The Secret > Of the Well

How a Boer Boy Proved to His Grandfather That He Was No Coward.

A STORY OF THE TRANSVAAL. By P. Y. Black.

ITTLE PAUL REUTER was busy with his herd of wide horned oxenfar more busy than usual. The cattle wondered why on earth he did not let them wander afar

as usual, among the richer, juicier grasses. Paul could not. He was doing double duty. The cattle had to feed or lose value, but also the house had to be watched closely lest he were needed there, so the perplexed oxen were remorselessly kept to the shorter grass near the farm buildings.

As Paul now caned to an obstreper ous cow and again looked back at the quiet, deserted farm there suddenly came to his startled ears an alarmed, excited cry from inside the farmhouse "Kunje - verdamter! Come back Thief! Robber! Paul!"

Paul left the oxen to their own slow devices and dashed to the house, whence came the angry yells, his bare, freekled legs leaping across thorns and pebbles and rocks with a recklessness born of a lifelong disregard for shoe wear. He sprang into the main room, and there in a great, old fashloned chair sat a tall, white bearded old man, whose pale face was distorted now with rage and dismay. It was evident he was very ill, and it was noticeable that he moved his head very stiffly and his hands still more stiffly, while his legs, which rested on another chair, he seemed quite unable to move at all.

"What is it?" cried Paul, running to him. "What is it, grandfather?" "The ungrateful dog! The jackal! Kunje-robber!" the old Oom Hendrick

spluttered, quite unable to explain by reason of his huge indignation. "What is it? What has Kunje done? Where is he?" "Shoot him! He came in just now

and grinned and said he was going back to his kraal-did not want to fight the English! Shoot him quick! I taught you to shoot!" "Shoot Kunje-the last servant to

stay with us!" "He has taken my watch-it belonged to my grandfather-and your un-

cle's rifle and your father's best coat! Quick! He went out through the yard a minute ago. There is no place for bim to hide-it is open yeldt. Quick! Young Paul grabbed a rifle from the

wall and ran out. Certainly, 400 yards away, there was the recreant Kaffir servant, a big black Swazi man, walking off with his master's churchgoing coat on his back and his master's ritle over his shoulder-walking off very serenely, because he knew that behind him were only an old paralyzed Boer farmer and a young Boer boy. So indignant was Paul at the sight that he rested his rifle-already loaded-on the stone wall of the yard and took aim and (for, young though he was, he was still, like all Boers, a marksman and able to shoot straight) would next instant have dropped the Kaffir when his heart failed blm. He had shot at beasts, but a man, even a thieving Kaffir man, was something very different. Paul raised his voice and shouted:

'Kunje! Wacht ein beetje! Come back, or my father will lay his sjambok on your back! Come, and I'll speak for you!" Kunje looked back, saw the rifle and. like a springbok, took to his heels and

in a moment was beyond Paul's shooting skill. "Did you shoot?" cried the old man.

"Did you kill?" "No, grandfather," said Paul, putting away the rifle. "I was afraid to kill a

At that the old Boer, who in battle had killed many men, black and white, nearly choked with wrath and so railed at Paul that the boy was dazed and frightened.

"Coward!" cried Oom Hendrick "Afraid! You are a pretty boy to call yourself a Boer! You to defend your country, you to be a soldler, of which you have blustered so much! When I was your age, already I had fought th Zulus and shot them down! Wait till your father gets back from Pretoria, and he will turash you-yes, with his sjambok he will thrash you-when I tell him you are no Boer, but a coward.

who lets his house be robbed!" Paul went back then to his stolld oxen without (for he had been brought up to reverence age) a word of reply But he was heartbroken. In his ears the insects buzzed the word "Coward!" and the lowing kine booed "Coward." and the birds flying above him sang "Coward!" so that by the banks of the stream he lay down and wept, for now he, who had wished to be strong and big and a good marksman, like his grandfather and father, able to fight back the warlike Kaffir tribes and the invading English, was a "coward, coward, coward," who had let his own

home be robbed. Now, at that time all South Africa was in a burly burly. The Zulu war with the English was over, but English soldlers were everywhere, especially on the Natal frontier, where bands of ir regular volunteer cavalry were constantly patrolling The Reuter farm lay in the Transvaal close to Natal, and, as already more war was talked of between the Boers and the English Reuter, Paul's father, was in an awkward position-between two fires, as It might prove. His Kaffir servants, last of all Kunje, had left him from sheer fear of being drawn into the fight, and Reuter had gone to Pretoria, the capt tal, to get the real facts and be advised what to do. His wife was dead, and Oom Hendrick and Paul were left stone. 100 off, once grimly fighting Boer was now helpless, so on little Paul devolved great responsibility, which his father, always proud of him, had

yielded him with a smile. "You are head of the family now, Paul," said he, riding away, "and, remember, you are in charge-even of the

And his father would come back from Pretoria to find his son was not fit to trust. For a long time Paul wept by the stream.

He was roused from his misery by a great trampling of feet of horses in the distance and hoarse, loud voices and that peculiar jingle

to do-drive his cattle as far away as threateningly, "Mind you, my bloom- FARMING NORTH AND SOUTH, he could or run to the house to warn his grandfather - the troop came in sight at the trot from round a corner of the wood. The captain, riding ahead, saw Paul with a quick, all scan ing eye. With a wave backward of his gauntleted hand he fell to a walk, and at once the men behind him did the same, and then at the word "Halt?" the company remained still and mute, and the officer beckoned Paul to his horse's side. Paul went with great awe and trepidation, for there is something terrorlzing to even a grown peasant at the unfamiliar sight of many sabered sol-

"Whose cattle are these, my boy? said the officer. "I must have some." Paul's face lengthened so that the soldier laughed and reached down and patted his head.

diers of strange dress and manner and

speech.

"Don't be frightened, laddie," said he. "My men are short of fresh meat, and I want two fat steers, but you will get a fair price for them and cash down

at that. Are they your father's?" "Yes, sir," Paul answered, somewhat reassured. "but he is not at home. My grandfather is, but he's sick. That's

"Take me to see your grandfather

He told a sergeant to have the men dismount, and he himself dismounted to follow Paul. The boy watched the agile men obey the order as if touched by one spring, and then suddenly Paul saw something which made him cry out shrilly.

"It's Kunjel" he shouted, for, now the men were off their horses, he could see at the back of the column the big black Swazi bound with a rope in charge of a soldier.

"Hello, my boy! Do you know that Kaffir?" the officer asked in surprise. "It is Kunje, our servant, who ran off this morning and stole a rifle and watch and other things!"

"Oh, was that it?" the soldier laughed. "It was the gun that got him into trouble. We don't approve of armed natives in these times who can't give long of it and the short of it. What an account of themselves. So he's a d'you say?" thlef, is he? I don't know but that shooting would be the best thing for him. Bring that fellow here, corporal."

The corporal moved forward to obey, when with such sudden quickness that here, he'd dash your brains out against the soldiers had no time to see what was intended Kunje gave a jugglerlike twist of his almost naked body, the rope fell from him, and he dashed away among the trees and the cattle and into the brush by the stream. "Shoot!" yelled the officer. "Mount

and after him!" One or two men fired wildly at the deetly flying form, and two men followed at a gallop, but soon came back. It was impossible, even on horseback, to catch that agile, low running savage, soon lost in the bush.

"A poor piece of work, whoever tied him," the officer growled. "Let the rascal go. Boy, there's your rifle and watch, just as you said. We took them from him. Now, let's see your grandfather about the cattle." Oom Hendrick was sternly polite to

the English soldiers, whom thirty odd years ago he had fought and for whom



The next instant he would have dropped the Kafir when his heart fatied him he had his racial antipathy, but the English officer was young and Jovial. and not yet had the Boers and English come to actual warfare, so a fair price was paid down, and the soldiers rode off, driving their cattle, to the camp where their regiment lay, not many miles off. Then Oom Hendrick took the few goldpieces left with him and faid his recovered heirloom, an enormous heavy silver watch, which one would have to carry, one would think. in an overcoat side pocket, carefully

"No thanks to you," said he to poor Paul, "I have my grandfather's gift again. Some day I will give it to you. If you grow up a true licer and not a coward. Your father told you, as you knew, where to place these things that neither Kaffir nor Englander can find them.'

Paul's head hung low; his face was shamed. He did not answer at all, but the bitter words of the old warriormost heroic to the boy among mencut sorely to his soul.

He went out and looked carefully around. Everything was silent. The heat of noon had driver bird and beast to shelter. Even the hum of the insect world was stilled. The clatter of the cavalry was far agone, and not a soul, not a servant, was in sight. At the back of the farmhouse, among an orchard of orange trees, there rose, peeping up from the grasses, moss grown, a circle of stones. Paul walked to them and stood over them a minute, looking down into a deep old well, unused now, but whose bottom was bidden by black water. Once more the boy looked all round, but there was no one to see. He disappeared and reappeared again quickly and went back to his neglected

cattle. Twilight in the Transvaal is brief. The sun touches the peaks of the purple mountains, and yet it is day; the sun is lost behind them, and in a few minutes it is night. Paul had his oxen driven home and stalled and the cows milked, and he was very weary, for the hay had been most exciting. He got a simple supper for Oom Hendrick and himself and ate, in spite of his hard day, poorly, for his boyish heart was acre. Therefore, a man who is runstill sore and still. When the ducks by ning fifteen binders is at a considerathe pond waddled to their nests, their ble expense-about \$100 every day. mocking quacks said, "Coward, cow-

ard, coward!" He was still eating when the door opening straight from the yard to the living room was flung inward without any previous knock or sound of voice \$1.50; cutting, \$1.25; thrashing, \$1.75; hauling, \$1.50; total, \$7. The and two big men strode in and closed it behind them. The old Boer, with a pected to work from sun up to dusk, great angry roar, like an insulted bull, with double pay for nights or Sundays. almost rose to his feet in his wrath and astonishment, but sank back, shaking of Kokomo, Ind., has the greatest numand spluttering. Paul did jump to his ber of living descendants on record. feet and with one leap was at the wall At a family reunion on her 91st birthwhere his father's rifle hung, but at day last week, 211 of her flock were many as all the balance of the world-

ing little nipper, that's the way to get into trouble, so don't you go for to try It on. Mate, hurry up and see to the ancient one in his chair."

Paul could not move, for the man's Georgia Press Association and the foot was at his neck, but he could look, and his quick eye at once noticed that the boots of the men and their trousers were the same as those of the soldiers who had bought the cattle, but their short moogs. Cincinnati and Cleveland. It faces were black d! Paul was astonis not my purpose to "write up" the ished more than at first frightened, because the kindliness of the officer and some others of the soldiers who had spoken to him had made him feel other points of interest. My undividalmost grateful to them. Grandfather Reuter sat in his chair glaring, and the other man stepped up to him, drew a plstol, presented it full at the old Boer's face and said harshly:

"If you want to see tomorrow morning, old cock, tell me and my mate where that wealth of yours is stowed and tell it quick!" Oom Hendrick gasped and choked,

and his eyes burned, but he said noth-

"Bring the nipper here, Jack," said the man, and his "mate" pulled Paul to his feet, placed him beside his grandfather and pointed another pistol at the | of the farms south of the Ohio and the boy's head. Now indeed the old Boer shook, and he turned a sorrowful look on Paul, for, if he were sometimes in the details, but only to catch a genharsh, still Paul was the hope of his eral view and reach some general conold age.

"What wealth?" he forced himself to ask.

"No gammon, now, 'cause we're pressed for time!" said one of the English soldiers. "We know all about it. How do you suppose that Kaflir escaped today? 'Cause me and my mate put us in the way of a good thing. He told us that you stow your gold 'cause you're afraid of banks these rough times. We're men of honor and let him run for it. Now, d'you see, the nigger couldn't tell us just where, but it's here. Spit it out, hand over or go to glory, you and the boy! That's the

The old man looked defiantly at them. it," he said. "It is not mine; it is not the boy's. If its owner, my son, were the wall, as I would do or this boy would if he were older or 1 younger! Verdamter Englander! Do you think a

Boer can be afraid of threats?" "Crimes!" said the soldier coolly. "You're a bully old swaggerer, ain't you? But we've no time to waste. Come, I'll give you a one, two, three

and fire. Will you tell?" "No!" cried the old man. "Paul, if you are not a coward, say no!" And Pau! said, "No!"

"One, two"- cried the soldier, now growing angry. "No!" said the old man grimly. "God will deal with you for this murder!" "No!" said Paul, white, but with a sudden brightness in his eyes.

"Last chance, old pighead! Th"-"Yes, I'll tell!" cried poor Paul, unable to stand the strain. Oom Hendrick turned on him a reproachful eye, and with pale face and trembling legs the Boer boy was led out and took his guards straight to the old well.

the side. Two mer can reach it-one view. standing in the water and the other on the first's shoulders. The water is Ohio were not originally equal to those the meal and hulls. The farmers by only a foot deep."

"Chaw!" cried the soldier. "This is a deuce of a place. How much is there?"
"About £500," said Paul, shaking. And a late duck on the pond suddenly cackled, "Coward, coward, coward!" "Get a lantern," said one of the men,

condition.

two sections.

more cotton."

ever were.

tle and sheep, hogs and horses and they

do it on a large scale. " More stock,

more manure; more manure, more

grass; more grass, more stock" has

been the general practice in Kentucky

and Ohio, while in Georgia and South

Carolina it has been and is still to a con-

siderable extent the rule to "plant

more land, to make more cotton, to buy

more mules, to buy more land, to make

The results are evident. An hun-

dred years and more of such divergent

lines of farm policy and practice has

had a wonderful effect in changing

and differentiating the agricultural

conditions. In Ohio and New York the

soils are much better than they used to

be a hundred years ago; in Georgia, as

a rule, they are much worse than they

Of course there are some honorable

and noteworthy exceptions. There are

some as well managed and as produc

tive farms in Georgia and other adja

cent States as any in Ohio. I did not

see a field of oats in the latter State

that would yield as much as we make

every year at the experiment station

I did not see a wheat field in tither

New York or Ohio that would yield as

much as Jones Bridges and W. P. Walker and Mrs. M. E. Wilson made

this year, and last year, and the year

before last. We are certainly improv-

ing "about in spots," as old Peter

Cartwright replied when Bi-hop Soule

reproved him for his levity and a ked

think you are growing in gence?

"Yes, we are improving, 'about in spots,'" and I am hepeful that these

spots will become more turn tous and

grow larger and at last he one con

fluent, and so cover the whole face of

the country, hiding the very sugges-

tion of the previous a keilers and

sterility of an all-cotton and buy-corn

The oldest known American is re-

ported dying in a New Jusey man

house, where he has been for 31 years

His name is Noah Raby, half Indian

and half North Carolinian. For some

years he has been blind, but all other

faculties have been preserved. He is

a bachelor, and for 120 years has been a smoker of tobacco and consumer of

fire-water, when he could get it. He

cumstances.

and meat policy that still pr vails i

many plac s. R. J. REDDING.

....

the old stone walls. He showed them causes except so far as such causes fourth or perhaps one-third in some a stone which could swing in its place, tended to exaggerate certain lines of cases. leaving a crevice big enough for a big farming. It is not entirely due to for- How is it with crushing cotton seed? bag of money. He went down himself | mer differences in the systems of labor. Let us take recent quotations of the and explained that he was not tall The ed like an arrant sneak and coward in deed, but what could be expected from a little boy of 13 with a pistol at his head? Then the men whispered together, apparently satisfied with Paul's story, and one of them said: "You are a rank, blooming sneak to give away your own father, but I believe you're telling the truth, you're so scared. Anyhow, as we've both got to go down, I'll have to bind you. There's to many guns about the house." So they bound him, arms and legs, with belt, and then Paul shed tears and implored them to let him run back to the house to his grandfather, but they bound him with their belts and laid him down by the well, which they at

once began to descend. All alone in the dark, never did a bey wriggle so fiercely to get free, never sweat more with terror lest he should be unable to, for he had not thought after telling them the secret that the soldiers would be mean enough to bind him. At last, at last, he got one hand loose and then another, and he did not mind his legs. He crawled to the edge and by the faint light could just make out one soldier standing in the water and the other on his shoulders, struggling with the stone. Paul gasped and struggled and pushed and heaved at

the coping of the well until he had a great loose rock poised over the robbers' heads, and then he cheered and laughed and yelled until Oom Hendrick wondered what on earth had happened at the well, and the ducks woke up and quacked, "Bravo, bravo, bravo!"

"Wow!" cried Paul. "You fools, the real stone is still far above your heads, and if you try to climb up I'll drop this stone, heavy enough to crush you both to death!" And the soldlers cursed all night, and

little Paul laughed all night, until his father rode home in the morning and made both of the robbers prisoners. Old Oom Hendrick took a long time

to understand that his grandson had actually had the cleverness and courage to entrap two of his country's enemies, English soldiers, but when he did he called the household together and with great gravity and a long speech solemnly presented Paul with an ancient silver watch which weighs about two pounds troy.

A binder in the Kansas wheat fields will cut fifteen acres a day, and the cost of running it is forty cents an The cost of harvesting a crop of wheat, from the sowing to thrashing, is figured as follows: Ploughing and harfarm help is paid \$2 a day and is ex-It is said that Mrs. Vina Winkler,

When it is considered that 25,000 patents are issued annually by the United States-nearly four times as peculiar jingle jangle of steel once, quick as he, one of the men was present, they being 9 children, 86 it is not surprising that she should lead grandchildren, 101 great-grandchildren all other nations in labor-saving and exTALL CORN

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets

regulate the bowels and cure

constipation.

Seed.

THE COTTON SEED PROBLEM.

Farmers Advised to Demand a

To the Editor of the News and Cou-

rier: The farmers of this State are

more interested in the cotton seed

question than they are in the Tillman

and McLaurin wrangle as to the purity

The purchase of most of the large

We left Atlanta with 156 members doesn't come by accident. A fertile soil and careful cultiva-tion are necessary to produce the towering stems and heavy including wives and daughters, of the Georgia Weekly Press Association, on the evening of July 10th, for a four ears.

Yet the farmer who understands that he can't have a healthy corn crop without feeding and weeding, seems to think that he can have a healthy body without either care or culture. But the body is built up just as the corn is, by the assimilation of the several chemical elements on which vitality depends. And what weeds are to the corn, diseases of the stomach and nutritive systems are to the body; they divert the necessary food supply from the proper channels, and the body becomes lean, sickly and ill-nourished.

The proper digestion and assimilation of food is a primary essential of health. By healing diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery increases the digestive and assimilative powers, stimulates the action of the blood making glands, and sends to every organ of the body the rich red-corpuscled ears. Yet the farmer who underdays' stay at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, going via Chattaexposition, preferring to leave that job to more accustomed pens, nor to give a etailed account of our journeyings to ual party of seven took in Niagara Falls, Albany and Hudson tiver, New York and Washington, returning by the Southern railway through Virginia and the Carolinas to Atlanta on the 20th instant, having been absent just

eleven days. We traveled the greater part of the listance during daylight. I was particularly desirous to see Ohio and New York. As might have been expected, I endeavored to observe as closely as possible from a car window the agricultural conditions of those States and and scuds to every organ of the body the rich red-corpuscled blood on which physical vigor and vitality depend. compare the same with the appearance l'otomac. Of course it was not possiand vitality depend.

"I took two bottles of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for stomach trouble," writes Clarence Carnes, Esq., of Taylorstown, Loudoun Co., Va. "It did me so much good that I didn't take any more. I can eat most anything now. I am so well pleased with it I hardly know how to thenk you for your kind information. I tried a whole lot of things before I wrote to you. There was a gentleman told me about your medicine, how it had cured his wife. I thought I would try a bottle of it. Am now glad that I did, for I don't know what I would have done if it had not been for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery." ble, under such circumstances to take clusions.

To judge from the heavy wheat crops still in the shocks all along the way from Highbridge, Ky., through asmall part of the Miami valley and the higher rolling prarie soils on the route through Dayton, Springfield and Cleveland, there must be either better soils or had him between us, and he promised better farmers than we had left behind if we gave him a chance to run he'd in Georgia. Doubtless the difference in the appearance of things was due partly to both. But we traveled through the best portions of Kentucky and Ohio-the "blue grass region" of each, based on "blue limestone" foundation. The wheat crops, as already intimated, seemed to actually burden the soil upon which they had grown. The corn, also, was particularly fine in both these States. We saw but little tobacco, not much clover, a good deal of rather in-"The money is here, if you can find | ferior timothy and lots of very ordinary oats. Along the route from Baf. falo by way of the New York Central to Albany, touching Rochester, Syracuse, Utica and other points, I was im- of their Democracy and the degeneracy pressed with the backwardness of the of their manhood. These two men, corn (as it appeared to us, who had important as they seem to be, will soon left it in "roasting ear" in Georgia, pass and be forgotten, but cotton seed being but little more than knee-high in is here to stay and play an important New York.) The wheat was good part in the business problems of the "about in spots" and oats very infe- farmers. rior. The surface of the country in

this part of New York is peculiarly oil mills in this and adjoining States broken. Many hills were as steep on by the Virginia-Catolina Chemica the sides and sharp at the top- and as Company may not tend to a monopoly round as a potato hill. But every nook of the the business, but it has a sort of and corner, every steep hillside, even leaning in that direction. Even before where it seemed almost impossible for this corporation came into existence t horse or a vehicle to pass, was oc- there were certain combinations cupied in some paying erop. On many amongst mill men that endeavored to Hill tops that were shaped much like fix the price of seed. It stands to reaan inverted boy's spinning top, there son that the Virginia-Carolina Chemiseemed to be a bunch of wheat stand- cal Company will keep up the same ing, or but recently cut away, where it plan. That leaves the farmer in the was so sharp that there was hardly condition that he has to sell at the fixed price or hold his seed. room for a wagon to stand still.

I looked closely everywhere for a Seed is worth as much for manure gully or a washed away "galled" spot, when not crushed as when crushed, They were not to be seen. If any, At the Mississippi experiment station "It is hidden in the stonework down they were hidden from the railroad actual experience and chemical analysis demonstrate that the raw seed fed The soils in New York and northern properly is worth equally as much as

of middle Georgia and corresponding keeping and properly using their seed regions of adjacent States. But as a get full value, Mills generally charge toil for grindgeneral if not almost universal rule. they are now in a far more productive ing products of the farm. They charge one-tenth or one-twelfth for grinding What has been the cause of this dif- wheat and corn. Even the roller flour ference between the conditions of the mills, that exchange flow and bran for and Paul got a lantern, and then at soils and farms of Kentucky and Ohio wheat, place the exchange on the basis

their command he showed them how and those of the Carolinas and Geor- of one tenth for toil. In grinding serto go down, by niches and cracks in gia? It cannot be due to natural ghum and making syrup the toil is one conclusion reached is that the products: A ton of sound cotton seed cause is to be sought for in the char- will make about 750 pounds of meal, acter and kinds of crops grown and 950 pounds of hulls, 25 pounds of dirt the particular lines of husbandry that and linters, and 275 pounds of oil. At have been the leading features of the present prices the product of one ton

of seed will be as rollows: the North they cannot. In the South | 950 pounds of hulls 2 38 beef cattle, hogs and sheep ; but we do not to any great extent. In the North they can produce small grain, hay, cat-

how it works : When the farmer buys in the shape of fertilizer he will pay the manufacturer \$15.93 for the ammoma in one ton of seed. Besides this he will pay about \$4 to \$6 for the potash and phosphoric acid in a ton. When the farmer sells his seed to the mill at \$10 to \$14 a ton and buys from the fertilizer manufacturer the plantfood in a ton he will pay at least \$20 for it. No farmer can afford to trade

that way. What can he do about it? In the first place, he is not obliged to sell his seed. The oil in it does not injure it as a fertilizer or feed. Properly and carefully applied, nine bushels of seed is worth more to the farmer than 100

mill men understand at once that they are to receive full value for their seed or they will just sell. At the present prices of ammenia, peta-h and passphoric acid quoted at Clemson College, one ton of seed is worth all of \$20 as a fertilizer. That is, the farmer will have to pay that much for the same plant-food in any fertilizer he may purchase, no odds what is the source of

these elements. Let the farmers of the State consider this question from a rational stand-Let them demand full value point for their seed or keep them as home. The only loss will be in the oil, but the farmer will not suffer in that respect, for he gets no benefit from the oil.

The figures given above are only approximately correct, but they are near enough to exactness to form a basis for figuring a little on the problem. Leading farmers could even call a meeting and ask representative mill men to be present and in a business way talk the problem over. it would do no harm. The mill men have their meetings and never invite farmers to attend and discuss the prices of seed. Spartanburg, July 29.

"Now, my hearers," asked the lady orator, who had just finished coumcrating the qualities which should be possessed by man, "what should be done with this ideal husband?" "Have him stuffed," suggested a

coarse, frivolous person in a side seat, Baltimore American. "How much are you getting for that?" he asked of the man who was

mowing the lawn. "Nothing," replied the man. "Then you're a fool." "I know it; but as I own the place and can't get away from it, I've been a fool a long while."

Mrs. Housekeep That was a very small quart of peaches you sent me and besides they were very green. Dealer-Yes'm, I noticed they were green, so I thought I'd better not send Fair Exchange for Their Cotton you enough to do you any harm .-Philadelphia Press.

Coughing

1851.

quick consumption. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I improved at once, and am now in perfect health."—Chas. E. Hart-man, Gibbstown, N. Y.

It's too risky, playing with your cough.

The first thing you know it will be down deep in your lungs and the play will be over. Begin early with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and stop the cough.

Three sizes : 25c., 50c., \$1. All drugglats. Conselt your doctor. If he says take it, then to as he says. It he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows.

Leave it with him. We are willing

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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BUSINES AND SCHOOL SHORTHAND ACTUAL BUSINESS OF AUGUSTA, GO. (Cheap Board)) SITUATIONS SECURED.

pounds of meal. It requires that amount to make 100 pounds of meal.

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