

FOR PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Senator Latimer Introduces Several Bills.—No Chance for Their Passage This Session But May Pass at the Next Session.

Washington, Dec. 14.—If the bill that has been set rolling by Senator Latimer and several of South Carolina's representatives in the house in the matter of new public buildings, is kept going, it looks as if every town in the state of any consequence would have magnificent public buildings in the near future.

When Senator Latimer introduced bills a few days ago providing for new buildings at Abbeville, Newberry, Union, Laurens, Gaffney and Orangeburg, he was asked if he thought those places would be so fortunate as to secure appropriations in the near future.

"Not until Spartanburg, Rock Hill and Georgetown were provided for about three years ago," said the senator. "was much government money spent on new buildings in our state. I then realized that something ought to be done to secure for our people their share of appropriations with which to construct buildings. We have fewer now, I believe, than any other state in the union. Of course it is some time until another public building bill will be reported by congress, but I believe in beginning early. I see no reason why Orangeburg, Union, Laurens, Gaffney, Abbeville and Newberry should not all have new buildings. They are all first class towns, they are growing rapidly, and deserve accommodations as much as people in other sections of the country.

"Yes, it is early to begin this work, but I shall do all I can to secure these appropriations."

Representative Aiken has also introduced bills in the house similar to those of Senator Latimer, and he says that so far as he is concerned he will take care of them to the best of his ability.

Representative Lever will, it is understood, take similar action with respect to Orangeburg, at the proper time.

While, as stated, no public building bill will be reported this year, at the next session of congress it is probable that upwards of twenty million dollars will be authorized to be expended in different parts of the country in new buildings.

MARK TWAIN'S EARLY LIFE.

A Sort of Mr. Hyde, While His Brother Was Dr. Jekyll.

From Mark Twain's Autobiography. In The North American Review.

My mother had a good deal of trouble with me, but I think she enjoyed it. She had none at all with my brother, Henry, who was two years younger than I, and I think that the unbroken monotony of his goodness and truthfulness and obedience would have been a burden to her but for the relief and variety which I furnished in the other direction. I was a tonic. I was valuable to her. I never thought of it before, but now I see it. I never knew Henry to do a vicious thing toward me, or toward any one else—but he frequently did righteous ones that cost me as heavily. It was his duty to report me, when I needed reporting and neglected to do it myself, and he was very faithful in discharging that duty. He is "Sid" in "Tom Sawyer." But Sid was not Henry. Henry was a very much finer and better boy than ever Sid was.

It was Henry who called my mother's attention to the fact that the thread with which she had sewed my collar together to keep me from going in swimming had changed color. My mother would not have discovered it but for that, and she was manifestly piqued when she recognized that that prominent bit of circumstantial evidence had escaped her sharp eye. That detail probably added a detail to my punishment. It is human. We generally visit our shortcomings on somebody else when there is a possible excuse for it—but no matter. I took it out of Henry. There is always compensation for such as are unjustly used. I often took it out of him—sometimes as an advance payment for something which he hadn't yet done. These were occasions when the opportunity was too strong a temptation, and I had to draw on the future. I did not need to copy this idea from my mother, and probably didn't. Still, she wrought upon that principle upon occasion.

If the incident of the broken sugar bowl is in "Tom Sawyer"—I don't remember whether it is or not—that is an example of it. Henry never stole sugar. He took it openly from the bowl. His mother knew he wouldn't take sugar when she wasn't looking, but she had her doubts about me. Not exactly doubts, either. She knew very well I would. One day when she was

not present, Henry took sugar from her prized and precious old English sugar bowl, which was an heirloom in the family—and he managed to break the bowl. It was the first time I had ever had a chance to tell anything on him, and I was inexpressibly glad. I told him I was going to tell on him but he was not disturbed. When my mother came in and saw the bowl lying on the floor in fragments, she mother came in and saw the bowl lying on the floor in fragments, she was speechless for a minute. I allowed that silence to work; I judged it would increase the effect. I was waiting for her to ask: "Who did that?"—so that I could fetch out my news. But it was an error of calculation. When she got through with her silence she didn't ask anything about it—she merely gave me a crack on the skull with her thumb that I felt all the day down to my heels. Then I broke out with my injured innocence, expecting to make her very sorry that she had punished the wrong one. I expected her to do something remorseful and pathetic. I told her that I was not the one—it was Henry. But there was no upheaval. She said, without emotion, "It's all right. It isn't any matter. You deserve it for something you've done that I didn't know about; and if you haven't done it, why then you deserve it for something that you are going to do, that I shan't hear about."

In those days men and boys wore rather long cloaks in the winter time. They were black, and were lined with very bright and showy Scotch plaids. One winter's night when I was starting to church to square a crime of some kind committed during the week, I hid my cloak near the gate and went off and played with the other boys until church was over. Then I returned home. But in the dark I put the cloak on wrong side out, entered the room, threw the cloak aside, and then stood the usual examination. I got along very well until the temperature of the church was mentioned. My mother said:

"It must have been impossible to keep warm there on such a night. I didn't see the art of that remark, and was foolish enough to explain that I wore my cloak all the time that I was in church. She asked if I kept it on from church home, too. I didn't see the bearing of that remark. I said that was what I had done. She said: "You were in it church with that red Scotch plaid outside and glaring? Didn't that attract any attention?"

Of course to continue such a dialogue would have been tedious and unprofitable, and I let it go and took the consequences.

There was a Jere Clemens who was a United States senator, and in his day enjoyed the usual senatorial fame—a fame which perishes whether it springs from four years' service or forty. After Jere Clemens' fame as a senator passed away, he was still remembered for many years on account of another service which he performed. He shot old John Brown's

Gov. Wise in the hind leg in a duel. However, I am not very clear about this. It may be that Gov. Wise shot him in the hind leg. However, I don't think it is important. I think that the only thing that is really important is that one of them got shot in the hind leg. It would have been better and nobler and more historical and satisfactory if both of them had got shot in the hind leg—but it is of no use for me to try to recollect history. I never had a historical mind. Let it go. Whichever way it happened I am glad of it, and that is as much enthusiasm as I can get up for a person bearing my name. But I am forgetting the first Clemens—the one that stands furthest back toward the really original first Clemens—which was Adam.

The Jamestown Exposition and Erin.

"The chosen leaf of bard and chief Old Erin's native Shamrock." This dear little plant around which cluster the memories and the hopes of a valiant race will contribute its aid to the interest that will center in the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition.

The late Patriet Sarsfield Gilmore was wont to boast that the best proof that the race to which he belonged was a musical people is to be found in the fact that the harp, that most exquisite of stringed instruments, was their emblem. The genial handmaster might have pressed his argument further by claiming for them a discreet taste in Botany.

But the Shamrock, like the sons and daughters of Erin, has taken root in other soil than that to which it is indigenous. On the 20th of October of the present year a gentleman of Norfolk, on the way to his place of business, espied a sprout of Erin's plant growing along the footwalk. He plucked it and brought it into a newspaper office where it caused a genuine surprise to the Botanist.

It is a real species of the three-leaved Shamrock, the same instrument by which tradition asserts, St. Patrick proved to the Druids of Erin the compatibility with reason of the Most Holy Trinity.

The genus clover is common to the world, but the three-leaved species is a rarity and it is quite certain that some ancient son of Erin planted the seed in Norfolk. Would it be unreasonable to suppose that Tom Moore who wrote a beautiful poem on the Shamrock, from which the quotation at the head of this article is taken, was the man who planted the seed?

"The poet of a's circles and the idol of his own" was twice in Norfolk during the years 1803-04. He wrote some of his best poetry in that city, particularly "A Ballad on the Lake of the Dismal Swamp."

When these visits were made the fate of his friends, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmet was keenly fresh in his memory. He subsequently immortalized both these heroes, the one in poesy, the other in biography. It is quite probable, therefore, that Moore, on leaving Ireland for his American tour, brought the seed of the cherished plant along with him

with the resolve of giving it nurture in the free soil of Virginia.

But however it came higher the fact is established that in proximity to the Jamestown Exposition grounds.

A type that blends Three godlike friends Love, Valor, Wit forever May be found in flourishing verdancy.

The Lonely Little Chap.

The boy sat cuddled so closely to the woman in gray that everybody was sure he belonged to her, so when he unconsciously dug his muddy shoes into broadcloth skirt of his left hand neighbor she leaned over and said:

"Pardon me, madam, will you kindly make your little boy square himself around? He is soiling my skirt with his muddy shoes."

The woman in gray blushed a little and nudged the boy away.

"My goodness," she added, "he isn't mine."

The boy squirmed uneasily. He was such a little fellow that he could not begin to touch his feet to the floor, so he stuck them straight in front of him like pegs to hang things on, and looked at them deprecatingly. "I'm sorry," he whispered to the woman in gray. "I hope it will brush off."

The timidity of his voice took a short cut to the woman's heart, and she smiled upon him kindly.

"Are you going up town alone?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I always go alone. Father is dead and mother is dead. I live with Aunt Clara in Brooklyn, but she says Aunt Anna ought to help do something, so twice a week she sends me to stay with Aunt Anna. I am going there now."

"Poor dear," said the woman with a sob. "You are a very little boy to be knocked about in this way."

"Oh, I don't mind," he said. "But I get homesome sometimes, and when I see anybody I think I would like to belong to I serooge up close to her, so I can make believe that I am really her little boy. That's how I get her dress dirty."

The woman in gray put her arms around the tiny chap and "serooged" him so close that she hurt him, and then every other woman, who had overheard his artless confidence started to mother him.

Brotherhood.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox. God, what a world!—if men in street and mart

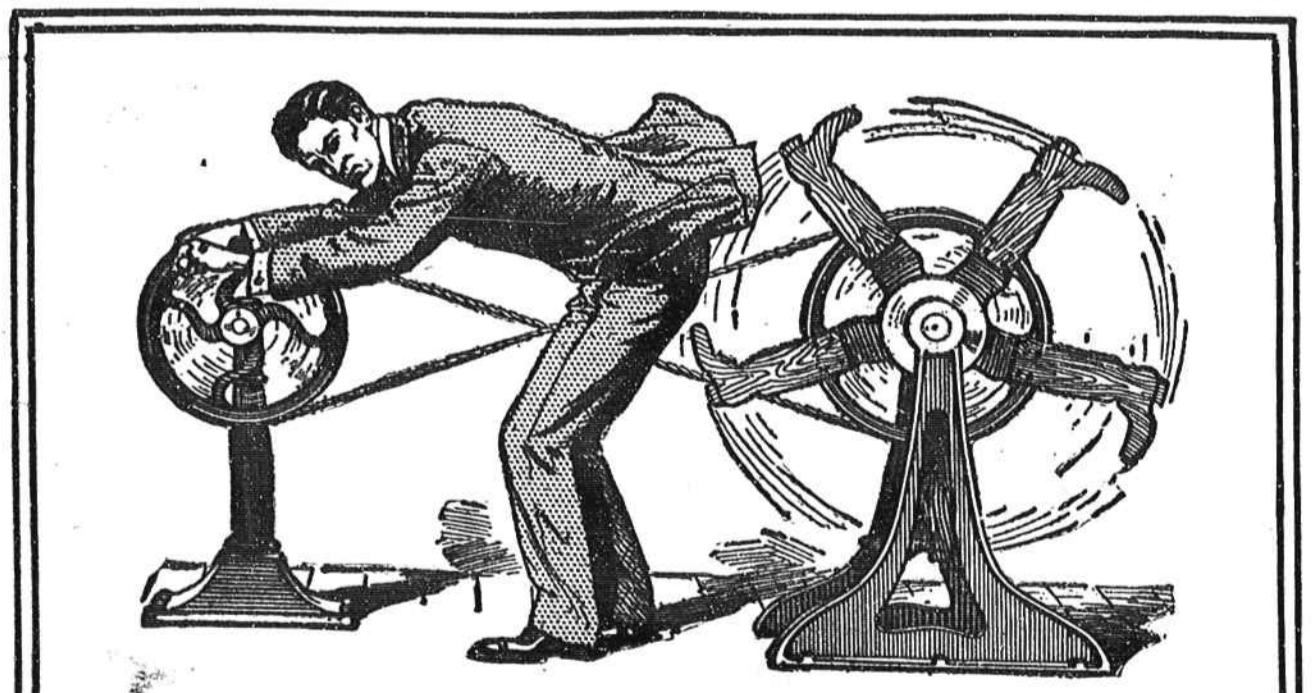
Felt that same kinship of the human heart

Which makes them, in the face of flame and flood,

Rise to the meaning of true brotherhood.

When your neighbor begins to boast of his honesty it's up to you to get busy and put an extra bolt on your back door.

Stage carpenters make more hits than do the high salaried stars.



This man bought a supply of tobacco without acquainting himself with the distinctive taste of SCHNAPPS Tobacco, which has the cheering qualities that gratify his desire to chew, and at less expense than cheap tobacco.

SCHNAPPS has been advertised in this paper so that every chewer has had an opportunity to get acquainted with the facts and know that drugs are not used to produce the cheering quality found in the famous Piedmont country flue-cured tobaccos, and that SCHNAPPS is what he ought to chew. Still there are chewers who accept other and cheaper tobaccos that do not give the same pleasure. Some day they'll get a taste of the real Schnapps—they'll realize what enjoyment they've missed by not getting SCHNAPPS long ago—then they'll feel like kicking themselves. SCHNAPPS is sold everywhere in 5 cent cuts, and 10 and 15 cent plugs. Be sure you get the genuine.

\$10 Given Away!

Just to show that we appreciate your patronage we are going to give \$10 away for the benefit of Christmas Shoppers. HERE IS THE PLAN.—Every time you make a purchase of 25 cents worth or more you are allowed to write your name on a slip of paper and drop it in a box. The slips will be counted by disinterested parties on January 2 and the person having the largest number of slips will get the money. This is no catch! No bait—except the 10 one dollar bills which are exhibited in our show windows.

Don't Forget to Put Your Name in the Box! Come Early and Make Your Selections

Mayer's Book Store. KEEP AN EYE ON MY WINDOWS. Store open Until 11 O'clock, P. M.

Removal Sale!

Beginning Dec. 11th, And Continuing for TEN Days! We Will Offer Our Stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Shoes, Etc., at Greatly Reduced Prices, and

AT COST! This sale is made imperative by the fact that we will move other quarters early in the new year and we must close large lines of goods as we don't want to move them. want to sell 'em. No goods charged during this sale, or sold out on approbation. We quote a few prices to give you an idea how cheap you can buy from us during this sale.

- Calicoes, per yard . . . 4 1-2 and 5 1-2c. SHOES—
Ginghams, per yard . . . 4 and 5 1-2c.
Men's \$5.00 shoes for \$4.37.
Dress goods . . . 11, 13, 19, 23 and up.
Men's \$4.00 shoes for \$3.43.
White homespun, brilliantines, etc 38 to 99c.
Men's \$3.50 and \$3.00 shoes
Checked homespun, per yd. 4 1-2 to 6c. \$2.68.
Jeans for pants, per yd 13, 16, 18, 23c.
Men's \$2.50 and \$2.00 shoes
Other pants goods, per yd. 23 to 37c. \$1.72.
Outing, per yd. 7 to 9 cents.
Flannelette, per yd. 8 1-2 cents.
Women's \$3.00 Patent Leather
Chrockery, Glassware and Tinware at Shoes for \$2.38.
cost.
Women's \$2.50 shoes for \$1.88.
Notions, Neckware, etc., at cost.
Women's \$1.50 shoes for \$1.25.
We offer tobacco in 10lb. boxes at 25 Women's heavier shoes for \$1.50.
cents and up.
Children's shoes at 40 cents
Monkey and Parrot baking powder, 4 pair and up.
cents a can.
Boy's and Men's shoes at \$1.50
Mendelson's Lye, 5 cents a can, 6 for to \$1.13 per pair.
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HATS.
CLOTHING—
Men's \$1.50 hats at 99 cents.
Boy's suits, 35 cents, \$1.00 \$1.25 and up.
Men's suits, \$3.99, \$4.67, \$5.00 and up.
COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS. All creditors of Henry Gallman, deceased, will present their claims duly attested to the undersigned, or to Hunt, Hunt & Hunter as Attorneys, on or before the 27th day of December, 1906. N. Childs, Executor of Last Will and Testament of Henry Gallman, deceased. Newberry, S. C., November 23, 1906.

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