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Mr. John B. Broadwell averaged three bales of cotton per acre on his entire crop by using fertilizers at the rate of 1,000 pounds per acre. You should be able to do as well as Mr. Broadwell

By Using Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers

Get a copy of our 1910 Farmers' Year Book or Almanac from your fertilizer dealer, or write us for a free copy. Mr. Broadwell tells in this book his own story of how he got this big yield.

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Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company

Please send me a copy of your 1910 Farmers' Year Book free of cost.

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SOLD! SELLING! FOR SALE!

We wish to thank our customers for the liberal patronage during the fall.

We beg to say our Stock is complete in every Line, and we can save you money on any article in our Lines.

We have just unloaded two cars of Baggies into our Repository, and we give the best guarantee with our goods of any dealer in the county. When it comes to Wagons and Hand-made Harness our competitors are at a loss.

Our buyer is now in the West and this week we will unload a car of

Mules and Horses

and can fill any order.

Full Line of Oliver Chilled Plows and Plow Repairs always on hand.

We only ask for your inspection of our Stock before you buy. To look and price, means we trade.

Wishing you all a merry Christmas, I am yours for a square deal, small profits and big sales.

D. M. BRADHAM & SON

In the Fight.

The decks are cleared for action. I am now in the race for cash trade, and I have a splendid stock of everything needed on the farm or in the household.

I cordially invite an inspection of my stock of

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Notions, Shoes, Hats, Clothing, Crockery, Tin, Wooden and Hardware.

GROCERIES

of all kinds and in large quantities. Come to my store, price my goods, examine the quality, and if not as cheap as the cheapest, then don't buy from me. I have made special arrangements to do a large cash trade this season, and I fully realize that I must, to do business, meet sharp competition. This I have prepared for. I want your trade.

B. A. JOHNSON.

BRING YOUR

JOB WORK

TO THE TIMES OFFICE.

Alabama's Capitals.
When Alabama was a territory its capital was at St. Stephens, in Washington county. The convention that framed the constitution under which it was admitted into the Union was held in Huntsville, where the first legislature met in October, 1819, and the first governor was inaugurated. Cahaba became the seat of government in 1820. In 1825 the capital was removed to Tuscaloosa, and in 1846 it was again removed, this time to Montgomery.

Didn't Want to See Much.
"What are you wearing that monocle for?" asked the theatrical manager. "You paid to see the show?"
"Yes," replied the young man, "but I can see all I want of this show with the monocle."—Yonkers Statesman.

Caustic.
Saplegh—The doctor says there's something the matter with my head. Sharp—You surely didn't pay a doctor to tell you that!—Boston Transcript.

How Good He Was.
George—Do you think I'm good enough for you, darling? Darling—No, George, but you're too good for any other girl.—Illustrated Bits.

A Hot Spot.
"I believe that Monterey, Mexico, is the hottest spot in the world in the daytime," said an Arizona man. "I have seen the thermometer register as high as 120 degrees in the late afternoon. It was so hot that the natives who ventured on the streets would hug the foot wide shade of the low buildings like lichen clings to tree bark. But her's the funny part of it: When the sun sets it begins to cool off, and at night it is positively necessary to sleep under blankets. The nights are delightfully cool, and I presume it is because one is able to get a good sleep that it is possible to live in that climate."—Washington Post.

The Complete Bookkeeper.
Mrs. Knicker—How do you make your books balance? Mrs. Booker—That's easy. I always spend the exact sum I receive right away.—New York Sun

For Him to Say.
"Do you think I can stand an operation, doctor?"
"You know your financial condition better than I do."—Exchange.

Anger is a stone cast into a wasp's nest.—Malabar Proverb.

A PIONEER AERONAUT

The Brave and Daring Frenchman Pilatre de Rozier.

TRAGIC END OF HIS CAREER.

He Was the First Aeronaut to Lose His Life From a Balloon, and He Was Dashed to Death With a Companion From a Height of 1,700 Feet.

Jean Francois Pilatre de Rozier, who was born at Metz in 1750 and who was killed, a martyr to his zeal, by a fall from his balloon at Boulogne, France, June 15, 1795, was the first aeronaut to lose his life in the dangerous work of mastering the air.

Pilatre de Rozier, who had made ascents in the Montgolfier balloon, determined to solve the question of balloons as mediums for carrying passengers and could think and dream of nothing but how he could fashion a machine that would carry him on an aerial voyage. When his balloon was finished he made some twenty-three ascents, nearly always alone, but occasionally accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes, a brave soldier and one who had faith in Pilatre's ideas. The balloon was always held captive by the strong cords.

Whenever he went up there was a crowd to watch him. One day there was a thrilling moment. The balloon drifted toward some high trees, and it seemed inevitable that the tissues would be torn by the branches and Pilatre dashed to the ground. They saw the young man calmly throw a bunch of straw on his fire and quickly pour over it two small bottles of oil. Instantly the fierce heat sent the balloon up safely, and it swept beyond the danger line of the trees. A mighty shout went up from the crowd, and when he came down Pilatre had an oration.

He now felt ready to make his grand experimental trial trip, but the king would not allow him to do so, as he feared to lose so brave and scientific a man. Pilatre was in despair, and at length the king said that he would give him the opportunity to test the safety of his balloon in the following way: He would give full pardon to any two criminals who were willing to go up in it, provided Pilatre did not himself go.

The scientist was very angry. He said: "What! Shall vile criminals, foul murderers, men rejected from the bosom of society, have the glory of being the first to navigate the air? Never while Pilatre de Rozier draws breath!"

After repeated prayers for permission to make his experiment he appealed to the influence of the Duchess de Polignac, the governess of the royal children. To her petitions the king, Louis d'Arlandes added his and asked to be allowed to accompany Pilatre.

On Nov. 21, 1783, Pilatre and the marquis made an ascent from the gardens of the Chateau de la Muette, in the Bois. They sailed safely across the Seine, over the Hospital For Old Soldiers, and landed about five miles from Paris. Their return was greeted with wild enthusiasm.

The marquis rode back, but Pilatre had to go first to his house and get a coat, for some one had stolen his in the mixup of their coming down, when the balloon, of course, collapsed.

Pilatre now announced that he would cross the channel from Boulogne to England. A wealthy Frenchman advanced the money to construct an improved machine that he was certain could stay in the air as long as necessary. This new invention was a balloon filled with hydrogen gas. Under it was a cylinder by which he expected to rarefy the air contained in it so that he could either ascend or descend easily and so reach currents of air that would take him in any desired direction.

It was five months before there came a day suitable for making the aerial trip. A physician who loved adventure and believed in the success of the experiment went with him from Boulogne.

They cut the cords that held the balloon at 7 o'clock in the morning. The ascent was majestic, and when at a height of 200 feet the balloon swept into a current of air that took it toward the channel. Suddenly a cross current swept it back.

Pilatre hastened to let some cold air into the cylinder and in some way made a rent in the balloon. They were 1,700 feet high, and instantly they were dashed to the earth, mangled and crushed frightfully.

France still remembers his enthusiastic faith in his scientific efforts, and in many places are memorials and inscriptions that perpetuate his fame.—Boston Globe.

The Dental Ornaments.
Visitor (passing through dining room with little Tommy, discoverer mine pie on sideboard)—Hello, but that's a fine pie! Who made it?
Tommy—Gran'ma; she always makes the pies.
Visitor—Does she, indeed? Well, I'd like to get my teeth into that one.
Tommy—You would, eh? Well, gran'ma's got ahead of you. Don't you see the prints of her'n all around the edges?—Boston Courier.

Trespassing.
"You accuse this aviator of trespassing in your garden?"
"Yes, judge. I caught him among my air currents."—New York Herald.

Wind puffs up empty bladders, opinion fools—Socrates.

A Wretched Mistake
to endure the itching, painful distress of piles. There's no need to. Listen: Will A. Marsh, of Silver City, N. C., writes: "I'll give you a box of Backlen's Anus Salve, and was soon cured." Burns, Boils, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Eczema, Cuts, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, vanish before it. 25c. at all druggists.

A Curious Error.
The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale told how a curious error crept into the translation of the Lord's Prayer into the Delaware Indian tongue. The English translator had as an assistant an Indian who knew English. "What is 'hallow' in Delaware?" asked the translator. The Indian thought he said "halloo" and gave him the equivalent. Therefore the Delaware version of the Lord's Prayer reads, "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallooed be thy name."

As Corrected.
"Tommy," said the teacher to a bright grammar class pupil, "correct the sentence I kissed Jennie two times."
"I kissed Jennie three times," replied Tommy proudly.—Chicago News.

EARLY SAVINGS BANKS

First Modern One Was Opened in Scotland in 1810.

STARTED BY HENRY DUNCAN.

He Was a Presbyterian Clergyman and Was a Friend of Thomas Carlyle and of the Celebrated Dr. Chalmers—The Rapid Spread of the System.

The first savings bank to accept deposits in small amounts and to pay cumulative interest was opened in Scotland in May, 1810. Several institutions for savings existed in foreign countries prior to 1810, but there was nothing in any respect like the modern savings bank. England, for example, early witnessed the appearance of numerous small charitable associations and institutions which undertook to invest the savings of their members.

The first modern savings bank, however, was originated by Henry Duncan, a Presbyterian clergyman of Dumfries, Scotland, a friend of Thomas Carlyle and of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, who throughout his active life was interested in various schemes of practical benevolence. In 1810, after he had already set forth his views on the subject in the Dumfries Courier, he established the Ruthwell Savings bank. His purpose, as expressed in a memoir published by his son in 1888, was to induce the mass of people of his time to realize the value of the little savings which by economy could be put away.

The Dumfries community of lowland Scotch was a good one in which to start such a scheme. During the first year savings to the amount of £150 were deposited in the Ruthwell Savings bank and in the next two years £171 and £241, respectively. By 1814 the deposits amounted to £922.

As the success of Mr. Duncan's scheme became known similar institutions were organized elsewhere in Scotland and England. One of the earliest was the Edinburgh Savings bank, still a thriving institution.

The Ruthwell bank had some peculiarities which distinguished it from the institutions that were developed later. There was an annuity fund, for instance. Most remarkable of all, before anybody's first deposit was received inquiries had to be made as to his age, family affairs and previous moral conduct. According to what was discovered the management decided, first, whether his deposit should be accepted, and, second, what rate of interest should be allowed him.

The Ruthwell bank's funds were placed with the British Linen company, which allowed 5 per cent interest on them. Most of the depositors received 4 per cent, but to those of three years standing whose deposits amounted to £5 or more 5 per cent was allowed.

provided the depositor wanted to get married or that he was six or seven years old or that in other respects it would be especially advantageous for him to receive more interest. The first savings bank was under no obligation to allow depositors to withdraw funds when they wanted. There was a provision that "when the depositor shall have become incapable of maintaining himself from sickness or otherwise a weekly allowance may be made to him at the option of the court of directors out of the money he has deposited."

The Edinburgh Savings bank was much simpler in its organization than the Ruthwell and more closely resembled the savings banks of the present day. Each depositor received the same rate of interest. There was no preliminary investigation of his character, and he could withdraw his deposits at pleasure. The rate of interest was uniformly 4 per cent.

Washington's High Priced Shad.
Washington's steward was a man named Frances, who liked good dining and with whom Washington continually quarreled about the market price. One time he bought a shad in February, and as Washington saw it coming into the dining room he was charmed and asked what fish it was.

"It is a shad," replied the steward, "a very fine shad. It was the only one in the market, and I bought it for you."

"But what did you pay for it?" said Washington sternly.

"It is a very fine shad," continued the steward, "and it is cooked to a turn."

"But I want to know the price—the price!"

"It cost \$3," stammered out Frances.

"Take it away," said Washington as he raised his hand; "take it away. It shall never be said that I set such an example of luxury and extravagance."

And with that he drove the steward out of the room, and the shad was eaten in the servants' kitchen.

She Liked Silk Hosiery.
Susan R. Anthony was a woman of simple taste in dress, but her close friends knew of one pretty feminine vanity that she always held to. She had a weakness for silk stockings. Being pressed on one occasion for an explanation of what most women at one time regarded as an unnecessary extravagance, she laughingly exclaimed: "Oh, I just love 'em! They are an inspiration. If I have my silk stockings on when I rise to make an address I feel just as if I am walking among the clouds. They help me to soar away on flights of eloquence. I wouldn't be without them."

Just the Thing.
The poet took his silver mounted pistol from the bureau drawer.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked his timid wife.

"I'm going to use it to drive the wolf from the door," he answered.

Ten minutes later the pawnbroker had advanced \$2 on it.—Chicago News.

Headed Him Off.
He—You know, Clara, about the diamond engagement ring I want to give you, diamonds have gone up so— She—Oh, you dear boy! How sweet of you to want to make sacrifices to prove your love.—Baltimore American.

Lost Opportunity.
Wife—I remember the night you proposed to me. I bent my head and said nothing. Hub (comfortingly)—I know it worries you, dear, but never mind—you're made up for it since— Exchange.

A man should stand erect, not be kept erect by others.—Marcus Aurelius

THE RAT KING.

His Method Was Successful, but It Remains a Secret.

In the early sixties of the last century the Smithsonian institution was infested with rats. Nothing in the building seemed to be rat proof. They ate skins cured with arsenical soap or table linen or the contents of Professor Henry's pantry without discrimination. Every one in the city, from Professor Henry to the bootblack, had one subject in common, and that was "rats."

As Professor Henry, who lived in the east end of the building, was insisting on an account of the ruin wrought in his home during that day Professor Spencer Baird walked in and said, just as if he had been following every word of the family conversation, "I have just been told that there is a man in Philadelphia who can rid this place of rats."

Professor Henry's eyes expressed interest and incredulity at the same moment.

"I have his address here," went on the assistant secretary. "He calls himself the 'rat king' and won't take a cent if a rat remains and has."

"We'll send for him if it takes our last thousand cents to do it," said Professor Henry and laughingly predicted the repetition of the famous old tale of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Several days later the "rat king" appeared in Washington. He was almost as short as he was broad and wore clothes too loose for description; they had no shirt. He carried a large egg-shaped sack and a covered basket. His penetrating blue eyes were almost covered by shaggy eyebrows, and his blond hair had not been cut, but lagged. His manner was short and brisk, and he went straight to the point, talking to Professor Henry in German.

He declared that not a rat would be in the building three days hence if his directions were obeyed. During that time he would stay in the basement alone; every door was to be locked, and on no account was he to be disturbed until he gave them the secret. So they left him in absolute darkness and carried out his directions.

On Sunday morning the queer old man emerged from the darkness so confident of his success that he refused to accept the money which was his due then, and there, but insisted that Professor Henry and he should go to him in Philadelphia the following week.

"Now you can leave your food in the basement, and it won't be touched. And I won't take a cent if you are troubled with rats," were his parting words.

Cheese and cake were directly placed about the building to tempt the rats. Morning after morning they were found as they had been left, and from that day to this the Smithsonian institution has never been troubled with rats. And no one has ever found out the secret of the "rat king's" method.—Youth's Companion.

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A Wild Blizzard Ragging
brings danger, suffering—often death—to those who take colds, coughs and grippe—that terror of Winter and Spring. Its danger signals are "cough," "nostrils, lower part of nose sore, chills and fever, pain in back of head, and a throbbing griping cough. When Grip attacks, its best value your life, don't delay getting Dr. King's New Discovery. "One bottle cured me," writes A. L. Dunn, of Pine Valley, Miss., after being laid up three weeks with Grippe. For sore throats, Hemorrhoids, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, It's supreme. 50c, \$1.00. Guaranteed by all druggists.

His Ad. Answered.
A man stopped at a newspaper office on his way to the theater and placed an advertisement for a boy. Half an hour later one fell from the gallery into his lap.

Simple.
"How do you keep your razor sharp?"
"Easy enough. I hide it where my wife can't find it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It's folly to try deaf mutes as servants; they won't answer.

THE RIDDLE OF SLEEP

A Mystery That the Mind of Man Is Unable to Penetrate.

THE CAVERN OF MORPHEUS.

It Is Pitch Black as Far as Human Understanding Goes, For We Know No More About It Than We Do About Its Twin Mystery, Death.

When all is written, how little we know of sleep! It is a closing of the eyes, a disappearance, a wondering return. In uneasy slumber, in dreamless dead rest, in horrid nightmare or in ecstasies of somnolent fancies the eyes are blinded, the body is abandoned, while the inner essence is we know not where. We have no other knowledge of sleep than we have of death. In death, in normal sleep and in dissolution, the soul is gone. In these it returns, in that it does not come again, or so we ignorantly think.

Yet when I reflect on my death I forget that I have encountered it many times already and find myself none the worse. I forget that I sleep. The day has no shorter existence than man's. We bustle about for a few years with ludicrous importance, as butterflies buzz at the window panes. They, too, may imagine themselves of infinite moment in this universe we share with them. But this is to take no account of the prognostics of sleep. There is something hidden, something secret, some unfathomed mystery whose presence we feel, but cannot verify; some permeative thought incessantly moving in our hearts, some phosphorescence that glows we know when it comes through our shadowy atoms.

Neither sleep itself nor half its promises nor mysteries have been plumbed. It is the mother of superstitions and of miracles. In dreams we may search the surface powers of the freed soul. Visions in the night are not all hallucinations; voices in the night are not all mocking. There is a prophet dwells within the mind not of the mind, but deeper than in obscurity.

The brain cannot know of this holy presence nor of its life in sleep. The brain is mortal and untrustworthy; a photograph and a camera for audible and palpable existence. Strike it a blow in childhood so that it ceases its labors and awake it by surgery after forty years and it will repeat the infantile notion or word it last recorded and will take up its task on the instant, making no account of the intermediate years. They are nonexistent to it. Yet to our hidden memory those dreamed years are not blank. It knows, it has recorded, though the brain has slept. And in hypnotic or psychic trance, when that wonderful ruler is released from the prison of the body, it can speak through the atom bent machinery of the flesh and tell of things man himself could not know because of his paralyzed brain. This ruler is not asleep in sleep, nor in delirium is it delirious, and in death is it dead? Through all the ages it has been our sphinx, which we have interrogated in vain. It joins not in our laughter nor our tears. We have fangled it with our knowledge and wisdom of utmost modicum, brooding features of utmost mystery, but one question, nor from the day of Oedipus unto today have we answered rightly, so that we die of our ignorance. It is Osiris living in us. It is the unknown God to whom we erect our altars, the fire in the tabernacle, the presence behind the veil. Not in normal wakefulness, but at least will it answer our queries, but in sleep sometimes it will speak. And it may possibly be that at last, after all these centuries, we are learning how to question it and in hypnotic trance and in the fearful law of suggestion are discovering somewhat of its mystery and how to employ it for our worldly good. Yet to its essential secret we are no closer than our fathers were.

We may define dreams and night-mare with what forms we will, search their physical reasons and learn to guide and guard, yet we know no more of them than of electricity. We may be able to suspect that telepathy and clairvoyance and occult forces of the soul are not superstitious fancies, and we may even empirically classify and study and direct them. Yet the soul itself is no nearer our acquisition.

Though we should know of its reality, though our finite minds should fathom the infinitude of what benefit would it be? Would it modify our beliefs or our hopes or our faith? Would it divert our action to our passionate bias? There would be no change in human nature and no reforms of the world. We are the children of our fathers, and our children will tread the prehistoric paths. Dreams are our life, whether we wake or sleep. We drowse through existence, awaking and dying and being reborn daily, ever tormented and unamazed, and our thousand slumberous deaths we call restorative sleep—sleep that restores our physical being, building up where we have torn down, recreating what we destroy.

Black—pitch black, indeed—is the cavern of Morpheus. Faith peoples it with weird mythic forms. Nightly we enter it and drain the lethargic air of forget, and daily we return with rejoicings, babbling of dreams that were not dreamed, and finally we enter for the last time and drain somewhat more deeply the essence of ecstasy and awake no more and no more return to the autumn dyed skies of the dawn. And yet we shall dream—At least Monthly.

Music Hath Charms.
"So you are fond of music?"
"Yes," answered Senator Forbush, "I have the highest regard for it. When you go home and meet a crowd of constituents there is nothing like a brass band to take their minds off the explanations they have been looking for."—Washington Star.

An Instance.
Kulker—Time brings many strange changes. Booker—Yes; the boy whose mother can't make him wash his neck grows up to be a rich man who goes abroad for baths.—Harper's Bazar.

It's folly to try deaf mutes as servants; they won't answer.



As we get older the blood becomes sluggish, the muscles and joints stiffen and aches and pains take hold easier. Sloan's Liniment quickens the blood, limbers up the muscles and joints and stops any pain or ache with astonishing promptness.

Proof that it is Best for Rheumatism.
Mrs. DANIEL H. DEWITT, of Mann's Choice, E.F.D., No. 1, Pa., writes— "Please send me a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for rheumatism and stiff joints. It is the best remedy I ever knew for I can't do without it."

Also for Stiff Joints.
Mr. MITCHELL WILKINSON, 2105 Morris Ave., Birmingham, Ala., writes— "I am glad to say that Sloan's Liniment has done me more good for stiff joints than anything I have ever tried."

Sloan's Liniment

is the quickest and best remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises and Insect Stings.

Price 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 at All Dealers. Send for Sloan's Free Book on Diseases. Address DR. EARL S. SLOAN, BOSTON, MASS.

WHO Really was the first successful Pole climber COOK OR PEARY?

To this question much doubt is attached, but when it comes to the question as to the best establishment at which to shop, there is no doubt but that

The Sumter Dry Goods Co. Is The Place.

Our handsome Fall Stock is now being displayed and no one should fail to see it whether for pleasure or profit. Both Mrs. Muldrow and Mrs. Elliott of our Dress-Making Department have returned from their style studying visit to New York and they will tell you if you should wear the Artichoke, Raisin, Plum, Calves' Liver, Stone-Green, Amethyst, Mustard, Copper Achemenes, Catawba or Camel-Brown Shade. In our enlarged

READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT

The new Coat Dresses and Jersey-Top Trotteau Suits have already proven their popularity on account of their graceful lines and perfect fit, and nothing is allowed to go out of this Department which doesn't reflect credit upon the entire store. Another shipment of those much talked of Capes are expected to arrive this week. They are shown in eight colorings and Black.

Our House Furnishings

Such as Table Linens, Towels, Art Draperies, Window Hangings in Cathedral effects, Sheetings, Sheets, Pillow Cases, Blankets, White Marselles Spreads, Down Quilts, Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Portiers, Tapestry Table Covers, Toilet Soaps and Perfumeries are suggestive more of high quality than low price. Quality in these lines has always been our Motto, and we see to it that the quality is good.

Some time ago we discovered a cure for dissatisfaction among users of Shoes and Hosiery. You can get a free prescription by mail from our Shoe Department, or better still, call in person at

The Sumter Dry Goods Co., SUMTER, S. C.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Country Property for Sale.
We offer the following lands in Greenwood County, what we consider very reasonable prices, and those wishing to purchase a farm or tract of their own are invited to come and examine our list. We shall be glad to take you over the property and give you all the particulars. The property is as follows: 1. A 100-acre tract, 2. A 50-acre tract, 3. A 25-acre tract, 4. A 10-acre tract, 5. A 5-acre tract, 6. A 2-acre tract, 7. A 1-acre tract, 8. A 1/2-acre tract, 9. A 1/4-acre tract, 10. A 1/8-acre tract, 11. A 1/16-acre tract, 12. A 1/32-acre tract, 13. A 1/64-acre tract, 14. A 1/128-acre tract, 15. A 1/256-acre tract, 16. A 1/512-acre tract, 17. A 1/1024-acre tract, 18. A 1/2048-acre tract, 19. A 1/4096-acre tract, 20. A 1/8192-acre tract, 21. A 1/16384-acre tract, 22. A 1/32768