherine H. Blumann, deceased, Plaintiff, against Eleanor B. Jordan, as Executrix and Louis M. Jordan, as Executor, of the last Will and Testament of Lambert W. Jordan, deceased, Defendants.

By virtue of levy under an execution to me directed in the above entitled action, I will sell to the highest bidder, at public auction, in front of Walhalla Court House door, on MONDAY, the 8th day of JULY, 1908, within the legal hours of sale, One Hundred and Twenty-five Shares of the Capital Stock of Seneca Cotton Mills, belonging to the Estate of L. W. Jordan, deceased, as follows, to wit:

Common Stock, One Hundred and Twenty-five Shares of the par value of One Hundred Dollars per Share.

Terms: CASH.

W. M. KAY, Sheriff Oconee County, S. C. June 16, 1908.—25-27

BLUE RIDGE RAILWAY CO.

BETWEEN BELTON AND WALHALLA.

Time Table No. 4.—In Effect June 7, 1909.

EASTBOUND—	12				10				8				18				20			
	A	M	P	M.	A	M	P	M.	A	M	P	M.	A	M	P	M.				
LyWalhalla.....	8 45	3 27	9 00	8 50	3 32	9 10	9 08	3 50	4 48	9 10	3 52	4 52				
LyWest Union.....				
LySeneca.....				
LyJordan Junction.....				
LyAdams.....				
LyCherry.....				
LyPendleton.....				
LyAutun.....				
LySandy Springs.....				
LyDenver.....				
LyWest Anderson.....				
ArAnderson—Pass Dep.....				
LyAnderson—Pass Dep.....				
ArAnderson—Frid De.....				
ArBelton.....				

WESTBOUND—	11				9				7				17				19			
	P	M	A	M.	P	M	A	M.	P	M	A	M.	P	M	A	M.				
LyBelton.....				
ArAnderson—Frid De.....				
ArAnderson—Pass De.....				
LyWest Anderson.....				
LyDenver.....				
LySandy Springs.....				
LyAutun.....				
LyPendleton.....				
LyCherry.....				
LyAdams.....				
LyJordan Junction.....				
LySeneca.....				
LyWest Union.....				
LyWalhalla.....				

* Flag stations.

Will also stop at the following stations to take on and let off passengers: Phinney's, James's and Towary, Welch.

A. B. ANDREWS, President. J. R. ANDERSON, Superintendent.

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—conveys blood pressure away from pain centers. The effect is charming, pleasing, delightful. Gently though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure. If it's painful periods with women, same cause. If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's a blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet, in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Brush your finger, and doesn't it get red and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—swell, it's simply common sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets

J. W. BELL.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Will cure any case of Kidney or Bladder Disease not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Cures Backache
Corrects Irregularities
Do not risk having Bright's Disease or Diabets