

Mrs. Nina M. Gaillard Married to W. B. Lovell, of Iowa.

(Greenville News, Dec. 15.)

One of the most interesting weddings of the season, and one surrounded by the most romantic circumstances, was that solemnized at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church at 7.30 o'clock last evening, when Mrs. Nina M. Gaillard, of this city, and William B. Lovell, of Sabula, Iowa, were united in marriage by Rev. Robert L. Holroyd, pastor of the church.

Little Miss Ruth Gaillard, a granddaughter of the bride, entered the church immediately in front of the bride and groom, while Mrs. J. H. Allen rendered the wedding march. The bride was becomingly attired in gray silk chiffon panama, trimmed in lace and white passanterie, with hat and gloves to match.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovell will leave at once for Felton, Oriente, Cuba, where they will spend the winter. Mrs. Lovell has many friends in Greenville and the surrounding country who will regret to learn of her departure. She comes from one of the oldest families of this section of the State and has a family connection that is both wide and prominent. Mr. Lovell is a highly esteemed business man of Iowa, and though he is a stranger in Greenville, he has impressed those who have known him only since his arrival here Wednesday as a gentleman of sterling worth.

After March 1st, Mr. and Mrs. Lovell will be at home to their friends in Sabula, Iowa, the home of the groom.

This marriage is the culmination of so romantic a courtship and the circumstances leading up to it are so unusual, that it renders the temptation to relate more than the bare account of the wedding ceremony irresistible to the man with knowledge of what constitutes a good "story" in newspaperdom.

Mrs. Lovell needs no introduction locally. For a number of years she has made her home in this city, her husband, a well-known and talented printer, dying several years ago. She is related to some of the most prominent families of this section and herself comes from an old and honored family. Mr. Lovell is a native of Iowa, and has that typical Western demeanor about him, frank, open, big-hearted, plain, and yet withal the refinement and culture that goes to make up a gentleman. He brings with him numerous letters of introduction and recommendation from men of position and prominence in his home city. He is recommended in the most flattering terms as a gentleman of unquestioned worth, thrifty, prominent and one who has been eminently successful in business.

Mr. Lovell saw Greenville for the first time Wednesday and also saw Mrs. Lovell for the first time on that day. Several years ago a citizen of this State emigrated to Iowa and located in the city where Mr. Lovell lived. These two became acquainted, and as time moved on their acquaintance ripened into one of the warmest friendships. The South Carolinian was well acquainted with Mrs. Lovell (then Mrs. Gaillard) and naturally referred to her ever and anon in Mr. Lovell's presence. In time Mr. Lovell and Mrs. Gaillard were introduced by letter by the South Carolinian and a correspondence between the two ensued. This continued and developed into a courtship which culminated in their marriage last evening.

The above announcement will be read with great interest to many in Oconee, where the bride is well and favorably known, and where she has numerous friends, who will join with us in hearty good wishes for her and congratulations to the fortunate groom. They will carry with them to their home in Iowa the very best wishes of many all over the upper section of South Carolina. Mrs. Lovell, before her first marriage, was Miss Nina Pell, and has frequently visited among relatives in and near Walhalla, where she has hosts of warm friends. She is a half-sister of Mrs. R. Herndon, of Walhalla, and A. J. M. Billingsley, of Mountain Rest, this county.

Get the Genuine Always.

A substitute is a dangerous makeshift, especially in medicine. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and colds quickly and is in a yellow package. Accept no substitutes. Barton's Pharmacy, Walhalla; W. J. Lunney, Seneca.

22 Miners Die in Explosion.

Norton, Va., Dec. 15.—Twenty-six men were entombed by an explosion in the Greeno mine of the Bond Coal Company, near Tacoma, at 9 o'clock this morning. Latest reports indicate that 22 of the entombed miners are dead. The explosion was caused by a quantity of gas becoming ignited in the workings of the mine.

Christmas Eve.

BY MABEL NELSON THURSTON.

(The Housekeeper.)

Just before dusk it began to snow, big wet flakes that clung softly to everything—trees and shrubs and buildings, the long festoons of Christmas greens decorating the fronts of the stores, the heads and shoulders of the Christmas crowds which went pushing down Seventh street, swinging gaily through the doorways of the biggest stores. Being a Christmas crowd it liked the snow; there was scant room for umbrellas, but nobody seemed to mind; the carriage folk had nearly all gone home and it was the people's hour from now on until ten, eleven, midnight; and the people had a heart for Christmas, and took it kindly that nature should play her part so well.

It was in the front of the Five and Ten cent store, where the crowd was densest that a round, shabby, bald-headed little man found himself butting into a young fellow in front of him.

"Beg pardon," he gasped fully. "Nothing personal intended—it was a surprise to me myself. Seemed like the sidewalk heaved up under me. But nobody minds trifles on Christmas E—"

It was a glimpse of the man's face that cut him short. He stood staring after the tall figure cutting its way impatiently through the throngs, till the crowd, good natured, but having no time to waste in walking around obstructions recalled him to himself.

"All right," he returned absently to a pointed remonstrance. "Jest's you say." But though he moved on with the rest, it was some moments before he recovered his gait; it had been no Christmas face that he had seen.

The man, meanwhile, his hands thrust in his pockets, his hollow eyes glaring fiercely from his haggard young face, was fast getting free from the throngs that clogged the square. He pushed his way relentlessly, yielding to nothing. More than once, some one turning with indignant remonstrance, after a glance at his face, silently gave way for him. He was not conscious of it; he was conscious of no detail of the maddening horror that yet overwhelmed him like some terror of fever dreams. For the five weeks since he left the hospital, he had been walking the streets in quest for work, first hopeful, then dogged, then desperate, but he never had walked into Christmas Eve before. He had been so confident when he kissed Annie good-bye in the morning—or rather Annie had been so confident that she had convinced him. She felt it coming, she said. It was coming surely. Their road—the long, bitter, heart-breaking road they had traveled since his fever last July, was going to turn on Christmas Eve Day. She never was mistaken, she declared, lifting her thin, tired face with its unfaltering blue eyes, to his—she never was mistaken when she felt like that. And now Christmas Eve Day had come and gone, and he had walked its pitiless streets all day, and he must go home and tell Annie—

A sharp push sent him staggering for a second. He looked around in bewilderment. A young rowdy with a girl hanging on his arm was swaggering beside him.

"Mebbe you think you're a joke, walking over honest folks like they was paving stones," he jeered. "That's jest to remind you this is the land of the free, and there's more where that come from if you want it."

The girl laughed shrilly; then her face changed and, with a jerk she snatched her hand from her companion's arm, and darted after the man who, with one bewildered glance, had gone on without a word. It was not easy to overtake him, but she did it at last. He turned at the touch on his arm. The eyes in the sharp rugged face looking up at him from under a huge hat loaded with cheap feathers, read him instantly.

"You needn't squirm," the girl said, "I ain't going to bother you. I jest saw your face and knew you were up against it—ain't ye?"

In spite of himself the man nodded, staring spellbound. It was monstrous, impossible, and yet a look in the girl's eyes reminded him of—Annie!

The girl nodded back. "I knew it. Well, I jest ran after you to say—Don't you funk. You ain't reached the end of things yet. Keep your grip. And say—it's kiddish, but never mind—Merry Christmas." He barely caught the last words, for she was dodging under the basket of a fat woman, worming her way back. He caught one glimpse of the dirty white plumes and a shoulder of the cheap velvet jacket beyond a group of laughing children, then others came in between and she was swal-

lowed up in the crowd. The man drew a long breath and looked around him like one just waking. It seemed incredible and yet it had happened; he shrugged his shoulders as though to free himself of some incubus, and pushed on with a different step. He was still anxious to escape the crowd in whose holiday-making he had no place, but he no longer walked unseeing. He even caught and steadied an old woman who was jostled against him, and the trivial service did its part in lifting his despondency. And then, just beyond the crossing, it happened. A white gleam in the slime of the street caught his eye and stooping down, he picked up a silver quarter. His first impulse was to fling it back for some child or beggar to find, then, a hot red staining his hollow cheeks, he slowly put it into his pocket. He had no right, he knew, to do otherwise; the minute, heart-breaking arithmetic of the past months had made him too expert in values. But—that his one Christmas gift to Annie should be a quarter picked up in the street! It was the bitterest drop in all his cup of humiliation.

He escaped the bright, crowded street at last; he had still a mile to go before he reached home; he chose the darker, emptier districts, but not even in those could he escape the Christmas spirit. Crude paper wreaths were tied at dingy windows; red Christmas bells hung in tiny groceries or even before the doors of saloons; here and there a scraggly pine—the best the city, far from Northern spruces, could offer—was surrounded by an excited group of children. Fruit and nuts and cheap candies were enticingly displayed, and the ear-piercing racket of tin horns was unceasing. The man hurried through it all with the grim desperation of one beating his way against physical obstacles. He felt like a swimmer who knows his strength going. He must reach Annie before—before what he could not say even to himself, desperately holding his thoughts from the black abyss that lay beyond.

It was nearly seven when he reached home. The year before home had meant a cheerful little flat facing a triangle of green, which, tiny as it was, had yet caught the charm of the passing seasons. Upon this 24th of December home meant one room in a dismal house with an Irish family below and a crippled dressmaker next door, and the Lord knew who on the floor above; hurrying through the narrow, desolate halls he had met from time to time other hurrying figures, but he never looked up. He did not want to see them. What a world to bring Annie into—the thought always brought the grim-most look into his eyes. Annie—Annie whom he was going to shield from every harsh breath—living with noisy Irish women and crippled dressmakers and doddering old men!

It was all heavy upon him as he stopped at his door. It was opened before his hand touched the knob and Annie stood before him. He had a bewildered feeling that she was very much dressed up, but it was only a scrap of crimson ribbon in her hair—a bit of woman's magic. He dealt the blow rudely, bluntly, before courage failed him altogether.

"Nothing, Annie, I tried all day—He choked over the word and then, at an end at last, dropped weakly into a chair, burying his head in his arms. Annie ran and knelt beside him, her poor scrap of red ribbon brushing his cheek. Her voice was light, almost gay.

"Poor, tired, big boy. Never mind, it's all over now, and it's Christmas Eve and there's a hot supper. Run and get ready, dear boy, while I put things on the table."

He lifted his haggard face. "Christmas Eve, Annie, and I haven't a thing for you except that. I found it in the street. A—"

He broke off, staring at the sudden light in her face. "O, a whole quarter! We can go Christmasing after supper—you and I. And look here!"

She drew him across the room and lifted a towel from the top of the sewing machine. Beneath lay a few trifles—a baby's cap, a needlebook, two or three paper dolls and some cornucopias of colored paper. "I did them to-day—just out of things I had, you know, bits of ribbon and paper; the cap out of a handkerchief—O, what's the use of trying to explain as if," with a happy laugh, "a man could understand! They're for the people in the house, you know; there's something for everybody except—I didn't know how I was going to get candy for the chil-

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GIRL ACQUITTED OF CRIME.

Hattie Le Blanc Found Not Guilty of Shooting of Clarence F. Glover.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 14.—Hattie Le Blanc's pathetic plea that she be allowed to go back to her home in West Arichat, C. B., with her father, was granted to-day when a jury, after deliberating an hour and a half, decided that she was not guilty of the murder of Clarence F. Glover, a laundryman at Waltham.

The verdict was a popular one—so popular that the traditional decorum of a Massachusetts court was swept aside while men and women cheered, shouted and wept for sheer joy. The demonstration continued for 15 or 20 minutes and the court officials were utterly powerless to stem the tide of enthusiasm. The crowd in the corridors took up the cheers of the throng that was packed in the court room and there came answering cheers from a company of more than 2,000 men and women who had assembled in the quadrangle in front of the court house and in the surrounding streets of East Cambridge.

Immediately after the girl had been discharged from custody Assistant District Attorney Wier endeavored to persuade Judge Bond to hold Hattie as a witness to give evidence before the grand jury which might warrant the indictment of Mrs. Lillian M. Glover, the widow of the murdered man, who had been accused by counsel for the defense of being the real culprit in the case.

Judge Bond declined to grant the request, saying that the evidence presented against Mrs. Glover in the present trial was insufficient to convict, and that if a jury in his court should convict on such evidence the judge would set aside the verdict. Last spring Mrs. Glover was acquitted of a charge of being an accessory after the fact.

Mrs. Glover was not in the court when the verdict of the jury was returned. When informed at her Waltham home of the result, she received the news coldly.

"Does it surprise you?" she was asked.

"Well, no," she replied. "This has been a very funny trial right through. Hattie was accused of the crime, but in reality I was tried for it."

Hattie Held Reception.
Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 16.—Hattie Le Blanc, freed yesterday after a sensational trial on the charge of murdering Clarence P. Glover, last night was the guest at a dinner given by Attorney Johnson, who defended her, at a fashionable apartment hotel. Following the dinner Hattie held an impromptu reception. Generous persons contributed several good-sized checks to a purse made up for the girl.

Take Care!
Remember that when your kidneys are affected, your life is in danger. M. Mayer, Rochester, N. Y., says: "My trouble started with a sharp shooting pain over my back which grew worse daily. I felt sluggish and tired, my kidney action was irregular and infrequent. I started using Foley Kidney Pills. Each dose seemed to put new life and strength into me, and now I am completely cured and feel better and stronger than for years." Barton's Pharmacy, Walhalla; W. J. Lunney, Seneca.

SOUTH CAROLINIAN APPOINTED.

Giles L. Wilson Now Becomes National Bank Examiner.
Washington, Dec. 15.—Giles L. Wilson, State Bank Examiner of South Carolina, was appointed a national bank examiner, and will have charge of all of South Carolina and Northern Georgia. Mr. Wilson is secretary and treasurer of the National Association of State Banks.

A 50-cent bottle of
Scott's Emulsion
given in half-teaspoon doses four times a day, mixed in its bottle, will last a year-old baby nearly a month, and four bottles over three months, and will make the baby strong and well and will lay the foundation for a healthy, robust boy or girl.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 10c, name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, N. Y.

Valuable Properties FOR SALE.

The Rose Property.
I have secured an option on the Mrs. John Rose 34-acre farm in the town of Walhalla. I can sell it as a whole, or if desired I will divide to suit purchaser. This property, in my opinion, is very reasonable at the price at which it can be bought, and somebody is going to get a good bargain.

The Alexander Property
which I described fully last week is still on the market. I have had quite a number of inquiries as to the price and number of acres in the different tracts, but I have not closed any trade yet.

Good Tract on Cane Creek.
About a year ago I built a nice four-room dwelling on an 83-acre tract of land in the Joe and Sylvester Quarrels settlement over on Cane Creek. The most of the land is in the woods, but it is good, strong soil and produces well. I can make good terms on this tract, and I would like to have an offer.

78 Acres Near Richland.
Near Richland I have 78 acres, known as part of the Mrs. Amick or Penny place. I will divide into two tracts if desired.

132 Acres Near Oakway.
Just last week I purchased an interest in a 132-acre tract of land near Oakway. This place joins lands of Will Cole, Smith, Harris and others, and is a part of what was the original Wylie tract. You would not think you could buy land near Oakway at the price and terms that I am in position to offer on this place.

427 Acres Near Ratreat.
The McClanahan place, near Ratreat, is just the place if you want a good six-horse farm, where you can make plenty of cotton and corn and have a good large pasture for your cattle. There are 427½ acres in this place, but you don't have to take it all unless you want to. Large dwelling and fairly good outbuildings; two tenant houses.

Other Smaller Tracts.
I have several three and four room houses, small tracts and town lots that I will sell on good terms or trade.

Yours very truly,
FRANK H. SHIRLEY,
WESTMINSTER, S. C.

Will Chastain Now in Jail.
(Anderson Mail, 15th.)
Will Chastain, who Sunday afternoon shot and seriously wounded Ben Fleming, was yesterday afternoon arrested at the Riverside Mills by Deputy Sheriff Alf Fortune, and has been placed in jail. It was said to-day that Fleming is now suffering from something like blood poisoning, resulting from the wound in the arm. He is getting better, however, and will recover.
Fleming was shot twice by Chastain. The first ball penetrated several inches of the chest, but did not reach the cavity. The other bullet passed entirely through his arm, running for a distance of several inches between the bones, and slightly fracturing one. This is the wound that is serious.
Itch relieved in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. Sold by J. W. Bell, druggist.

The Perils of Life Constantly Increase.

Daily we read of men, women and children being killed and maimed for life.
Formerly wars killed and maimed men, and is it not distressing when wars cease that advancing civilization claims more victims than war?
Increased railway facilities, additional automobiles, the growth of cities and towns, and the advent of each life increase our danger from accident and disease.
Are you endeavoring to protect yourself, your home and loved ones before it is too late?
I have attractive Life, Fire, Accident and Health policies at nominal cost. Easy terms.
If it is Security in Insurance you want, I have it.

JAS. M. MOSS,
Walhalla, S. C.

HEALTH INSURANCE

The man who insures his life is wise for his family.
The man who insures his health is wise both for his family and himself.
You may insure health by guarding it. It is worth guarding.
At the first attack of disease, which generally approaches through the LIVER and manifests itself in innumerable ways TAKE

Tutt's Pills
And save your health.

Don't You Want a Gun?

We have Guns from \$3.50 up. Twenty-five per cent off on Remington Guns. Rifles, Air Guns and Loaded Shells at Right Prices.

Carter Hardware Co.,
WALHALLA, S. C.