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WINNING HIS WIFE.

"I don't deny any of your claims, Rigby, but it has been one of our rules to give such a post as this only to married men. I believe there comes to a married man a certain sense of responsibility which makes him more valuable to us and more safe in the position."

"But, Mr. Johnson," protested young Rigby, "there isn't a man on your traveling force who has done better for you, considering the bad territory you gave me. If you'd give me a chance at New York state, I'd break the record."

"Perhaps, but you'll have to get married first! No, don't argue," reiterated Mr. Johnson as Rigby tried to interrupt. "We'll hold the place open for two weeks. If at the end of that time you can show me a marriage certificate we'll talk business."

"You belong to a club here in town, have apartments waiting for you when you come in from your trips, go to the theatre some, play the races a bit, eh?"

Rigby nodded his head.

"Cut it out and get a wife."

"But I don't know any girl who'd—"

"What!" almost shouted Mr. Johnson, "do you mean to tell me that in all your bumping around the country you've never met a girl you would seriously consider marrying?"

Rigby's mind traveled rapidly over his list of acquaintances. He raised his head, and caught a pair of brown eyes watching him from the desk in the far corner of Mr. Johnson's office. The eyes belonged to Johnson's private stenographer.

"No. I don't know a girl I'd care to marry, nor a girl who'd care to marry me."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" ejaculated Mr. Johnson.

"But I'll tell you this much, Mr. Johnson. I don't propose to let a little thing like not having a wife stand between me and that job. I'm going to get both inside of the two weeks."

Charley Rigby crossed the square, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his hat pulled over his eyes. He was thinking about girls.

Then all of a sudden he remembered the brown eyes that had watched him during Johnson's merciless catechism.

Merrifield, the bookkeeper, sauntered in for lunch, and Rigby welcomed him joyously. After a few desultory remarks he inquired about the owner of the brown eyes.

"You remember Darnton, who was killed in the Somerville collision last summer? Well, she's his daughter, Belle Darnton. I think her mother's folks have money, but she was too proud to ask help, and she lives with her father's maiden sister. I guess all they have is her little salary."

"That might be walked home with Miss Brown-eyes. The next night he called, the third night he took her to the theatre—but all the while the brown eyes never met his."

And Sunday night of the following week he asked her to marry him. There were four days of grace.

"You know, I won't bother you very much," he explained awkwardly, wish-

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ing that the eyes were not looking straight into his. "I'll be on the road most of the time, and your aunt could stay with you—only in a much better house—and really, I'd do my best to make you happy."

The brown eyes were shooting sparks now.

"I'm glad you didn't have the impertinence to tell me you loved me, anyhow. There is that much to your credit," she was saying scornfully. "But you couldn't make me happy. I hate you—"

She said more, but Rigby, stumbling to his apartments through the snow, could not exactly recall it.

And all of a sudden he realized that, above all things, he did not wish this girl to hate him. He wanted her to love him, wanted it more than anything else in the world—even the position.

Three days later Mr. Johnson opened a letter from Rigby, dated in a small Pennsylvania town.

"I have changed my mind. I don't want the New York job until I've earned my wife."

And all that long, bitter winter Rigby stayed on the road. He shunned the theatre and closed his eyes to the racing news. But he sold goods and wrote regularly to the senior member of the firm.

"Rigby's got the trade in Pennsylvania by the boot straps and pulling on it to beat the band," observed Johnson to his partner one day—in the presence of the brown-eyed stenographer. "He is surely trying to make a record."

It was summer before Rigby put the question again, and fall before the wedding day was set. Rigby protested, but she was firm.

"I want you to make one more trip," she said slyly. "I want to write you every day—for myself. All our correspondence heretofore has been purely a matter of business. He looked at her reproachfully.

"Yes," she added smiling tenderly. "I could read between the lines of each letter to Mr. Johnson, I'm doing this for you, dear, for you!" But I want some letters of my very own. We'll make it just a year from the day Mr. Johnson told you to go wife-hunting."

Rigby sighed resignedly.

"All right, but tell me just one thing, Belle dear. Why did you watch me so closely the day Johnson asked me if there wasn't some girl I could marry in a hurry?"

"Because—because—" and the brown eyes were covered with the sweeping lashes now, "I was so—so afraid there might be."—By Ava Williams.

Left 180 Wills.

In 1876 William Rennie of Westfield, Dunbar, Scotland, died. He conveyed his considerable estate to certain trustees, with instructions to recognize all subsequent writings left by him, no matter how informal. When they went over his papers they discovered that he left 180 documents, which would have to be accepted as wills as all of them bequeathed sums of various amounts. The testator disposed of his estate several times over. Since that time the trustees have been working at an equitable settlement, and the case has only now been taken out of the courts.

Ancient Sages and Modern Advice About How to Acquire Wealth.

The ancient sages' "sure road to wealth" was "be temperate in all things, be economical always." Modern life, with its "rush methods" in business, requires that "keep healthy be added to the old adage."

Every body knows how to be temperate and most people how to be economical, but few know how to keep perfectly healthy. Overeating, irregular habits, neglect etc., derange the stomach, liver, and bowels, causing indigestion, torpid liver, constipation etc.

Rydale's Tablets are nature's best ally when such conditions exist. The Stomach Tablets will digest your food, strengthen your digestive organs and cure your indigestion.

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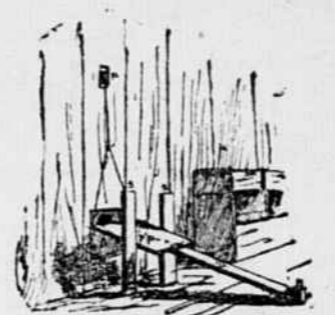
It has recently been discovered that the germs that produce Malaria, breed and multiply in the intestines and from there spread throughout the system by means of the blood. This fact explains why Malaria is hard to cure by the old method of treatment. Quinine, Iron, etc., stimulate the nerves and build up the blood, but do not destroy the germs that cause the disease. Rydale's Tonic has a specific effect upon the intestines and bowels, freeing them from all disease breeding microbes. It also kills the germs that infest the veins and arteries. It drives from the blood all poisonous matter and makes it rich and healthy.

RYDALE'S TONIC is a blood builder, a nerve restorer, and a Malaria destroyer. Try it, it will not disappoint you.

We are offering two fine clubbing combinations, at a percentage of either. You also can get our \$70 buggy.

A Self-Opening Poultry-House Door.

In the American Agriculturist appears the following illustration of a very convenient self-acting door for poultry-house. Figure 1 gives the inside view. P is a very small pulley-wheel made out of a piece of oak, and



inserted in the planking about four feet from the ground. A cord about the size of a carpenter's chalk-line connects with the sliding door on the outside, and comes in over the pulley. About midway it divides into two pieces, each end of which is fastened to the corners of the platform as seen in the illustration, PF. This platform is one or two feet square, with an arm, A, about three feet long. S is a stake about a foot above ground, and H a leather hinge nailed to its top and to the under part of the arm, a. S S are two stakes, one at each side of the platform, to keep it from swaying when a chicken is on it. O is the entrance, which is supposed to be closed while the platform is up. If the first fowl that leaves the roost in the morning does not jump immediately on the platform, it will be pretty sure to do so after it promenades around a few times, when its weight will press the platform to the ground and raise the slide on the outside. The platform and the slide are made so as just to balance. A few grains of corn might be put on the platform the first few nights to induce the fowls to jump on it, and thereby to open the slide.

Among the Fowls.

Dry tobacco will not kill lice or hens. We have seen fowls driven by lice from nests made of pure strong tobacco.

While it is some trouble to white-wash the houses twice a year, it pays, and it pays to use carbolic acid in the wash.

If you have no spray pump to white-wash with, the timer will make you a tin quart gun for 25 cents that will throw the wash into every crack.

If the roosts are suspended by rods from the rafters and not allowed to touch the sides of the house, you will have much less trouble with lice.

To the writer's mind the ideal poultry house is one with plastered walls and ceiling, and with a cement floor. In such a house fumigation is a success.

Don't fail to provide grit for your fowls. If nothing else is to be had pound up broken crockery.

Many otherwise good poultry folks fail to recognize the value of plenty of pure water for fowls.

Wood ashes in the dusting box makes plumage dingy. Better use road dust and coal ashes.—Farmers' Voice.

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You, or some one of your family, are sure to need this remedy sooner or later and when that time comes you will need it badly; you will need it quickly. Why not buy it now and be prepared for such an emergency? Price, 25c; large size, 50c.

PRESERVATION OF HEN MANURE.

Long Been Fact That If Carelessly Stored, Loses Nitrogen.

It has been a fact of common knowledge for a long time that, as ordinarily stored, hen droppings loses a large part of their nitrogen. Because of the small number of hens kept by most farmers, little attention has been given to means of preventing these losses. The Maine Experiment station has made a careful study of the effects of chemicals upon the loss of nitrogen, and reached the following conclusions:

By itself, hen manure is a one-sided nitrogenous fertilizer. As usually managed, one-half or more of its nitrogen is lost, so that as ordinarily used it does not carry an excess of nitrogen. Because of its excess of nitrogen it will be much more economically used in connection with manures carrying phosphoric acid and potash. As both acid phosphate and kainit prevent the loss of nitrogen, it is possible to use them in connection with sawdust or some other dry material as an absorbent so as to make a well balanced fertilizer. For example, a mixture of thirty pounds of hen manure, ten pounds of sawdust or dry loam, sixteen pounds of acid phosphate, and eight pounds of kainit would carry about 1.25 per cent. nitrogen, 4.5 per cent. phosphoric acid, and 2 per cent. potash, which, used at the rate of two tons per acre, would furnish fifty pounds nitrogen, 185 phosphoric acid and eighty pounds potash.

The details of the experiments are given in Bulletin 98 of the Maine station.

On Manure.

"That man in there is a hypocrite," said Jackson as he left the drug store.

"You mean the druggist?"

"Yes. When I went in I interrupted him in the midst of compounding a prescription; I told him I wanted a two-cent stamp, and he smiled as sweetly as if he was glad to see me."—Philadelphia Press.

What She Did.

"And what did you do when your doctor told you you would have to quit wearing a corset and give up sweets?"

"I sent for another doctor."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Where to Put Hen's Nests.

Hen's nests should be in the darkest corner of the poultry house. An inch or so of ashes or a layer of tobacco stems in the bottom of the box helps to keep off vermin. Nests should be well provided with clean hay which suits better than straw, and as it is softer will not break up and settle down so badly. Excelsior is also a most excellent material for use in the place of straw in nests for sitting hens. Out straw is much softer and therefore better than wheat straw for the purpose if excelsior can not be obtained. The nests should be on the ground in this dry climate. A good-sized room with nests all around makes a very good place for sitting hens and in the middle of the floor should be a pan with fresh water and a box of feed all the time.