

VEST'S CAMPAIGN SPEECH.

Why a Small Boy Persisted in Hearing it Every Day.

"Senator Vest was making a buggy campaign in southeast Missouri some years ago," said a Missouri official. "His driver was a small boy, who was duly impressed with the importance of his distinguished passenger."

"At each town visited by Vest the boy hurried his team to a convenient livery barn and then raced for the court house, or wherever the 'speaker' was to take place, and perched himself with painful regularity on the front seat. He invariably turned his eyes on the senator and took in every word of the speech as if his very life depended on it."

"Finally the lad's continued conspicuous presence among his auditors annoyed the senator, and he kindly but firmly reminded the boy that it was not necessary for him to attend every meeting."

"I make the same speech each time. You have heard it often enough to know it by rote, so just put your time in the future looking after the team," he admonished his youthful driver.

"Despite the senator's objection, the boy was again in the front seat the next day and the following day. This enraged Vest, and he thundered:

"Why do you persist in always occupying that front seat? Didn't I tell you I make the same speech every day? It's as old and stale to you as it is to me. Why insist on hearing it again and again?"

"I want to see what you're going to do when you fergit it," answered the boy. Vest capitulated."—St. Louis Republic.

Denies Attempting to Dispose of Meat

Greenville, May 15.—At a meeting of the health authorities this afternoon the district manager for the Swift concern was present and the condemned meat situation practically disposed of. Dr. Smith, the city food inspector will tag the meat and allow it to remain in the warehouse until the packers decide as to what disposition they will finally make of it.

The disposition of this meat has interested not only Greenville people, but has been agitated in a number of nearby cities and it will still be interesting to watch further developments in the matter. The meat is valued at over \$4,000.

In a statement made late to-day G. W. Chandler, Swift's district manager, said that he wished to correct the statement that there was 70,000 pounds of the meat, as it now turns out there was a little less than 16,000 pounds. Mr. Chandler also says that they made no effort to sell the condemned meat and that the delay in shipping it to a soap factory was occasioned by local causes.

Jones' Appeal Case Not Ready.

Union, May 15.—At a meeting of who last February was sentenced to life imprisonment in the State penitentiary for the murder of his wife last July, will probably not have his hearing at the spring term of the supreme court on the motion for a new trial as anticipated.

Next Monday is the date set for the hearing of cases of appeals from this circuit and five days are devoted to this business, but because the printed case has not yet been filed with the attorneys for the prosecution, it is believed that the hearing of the appeal will be postponed until the fall term next November. This will give Jones, who is a wealthy planter and has extended landed interests, all the summer to get his affairs in the best possible shape.

Jones, who has been in jail here since last July, receives many callers and transacts a large volume of business. Since his trial he has regained his customary health, which almost failed him just after the conclusion of the hearing of his case by the circuit court.

Dog Went to Doctor.

A story of a dog's appreciation for service rendered is told on the streets. The other day a little terrier dog hobbled into the office of Drs. J. F. Wyman & Son, and finding no one at home, he calmly laid himself upon the floor, made himself as comfortable as possible, and awaited the arrival of one of the good doctors.

Ere long, Dr. Hastings Wyman, Jr., came in, and upon discovering that the dog would not leave the office he examined him and found that he was suffering from a broken leg. The leg was bandaged and now the little pup insists on remaining with the doctor and paying his little account, (for you know doctors don't work for nothing). The pup is still following the doctor about, and showing in every manner possible for a dumb animal, his appreciation of the surgical operation.—Aiken Journal and Review.

Lived 152 Years.

Wm. Parr—England's oldest man—married the third time at 120, worked in the fields till 132 and lived 20 years longer. People should be youthful at 80. James Wright, of Spurlock, Ky., shows how to remain young. "I feel just like a 16-year-old boy," he writes, "after taking six bottles of Electric Bitters. For thirty years kidney trouble made life a burden, but the first bottle of this wonderful medicine convinced me I had found the greatest cure on earth." They're a godsend to weak, sickly rundown or old people. Try them. 50c. at Peoples Drug Co., Bamberg, S. C.

Negro Killed by Officer.

Fort Mill, May 16.—Dawson Potts, chief of police of Fort Mill, last night shot and killed Jack Jackson, a very powerful negro, who was resisting arrest. Chief Potts attempted to arrest the negro and the latter showed fight, taking the officer's pistol away. Chief Potts then drew another pistol and shot the negro dead. The weapon the negro took was a magazine pistol and the chief thinks he owes his life to the fact that it was locked and the negro did not know how to unlock the safety catch.

CHARGED WITH SWINDLING.

Washington Society Man Locked Up on Complaint of Boston Company.

Washington, May 15.—Charles Layton Foxwell, a mining stock broker, whose wife is said to be a relative of F. Augustus Heinze, of New York, was arrested here to-day and is locked up in a police station to-night, charged with being a fugitive from justice. Herbert Moseley, treasurer of the Growler Copper Company, Boston, Mass., who is the complainant, alleges that Foxwell by various schemes relieved his company of more than \$5,000, and informed the public that the broker had victimized many other firms in Virginia, Canada, New York and Massachusetts to the extent of \$30,000 or more.

Foxwell, who is 56 years old, dignified, well groomed and scholarly in demeanor, came to Washington a little more than a year ago from New York, and with his wife figured prominently in society circles. To what extent he carried on the irregularities is not known. He dealt almost exclusively in mining stocks. The police allege that Foxwell went to Boston early in 1909 and later to New York, where to various mining concerns he declared himself to be a representative of the Societe Generale de Paris, a financial institution of Paris. Certain bonds and stocks which Foxwell negotiated failed to pay expected dividends and an investigation was made by the companies affected, which developed that Foxwell was not a representative of the Paris concern. The firms learned that Foxwell was living here and their representative reached here to-day, demanding his arrest.

Candor of Modest Scot.

When Dr. Klopsch, the editor of The Christian Herald, was congratulated upon the honor done him when the Emperor of Japan bestowed upon him the Order of the Rising Sun, he laughed and said, according to The Circle: "Yes, my new decoration makes me feel very proud. I feel as proud, in fact, as a Highland chief, and no one could be prouder than that."

"A certain earle," he went on, "once gave a dinner in honor of a great Highland chief who rarely came down from the hills."

"Though there were many illustrious persons at this dinner, the proud Highlander was curt and haughty with the grandest."

"When the coffee came on the host, leading his Highland guest up and down the great hall, asked him what he thought of the company."

"Och," said the chieftain, "they're no bad. They're no bad chiles."

"Then he frowned and proudly swelling out his broad chest, struck it a blow."

"But the fact is," he cried, "I never met a man yet wha was the equal o' mysel'!"

Cow and Calf Gives Trouble.

This is a tale of a cow and a calf, two soulless railroad corporations and some ticks, told for the pious and patriotic purpose of pointing a moral with regard to the tick law. The cow and the calf, like Mahomet's coffin, is suspended between the heaven and earth, heaven being represented by the C., N. & L. railroad, which is standing staunchly by the law, and earth by the Southern, which has committed a near violation of the law, or at least a near attempt of breaking the law. The cow, the calf not being then on earth, was shipped from Rock Hill, which is in a non-tick-infested district, to Columbia, through Fairfield and into Richland county, which are both tick-infested, on its way to Goldville, which is in a county free from ticks in the eyes of the tick law.

The aforesaid suspension began to take effect here a few days ago when the C., N. & L., through no less a personage than its law-abiding president, Mr. W. G. Childs, declined to accept the cow and calf for shipment to Goldville, fortifying himself meanwhile by a telegram from the State veterinarian at Clemson that shipment to Goldville would subject the C., N. & L. to the \$500 penalty prescribed by the law.

In the meantime the family of the man to whom the cow belongs has arrived at Goldville and is in need of the milk. In the meantime also, the calf has arrived. Likewise the owner of the cow is demanding of the Southern that it deliver the cow according to its bill of lading agreement or pay for her. The Southern's claim agent will settle, but is puzzled how to figure out whether the calf in the circumstances belongs to the owner of the cow or to the road.

The point that sticks out most prominently to the observation of Col. Childs in the perplexed case is the inequality of the law in visiting a penalty on the poor, defenseless and down-trodden railroad for accepting the animal for shipment and making no provision against the shipper for attempting to send the cow in violation of law. He thinks, however, that all of the trouble could have been avoided had the Southern's agent at Rock Hill made the shipment around by Spartanburg, through entirely non-infected districts, instead of Columbia.—Columbia Record.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

COST OF POOR ROADS.

Waste of Labor in Hauling our Crops to Market.

It cost a little over a billion dollars to haul the farm crops of America to market last year. With good roads, roads such as are to be found in some parts of America and in all parts of France, the marketing of the crops would have cost \$400,000,000. Six hundred million dollars per year, then, is the price we pay in this land of the free for having impassable roads. Did ever a nation spend so much for so doubtful a luxury before? With American roads lying open and fathomless before the eyes of our foreign critics, what monstrous injustice it is to talk of American dollar worship!

Most men of middle age can recall the annual picnic known as mending the roads. Just why it got that name no one has ever explained, for in practically every case the picnic left the roads in worse condition than before. The law in many States prescribed that each resident of a rural district must pay a certain road tax in labor each year. The payment of this tax was done under the supervision of a local officer, known as the pathmaster. The customary time of payment was in early summer, just before haying time, when there wasn't much else for the men and teams to do. The neighborhood turned out with horses and ploughs and harrows, ripped up diverse sections of highways which the year's travel had packed to a more or less navigable condition, rounded them up nicely in the middle and scratched them up smooth with the barrows. You were never expected to work very hard at these festive occasions, and the pathmaster who insisted on real work soon found himself unpopular. It was just as well, for since nobody had any knowledge of roadmaking the more work the worse results.

What some of these results were and are we have vivid testimony. Across Iowa last winter the "racing" autos had to take to the railroad tracks, because the common roads were simply impassable. Last March some misguided creatures began an automobile race from New York to Savannah, Ga. It was just at the opening of navigation on the country roads of the Middle South, the time when the roads are too thin for wheels and too thick for boots. Across Virginia each facing automobile had an escort of six mules to pull it out of extra deep mudholes and to haul its emergency rations of gasoline. Usually this was enough; but when an auto was so thoughtless as to stay in the mudhole all night, the mule teams had to be doubled and all the negroes of the neighborhood commanded to service before that particular contestant could proceed.

The racers averaged four miles per hour across the Old Dominion—a perfectly stunning rate of speed, all things considered.

And yet the roads of America are vastly better than they once were, and the improvement is going on apace. The United States government is lending a hand by setting its spare scientists to work teaching the people of different regions how to make the best roads at the least cost. The States are doing vastly more. New York in 1905 voted to spend \$50,000,000 on her highways, and while no other State is investing in roads at that rate all are doing something.

Cities are finding it good business to improve the roads leading out into the farming region; the farmers are beginning to tax themselves in a rational fashion for highway improvement, and many philanthropists have passed by the conventional college and library donation to spend their surplus funds on good roads. historic mudholes are being slowly filled up, stone and concrete are replacing the crazy wooden bridges, and a hundred inventions have been made to help get the best results for the lowest expense.

Some of the last deserve attention. Macadam roads have long been accepted as the standard of highway construction. But macadam roads of the old pattern, with crushed stones eight inches thick, cost from \$6,000 to \$10,000 per mile. Now it has been found that three or four inches will do quite as well, and the cost is cut squarely in two. In some parts of the Central States, where crushed stone is rare, it has been found that the very clay which makes the roads almost impassable is the best track-making material when burned. In yet other regions the farmers have discovered how to make good roads by the simple expedient of rolling or dragging them after each rain, and in yet other places a mixture of sand and clay, costing \$300 or \$400 a mile, is found almost as good as the best macadam.

It is well that the roadmaking materials are abundant and varied. For there are roads enough in the United States to reach eighty-six times around the earth at the equator—and nearly all those roads are bad. The advocates of good highways will find ample room for their missionary enterprise for a generation to come.—St. Louis Times.

He'd Done It.

"Have gooseberries any legs, muvver?"

"Why, no, of course not, dearie." A deeper shade fell athwart dearie's face as he raised his glance to her.

"Then, muvver, I've swallowed a caterpillar!"—To-day's Magazine.

Won't Slight a Good Friend.

"If ever I need a cough medicine again I know what to get," declares Mrs. A. L. Alley, of Beals, Me., "for, after using ten bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, and seeing its excellent results in my own family and others, I am convinced it is the best medicine made for coughs, colds and lung trouble." Every one who tries it feels just that way. Relief is felt at once and its quick cure surprises you. For bronchitis, asthma, hemorrhage, roup, lagrippe, sore throat, pain in chest or lungs its supreme. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Peoples Drug Co., Bamberg, S. C.

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is near at hand, and you will soon want a new buggy and set of harness, for this is the time of year when one wants to ride around a great deal. We have a mighty nice line of buggies, both open and top, fine harness, lap robes, whips, etc., and will be glad if you will come to see us before you buy a new buggy. Also full line one and two-horse wagons.

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If you want a fancy driving horse, we can suit you. They have the looks and the speed, and if you want a turnout that will be just a little better and a little faster than the other fellow's, come here and let us hook up one of our fancy steppers to an elegant new buggy. Also a good lot of mules on hand.

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In blood poison, mercurial poisoning, malaria, dyspepsia, and in all blood and skin diseases, like blotches, pimples, old chronic ulcers, tetter, scald head, we say without fear of contradiction that P. P. P. is the best blood purifier in the world.

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