

IN ANOTHER KEY

They knew all about it. "You must have lived in a little Scotch town," remarked a busy London woman, "to appreciate the points of interest to which a village may be reduced and the absolute publicity of your every movement in such a place."

"Once while I was visiting at home I happened to be lying down when callers came, so my mother did not disturb me. At tea time other callers arrived, and by way of making conversation one of them said to me very sweetly:

"We hear you've been lying down."—Harper's Bazar.

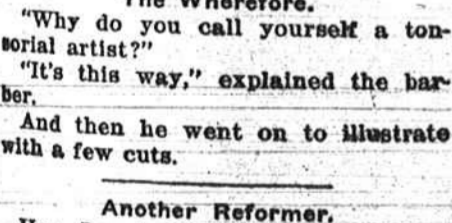
Willings to Wait.
A Baltimore clubman tells of two convicts who met for a moment alone in a corridor, and took advantage of the fact for a hurried interview. Said one, "How long are you in for?" "For life," responded the other. "And how long are you in for?" "Twelve years," responded the other.

"Then," said the "lifer," cautiously extracting a letter from its hiding place, as he glanced fearfully around, "take this and mail it for me when you get out."

Expensive.
"How often is your motor overhauled, Binks?" asked Dusenberry. "Four times last month," said Binks. "Four times in one month? Geusalem! What for?" demanded Dusenberry.

"Speeding," said Binks. "Twice by the bicycle cops, once by a deputy sheriff and once by a plain common, garden, village constable."—Judge.

DYSPEPTIC.



Clubman—I see you've been wearing plaid vests lately.
Grypes—Yes, the doctor says I must put a check on my stomach.

How Many.
How many men in life we meet, Forsooth, day after day,
Who every time they talk contrive To give themselves away.

The Wherefore.
"Why do you call yourself a tonorial artist?"
"It's this way," explained the barber.
And then he went on to illustrate with a few cuts.

Another Reformer.
Her Legal Adviser—Madam, you have had three husbands, and every one of them either went crazy or turned out to be worthless. Yet you are thinking of marrying again!
Fair Client—Yes, sir; I want a safe and sane fourth.

Effacement.
"Did you go away on a vacation to forget your troubles?"
"Yes," replied the man who does not care for outdoor life. "There is nothing that makes you forget old troubles like going out and picking up a lot of new ones."

Philosophic Resignation.
"Does it take two of you to interview me?" asked Senator Sorghum.
"No," replied the patient scribe; "I brought my friend along so that you could give him first chance at the deal in case your constituents don't endorse what you say."

GILFADDEN'S GOLDFISH

By AMELIA COWAN.

Gilfadden was hastening down the street toward the dock where he was to take his boat to cross the lake when he caught the glint of red gold in a shop window.

"Say!" he muttered to himself as he paused and watched a number of goldfish darting to and fro in the clear water. "That's just the thing for the porch at the cottage! Nice aquarium among the fern boxes—why didn't I think of it before?"

Gilfadden tramped into the store and when he emerged he was tenderly encircling with one arm a globular parcel. It was a large glass globe containing eight goldfish. The young person who had waited on him had large and melting eyes and her gaze had bewildered Gilfadden that he accepted what she gave him with no question. She had murmured something about our best people never carrying a bowl of goldfish with a wooden handle, so he had meekly taken his slippery burden under his arm.

Everybody bumped into that extended elbow and whenever there came a bump there was a splash and some of the water in the bowl jumped out. The young person had explained that the top of the bowl must remain uncovered to give the fish air. When Gilfadden reached the dock so much water had splashed out that he hastened to the water cooler to replenish the supply.

"Hey!" called an elderly man with whiskers. "You'll kill 'em! Don't you know that's ice water, an' ice water isn't what goldfish like? Dip it up from the river!"

With the assistance of the elderly philanthropist with whiskers, Gilfadden tied a string to a tin can and lowered it into the river. His hat blew off while he was doing this and he paid a boy a quarter to fish it out with a pole. Grimly he watered the goldfish and again boarded the boat.

The attendant at the foot of the stairs leading to the upper deck gazed suspiciously at Gilfadden's parcel. "Anything alive?" he demanded. "Can't take it to the stateroom!"

"No," fibbed Gilfadden. "Just a glass aquarium I'm carrying over." To ease his conscience he told himself that fish die unexpectedly sometimes and for all he knew his might be dead as door nails by this time.

Reaching his stateroom, Gilfadden set down the bowl carefully and then, removing his hat, he mopped his brow and said "Whew!" He had not imagined that carrying a bowl full of water would have been such a strain on his muscles. Then he went out on deck.

When he came in he was greeted by a large and angry man who had the upper berth.

"Whad' yuh mean," began the large man fiercely as he stuck his head over the edge of his bed, "by endangering a respectable man's life with wild animals? I stepped into that confounded bowl and might have cut myself and bled to death—"

"Did you kill my fish?" roared Gilfadden, rushing to his pets.

"I hope so!" snapped the large man. "Nice thing to step on with your bare foot—a cold, squirmy fish! I could have the law on you—"

"You've killed one!" cried Gilfadden, holding the corpse up by the tail. "A perfectly good, innocent little goldfish! They're imported, I'd have you know, and that fish'll cost you 50 cents! What right have you to interfere with my luggage? It's a penitentiary offense—"

"Aw, go soak your head!" growled the fat man. "And you whistle for that 50 cents, will you?"

He crawled under his covers and low rumblings of wrath continued to emerge. The boat was beginning to roll unevenly and Gilfadden prepared for bed, with one eye on the goldfish bowl. It got rougher and at each pitch water splashed out from the bowl. Sitting on the edge of his berth, Gilfadden took the bowl in his arms and cuddled it. By easing the roll he managed to keep most of the water inside the bowl. Once in a while there would be a particularly vicious roll and he would receive a splash of the liquid against his chest. When this happened and he said "Ouch!" the large man protested and threatened to call the steward and have Gilfadden put out as crazy.

The... to erect a monument... the woman... century's demonstration of housing reform to English landlords. She proved, not by argument, but by the fact, that landlords of tenement houses could cut their rents in two, keep their houses in good repair and clean, and make 5 per cent on their investments. Ruskin, who put up a considerable sum for her experiment in 1864, reported in 1877 that he had had it all back in interest. Those who followed her work most closely seem to agree that her special efficacy in the getting of results lay in a combination of salutary strictness, which held the tenant to the mark, and a profound humanitarianism that was not for a minute obscured by this strictness.

A Globetrotter.
Take an old suitcase, one that shows unmistakable signs of hard usage, and paste foreign hotel labels all over it. Rub some dirt on the labels and make a few scratches as if you had tried to remove them. Be careful, however, that you do not render the labels illegible. Go to a public library and, with the aid of guide books, write out stories of your experiences at the various places indicated by the labels. Commit these stories to memory and use them whenever an opportunity arises. Needless to say, you can create opportunities by carrying the suitcase with you wherever you go. People may not believe all your stories, but they will believe enough of them to give you quite a reputation as a traveler.

Caught Seagull on Salmon Rod.
I have sometimes read accounts of birds taking the fly of a fisherman, but I do not remember having heard before of any one catching a seagull when salmon fishing. This happened here at Dunkeld today, and the lady who was fishing not only hooked the seagull, but after playing it for a quarter of an hour, landed it. The lady was harling for salmon in the Tay, just below Dunkeld bridge, spinning with a minnow from a boat. When the seagull swooped under the water and flew off with the minnow. The gull made very good play, and it was only owing to skilful handling that it was eventually "netted." It was of course taken off the hook and flew away none the worse.—The Field.

New Ceylon Stamps.
The Ceylon Times gives the following definite information regarding the forthcoming issue of King George stamps. "Commencing from about October next the treasurer will issue one kind of stamp only for postal, judicial and revenue purposes. This is a concession to the public, so that ordinary postage stamps may be equally used for judicial and revenue purposes. The new stamps will bear the head of King George V., and as at present the different denominations will be in different colors. The word "Ceylon" will be at the top, the words "Postage" and "Revenue" at the left and right of the portrait and the value in the space at the bottom. There will be seventeen denominations, ranging from 2c to 500r."

Monkey Enjoyed Brief Liberty.
A monkey which escaped from a shop in Argyle street, Glasgow, Scotland, the other day, bolted into a fruit and confection shop, where it jumped about and evaded capture by getting on to a high shelf, from which vantage point it absolutely refused to be tempted with monkey nuts and other eatables. From this shelf it jumped on to the faint light above the door, and in this way took its departure. It then climbed into an adjoining sausage manufacturer's, and got behind the counter, where it upset many articles. A considerable time elapsed before it was captured.

Start Rattlesnake Ranch.
With enormous profits as an incentive, Colonel F. W. Brown and George S. Ziller of Berkeley Springs, W. Va., have formed a stock company to engage in "rattlesnake culture." According to Colonel Brown, the demand for rattlesnake skins is greater than the supply. When tanned the skin of the rattlesnake makes a superior grade of leather for purses, belts, women's footwear and toilet accessories. An immense tract in the mountains where the snakes thrive has been bought by Colonel Brown.—New York Herald.

George Ade Hears a Fable.
The first time the Washington baseball team played Chicago this season, George Ade, famous for his fables in slang, met a friend in the street, who said: "Come on, George, and see this Washington team. It's a peach. It's a hummer. It's performance against Chicago will be as finished as the work of Jack Frost in a Georgia peach orchard." "That," said Ade, without cracking a smile, "sounds to me distinctly like a fable in slang."—Popular Magazine.

Well-Behaved.
Lulu was watching her mother working among the flowers. "Mamma, I know why flowers grow," she said; "they want to get out of the dirt."—Lippincott's.

Uncle Pennywise Says.
Ever notice the power of the will? A late New York magazine left one which requires that all his children behave themselves for seven years or they won't get a cent.

THINGS ONE CAN'T LOSE

By GENE DUEY.

"Hold still a minute, while I fasten your collar pin, Gert," commanded the girl with the snappy black eyes. "You'll be losing that wonderful good as gold pin some day if you don't keep it fastened."

"That's just what I'd like to do," announced the girl with the pin and the imitation Irish lace waist. "Honest to goodness, Carrie, I've had that pin three years, and I simply can't lose it! I lost a solid gold, 18 carat pin one day, and I stopped in at a ten cent store and bought this one to use temporarily, and I've used it ever since. My real gold pin I had three days when I lost it, but this little old cheap one sticks to me like a mortgage on a farm."

"That's always the way with anything you want to get rid of. You simply can't lose it. A friend of my mother's gave her a vase for Christmas one year; got it as a premium with some laundry soap, I guess. It was the awfulest looking thing you ever saw, with big, red roses standing out on it like doorknobs. Ma said she would be so thankful if somebody would accidentally tip that thing off the mantel and break it."

"Well, I pulled it off the mantel once when I was dusting, and it rolled across the carpet and turned its awful red roses up at me without even a chip in it. And ma has another little ornament that she just sets her heart on. It's cloisonay, I believe they call it. One day I was just passing the piano and jarred it a little, when down it went on the piano bench and chipped a big piece out of it, and put a dint in the piano bench as big as your hat!"

"It surely is funny the way things stick to you when you don't want them—that's a fact," agreed the young woman with the snappy black eyes.

"I was going down the street one wet day and I had on a pair of rubbers that were just about worn out. One of them kept slipping off at the heel, until it nearly drove me crazy, so I decided to kick it off and let it go. I gave my foot a flirt and off came the rubber, and I trotted along peacefully in the rain.

"About half a block down the street somebody touched me on the arm, and I turned around and there was a



"Beg Pardon," He Says.

good looking young man holding out my old battered rubber. 'Beg pardon,' he says, 'but I saw you lose this. May I put it on for you?'

"What could I do but stick out my foot and let that nice young man put on my old mangled rubber? But I was so mad at him that I wanted to tell him not to meddle with my affairs."

"If it had been a new rubber there wouldn't have been a soul in sight to see you lose it or to play the fairy prince to your Cinderella," remarked the girl with the imitation Irish lace waist.

"You know Mrs. Brown, who runs the boarding house where I live. She fixes up lunches for me to bring to the office. Of course, I pay extra for them, but I get kind of tired of them sometimes. One day last week she tied up a lunch in a newspaper for me, and I didn't put the string around it very tight, and before I got over to the station the string was off, and I had visions of myself strewing pickles and doughnuts all over the train, and I thought I would just ditch the whole package in the station and buy a lunch downtown."

"Well, when I went to get on the train I had left the package on the seat in the station and made a dash for the car steps. Just as I was comfortably seated an old lady dashed into the coach and squeezed past the crowd until she got to where I was sitting. What did she have in her hands but my lunch, bursting out on all sides of the newspaper!

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