

Humorous Department.

Opportunity for Philanthropy.—"Pardon me, but where is the post office?" asked a recent arrival in Wayoverber-

"The little weatherbeaten building right over there is it," replied a native. "The gent you see sawing wood beside it is the postmaster."

"Perhaps I'd better not disturb him. Very likely there is no mail for me, anyway."

"Mebby not, but you might ask him to go in and see if there ain't. His second wife is watching from the window of the house next door—you can notice her head there now—to see that he keeps right on sawing. But, of course, she allows him to quit long enough to 'tend to official business. If I was you, I'd go over and have him take a look, even if you don't expect to get anything. He's a pretty good sort of fellow; it never hurts nobody to do an afflicted person a favor."

Self Control.—"Do you deny," demanded the attorney for the defendant in the divorce action, "that your client was in the habit of constantly referring to her husband as a strutting turkey cock and a hog?" "We not only do not deny but assert the fact," the plaintiff's representative declared. "It demonstrates the splendid qualities of that noble woman under the most trying conditions. In view of the present prices of poultry and pork, could she have paid her husband a higher compliment?"

Good Advice.—"When you come to the railroad track, Adrian," said old Riley Rezzide to his nephew, who had just come into possession of a secondhand Hootin' Nanny, "yank that ere contraction to a complete standstill, then look and listen before ye start to cross. Remember the Flyer has been whizzing along that track twice a day for a good many years and hasn't never been knocked into the ditch by an automobile yet, and also that the undertakers have got so they don't care who they bury."

Making It Easy for Him.—"Ah, Mr. Tasp, do you mind if I borrow your hoe and wheelbarrow for a while? And, say, you have a new rake, haven't you? Let me take that also, and your spading fork and watering pot. And you might—" "Suppose I lend you my garden, too, Mr. Hooks, and let you take it right along with the rest of the stuff?" returned R. K. Rasp. "I find I cannot cultivate it, without implements, so you may as well have it."

A Failure.—They had been, well, pretty good friends for some years, and the maiden wasn't getting any younger. It was about time something happened. "You know," she said coyly, "everyone is saying that we are to be married."

"That so?" he responded, unmoved. "Be a good joke on them when they find out that we're nothing to it, won't it?"

Cause of Gratitude.—"We all have abundant cause for thankfulness," began the Rev. O. Goode Evans. "Yes," replied J. Fuller Gloom. "For instance, I am extremely thankful that I was not born twins. It is all I can do to get along with one such cantankerous crank as I am, and if there were two of me they probably would drive me crazy."

Identifying It.—"I wonder," mused Claudine of the rapid-fire restaurant "whether the case chairman has got up with that swell red-headed guy is anything serious? She says it's only Platonic."

"Platonic—the cat's foot!" returned Heloise of the same establishment. "When a fella slaps a girl's jaws right in public there ain't nothin' Platonic about it. That's love!"

Cheering News.—"Say," the hot and tired agent declared wrathfully, "I'm sick and tired of climbing these stairs to your apartment to ask you to pay this bill. Now just what are you going to do?" "Something that will please you, I am sure," the debtor responded soothingly. "On the first of the month I am going to move to a building that has a good elevator service."

Looking Promising.—"Do you think that young man you have had to Sunday supper so often really means business, Madge?" "I am beginning to think so, mother. He knows I always prepare the Sunday night supper myself and he has taken lately to complaining about the cooking."

Sis—Boom—Woof!—Farmer: College education sure does pay. Take my boy just home. Went right into the field where that savage bull of mine is kept. The bull started for him. The boy just stood pat and gave his college yell. Friend: Well, what did the bull do? Farmer: He joined in with him. Now they're regular pals.

Move at Ease.—An old lady, leaving church after a service which had been attended by a crowded congregation, was heard to say: "If everyone else would only do as I do and stay quietly in his place till everyone else has gone out, there would not be such a crush at the door."

His Destination.—Friend—"That movie actor is very pompous. He boasts that he has arrived." Director—"He has. This is where he gets off."—Boston Transcript.

SHARON NEWS LETTER

Work of the West Road to Begin at Smyrna Next Monday.

SUPERINTENDANT SHEALY TO RETURN

Several Cases of Typhoid Fever in the Community—Crops Are Beginning to Need Rain Pretty Bad—Other Notes.

(By a Staff Correspondent.) Sharon, July 14—Information received here today is that work on the West road from Smyrna to the York township line is to begin regularly next Monday morning. The contractors with their road machinery and hands who are already at Smyrna, have been busy this week establishing a commissary and getting everything in shape and will be ready to go to work Monday morning.

Shealy Coming Back. Prof. J. W. Shealy, superintendent of the Sharon school last year has been re-elected and has accepted the place. He is spending the summer at his home near Leesville, Lexington county and will return to Sharon early in September to make arrangements for the opening of the school here.

A Dull Week. It has been a rather dull week in Sharon. Practically no cotton has been sold and there have been very few people in town. Merchants report that they have done practically nothing and in fact would have been almost as well off if they had closed up and gone fishing. Quite a number of them including several ladies, did go fishing Wednesday. The big party went over on Thickety creek in Cherokee county. There had been big rains over there and the water was high so they came back to King's Creek where they caught enough fish to make a big pot of soup and to furnish the nucleus for a big time.

Postmaster on the Job. R. L. Pletico, Sharon's new postmaster is fitting right into the job and is giving satisfaction to patrons of the Sharon office. Mr. Pletico has been in harness for several weeks now and with the assistance of R. H. G. Caldwell the assistant postmaster, is handling the mails like a veteran. The postoffice still remains in Caldwell's store although it will soon be moved to a building all its own. Sharon was advanced to the third class of offices some time ago and under the rules of the postoffice department a separate building is required for third class offices.

General Rains Needed. General rains are needed throughout the Sharon section. The crops give indications of the general need. There are some unusually good patches of both cotton and corn to be seen here and there, but the majority is rather small and rather stunted and a heavy rain would help mightily in the opinion of many farmers.

Sharon's Most Patient Man. Old Joe didn't have much on "Uncle Joe" Pletico, manager of the telephone exchange here when it comes to patience. "Uncle Joe" sits at the telephone exchange here all day making connections, answering thousands of questions—some of them foolish and others not so foolish, playing checkers with folks who drop in and want to play checkers when he has the time, waiting on the trade in his store and through it all keeping his tongue.

When a storm comes up or there is a little wet spell and the telephone wires are grounded extra trouble is spelled for "Uncle Joe." But he never gets peeved. He never loses his patience.

Lady dropped into his office Wednesday afternoon. "I do want some new batteries for my telephone. I can't hear what you say when you talk to me. I can't hear what anybody says."

"Yes'm," replied "Uncle Joe" with a blink. The lady talked on and "Uncle Joe" just said "Yes'm."

He never gets riled. "Hardly ever gets out of humor. Subscribers to the telephone exchange here recognize pretty generally that it wouldn't be a go without "Uncle Joe."

Typhoid Fever. Several cases of typhoid fever are reported in Sharon and vicinity. None of the patients, however, are considered in very grave danger.

FARMERS HARD HIT

Representative Summers Thinks Agriculture Should Have Relief.

Returning to Washington Tuesday from an inspection trip through North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, Representative Summers, Texas chairman of an agricultural sub-committee investigating the cotton situation, declared in a statement that the good farmers were having a hard time getting food for their families and stock, and that he was certain a large part of the people were underfed.

"I have talked to farmers, country merchants, country bankers, wholesale merchants, city bankers, cotton merchants, exporters, cotton manufacturers and exporters of cotton goods. The condition is about as I expected to find it. The people are doing their best with very little complaining, considering their circumstances. Most of the country banks have practically suspended banking and merchants are selling very little, either on credit or on cash. The poor farmers are buying a hard time getting food for their families and their animals. I am certain that a large part of the people are underfed."

Mr. Summers declined to express an opinion as to remedial measures, except to say that agriculture must be

given emergency relief. "I do not believe that we can establish the gravity of the situation which will develop when the new crop comes on the market," he added, "unless an extraordinary effort is made in advance of that time to strengthen the position of agriculture. If we can get by this next marketing period without too many failures and too much agricultural distress, the gradual return to normal world conditions will make easier the solution of our agricultural and other domestic problems, but if we permit our farmers and country banks to fall this fall, we may expect years of depression and industrial and political discord."

Rochambeau's Splendid Service

A study of parallels serves to establish the fact, seemingly forgotten, that Rochambeau rendered no minor aid, but was the immediate instrument of Providence for the triumph of the sacred cause of freedom, just as Pershing and his army were the final weapons of Foch to smite the oppressor, writes Margaret B. Downing in the Catholic World. From the military standpoint, then, there can be no controversy over the success with which the commander-in-chief of the French allied army executed the benevolent intentions of his king, Rochambeau, however, too often figures in the American mind solely as a symbol of the friendship of France, gained through painful, weary efforts of Franklin, Jefferson and other great fathers of the republic. It is full time that he should be known for the splendid, virile, unusual traits of character which his contemporaries have ever accorded him. He was ever an upright, religious man. He is a figure to fill the canvas, no matter who takes



Le Che de Rochambeau

up the brush to paint him. Washington shows him as the honest colleague and dependable ally from the moment he set foot on American soil. In his greeting to the commander of the Colonial forces, the French general wrote: "I send you a copy of my instructions as well, for I feel that if we are to co-operate usefully I must have no secrets from my general." In the late days of February, 1781, when Washington, another Cincinnatus, was busy with the cares of husbandry about Mount Vernon, and Rochambeau, honored by his king, also for the nonce rested on his sword, he wrote that immortal eulogy to his former associate which may be found graven on the statue of the French hero in Jackson square, Washington. "We have been contemporaries and friends in the cause of Liberty and we have lived together as brothers should, in harmonious friendship."

There is one splendid saying handed down by the loyal Closen. When France danced madly in the red stream, after she had executed her Bourbon king and his Hapsburg consort, Rochambeau, last marshal of France, under the dynasty, gathered his bewildered army and offered his services to the awful tribunal. His old friends and aristocratic kindred reproached him for making peace with the enemy, and hinted at unworthy motives. Then the hero of Yorktown and of a half-century of wars, drew himself up haughtily and flung his sword on high, he exclaimed: "France! whoever rules her, my best and my all."

A Home Episode.—Late one afternoon, a few days ago, four men came into town in an automobile looking wildly for the sheriff. There was, plainly, blood on the moon. One of the quartette is a quiet, peaceable, industrious farmer and husband, whose wife is alleged to have been spirited away by a slick "furriner." Such an episode would have created small flutter in "No Elk" or "Shekago" where, as the fleeing couple whizzed away in one direction, the lonely husband would have been "burning the air in an opposite course with a new wife. But with us who go, or should go, to church every Sunday; who believe what God hath joined together let not man put asunder; and demand that where one loves the other half of the deal must love back in equal measure, we do not stand for such proceedings. Sheriff Hill, with his usual skill and ingenuity, got on the trail of the gentleman who is said to have boasted that with three strands of a woman's hair he could lead any woman astray, and soon located the object of his search. He is now resting behind the Calhoun bars with an alleged accomplice in the deal. —Calhoun Times.

NEW FACES

By GRACE E. RILEY.

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) "There's company coming, Linda." "I suppose, mother, you feel it in your bones?" "It's the way that rooster's crowing. A rooster crowing in the daytime is a sure sign of company." "Company," sniffed Linda, "probably Mary for her daily cup of tea and Ma Lindsey for liniment for her son, or perhaps David will come for your recipe for sponge cake." "Well, ain't that company, I'd like to know?" interrupted her mother. "Maybe you think so, but they are not company to me; I long to see a new face."

"It's not a mite of use telling you that old friends are the best. Young folks won't believe such things until experience has taught them. But what's wrong with David?"

"David! Mother, every one forces David down my throat. David's all right, but so dead and monotonous—the same yesterday, today and forever, as the quotation goes. If he would only do something unusual, just once!"

Saying which, Linda left the room. Her mother watched her, questioning. Linda's complex disposition, her vague yearnings and discontentment were incomprehensible to her mother. Alvin Craig had no dark corners or shadows in her character. She demanded little of life, accepted gratefully what it offered, and warned all with whom she came in contact with her wholesome light-heartedness.

A bell pealing loudly through the house interrupted Mrs. Craig's meditations. Hastily drying her hands on her apron and smoothing her hair, she opened the door to the handsomest young man she had ever seen.

"Mrs. Craig?" His smile was disarming. "I am Roger Colherst of Boston, Mrs. Craig, and am looking for a place to board for a few weeks. I have been told that perhaps you would take me in."

Even while her hospitable soul demanded that he be admitted, something warned her against this stranger, but she forced her voice to express the cordiality which she did not feel, as she ushered him into the living room where Linda was sewing.

"My daughter, Linda, Mr. Colherst; now, let's see, how long are you to be in Bayneville?"

"About a month, Mrs. Craig. I do hope you will put me up."

Linda, meanwhile, sat quietly listening to this surprising conversation. She, too, hoped her mother would put him up. Then she heard her saying: "If you'll come upstairs I'll show you a room."

There followed a month crowded with happiness for Linda and with many a misgiving for her mother. David came constantly, but always to find that Linda had gone out with Roger.

A month wore away—six weeks—and still Roger remained. "I'm sorry, David, Linda is certainly infatuated, but I do truly believe it is only infatuation. Just stand by; I am sure it will come out all right. Many's the time I've wished that rooster dead for crowing company to our house the day that Roger Colherst came."

David laughed, but his heart was heavy for his dream was gone. It was only in the sunshine of Mrs. Craig's smile that he found a ray of comfort and encouragement. She had told him to stand by, and stand by he would.

Then one day the entire countryside became agitated over the news that a bank clerk who had absconded with thousands of dollars, had been traced to this state. The day the news reached Bayneville, Roger Colherst was greatly interested, and almost enthusiastic about aiding in the search for the fugitive.

"I'll take my motor over to Clayton; there's a kink in it somewhere. Then when she's in shape, Crandall, we'll scour the whole state."

No one but David noticed that when Roger came downstairs he carried his bag. Instantly a vague suspicion which he had harbored became crystallized.

"Oh, I say, Colherst, would you mind running me over to Clayton? You can attend to your business while I am attending to mine."

Only for an instant did Roger hesitate. Then, "Sure thing, Crandall," he said.

After a busy hour on David's part, they started. David, knowing Clayton well, was aware that if he took Colherst to the farther end of the town, there would be no way of Colherst's car to pass out that way, unnoted. When Roger left him, he apparently changed his mind, and instead of stopping at the garage, he went back over the road to Bayneville. If he could make the fork in the road and get to Dustin, he knew a way out. He smiled to think how easily David let him get away, for he had sensed David's suspicions. At the fork, however, Colherst drove straight into a trap which David had set for him. Not only was a crowd of men there, but one was the president of his old bank. Roger Colherst's debonair manner failed him. He broke down, utterly, as he was driven away.

Great was the enthusiasm in Bayneville over David's cleverness, but the words most welcome to David were whispered to him by Linda, when she said: "How proud I shall be of my husband when I am Mrs. David Crandall."

"Lest we forget—health is the basis of wealth."

"A lot of us ask the price before we know the value."

"With the tremendous decline in

WORLD'S GREAT WATERWAY

Panama Canal Has Justified All Expectations.

IMMENSE SAVING OF TIME AND EXPENSE

Most Stupendous Physical Undertaking Ever Accomplished by Human Effort, and Untold Value in Multiplying the Commercial and Military Resources of the United States.

"The interchange of some of the largest battleships in the American navy between the Atlantic and Pacific fleets through the Panama Canal shows that the big waterway is functioning along the lines laid down for it when the United States undertook the task of constructing a seaway between the two Americas," says a bulletin just issued from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"When the work of building the canal was undertaken," the bulletin continues, "no one dreamed what a tremendous amount of material would have to be moved to make it a usable waterway such as it is today."

"At that time it was figured that the total excavations for the canal proper would be 101,000,000 cubic yards. But by reason of enlargements and slides the task continued to grow until approximately a quarter of a billion cubic yards of material had to be removed. The rail distance from Union Station, Washington, D. C., to the Pennsylvania Terminal, New York, is approximately 228 miles. Imagine instead of the roadbed a canal with vertical banks, 45 feet deep and 124 feet wide—deep and wide enough to accommodate the biggest ship that floats and connecting the Nation's metropolises with the country's capital—and you will have a picture of the amount of material that had to be removed to make the great Isthmian highway a complete project."

"Nor does this remarkable comparison include either the excavations by the French in the canal nor those of the Americans for the auxiliary port works, coaling stations, etc. These were vast enough to widen the imaginary Washington-New York shipway to 154 feet. On the bottom of this ditch could be laid eleven standard American railway tracks."

"One can get another picture of the immensity of the task by reflecting on the fact that the total spoils which had to be removed to unite the seas, divide the continents, and shorten the sea lines of the world at Panama were equal in volume to more than one hundred pyramids of the dimensions of Cheops, two such pyramids for every mile of the big waterway from deep water in the Atlantic to deep water in the Pacific."

"The saving effected by ships using the canal has more than justified the hopes of the government in undertaking its construction. In prewar days the cost of maintaining a freighter in commission was approximately ten cents per net registered ton per day. Thus a 10,000-ton steamship cost for maintenance, about \$1,000 a day. Its average speed was about 250 knots a day. On the trip from New York to San Francisco there is a saving of thirty-two days. With such a ship, this extra distance would cost, on the basis of prewar prices \$33,000. On the basis of present prices it would cost about \$50,000. The vessel, by using the canal in prewar days, paying \$1.20 per net registered ton, \$12,000, saved its owners or charterers \$21,000. On the basis of present day prices, the saving amounts to nearly \$40,000. If, as is now planned, the coastwise shipping using the canal is exempted from the payment of tolls, a 10,000-ton steamer will save \$12,000 every time it passes through the canal, in tolls, and at least \$38,000 in distance eliminated."

"Saves Many Thousands of Dollars." "While it looks rather high to think of a 15,753-ton ship like the Orga paying \$18,900 for an eight hour trip through the canal yet to choose that route between the east and west coasts of the United States over the Magellan route, would save upward of \$52,000 on the trip."

"Another interesting thing about the toll rates at Panama is the comparatively low rates at which cargo moves through the canal. A net registered ton in shipping practice is 100 cubic feet of cargo space. Now, it happens that most cargo doesn't require so much room, and that for some commodities three tons can be put in each net register ton space. For instance cotton takes much more room than nitrate. A cargo of the latter has moved through the canal for 37 cents a ton, while a cargo of lumber might cost a dollar a ton. The average rate for bulk cargoes around 37 cents a ton."

"The rate of \$1.20 per net registered ton, or \$12,000 for a 10,000 ton ship is no higher than viewed from the standpoint of cost of operating the canal than when looked at from the angle of knot-money saved. Canal Costs \$18,000,000 a Year in Interest."

"The present income from the canal is barely sufficient to pay the mere costs of operation, with no allowance whatever for depreciation or interest on the investment. As the canal cost \$367,000,000, and its title, government has to pay at least 5 per cent. for money borrowed today, it will be seen that interest charges alone would amount to \$18,000,000 a year."

"In other words, if Uncle Sam operated his canal on the basis that the railway companies operate their roads, he would have to make a rate of about \$3.00 a net registered ton instead of \$1.20."

"With the tremendous decline in

ocean freight rates in the past two years and the large increase in trans-continental railroad rates the competition of the canal-using steamship for transcontinental freight has hit the railroad a very hard blow. Much tonnage that in prewar days moved from seaboard to seaboard by rail is now going by sea, with the result that hundreds of freight trains are moving no more."

THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

Bit of a doctor and bit of a tailor, Bit of a lawyer, and bit of detective, Bit of a judge, for his work is corrective, Cheering the living and soothing the dying, Risking all things, even dare-devil flying, True to his paper and true to his clan—Just look him over, the newspaper man.

S'leep: There are times that he'll do with little, Work till his nerves and his temper are brittle; Fire can not daunt him, nor long hours disturb him, Gold can not buy him and threats can not curb him; High brow or low brow, your own speech he'll hand you, Talk as you will to him, he'll understand you; He'll go wherever another man can, That is the way of the newspaper man.

Surgeon, if urgent the need be, you'll find him, Ready to help, nor will dizziness blind him, He'll give the ether and never once fear, Say the last rites like a priest at the altar; Gentle and kind with the weak and the weary, Which is proved now and then when his keen eye grows a-feary; Facing all things in life's curious plan, That is the way of the newspaper man.

One night a week may be rest from his labor, One night at home to be father and neighbor, Just a few hours for his bit of leisure, All the rest's gazing at other men's pleasure, All the rest's toiling, and yet he rejoices, All the world is, and that men do, he voices—Who knows a calling more glorious than the day-by-day work of the newspaper man? —Edgar Guest.

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon expresses the hope that the negotiations with railway executives relative to the settlement of claims, will come to a head within the next few days. It has been indicated by Mr. Mellon that under the probable arrangement for funding a portion of the amount owed the government by the railroads it will be necessary to pay to the roads approximately \$500,000,000. Payment of this sum would be spread over a period of possibly six months. While any additional appropriations will be necessary before the payments are completed, Secretary of Commerce Hoover in discussing the situation declared that payment to the railroads of \$500,000,000 in the next few months would go far toward breaking the general business depression. He said the railroads directly and indirectly were the employers of 20 per cent of the labor of the country and the purchasers of 20 per cent of the materials and supplies. Resumption of buying by the railroads and employment of the railroad workers who have been laid off, the secretary said, would stimulate business to a marked degree.

Gaffney Ledger, Tuesday: Roy Henderson, Cherokee county youth charged with double murder, will not be tried at the present term of the court of general sessions, which convened yesterday. Judge J. W. Bowman, who is presiding, directed a continuance of the case at the request of the attorneys for the defendant, who represented that it was important that witnesses from the state hospital in Columbia be present, and that it is not possible to get these witnesses at this time. Henderson, who has been in the state hospital at Columbia for the past three months for observation, was brought back to the Cherokee

county jail Saturday by Landrum Allison, foreman of the county chain gang. He will probably remain there until the next term of court, at least. Judge Bowman, did not open the hospital authorities' report on Henderson's mental condition yesterday. Henderson is accused of having killed Floyd and Frank Kirby, five and seven-year old sons of Mr. and Mrs. Wofford Kirby, of the Blue Branch section of the county, November 20, 1920.

An Old-Time Printer.—The Tribune office had a call Saturday from an "old time printer." He is Rev. J. B. Carpenter of Rutherfordton, N. C., who returned home yesterday after spending one week with his daughter, Mrs. R. L. Doggett. Mr. Carpenter learned the printer's trade sixty odd years ago and in 1858, he informs us, he set type on the old Georgia Democrat, published at Marietta, Ga., and he was associated in the business there with a man by the name of Gossett, who was killed in the Civil War. The paper at Marietta was printed on a Franklin hand press, the kind used before the time of the Washington hand press. Mr. Carpenter later went to Rutherfordton, N. C., and was associated with the Rutherfordton Star about ten years. Forty years ago he found out he could be both printer and preacher, and he gave up the newspaper game and went to preaching regularly, but he has never been able to entirely wash the smell of ink from his fingers and he delights to drop in a printing office and chat for a while. Mr. Carpenter is 83 years old today and still an active man. Long may he live.—Tugalo Tribune.

FOR YOUR patronage on the 4th of July. When you are in town, come to see us and make your headquarters here— We Have the Coolest Place In Town— GIVE US A CHANCE TO SHOW YOU THAT WE HAVE THE BEST CREAM IN TOWN. Mackorell Drug Co. Near the Court House Mrs. Housewife— START THE FALL SEWING NOW. BUY THE SEWING MACHINE FROM US. WE BELIEVE WE HAVE THE VERY MACHINE YOU WANT. MACHINES OF ALL GRADES AND AT ALL PRICES. REMEMBER WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR FINE FURNITURE. M. L. FORD & SONS UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMERS CLOVER, S. C. MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS for calling at our place yesterday—the Fourth. We hope you had a pleasant day and will come again. We will at all times be ready to serve you to the best of our ability in anything in our line. When we can serve you in anyway just tell us how. J. H. CARROLL SAVE—SAVE IF YOU WANT TO SAVE YOUR FRUIT AND VEGETABLES USE Scott's Fruit Preserving Powder This Powder WILL PRESERVE your Peaches, Cherries, Pears and Berries and Vegetables of all kinds without the use of Air Tight Cans. Price by Mail—25 CTS. per Pkg. CLOVER DRUG STORE R. L. WYLIE, PROP. Clover, S. C. Things to Eat— IT IS ALWAYS a song in every "home." "What Shall We Have to Eat?" Visit our store and look over our well stocked shelves and counters and you will find something that will appeal to your appetite. Let us suggest— Good quality Preserved Peaches— Apples and Pears—delicious stuff— CANNED—HONEY—Put up in 2 lb. tins. Strained, Pure, and extra good flavor—50 Cts. a can. Also have Strained Honey in glass. COFFEES— See us for Coffee—if you want the BEST Coffee to be had, you will find it here, and in varying grades down to the lowest priced Barrel Coffee, but this is good Coffee too. As good as you can find. SEE US FOR FLOUR. This Store will be Closed at 12 o'clock Noon, on THURSDAYS. SHERER & QUINN