

**THERE IS A LITTLE HOUSE**

The little house! It is so small I have not found it yet at all, And an year follows patient year, Strange towns of countries far and near, Return the answer: "Nay, not here!" And yet I know the lamplight falls Carelessly upon its walls, And I would touch them if I could, To know if they are stone or wood.

There is a chair for you, and there The light falls golden on your hair, But—with your graying lips unlinked The spiral shadows coil and twist about you as you turn to mist. Our little house! Its window panes Ring by a thousand passionate rains, Are blind with ivy, and the moss Creeps on the sill that we must cross,

It would not be so hard to wait, If I were sure about the gate, A broken latch were trivial now, To dazzled eyes, that marveled how The sunrise rested on your brow, But dawn is terrible unless Love soothes its awful loveliness, Ah, love, what fierce dawns storm and dare

The little house that waits somewhere! —Mary Brent Whiteside, in Leslie's Weekly.

**SHRINE LOOTED OF TREASURE**

Russia's Soviet Government Has Appropriated Riches of Famous Church of Saint Sergius.

St. Sergius' treasure of \$300,000,000 has disappeared. Red soldiers now use as a barricade the buildings of what was once regarded as the richest and most famous convent of all the Russians save, possibly, that at Kiev. There are but five monks left in the monastery. Fifteen others have removed a mile and a half distant to the Church of Gethsemane, at Chergovskaya where they have founded a humble community and till the soil. The other monks who lived at this vast religious mecca, to which yearly went 100,000 pilgrims, have been scattered. There are but few pilgrims now to pray before the ikon of St. Sergius, the miraculous powers of which was supposed by Russians to have saved the monastery from destruction by the French army of invasion in 1812. The very jewels of the open silver surchubagus of St. Sergius have been removed or replaced with false ones, it is claimed. Many of the vast treasure of church vessels, mitres and croziers, made of solid gold and inlaid with precious stones of immense value are missing. It is claimed that the loot from the monastery equaled in value the treasure of gold and silver and precious stones of St. Peter's, Rome. The monastery is now classed as a national soviet museum and no services are held within the church.



**A CREDIT RATING**

Mr. Everbroke: I want a good diamond ring on credit. I've just become engaged to the rich Miss Goldenbonds.  
The Jeweler: I am sorry to have to refuse you. Our credit man reports that it's difficult to get Miss Goldenbonds to return her engagement rings. Call and see us when you need wedding rings. Thirty days time—five per cent. off for cash.

**Piano Box Shoe Store.**

Have you ever been in an oil boom town? The hope of striking oil is as great an excitement as the finding of gold in '49. From the preliminary leasing of the land, the promotion of stock, to the setting up of a drill it has all the glamor and glory of speculation. Once oil is hit, the gusher opens up not only wealth for the prospector, but some measure of opportunity for the alert merchant. In the Arkansas fields almost overnight a line of stores appeared. They were nothing more than shanties at the best, but the shoe store took the prize of the entire main street. It consisted of four piano boxes containing the best grade boots and the best calfskin shoes at a price reminiscent of the war period.—Boot and Shoe Recorder.

**New York Woman's Fool Idea.**

Because she dyed her cat a beautiful blue to harmonize with the furniture of her apartment, a young woman in New York, who says she is a singer, was arrested on a cruelty charge by the Humane society. A probation officer who was sent to investigate the case told the magistrate that the singer had a three-room apartment all done in Alice blue and had an Alice blue wardrobe. She wanted Otto to be of the same shade and so dipped him. Two other cats that she had dyed had been poisoned by licking off the dye. The magistrate gave her a suspended sentence and ordered the Humane society to keep the cat until its soft fur is once more clean and there is no further danger to its health.

**Easy to Start.**

"I notice that some young women have started a movement to teach the young men of their town how to talk when paying a call."  
"A waste of time."  
"Oh?"  
"All that is necessary when the young chap gets his hat parked and himself seated on the edge of a chair is to say, 'Oh, Augustus, Montgomery, Percival, or whatever his name happens to be, do tell me about yourself!'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**GREAT IS CUPIID**

Few Escape Shafts of Small God of Love.

Affection Has Been Well Described as a Specific Ailment; Also a Form of Madness.

"Love is like measles," said a well-known novelist, "for nearly every one must go through it."

She might with equal truth have added: "And like measles, it is a disease, with its marked and distinguished symptoms with varying periods of incubation and often with serious consequences."

However sentimentalists may scoff, love is beyond doubt a specific disease—"a fever, a ferment in the blood"—a fact which has been recognized by writers of all ages, from Terence, who wrote, "In love, in delirium," to Mrs. E. B. Browning, who said, "We catch love and fevers in the vulgar way."

Its attack is sometimes instantaneous, remarks a London Tri-Bit writer. A truant curl, a sudden glance from a pair of merry eyes, the pout of pretty lips, a dimple that comes and goes, the sudden music of a voice—and for many a man the deed is done.

John Leech succumbed hopelessly at the sight of a pretty face in a London street; a dainty figure seen through his telescope was Garibaldi's immediate undoing, a sudden shower and a shared umbrella cost Walter Scott his heart.

Over most men the disease creeps insidiously, marked by varying but recognizable symptoms—"a foolish sequence of disordered sentimentalities." They have fits of moodiness and abstraction and a "brooding, hangdog look."

They become unsocial and irritable—now almost hysterical in their hilarity, now plunged in an abyss of gloom. Their appetite fails; they lose flesh.

In proximity to the loved one they often act in a manner distressing to themselves and idiotic to others. At a word they will flame scarlet and utter incoherencies or imbecilities. They will sit on their hats or put the sugar tongs in the milk jug.

Then, when at last the tortures of incubation are over and the disease is in full swing, the whole world is metamorphosed for them.

This is the stage of delirium, in which they see glorious visions and move among phantoms. For them there is only one woman in all the world. She is a queen, a goddess. Her faults are virtues, her virtues divine.

Her voice, though it be raucous as that of raven, is sweetest music; her face, her form, are the crown of female perfection. If they may not live for her, all the boon they crave of the gods is to be allowed to die for her.

This period of ecstasy may be long or short. Happy the man who soon emerges from it into sanity, for the other way disaster and tragedy lie.

It was in this mood that Hazlitt glorified the "kitchen slaves" into a divinity and worshipped prostrate at her shrine, and it was in this mood that hundreds of men have closed great careers in tragedy, from Marc Antony to Boulanger, who shot himself on his adored one's grave.

But whatever the symptoms, love is, beyond all question, a disease and full of perils to its victim. It blinds his eyes, paralyzes his judgment. It is like anger, a madness, though, unfortunately, not always brief.

**No Wonder Folks Laughed.**

The sun was hiding somewhere. Anyway, it was nowhere to be seen. Little drops of rain splashed on the window panes.

"Taking an umbrella from the rack in the hall, Saxton Daggles made his way downtown to the office.

"Is it my imagination or are people really turning round to look at me?" he muttered, as he crossed over one street and walked down another.

The rain was coming down a little faster now. People scurried away, seeking shelter in neighboring doorways.

"Well, it isn't my imagination," Daggles ejaculated to himself. "And people are looking at me!"

"Darn it!" exclaimed Saxton Daggles crossly, for he was stocking maker by his profession. "I'll find out why they're all looking at me."

And he asked, a laughing letter carrier.

"Is there anything about me that would make people turn and stare?" he asked.

"Well, there's something above you that might," returned the letter carrier.

**FIVE YOUNG MEN TAKEN TO JAIL**

Officers Recover Goods Stolen in Chapin

Sheriff Blease and deputies came in Friday on a hunt for thieves who broke into the Chaffin Hiller store in Chapin last Thursday night. The officers brought with them five young men, who are charged with the crime. They are Willie Wicker, Otis Wicker, Otis Smith, Broadus Corley and Melvin Davis. The goods stolen amounted in value to \$200, consisting of 15 pairs of shoes and a number of pairs of overalls, socks, shirts, knives, razors, etc.

Most of the goods have been found, some of them in the loft of a barn. When Mr. Hiller found Friday morning that his store had been broken open he tracked an automobile to Prosperity and told Deputy Quattlebaum about the affair. The officer tracked the car to where it turned off, but could not follow it further. With Deputies Player and Taylor and Magistrate Douglas and Constable Havird, their search resulted in the arrest of the five men. Sheriff Blease has notified Sheriff Ruff of Lexington in which county the crime occurred to come for the men. They were taken to Lexington Saturday by officials from that county.

**BRUNER MANAGES BOTTLING COMPANY**

Orangeburg Man Accepts Position in Columbia

R. R. Bruner of Orangeburg, formerly manager of the Coca-Cola Bottling company there, has accepted the position of secretary, treasurer and manager of the Columbia Coca-Cola Bottling company.

Mr. Bruner has been manager of the Orangeburg plant for some years and under his management a flourishing and successful business has been built up. He is a young man of ability and comes with the highest recommendations of his former business associates. He is married and has two children. Mr. Bruner will move his family to Columbia early in June.

**Eccentricities of Genius**

The Interviewer—"And please, sir, what have you to say on the subject of anonymous letters?"

The Great Man—"Stupid missives! I admit I invariably read anonymous letters—but I never answer them."

—Paris L'Illustration.

According to a Kansas paper the candidate, while still a candidate, tells what he will do; if defeated, what he would have done; if elected, what he can't do. And the public pays most attention to the promise.

**FUNERAL AT HODGES**

Remains of W. A. McDonald Laid to Rest

Greenwood, May 22.—The funeral of William Arthur McDonald, railroad section foreman, who was instantly killed near Belton yesterday when a motor driven hand car jumped the track with him, was held this afternoon at Hodges with Knights Templar honors. A large number of Knights Templars from Greenwood commandery officiated.

Mr. McDonald was 34 years of age and was a graduate of Newberry college. He is survived by his wife and two small children.

Three other men who were with him on the hand car are said to have been only slightly injured.

**Did It?**

Two women who hated each other so heartily that they always kissed when they met, were talking in that sweetly affectionate way in which women on such terms converse.

One said, with a sigh, "My, how I hate to think of my thirtieth birthday!"

"Heaven!" said the other, innocently. "What a memory you've got! Did something unpleasant happen on that day?"

“111” cigarettes

A year ago— almost unknown

Today — a leader

10¢

A sweeping verdict for QUALITY

**Cheaper and Better**

**Another Shipment Just Received of Those Good Hoge Montgomery Shoes**

Positively we have never been able to offer such remarkable values in 1 straps and slippers as we are offering now.

We aim to make this shoe sale one that will be remembered for time to come. In order to do this we know we will have to offer you real bargains.

**Think of It!**

- An all Leather lace Slipper with Wing-foot rubber heel at ..... \$1.98
- A good medium heel and toe one-strap at ..... \$1.75
- Dark brown one-strap Kid, worth \$5.00 to go in this sale at ..... \$2.98
- Dark brown Oxford, medium toe, Wing-foot rubber heel, at ..... \$2.98

Black Patent Leather, one-strap low heel, \$4.00 value at ..... \$2.98

Black Kid one-strap neat toe, Wingfoot rubber heel, at ..... \$2.98

Old Ladies' plain toe, flexible sole, rubber heel, at ..... \$2.25

Men's tan English Shoe, rubber heel, at ..... \$3.50

Men's tan, English toe, Wingfoot rubber heel, at ..... \$3.50

Mens' tan English Shoe, rubber heel at ..... \$3.50

Black Gunmetal, all Leather Shoe for Men at ..... \$2.98

**Plow Shoes**

Black Scout Shoe, blue leather sole, \$3.00 values at ..... \$2.25

Tan Scout Plow Shoe, blue leather sole, at ..... \$1.98

And many other good values too numerous to mention.

Come to Sanders' Big Shoe Sale Saturday.

10 pounds best Sugar for ..... 50c

Southern Silk Cheviots at ..... 15c yd

Blue Bell Cheviots at ..... 15c yd

1 bale Osenberg for making wheat sacks, oat sacks, etc. at yard ..... 12 1-2c

**T. M. Sanders' Dry Goods Store**

Newberry, S. C.

**Ford**

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

**Attention Ford Owners!**

Ford parts, like almost everything else worth while, are counterfeited. Imitation parts are manufactured to SELL at the highest possible rate of profit and the grades of steel used are consequently not the same quality, specially heat-treated alloy steels specified in Ford formulas for the manufacture of GENUINE FORD PARTS.

Don't be misled—Insist upon GENUINE FORD PARTS made by the Ford Motor Company. By so doing you will get from 25 to 100 per cent more wear from them, and you will pay the lowest possible cost—the same everywhere.

50 PER CENT OF GENUINE FORD PARTS RETAIL FOR LESS THAN 10c EACH

Ask for Parts Price List

When your Ford car, or Fordson tractor needs attention, call on us. For remember we are properly equipped, employ competent mechanics, and use Genuine Ford and Fordson parts in all repair work:

**Fridy Motor Co.**

Newberry, S. C.

**Cows on Sidewalks**

According to an ordinance of the town of Newberry, Cows will not be allowed on the Sidewalks of the town at any time.

**S. C. McCarley**

Chief of Police