

FEBRUARY 13, 1908.

HIGH PRICE OF MOCHA.

Limitations Upon Growth of the Coffee Which Make It So Costly.

Consul Masterson of Aden, Arabia, furnishes a report to the department of commerce and labor on Mocha coffee which will interest all lovers of the popular beverage and surprise many who imagine that all the coffee they purchase under the label "Mocha" is the genuine article. Mr. Masterson explains the limitations upon the growth of Mocha and the care that is taken by the local authorities to prevent other coffees from being substituted and shipped from Aden as Mocha. He says:

"I suppose of all the many kinds of coffee grown the one and only kind of all that is unable to compete with other coffees is Mocha. No matter how much greater and better the facilities are for handling and putting coffee on the market than in the past, or how much more the growers may know about the best way of raising coffee, the output of Mocha coffee remains the same, or even less, as the years go by, and until a complete revolution comes about in the way this crop is handled the output will remain the same or gradually grow less.

"Unlike the raising of coffee in other countries where we can, about each crop, how much it will without much difficulty, know all likely yield and the condition of each growing crop, the raising of Mocha coffee is done by Arabs out in the mountainous country of Arabia, where no white man has ever been, and statisticians and crop forecasters are unknown. There are no extensive plantations out there as we know of them in other places, but each Arab has his own few bushes around his little house and raises enough coffee for his own use and a little for trading for other commodities. It thus becomes a difficult and slow process to collect from hundreds of people enough to load a caravan. The market of Aden and Hodeida are several hundred miles from where the coffee is grown, and the journey to these markets takes several weeks.

"In passing through the several districts under control of some native sheik or Turkish official this coffee is always subjected to a levy toll or tariff from each official. Then, when it finally reaches the seaport market, the process of finally arranging it for shipment is a slow and expensive one. It is always brought in unhealed, or just as it was picked from the plant. It is first hulled by passing it between two millstones turned by hand; then it is winnowed and sorted by Indian women, each grain being carefully looked over and all the uneven or indifferent ones being taken out. Then it is ready for packing and shipping. Anyone can see that coffee raised, handled and marketed in such a fashion can never compete with coffee raised under more favorable conditions, and it can further be seen that Mocha coffee is bound to be of a higher price and that prices are also bound to remain stationary as long as such conditions prevail."

"The Jewish Chronicle, of London, prints a letter which the remarkable set of Israelites who have been settled in Abyssinia and are known as Falashas, have sent to their coreligionists in Europe and Palestine by a Jewish traveler, M. Taitelvitche. The letter, which is written in Ethiopian dialect, states that while in the reigns of Emperors Theodore and John attempts were made to forcibly convert the Falashas the Emperor Menelik allows them to remain true to the faith of their fathers. Of their 200 synagogues, however, only 30 remain, and all of their literature has been burned by the Dervishes. During the time of the Dervishes, they write, a frightful number of people died from famine. Two young Falashas accompanied the traveler to Par's and were the objects of general curiosity in the principal French synagogues on the Day of Atonement, as French Israelites were generally unaware of the existence of negro Jews.

GIFT FOR ABYSSINIAN JEWS

Allowed Religious Freedom by Emperor Menelik—Few Synagogues Remain.

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RUNNING FASHIONABLE

This Sport of Scandinavian Origin Is Not Confined to Land of Birth, But Is Enjoyed Elsewhere.

Ski running is of Scandinavian origin, but has of late become quite a fashionable sport in other countries where natural facilities for its enjoyment exist.

The ski—pronounced shee—is however, not confined to sport in the land of its nativity. It forms an essential factor in the lives of the people of Northern Europe—a necessary medium of travel where the country lies deep buried in snow so that walking is impossible. When a wolf is discovered the hardy peasants lose no time in arranging a ski hunt against the enemy. Where the wolf leads they follow, and the sense of self preservation is so strong that though members of the party drop from fatigue and exhaustion, the fittest hunters press on till the object of the hunt is attained.

On its native snows the ski was used as a means of getting through the day's work, and offered little inducement toward recreation and relaxation. But in the hilly countries of its adoption, where slopes can be descended at lightning speed and where one finds the keenest delight in the mere fact of traveling, ski running has taken the place of skating both as a national and a fashionable pastime.

The art of jumping on skis was first brought to prominent notice by the peasants of Telemarken, to whom running, leaping and glissading down hillsides on this picturesque footgear came as naturally as walking in boots does to us. By and by the Norwegians of the towns, wont to lead an indolent, enervating existence during the winter months, were attracted to the ski as a possible means of healthy amusement. To such purpose did they apply themselves in the new sport that they soon outdid their teachers, the country folk, in skill and daring.

Nor is indulgence in this invigorating pastime confined to the male portion of the community. Till recently it was not considered "correct" for ladies to ski, but habit has broken down the barrier of prejudice, and now skiing is the national sport of the Scandinavian women.

HER PA HAD AN AUTO, TOO

Therefore This Broken-Down Machine Owner Might Swear Before Little Girl on Carbone.

Gavin L. Payne, of Indianapolis, and his automobile figure in a story which is related in the Indianapolis News. Mr. Payne started out to enjoy a spin not long ago. He got on smoothly until he got well to the outskirts of the city, rather far from a car line, then the auto, actuated by the motives that only autos know, decided that it had gone far enough. It stopped, and no pulling of levers or turning of cranks was sufficient to induce it to go farther.

After fruitless efforts to get it to change its mind Mr. Payne climbed from his seat and walked around the machine. Nothing seemed to do any good, and he was rapidly getting into a state that is relieved only by strong language. However, the struggles with the auto had attracted a good-sized company of children, and Mr. Payne did nothing worse than think. The children's interest grew as the autoist tinkered. Among them was a little girl with long, golden hair, and deep blue eyes. She crowded close to Mr. Payne as he worked.

Finally he became so exasperated that it seemed as if he really must say something. He turned to the little girl.

"I wish you would run away, little girl," he remarked.

"Why?" she asked, looking up at him.

Perhaps he wished to tell the truth; perhaps he only wished to see what the little girl would do. At any rate he said to her quite frankly: "I want to swear."

"Go right ahead," replied the child; "don't mind me. My father has an auto too."

"The Time to Climb.

Climb the ladder of fame while you are young. Not only is your wind better and your avoirdupois less then, but people are not so likely to make irritating remarks about your making a monkey of yourself.—Puck.

A recent service at Zion chapel, Trowbridge, was interrupted by a mouse running along the front of the pulpit. The preacher stopped up, the excitement of the congregation had subsided and the mouse had been captured.

Terrible Indeed.

Hoyle—A woman is said to be as old as she looks.

Mrs. Hoyle—It would be terrible if she were as old as other women think she looks.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

TAKING HIS OWN MEDICINE.

How He Was Brought to a Realizing Sense of His Duty.

When Dr. John Dewey, now head of the department of psychology at Columbia, was professor at Chicago he had a good deal to say about the training of children. He particularly urged that they should call their parents by their first names. About this time he went home one day to find water trickling through the ceiling of his study, and on investigation found his son converting the bathroom into a naterium. Mildly expressing his surprise, he was greeted with:

"Don't stand there shooting off your mouth, John; get a mop and get busy before the old woman comes home."—Chicago Tribune.

Objected to Cuts.



Bill—I see a correspondence school is sending out a book showing how to shave oneself.

Jill—Yes, I saw it, but the books wouldn't suit me.

"Why not?"

"Too many cuts in it."

His Choice.

A traveling salesman arrived at home about three in the morning to discover that his wife had given birth to triplets. He was delighted almost beyond control of himself. "My," he said, "I must go right in and wake up Dooley." Dooley was his next door neighbor and a dog-fancier. He pulled Dooley out of bed, got him to hurry on his cothes, brought him in about half awake, and stood him before the triplets. "Aren't they dandies?" he asked. Dooley gazed at them in a soul-awakened state and, still rubbing the sleep from his eyes, replied: "Yes; they're all right. I think if I were you I would keep that one in the middle."—Punch.

His Indignant Protest.

The college freshman, who had doubled himself up on a seat in the smoking car, was sound asleep when the train ran off the track. He was thrown across the back of the seat ahead, and half a dozen men were piled on top of him.

"Oh, I say, fellows," he mumbled angrily, "let up! When you've hazed a chap once, good and proper, that's enough! Cut it out!"—Chicago Tribune.

Ready to Start.

Clerk—The man who does the plumbing handsome has arrived.

Millionaire—Any one else?

Clerk—Yes sir. The decorations beautiful man, the floor fanciful man, the tiling lovely man, the wainscoting wonderful man and the house beautiful man are all here.

Millionaire—Then notify my wife that the matter repairs can be taken up.—Brooklyn Life.

It Has Been Done.

"Now, in order to subtract," explained a teacher to a class in mathematics, "things have to always be of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears, nor six horses from nine dogs."

A hand went up in the back part of the room. "Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"—Punch.

The Hard Working Artist.

Bacon—You say your artist friend is industrious?

Egbert—Very. Why, I've known him to work over four years on one picture.

Bacon—Is that possible?

Egbert—It is. He was a month painting it and four years trying to sell it!—Life.

A Clincher.

A Chicago mother was trying to get her little boy to go to bed.

"Run along, Johnny," she said, "and get into your bed. The little chickens have all gone to bed."

"Yes, mother, I know," said the little tot with a quivering lip; "but the old hen went to bed with 'em."

—Judge.

As She Understood It.

"According to the old proverb," remarked the bachelor, "we should prepare for war in time of peace."

"Well, I'm willing," replied the young widow. "But as poor, dear George has been dead only six weeks I think we ought to wait a little longer."

A Physiognomist.

Mistress—My husband, Bridget, is at the head of the State militia.

Bridget—I thought as much, ma'am. It's th' foine maffious look he has, ma'am.—Woman's Home Companion.

Those Dear Girls.

May—But, really, don't you think she's an artistic dresser?

Madge—Well, yes, she does paint well.

Announcement has been made that a new afternoon paper, known as the Greenville Evening Sun, will make its appearance on February 17, with Mr. J. C. Garlington as editor and manager.

The paper will be a seven-column folio and will be published every afternoon except Sunday.

Mr. J. C. Garlington, the editor, was until a few days ago connected with the Evening Piedmont, of Greenville.

ELIHU PEASLEY

VISITS A WASHINGTON THEATER

Me and the Congressman went to one of them air show-houses where you go up three sets of stairs and then crawl down over rows and rows of people to a place to roost and watch the folks under you.

Quite a passel of fiddlers and one thing and another swarmed out of a small door in the platform and began scraping. A man in the middle was thrashing 'round with a stick but he couldn't seem to get 'em to pull together until near the wind up, when, I reckoned, they made about as much noise as the village band for a few minutes.

Everybody was busy seein' what the women folks had on, and they had to have powerful magnifying glasses so's to be able to see it. Then all at once the lights went out and the band struck up with something mellow and sweet, and one side of the house slid up into the air, leaving an old time kitchen and a likely young gal a-peelin' potatoes in the light. I reckoned she'd be plum flustered before all us strangers; but we kept still, not breathing a word, and she never knowed we was there.

She was talkin' to herself about her gay and frisky uncle by adoption and her jealous old aunt who had sort a brought her up; when directly in comes the young farm hand with a pitchfork and a water-jug, and tells her how much he's gone on her. She 'pears to like that brand of chaff just rate, and, howsoever she throws the potato peelin' at him it's plain, she's tickles up to death. Blimey he kinder sidles up to her, and when he thinks her lips is puckered up about right he deals her a roulin' smack—never noticin' us or the c a-uncle a-dozin' on a bench in the doorway.

This here aged party puts his foot down on all the sparkin' in his house. He leads the bird! And off by the ear and throws the jug after him. He storms at the young gal and she peels all the potatoes over twice more and never says a word. Then the old sinner quiets down and reckons he might possibly overlook it this time if she'd permit him to plant another smack in the same locality. She refused and the old man cursed and raged.

I was just about to talk right out in meeting, when things got so warm they had to slide down the side of the house. Then they turned on the lights and me and the Congressman went out between the ax.

After a while they raised the partition again and I see a country hotel. The farm hand was there with the young gal in boy's clothes. They was runnin' away; but for some fool notion or other they didn't run worth a cent, but just hung round the tavern, and kept tellin' everybody they let on like as if the gal was a boy that the old feller was mean to—but, seems to me, any one would have known better; 'cause a boy don't take short steps or talk like a canary bird.

All of a sudden some one looks out the door and says the uncle's a-comin' with shot guns and blood-hounds and wants to reason with the young couple.

Wall, the runaway gal gets ready to defend herself with a rollin' pin and a broom stick. The hired hand draws out a brace of nickel plated revolvers and gives one to his sweetie. I saw there was sure to be some shootin', and I made up my mind to get out of range.

Wall, I started to find the place I came in at in the dark, not aimin' to step on nobody's corns but I wasn't long before I got into trouble. Somebody said, "Throw him out!" and ten times quicker than I can tell it, they hustled me over their heads to the stairway. They give me a first class start down these, and I went about four steps at a time. After about five minutes I found I was all there, though I felt terribly mixed up in some parts.

When the Congressman came out he said there wasn't no shootin' after all. I was mighty pleased to hear that, and I hope the farm hand, turn out to be a good husband what don't mind buildin' the fire in the mornin', occasionally, when there ain't no other way out of it.

Skulls as Hard as Stone.

It is commonly believed that the Southern negro has a thicker skull than any other race, but while the darkeys have a cranium almost bomb-proof, it is to be questioned whether they compare to certain of the Moorish tribes.

These tribes, in the vicinity of Morocco, are inordinately proud of their thick skulls, and from babyhood the heads of the boys are kept shaven, that the inherent tendency toward thickness of skull may be increased.

They have developed their heads to such a degree that one of the diversions of tourists in Morocco is to pay one of these youngsters a sum equivalent to about half a cent for the privilege of breaking bricks on his head.

The skull forms a natural defence and when attacked the Moorish lad wards off his opponent's blows by lowering his head and receiving the thrusts upon his skull.

The thickness of the negro's skull is ascribed to the scanty covering of hair upon his pate, nature endeavoring to protect the brain from the rays of the sun by increasing the thickness of the skull.

In the case of J. R. Key vs. W. U. Tel. Co., the jury in York court found for the plaintiff in the sum of \$50. This case was commenced in October, 1904, and first came to trial in December, 1905. The complaint asked for \$1,000 damages because of the alleged negligence and delay of the defendant in delivering a telegram. The jury found for the plaintiff in the sum of \$50. The defendant appealed and the lower court was reversed.

A HIGHER HEALTH LEVEL.

"I have reached a higher health level since I began using Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes Jacob Springer, of West Franklin, Maine. "They keep my stomach, liver and bowels working just right. If these pills disappoint you on trial, money will be refunded at all drug stores. 25c."

It is conceded by all that the ground hog is a first-rate weather forecaster.

BANK FOOLISHNESS.

"When attacked by a cough or cold, or when your throat is sore, it is rank foolishness to take any other medicine than Dr. King's New Discovery," says C. O. Eldridge, of Empire, Ga. "I have used New Discovery seven years and I know it is the best remedy on earth for coughs and colds, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. My children are subject to croup, but New Discovery nicely cures every attack." Known the world over as the King of throat and lung remedies. Sold under guarantee at all drug stores. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

The Charleston postoffice has been made the distributing point for postal cards and stamped envelopes for this State and Florida. A \$90,000 stock will be carried.

IT DOES THE BUSINESS.

Mr. E. E. Chamberlain, of Clinton, Maine, says of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. "It does the business; I have used it for piles and it cured them. Used it for chapped hands and it cured them. Applied it to an old sore and it healed it without leaving a scar behind." 25c at all drug stores.

The South Carolina legislature on Tuesday passed a bill providing for the establishment at Columbia for a home for old soldiers. The bill carries an appropriation of \$12,000 for the purpose.

A CURE FOR MISERY.

"I have found a cure for the misery malaria poison produces," says R. M. James, of Lenoir, S. C. "It's called Electric Bitters, and comes in 50 cent bottles. It breaks up a case of chills or a bilious attack in almost no time; and it puts yellow jaundice clean out of commission." This great tonic medicine and blood purifier gives quick relief in all stomach, liver and kidney complaints and the misery of lame back. Sold under guarantee at all drug stores.

FOR SALE—All kinds of first-class Lumber; also same good 2 and 4 foot wood. Apply to or 'phone W. H. Jones.

For Sale—Horse and Phaeton. Apply to Mrs. J. H. Thornwell.

FOR SALE—Blank Mortgages and Liens. At The Times office.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the estate of Dr. J. H. Thornwell, of Fort Mill, S. C., will make payment to Mrs. J. H. Thornwell at Fort Mill, S. C., or to the undersigned at Darlington, S. C., and all persons having claims against said estate will present a sworn and itemized statement of account to Mrs. J. H. Thornwell at Fort Mill, S. C., or to the undersigned at Darlington, S. C.

E. Earle Thornwell, Attorney for Mrs. J. H. Thornwell, Executrix.

feb 6-11

NOTICE.

Rock Hill, S. C., Jan. 28, 1908.

To Whom It May Concern:

All persons indebted to T. B. Belk, late of Fort Mill, South Carolina, will please make settlement of same with Dr. J. B. Mack, who will be found at the Savings Bank of Fort Mill, S. C., or with the undersigned at Rock Hill, S. C., and all persons to whom the said T. B. Belk, deceased, is indebted will furnish an itemized, sworn statement of said account immediately to the said J. B. Mack or to the undersigned at Rock Hill, S. C.

SPENCERS & DUNLAP, Attorneys for Elizabeth M. Belk, Executrix.

Jan 30-41

\$ BUYS 500

of not only the earliest but absolutely the highest grade cabbage or lettuce plants ever produced. Frost proof, vigorous, quick growing and sure headers. If you have never used these plants for home or market, try them this year. We guarantee entire satisfaction in cost and harvest. Special express rates to all points. Prices: 50¢ for \$1.00, 1 to \$1.00 at \$1.50 per thousand, 5 to \$1,000 at \$1.75 per thousand, 10,000 and over at \$1.60 per thousand. Special prices on large lots. Address all orders to C. F. Butler Co., Moggett, S. C.

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A Buxy Medicine for Buxy People. Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.

A Specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Headaches, Stomach, Bowels, Rheumatism and Bores. Its Rocky Mountain Tea is in fact a Buxy Tea. It is Buxy. Genuine. Made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis. GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

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They Relieve Pain Quickly, leaving no bad After-effects

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