

THE ADVERTISER.

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W. W. BALL, Proprietor.

LAURENS, S. C., Dec. 17, 1902.

Shall We Raise Tobacco?

A number of business men and farmers in Laurens are considering the advisability of attempting to produce tobacco for market. This advertiser could not risk an opinion as to whether or not the experiment ought to be made. Such an experiment was made on an elaborate scale in Spartanburg county 15 or 20 years ago. It failed. Later the people of the Pee Dee planted tobacco. Many of them lost money. Some lost a great deal. Nevertheless, the Pee Dee people persevered. Now and then a man would be successful. Several succeeded from the first. At last these Darlington, Florence and Sumter farmers mastered the business and now it may fairly be said that the Pee Dee is a flourishing tobacco region with the industry fairly established. This year the tobacco planters have received handsome prices for their crops and they are "on velvet." However, one of the best informed gentlemen in Darlington told THE ADVERTISER last summer that probably the aggregate losses in tobacco in Darlington county would equal the gains up to that time. The experimental period is past now, the farmers have "learnt tobacco" and there are only such losses as are incidental to bad seasons, poor prices, etc., which are incidental more or less to all crops.

The tobacco crop is a source of great wealth. The Darlington farmer who made twenty bales of cotton this year cultivated four acres of tobacco and out of its proceeds paid the whole expenses of his farm and had his cotton as profit—at least such stories are common in the Pee Dee and must be true. Additionally, the tobacco crop comes on the market in the summer. Put money into circulation at the dulllest period of the year and merchants, bankers, newspaper men and all sorts of business men are helped.

We have only to say that our farmers need not attempt this experiment unless they are prepared to be disappointed and to suffer loss temporarily. This must be their fate even if they succeed in the end. If they are ready to spend some money and to stick to the trial four or five years they may succeed as well as the Pee Dee people or they may discover that the Piedmont is no place for tobacco growing.

On the whole we are inclined to think that the farmer in Laurens who raises the many crops and many animals that can be raised easily and cheaply in Laurens and who follows good business methods can come out better at the year's end than the cotton and tobacco man of Darlington. We believe that Mr. Robert Abernethy will find that his red polls are a paying investment in spite of the ruinous freight that he had to pay on them, because beef cattle always command a good price and good beef can be raised in Laurens. Beef is better than tobacco, even in this country of ours. Hay, grain, starchy fruits, even rice, dozens of grasses, gobbers, peas, are all safe crops in Laurens and all bring wealth. Hogs are worth eight cents the pound on their feet today and we have in mind a lady not a mile from this office who lives on a little farm and who has fifty dollars worth of bacon which cost not over eight dollars to produce.

Mind, we do not advise against the tobacco experiment. We should like to see it made, especially by the men who are talking about making it, because we know they will make it thoroughly. The tobacco industry in this country, once established would make "the July grade" a vast deal easier for THE LAURENS ADVERTISER—indeed, we think the July grade would be leveled by it. But we think it right to say that the mastering of the details of producing and selling so difficult a crop as tobacco will cost time and patience and much money—and it may be that climatic and soil conditions will preclude the possibility of success. Meanwhile, tobacco is not a last resort and opportunities are plentiful for the ambitious farmer who is up and doing.

Wasted Compassion.
Every day or two some South Carolina newspaper weeps an editorial about the town of Charleston. The latest to emit a groan about Charleston's condition is the Spartanburg Herald. Now THE ADVERTISER knows something about Charleston and the Spartanburg newspaper is giving itself needless pain. There are also voices in Columbia that cry out in misapprehension concerning Charleston.

The truth is that Charleston is the happiest and most flourishing town in the world. The most expensive luxury a town can have is a daily paper and Charleston supports two twice as well as any other South Carolina town supports one. We have never seen any poor white folks in Charleston. The Charleston merchants apparently all make money. They are mostly rich. Outside of Charleston in this state a mercantile house over ten or twenty years old is uncommon; they are plentiful over fifty years old in Charleston.

We suspect that more business failures have occurred in Spartanburg in the last five years than in Charleston. Nobody ever "breaks" there. Fires are very rare. A prominent insurance man of Louisville, Ky., told the writer that Charlestonians missed a wonderful opportunity when they did not let their town burn up at the time of its earthquake and collect from the insurance companies, "but," said he, "they were such fool honest people they put the fires out after they had started accidentally."

Charleston is highly prosperous. The eating and drinking there is particularly good. One can buy a far better cigar for a nickel in Charleston than elsewhere in the state. Perhaps the population is not increasing but that is no matter. We say the people

of Charleston are "in good fix" and all moaning for them is ridiculous. Some of them talk poor but they don't mean it. They have a melancholy pleasure in talking poor. It is true that the surplus sons of Charleston men, finding nothing to do, sometimes leave Charleston when they grow up but they are useful elsewhere. Meanwhile, "poor old Charleston" is getting on better than any community we know of anywhere. There are no "unemployed" in Charleston. At least 1000 men in Charleston are employed in political industries and when a man loses a job in any other line, a place in politics is waiting for him.

HUNTINGDON TIDINGS.

Nimrods Succeeded in Bagging Many Rabbits and Birds.

Thanksgiving was spent very quietly. Crops are about all gathered and the farmers are finishing up sowing grain. Hunting is the order of the day. Two squads of hunters on Thanksgiving killed 50 rabbits and about the same number of birds.

Mr. J. P. Saxon has been very unwell for some time but is much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Saxon and little Sarah of Laurens have been at their father, Dr. C. A. Saxon's. The former has been quite sick.

Mr. R. R. Glenn was in Laurens on Saturday to meet the United States Mail Inspector to ask for a rural delivery route from Clinton to Huntingdon.

Mr. D. A. Glenn and family spent Thanksgiving with his mother.

Mr. A. E. Cleveland spent several days in Cross Keys last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Sanders spent several days with relatives in Union last week.

BUCK.

OWINGSVILLE.

Our farmers are about through picking cotton.

Sowing grain is the order of the day. Rev. J. O. Martin of Irby was in this section a few days ago.

Mrs. Dr. Boland and Miss Esther Goddard visited relatives in your city last week.

Mr. Daniel Balentine has moved near Brewerton for another year. Pete.

IN THE CHURCHES.

Church of the Epiphany, Laurens, S. C., W. Edward Callender, Minister in charge. The following services are held in the above church every Sunday: 7:00 a. m. Sunday School; 11:00 a. m. Morning Prayer and Sermon; 4:00 p. m. Evening Prayer and Address.

The first series of addresses will be on the Prayer Book. A cordial invitation is extended. All seats free.

First Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Rev. Watson B. Duncan, A. M., pastor. Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Sunday School, Hon. C. G. Featherstone, Superintendent, at 10 o'clock at a. m.

Woman's Missionary Society, Mrs. S. D. Garlington, President, meets on Tuesday after First Sunday, at 4:30 o'clock p. m.

Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. J. F. Bolt, President, meets on Tuesday, after Third Sunday at 4:30 o'clock p. m.

Church Conference every Third Sunday after the morning service.

First Presbyterian Church, Rev. Robt. Adams, Pastor, services at 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m., each Sabbath. All are welcome.

Sunday School, C. W. Tume, Superintendent, Sunday Morning at 10 a. m.

Todd Memorial Presbyterian Church, East End, Pastor. Preaching in Factory Hall every

APPOINTMENTS FOR NORTH LAURENS CIRCUIT.

Trinity, First Sunday, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Trinity, Third Sunday, at 3:30 o'clock p. m.

Shiloh, First Sunday, at 8:30 o'clock a. m.

Shiloh, Third Sunday, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Dials, Second Sunday, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Dials, Fourth Sunday, at 3:30 o'clock p. m.

Graycourt, 2d Sunday at 3:30 o'clock p. m.

Graycourt, 4th Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.

Sunday Schools at each appointment one hour before preaching.

Prayer meeting Thursday nights at Graycourt, at 8 o'clock. All are alike invited to attend these services, for it is here, as it is in Heaven, "the rich and the poor meet together."

J. K. McCain, Pastor.

Langston's Church, Baptist, preaching 11 a. m., Fourth Sundays, and Saturday before, by Rev. E. C. Watson.

Hurricane Church, Baptist, preaching 11 a. m., First Sundays and on Saturday before, by Rev. E. C. Watson.

Dorror Presbyterian church, Gray Court, S. C., T. B. Craig, pastor. Preaching on 1st Sunday at 11 a. m., 3rd Sunday 4 p. m.

Sabbath School on 1st and 2nd Sunday at 10 a. m., and on 3rd and 4th Sundays at 3 p. m.

T. PEDEN, Supt.

Langford, Baptist preaching 11 a. m., Second Sundays by Rev. E. C. Watson; Preaching at Cedar Shoal Church on same day at 3 o'clock p. m.

Padgett's Creek, Baptist preaching at 11 a. m. on Third Sundays by E. C. Watson.

Warrior Creek Baptist Church, Rev. O. L. Jones, supply. Servile every 4th Sunday at 10 o'clock and Saturday before.

St. Bethel, Second Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.

St. Bethel, Fourth Sunday at 3:30 o'clock p. m.

S. W. Henry, Pastor.

Cedar Grove Baptist Church, Rev. R. B. Vaughn, Pastor—Service on the 1st Sunday of each month, at 11 o'clock a. m. and on Saturday before at 2 o'clock p. m.

Fewer Gallons; Wears Longer.

CASE By... Emile Gaboriau

CHAPTER XII.

THE following is the statement as he wrote it out for the benefit of the Judge of instruction, knowing that it would doubtless secure an indictment against the accused:

"Two leagues from Tarascon, on the left bank of the Rhone, stood the Chateau of Clameran. Here lived in 1841 the old marquis and his two sons, Gaston and Louis. A near neighbor was the Countess de la Verberie, with one daughter, Valentine, a lovely girl of eighteen. M. de Clameran detested the countess, and M. de Verberie execrated the marquis. It was said that under the reign of Henry IV, a La Verberie had betrayed the affection of a fair daughter of the Clamerans. This misdeed led to a duel, which in turn led to bitter hatred between the two houses.

Gaston de Clameran met Valentine de la Verberie at an evening entertainment, and the two fell desperately in love. Gaston would often plunge into the Rhone at Clameran and rise out of the water at Verberie, where he would have a secret meeting with Valentine. In order to facilitate these meetings Gaston would place a light in his window, the consequences of which could be seen by Valentine at her home. The two lovers, despairing of permission to marry, kept up a secret intimacy, which led to Valentine's becoming a wife without the sanction of the church or the law.

One evening Gaston went into a cafe on a cap of good water, where, playing billiards, hearing Valentine's name coupled with his own to her dishonor, he demanded a retraction, became embroiled and killed two men. He fled to the chateau, where he confessed to his father his intimacy with Valentine, declaring that he wished to marry her. His father urged him to fly from the consequences of his crime, but he had committed and, having no money to give him, supplied him with the family jewels. Meanwhile the police were coming to arrest him, and it was arranged that the gates should be suddenly opened, a servant should flee in one direction, Louis in another and thus misleading the police give Gaston an opportunity to escape. Gaston would have got away had not Louis purposely tripped and fallen. The police, thus discovering the ruse, pushed on after Gaston, who, to save himself, jumped into the Rhone. The current was at the time so swollen that his pursuers gave him up as drowned.

"Escaping almost certain death, Gaston, who before leaving the chateau had placed the signal for Valentine in his window, reached La Verberie and had an interview with his beloved. She informed him that she would soon be coming a mother. Before parting he left with her the jewels given him by his father, then fled the country, going to South America. That night the marquis died, Louis, assuming that his elder brother had been drowned, took the title and the estate. He left Clameran immediately and began a life full of ignominy.

"Valentine confessed her condition to her mother, who took her to England, where she was confined for her daughter's secret touchment under the care of a physician and a maid, Mithone. A son was born, which the countess immediately sent away to be adopted by a farmer. Subsequently Mme. de la Verberie persuaded her daughter to attempt to forget the past, to consider it buried in oblivion and to marry. M. de Verberie, who was rich, less, though she finally forced Raoul by threats of exposure to surrender some of the pawn tickets.

"At last Clameran and Raoul found in the cloven at the Jandiller ball an enemy who possessed the secret of their villainies and tried to murder him."

CHAPTER XIII.

SUCH are the facts that, with an almost incredible talent for investigation, had been collected and prepared by the fat man with the jovial face who had taken Prosper under his protection, M. Verduret.

Reaching Paris at 9 o'clock in the evening, not by the Lyons route, as he had said, but by the Orleans train, M. Verduret hurried to the Archangel, where he found Prosper impatiently expecting him.

"You are about to hear some rich developments," he said to Prosper, "and see how far back into the past one has to go to find the prime cause of a crime. All things are linked together in the world of ours. If Gaston de Clameran had not taken a cup of coffee in a little cafe at Tarascon twenty years ago, your money safe would not have been robbed three weeks ago."

"Valentine de la Verberie is punished in 1850 for the crime committed for love of her in 1840. Nothing is neglected or forgotten. Listen."

And he related all that he had discovered, referring to a voluminous manuscript which he had prepared, with many notes and authenticated proofs attached.

"I wonder how you discovered all these infamies," said Prosper when he had finished.

"The fat man smiled. 'When I undertake a task,' he said, 'I devote my whole attention to it. Now, make a note of this: When a man of ordinary intelligence concentrates his thoughts and energies upon the attainment of an object, he is certain to attain that object. Besides that, I use my own method of working up a case. To be sure, one needs some light to guide one in a dark affair like this, but the fire in Clameran's eye when I pronounced the name of Gaston ignited my lantern. From that moment I walked straight to the solution of the mystery as to a beacon light."

"Prosper's look showed that he would like to know the secret of his protector's penetration and at the same time be more thoroughly convinced that what he heard was all true—that his innocence would be more clearly proved.

"Now, confess," cried M. Verduret, "you would give anything in the world to find out how I arrived at the truth?"

"I admit it, for it is revolting to me," M. Verduret enjoyed Prosper's bewilderment. To be sure, he was neither a good judge nor a distinguished amateur; but admiration is always flattering, no matter whence it comes.

"Well," he replied, "I will explain my system. There is nothing marvelous about it. We worked together to find the solution of the problem. You know

my reasons for suspecting Clameran had a hand in the robbery. As soon as I had acquired this certainty my task was easy. What did I do? I placed trustworthy people to watch the parties in whom I was most interested. Fanferlot as Joseph Dubois took charge of Clameran, and Mme. Gissy never lost sight of Mme. Fauvel and her niece.

"I understand it all now," said Prosper.

"And what have you been doing during my absence, my young friend?" asked M. Verduret after a pause.

At this question Prosper blushed. "What," he stammered, "I read in a newspaper that Clameran was about to marry Madeleine, and I acted like a fool!"

"What did you do?" inquired Verduret unsmilingly.

"I wrote an anonymous letter to M. Fauvel informing him that his wife was in love with Raoul."

M. Verduret brought his clinched fist down upon the table.

"Stupid!" he exclaimed. "You have ruined everything!"

He arose from his seat and strode up and down the room, oblivious of the lodgers below, whose windows shook with every angry stamp of his foot.

Prosper remained silent as long as he could and then unheeding said:

"I am afraid I have embarrassed you very much, monsieur."

"Yes, you have dreadfully embarrassed me. What am I to do? Shall I lighten matters or wait? And I am bound by an sacred promise. We had better go and advise with the Judge of instruction. He can assist me. Come with me."

As M. Verduret had anticipated, Prosper's letter had a terrible effect. When M. Fauvel opened his mail the morning after it was posted, the fatal mislaid fell into his hands.

Something about the writing struck him as peculiar. It was evidently a disguised hand, and, although, owing to the fact of his being a millionaire, he was in the habit of receiving anonymous communications, this particular letter filled him with an indefinite presentiment of evil.

With trembling hand and absolute certainty that he was about to learn some new calamity, he broke the seal and, opening the coarse cafe paper, was shocked by the following words:

"Dear Sir—You consigned your cashier to prison. You did well, since you were convinced of his dishonesty and faithlessness. But even if he stole \$50,000 francs from your safe, does it follow that he also stole Mme. Fauvel's diamonds?"

This was a stroke of lightning to a man whose life hitherto had been an unbroken chain of prosperity, who could recall the past without one bitter regret, without remembering any sorrow deep enough to bring forth a tear. What! His wife deceive him! And, among all men, to choose one vile enough to rob her of her jewels and force her to his accomplice in the unbroken chain of prosperity, who could recall the past without one bitter regret, without remembering any sorrow deep enough to bring forth a tear. What! His wife deceive him! And, among all men, to choose one vile enough to rob her of her jewels and force her to his accomplice in the unbroken chain of prosperity, who could recall the past without one bitter regret, without remembering any sorrow deep enough to bring forth a tear. What! His wife deceive him! 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