

WILL BE SOLD.

DISPENSARIES WILL BE RUN IN CALHOUN COUNTY.

Chief Justice Pope Sets Aside Governor Ansel's Order Closing Them and Throws Them Wide Open.

By the grace of Chief Justice Pope, who is generally on the side of the dispensary in his decisions, the Calhoun County dispensaries will be kept open and the new county will enjoy the revenue therefrom. It will be remembered that Governor Ansel ordered the dispensaries at St. Matthews and Fort Motte closed, but later on Chief Justice Pope issued an order restraining the dispensaries at those places from closing their places of business as ordered by the Governor.

The county dispensary board of Orangeburg County was not mentioned in this order, and the question arose as to whether or not the board could continue to ship liquors into Calhoun county under the provision in the Act creating the new county that the dispensaries were to be run as formerly, before the new county was formed.

The whole question was to have come up before Chief Justice Pope on Tuesday but it was postponed, but Mr. Welch representing the dispensaryites of Calhoun secured another order from the Chief Justice directing the Orangeburg County board to continue to supply liquors, etc., to the Calhoun dispensaries until the further order of the Court. As will be seen from the order, which is published in full below, the board is granted "leave to make such return herein as it may be advised."

Mr. Welch was in the city Wednesday and had a conference with the county board relative to the situation, the result being satisfactory to all parties. The board has been willing all along to continue shipping whiskey to the Calhoun dispensaries, and the places at St. Matthews and Fort Motte were ordered closed solely upon Governor Ansel's opinion that Calhoun was dry territory and his order to that effect to the board.

No resistance will be made to Justice Pope's order on the part of the board of this county, which will continue to have supervision over the Calhoun dispensaries. The view taken is that this is a matter affecting only

Orangeburg County. The board will have to take out a wholesale license now that she is selling liquor by the wholesale to another county. It would be well for the commissioners to look into this matter and fix the price of their liquor accordingly. As there is no limit set in Chief Justice Pope's order, we suppose it will run indefinitely, and therefore the dispensaries at St. Matthews and Fort Motte will be kept open until the Legislature meets and the defects in the law remedied. The following is the last order of Chief Justice Pope:

"1. That the county dispensary board for Orangeburg County, created and existing under the Act of the General Assembly, commonly called and known as the Carey-Cochran Act, do from and after the date hereof, and until further ordered, continue to perform and exercise its duties under said Act in the territory taken from Orangeburg County to form Calhoun County, the same as if said territory taken to form Calhoun County."

"2. It is further ordered that said county dispensary board for Orangeburg County do continue as heretofore, and until further ordered, to supply and furnish, in the manner now provided for by law, to the dispensaries in Calhoun County all the liquors and other alcoholic beverages now under the law allowed to be sold in the Dispensaries and necessary to the continued conducting and operating of said dispensaries as heretofore, and while the same was in Orangeburg County.

"3. It is further ordered that the county dispensary board for Orangeburg County be made a party to the proceeding herein, and that a copy of the petition herein, together with the order signed by me on the 17th day of March, 1908, be served upon the said county dispensary board for Orangeburg County, together with a copy of this order, and that the said board have leave to make such return herein as it may be advised."

THE Washington correspondent of the Greenville Sun says Senator Tillman is the greatest drawing card of the upper house. When it becomes known that he is to address the Senate for hours before noon, when the body convenes, the corridors of the Capitol become crowded and the rush for the galleries is worse than a bargain counter sale.

THE political ring over in Augusta is about to be killed again. It seems to have as many lives as the hardiest old Tom cat.

Did you ever meet a successful man who told you what he was going to do next?

ROYAL INCOGNITOS.

The Strange Part of the Custom is That It Doesn't Conceal.

Just when the habit of European royalty in travelling under assumed names which in no way serve to conceal identity began is unknown. It is thought to be an outgrowth of the practice of monarchs in medieval times of riding to tournaments of knights incognito. But whatever its origin the custom is very generally practiced in England to-day. King Edward travels as the Duke of Lancaster, though when he was the Prince of Wales he used the title of Lord Kentmere, under which incognito he visited the United States. Queen Alexandra is often Countess of Chester, but once stayed in Paris as plain Mrs. Stephens. Princess Victoria has travelled as Miss Johnson, and in old days Queen Maude of Norway made trips as Miss Mills, with her governess, on the continent. The Princess of Wales travels as Countess of Killarney; Princess Christian as Countess Grayvenstein, and Princess Henry of Battenberg as Lady Carisbrooke. The King of Spain uses the title of Count of Toledo in his travels, while the Emperor of Austria goes as Count Hohenems, the King of Italy as Count di Pollenzo, and King Oscar of Sweden, Count von Hega. The strangest part of this strange custom of travelling incognito is that the names assumed hide the bearer's identity from no one.

BLUE.



Mr. Bath Towel: "Looks like we were going to have another Blue Monday. There goes Mr. Indigo."

Trouble for the Editor.

"I can't keep it quiet."

"I must have quietness."

That afternoon there called at the office a lady with hard features and an acid expression. She wanted to see the editor and the boy assured her that it was impossible.

"But I must see him!" she protested. "I'm his wife!"

"That's what they all say," replied the boy. That is why he found himself on the floor, with the lady sitting on his neck and smacking his head with a ruler, and that is why there is a new boy wanted there.—Answers.

Holding His Own.

Scattered through the blue-clad mountains of California, live some grizzly old miners, whose dry wit is often amusing.

After many years' absence, a certain gentleman returned to the little mountain town that had been his birthplace. The first person he met was an old miner who had known him as a boy.

"Howdy, Tom?" he said, as he shook hands. "How've you been getting along all these years?"

The old fellow shifted his quid of tobacco, spat into the dust, then said, in the habitual drawl, "Waal, I didn't have a darn cent when I come here forty years ago, an' I'm holdin' my own."—Judge Library.

Exceptions.

The man who talks the most may be the man with least to say. The bravest man may not be he who has a boastful way.

The woman who is good may not be always saying so. The silent man may know a lot. He sometimes doesn't, though.

A Contribution.

One morning last week a missionary worker was soliciting contributions toward helping the work along. Stopping at a house in the lower section of the city she pulled the bell, which was answered by a sickly looking woman.

"Can you contribute anything for the drunkards' home?" she asked of the woman whom she had summoned to the door.

"Yes," replied the woman, "come around next Saturday night and get my husband."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Turks are manifesting great delight in automobiles, but their poor roads make it difficult to use them.

The output of all the vineyards of the world is estimated to be 3,554,418,000 gallons.

All Trusts Oppose Bryan.

The Times, of Buffalo, N. Y., says in its opposition to Mr. Bryan the New York World is in the company of the Standard Oil trust, the railroad trust, the sugar trust, the leather trust, the insurance trust, the paper trust, the tobacco trust, and all other trusts which are preying upon the people through their pull with legislatures. It is in the company of all the predatory corporations which infest the country. All of these interests are opposed to Mr. Bryan. They are doing all they can to eliminate him as a candidate and accomplish the nomination of some man who would be their willing tool. The plunderers of the people know that with Mr. Bryan in the presidency they would receive no quarter. Their hope is that with a 'conservative' in the chair they would be allowed to ply their traffic at will. It is very congenial company for the World to be in as it is claimed that its owner has a great deal of stock in the various trusts.

Why Not Now?

The Ohio republican platform which the Chicago Record claims was examined and approved by President Roosevelt and Mr. Taft favors the "reduction of representation in congress and the electoral college in all states of this union where white and colored citizens are disfranchised." This is only a sop thrown to the negro by Roosevelt and Taft to fool them. They don't mean what they say. If they do, then why does not the republican congress, now in session, proceed along the proposed line? They are in full control of all the branches of the government and can pass any legislation they want to. Then why wait. As the Commoner says it is "tomorrow" for tariff revision; "tomorrow" for currency and banking reform; "tomorrow" for vigorous and effective prosecution of trust magnates. And to the negro with respect to the proposition referred to it is "tomorrow" and it will be "tomorrow" forever and

asking himself if he is interested in a recent issue of the publication called "Tobacco" and published in the interest of the tobacco trade. The editor of "Tobacco" charges that the New York World has deliberately ignored important news, the publication of which was not desired by the tobacco trust magnates. This trade publication then asks:

"Can it be that Joseph Pulitzer is one of the little handful of persons who hold stock in the tobacco trust? Does the owner of the World participate with Duke and Ryan in the dividends of the concern whose methods have recently been characterized by Colonel Henry Watterson in the Louisville Courier Journal, 'Those of the pirate, the pickpocket and the porch-climber.'"

This may account for the New York World's great hostility to Mr. Bryan. It knows that if he is elected that he will so expose the doings of the tobacco trust that its robbery of the tobacco grower will have to stop and as a consequence some of the ill gotten dividends of the owner of the World will be cut short. There are many other newspapers in the same boat with the World.

"The Best and Only Policy."

George Harvey, editor of Harper's Weekly, reputed to be owned by John Pierpont Morgan, made an interesting answer to the New York World's query, "What is the best principle and what is the best policy to give the Democratic party new life?" Here is Mr. Harvey's answer:

To the Editor of the World: The best principle: The constitution. The next best: Tariff for revenue only. The best and only policy: Beat Bryan. GEORGE HARVEY.

No one is surprised that a man who edits a newspaper owned by the King of Trusts should oppose Mr. Bryan. It is a clear case of "whose bread I eat whose song I sing" with Mr. Harvey. Some time last year a little presidential boomlet was launched for Mr. Harvey, but it soon petered out, and since then he has been doing all he can to head off the nomination of Bryan. As Harper's Weekly like the New York World, is only an echo of John Pierpont Morgan's wishes, its abuse helps Bryan with honest people.

Knox's presindential boom don't seem to be making much headway. The Commoner says it has reached the stage where it is necessary for the fender to be put on behind.

OLD HEROES IN THE ABBEY.

Irving the Sixth Actor to Receive the Honor of Burial There.

The service in that storied place was so glorious an honor for that king of the stage—so complete and satisfactory an ending of a high-minded, unselfish career! Not even at a coronation, with splendors of color, had the Abbey seemed so grand a temple as on that bright morning with the mists of sunlight streaming through the south transept windows and toning up the austere simplicity of the gray arches. Sir Henry Irving was a great stage manager who had gone beyond Garrick in devising decorative settings for masterpieces of the drama, but never had he contrived anything approaching in impressiveness and grandeur the scenic effect of this funeral service in the Abbey.

Irving was the sixth actor to receive the honor of burial in the Abbey itself. Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Bracegirdle's rival in comedy, instead of being shut out of the sanctuary, as I am afraid I stated carelessly in a previous letter, was buried there with unthought of honor. In addition to Garrick and Mrs. Oldfield, three actors of minor importance were interred there. One was Barton Booth, a Westchester boy, who had played the part of the ghost in "Hamlet" and had achieved success as Cato. Mrs. Hannah Pritchard was buried there eleven years before Garrick's death, and John Henderson, a tragedian and comedian, six years after the great pageant when Dr. Johnson tearfully left his "Davvy" in the Poet's Corner. A small group of actors had already been buried in the cloisters. Garrick's rival, Barry, was interred in the north walk of the cloisters, and his wife, Annie Crawford, an actress of power in tragic parts, was subsequently laid to rest in the same grave. Samuel Foote had been buried in the west walk two years before Garrick's death. Near Barry's grave was the resting place of Mrs. Gibber, Colley Cibber's daughter-in-law, who had sung contralto parts in Handel's oratorios and had also enacted Ophelia with weird fascination. With Betterton, Bess Saunders and Mrs. Bracegirdle in the east walk, the cloisters may be said to be haunted with the memories of actors. Nearly all these actors were buried by torchlight, and most of them quietly and without pomp. As precedent survives, albeit in altered form, in Westminster, candles were burned all night while Irving's ashes were in St. Faith's Chapel, and were burning before the altar during the

for him beside Garrick.

POWDERED TEA.

As Good As, If Not Better Than, the Whole Leaf.

History tells us that when coffee was first brought to the cities of western Europe the first makers of it were Turks. They roasted and ground the berries and served the liquor as it is served to this day, grills and all. We still drink coffee as we drank it then, with this difference, that we mostly omit the grills and drink an infusion instead of a decoction. It was not so with tea. No Chinaman was imported with the first pound of tea to teach us how to make and drink it. The consequence has been that we have never drunk tea in the Chinese way—that is, as a simple infusion.

At first, there seems to have been great doubt as to how to deal with the new herb. It is even said that it was sometimes boiled, with salt and butter, and served up as a sort of soup. The old phrase, "a dish of tea," seems to bear out this legend. Finally it came to be settled that the most wholesome and pleasant way to treat the tea leaf was to make it into a kind of sweet soup, with sugar and milk or cream. I have personal knowledge of no country in Europe but one where tea is used as in China—Portugal, which got its knowledge of tea making from a province of China, with which, at that time, no other nation of Europe was in contact.

It was while travelling on horseback with a guide in the wilder parts of Portugal, away from the shops and inns, where we had perforce to make experiments in the most economical use of the ounces of tea and coffee that we could afford to carry with us, that we hit upon a discovery. Having no milk, we drank our tea, as most Portuguese drink theirs, as a simple infusion, steaming hot, and sweetened with sugar.

I remembered to have read, I believe in the travels of the Abbe Huc, that when the Chinese desire to be thrifty in the use of the finer and more expensive teas they grind the leaf to powder and use less for the infusion. We found that tea could be ground in a coffee mill as easily as coffee, that tea made with the powder is as good as or better than when made with the whole leaf, and that the power, as it naturally would, goes further than the tea leaf.—London Times.

Poor Man.

Mrs. Henpeck—I see that Judge Knox granted an injunction against a young man whose family don't want him to marry.

Mr. Henpeck—I wish my family had been as thoughtful of me.

TRYING TO SAVE FRANKLIN

But Sooner or Later He Will Pay the Penalty.

Efforts are being made to stave off the hanging of Pink Franklin, the murderer of Constable Valentine, but it will not save his neck, as sooner or later he will pay the penalty of his crime on the gallows. The Newberry Observer says: "Jacob Moore, a colored lawyer of Orangeburg, was in Newberry on Friday and appeared before Chief Justice Pope asking for an order to stay the remittitur in the case of Pink Franklin, colored, who has been convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged. The case went to the supreme court and the lower court was sustained. The motion of the colored lawyer was to stay the remittitur until he could have a chance to present some other motion in the case. The chief justice granted his motion and gave him further time for a hearing."

This is the way murderers escape their just punishment, but we do not believe that Franklin will escape. He murdered an officer of the law who went to his home to serve a warrant and he should be hung, and we feel sure that he will be as soon as all the gauntlets of the courts are run. When the above hearing is over there will be another hearing on some other nonsensical ground, but the end will be reached, and then hemp will be introduced and the tragedy will be closed.

Oldest Woman in England.

Mrs. Honor Coleman, who occupies a little cottage at Cleveo, in the county of Somerset, is generally considered the oldest woman in England. She is 107 years of age. Her mother was a centenarian, her grandmother died at 101 and her daughter is 80.

Commercial Value of Peanuts.

The farmers of Burma have recognized the commercial value of the peanut, and have this year increased the area planted to 78,743 from 37,110 acres last year and it is reported that a much larger area will be planted to this tuber next season.

Marquess a Floriculturist.

The Marquess of Tilsa is an enthusiastic floriculturist, and at Celcein Castle, Ayrshire, has managed to grow flowers which can be seen nowhere else in Scotland.

Fluent Writers.

H. G. Wells, the English litterateur, in his youth often wrote 8,000 words a day.

Escaping a Jail.

John Bull, the English humorist, once escaped from jail by jumping upon the roof of a horse and returning at full gallop toward the Russian front. The horse was shot, but he is reported to have escaped and taken good care of Europe who were in the way.

Lieut. Dashiell—I can't think why all the girls make such a hero of Capt. Jigger. Why, he's never smit powder.

Maj. Juggins—Oh, I don't know. He's been out in the conservatory with Miss Puffer for an hour this evening.

"You traded your automobile for a Jersey cow, did you? Doesn't the cow cost you a good deal for feed?"

"Yes, but she doesn't cost me anything for repairs."

So much is being said and sung about "October wine" the brethren the day when the "ginggane cocktail" will prevail.

"Hasn't he an odd way of putting things?"

"Yes, especially golf balls."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TIME the textile workers of Philadelphia were demanding work of the authorities of that city to keep, at least, half of them from actual starvation. When it is remembered that these textile manufacturers of carpets, flannels, and other woolen goods, are protected by a tariff of from 50 to 180 per cent, their starving workmen must be convinced that protection does not protect the laboring man, although it protects the trusts and monopolists. Still these same deluded workmen will probably vote the Republican ticket until even a greater calamity opens their eyes to the fallacies of their protectionists' masters, and the corrupt Republican politicians.

It is said that Tom Watson and William Randolph Hearst will join their political fortunes, and that Hearst will make Watson his presidential candidate. Watson will be enthusiastically supported by John Temple Graves and the Hearst papers, and that will be the end of it.

To what extent is Joseph Pulitzer, the owner of the World and the man who fixes the policy of that newspaper, financially interested in railroad corporations and other concerns commonly known as trusts? It is one of the questions the New York World refuses to answer.

Thos. Taggart, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, declares that William J. Bryan would be the choice of the Democratic national convention for president, and that he will make a great race for the presidency.

TALK OF HEROISM.

The Japanese-Kussian War Supplies Many New Ones.

A writer in "Je Sais Tout" has collected a number of stories of modest bravery during the Russo-Japanese war. An officer of Cossacks offered to carry a despatch which ten horsemen had already failed to get through. The general remarked bitterly that the effort was useless. "The others have failed," the officer insisted, "because they travelled on horseback. I shall go under my horse." "Under my horse?" The general was astonished; but this is a prudent way of riding very popular with Cossacks when they wish to surprise anyone. The offer was finally accepted. He received the command, said his prayers, bade good by to his men, and started off in the middle of the night, strapped face downward underneath the horse, which he guided by means of the bridle through the forelegs. The Japanese whistled to what they thought was a riderless horse. But the animal, egged on by blows from the officer's heels, accomplished the journey of twenty-five to thirty-five miles in safety. Stranger still, the officer accomplished the return journey on the following night. His comrades applauded him, and the general rewarded him with a lengthy embrace.

A bugler named Volkoff, a baker from the Ukraine, heard his general asking for a volunteer to report upon a Japanese position. He offered himself and was accepted. He disguised himself as a Chinaman, for in Manchuria everything is done in borrowed clothing. It is a very theatrical country. Whoever desires to obtain anything disguises himself, and nearly always as a Chinaman, which involves the anger of both armies against the Celestials. Now we see a clean-shaven Volkoff, wearing a pigtail and a sordid blue dress, "borrowed" from the dirtiest Chinaman of the neighborhood. He has now become a little Chinese merchant. He sells disgusting little bitter nuts, or bread as hard as stones, or little birds in cages. He carries out the mission with which the general has entrusted him, mixes with Chinamen who are gaping stupidly at the advance guards of the Japanese, and he is returning to camp full of delight when he meets a patrol of six of the enemy's cavalry. The officer questions him in Chinese. Volkoff feels that he is lost; he answers with some incomprehensible gibberish to pain time. Orders are given that he shall be searched. This is the psychological moment. In an instant Volkoff has fired two shots with his revolver and killed two horses. With a third he begins to escape.

Unfortunately he is now exposed to another fire—that of his comrades, who do not know what to make of this unexpected horseman. Volkoff dismounts, waves his arms, shouts with all his strength. At last the firing ceases. An hour later Volkoff is reporting to his general who presents him with the horse of the officer and all its trappings.

The story of some Jewish musicians is perhaps the most dramatic of all. During the battle of Tsung-Tehan the Pope Chitchebakofsky raised aloft a cross, the sacred symbol of the victory of the spirit, and went off to die at the head of troops. The band was playing and the sound of the trumpets mingled with the terrible thunder of the wild fusillade. The dying and wounded musicians kept falling (the orchestra was almost exclusively composed of Jews); but their comrades (Jews also) went on playing, and only the interruption of some note indicated that another musician had fallen, struck by a bullet or mutilated by the explosion of a shell. Half these braves had already been struck when the heroic priest let his arms fall. The bullets had not spared him either, and the golden cross no longer pointed out to the troops the sacred object of their sacrifice. Is the priest dead? Not yet. One minute passes. The cross glistens once more. The Jewish musicians are supporting the arms of the entebled Pope. They continue to support him until all three are struck down. And during several minutes this extraordinary spectacle is beheld; Jews lifting up the Christian Pope, falling with him, other Jews lifting up the cross itself, the rallying symbol for the advance. What a strong irony! But the poor fellows were not going to embark upon a controversy about Christian dogmas, and they continued to exhibit the cross until they were mown down in their turn. This Pope with the unpronounceable name, Chitchebakofsky, was a hero. But these unknown Jewish musicians who supported him were not less heroic.

The Kind She Wanted. The provision dealer looked at Mrs. Newlywed as if he thought she were a victim of temporary insanity. "Did you say you wanted a lean chicken, ma'am?" he faltered.

"Certainly I did," and the young woman's expression took on added dignity. "Neither Mr. Newlywed nor I ever eat chicken fat. It is extremely distasteful to both of us, and I see no occasion for paying for what we do not like."—Youth's Companion.

Hundreds of millions of dollars are annually spent in advertising. Patent medicine companies spend \$1,000,000 a year.