

THE ADVERTISER.

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N. W. BALL, Proprietor.

LAURENS, S. C., July 1, 1903.

The Tillman Case.

Judge Townsend doubtless acted conscientiously when he granted the motion for a change of venue in the Tillman case just as did Justice Pope when he refused to grant the prisoner bail.

Most people concede that the policy of the Columbia State since the killing of Mr. Gonzales has been remarkable for its forbearance. If ever in the history of journalism a newspaper, placed in the most trying circumstances conceivable, behaved with fairness and moderation, that paper is the Columbia State.

The attorneys for the defence by their own affidavits and those which they presented took the position that practically the whole city of Columbia and county of Richland had formed the opinion that J. H. Tillman deliberately assassinated N. G. Gonzales. The attorneys knew what they were doing, they were desperately struggling to save their client's imperilled life, but it was an awful price that they paid for the change of venue.

To admit that substantially the whole population of a city of 25,000 people and of the county as well (in which ten months before their client had received next to the largest vote for governor), excepting a part of the population not qualified to serve on a jury, had come to one mind that the prisoner was guilty, was astonishing. To admit that the clergy and other leaders of thought and sentiment had, almost to a man, agreed to place upon their client's name a stain which not a thousand verdicts of juries can wipe out. Tillman may be acquitted. His friends and spokesmen have confessed that the vast majority of the people of South Carolina's capital city and county are so convinced of his guilt that their judgments cannot be affected by evidence to the contrary.

Supposing that the people of Columbia are sane and of average honesty and virtue, it is a marvel of astounding mystery that the state of mind ascribed to them by the affidavits for the defence in this case could have been induced. We do not believe that the vast majority of the people of Laurens could be influenced by any conspiracy of newspapers and preachers imaginable to resolve in advance upon the guilt of the humblest negro criminal, unless, indeed, that guilt stood out in a bald, unrelieved and unmitigated hideousness that it roused their sense of justice to uncontrollable frenzy.

It seems to us that the case of the State against Tillman is one of uncommon simplicity. Had the prisoner reason to believe his life in danger when he shot N. G. Gonzales? Self-defence is the prisoner's only plea. That question therefore, and that alone will the jurors on their oaths be required to answer.

What the dead editor had said about the prisoner in his paper has nothing to do with the case. Had Mr. Gonzales shot and killed every public man and newspaper man who bitterly denounced and traduced him, he would have himself faced a hundred juries for a hundred murders during his brief editorial career.

Chance for a College. The Episcopal Church contemplates the establishment of a college for girls in this state. The city of Greenville is considering the advisability of offering inducements for its location. The Episcopalians have no college in South Carolina. Wherever the school may be placed, it will have the undivided support of the South Carolina diocese. While the membership of the Church is relatively small in numbers, it is strong in means and influence. In the city of Charleston, for example, it is much the strongest Church, after the Roman Catholic. There are strong churches in Columbia and in many of the towns.

Almost certainly the college will be built in the up-country. An account of the existence of girls' colleges in the large towns of Spartanburg and Greenville, towns of the size of Laurens will have better chances of securing it if they desire it.

It is altogether probable that Laurens is at least secure the college at all, can secure it with an offer of money far less than Laurens offered for the Methodist College last year.

If business men of Laurens should think it wise to ask for the establishment of this college here, it would be well to begin investigating the matter. The college, wherever it may be built, will from the first attract 75 or 100 boarding pupils, largely from such towns as Charleston, Columbia, Aiken, Sumter, Spartanburg and Greenville. It will be zealously supported by the Episcopalians and will be made a strong and progressive institution. Remembering that most of the churches have now more than one school in the state, it is probable that the Episcopal school will be as valuable to a town, from a business point of view, as any of the church schools for girls.

Some of our newspapers are disposed to attach undue importance to the passionate outburst of Ex-Judge Buchanan in the Tillman hearing. Mr. Buchanan is a man of rather loose temperament. He is the brother-in-law of the defendant. That he should have given away to his over-wrought feelings is unfortunate but might have been expected. Mr. Buchanan has many friends who sympathize with him in the severely trying position that he occupies in the Tillman case.

Your Guests Will Praise It. Why not try a sack of Bransford's "Clifton"? You will never know how good it is until you try it. Your neighbor has the best flour in the market and your home people as well as your guests will praise your bread and pastry if made of "Clifton".

T. N. Barksdale, M. H. Fowler.

Attend the Institute.

Every farmer who attends the Farmers' Institute to be held in Gray Court and listens to the speakers will learn something that will put dollars in his pockets. Never in the history of South Carolina has the outlook for farming as a business seemed so bright. Cotton is high and the indications are that it will continue high, at nine, ten or eleven cents; for a reason or so at all events.

For the first time in the history of this state the farmers have a large and increasing home market for all food-stuffs, including live stock and poultry. Everything that the farmers can produce is bringing good prices and there is little that the Laurens farmers cannot produce. The farmers will have the opportunity at Gray-Court to hear trained men impart the best practical information available on farm topics. The farmer who is alert and active in his interests will try to learn all that is offered.

Many farmers, merchants, newspaper men and lawyers will fall no matter how good the times may be but the time has come in Laurens county when any thrifty farmer who suffers no peculiar and especial misfortune ought to succeed. Many are succeeding—if one or a dozen, why not others?

A Question.

A few years ago, in the town of Marion in this state, a distinguished politician publicly charged on the stump that J. C. Hemphill, editor of the Charleston News and Courier; N. G. Gonzales, editor of the Columbia State, and A. B. Williams, editor of the Greenville News were in the pay of the Whiskey Trust, had been bribed, to oppose the dispensary law. No evidence was presented by the speaker and no attempt was made to prove the charge. No more damaging charge could have been made against the personal integrity of these editors. The charge was never withdrawn. Suppose that Editor Hemphill, for example, had procured a pistol a few months later and shot to death the man who uttered the slander, finding him unarmed, should he have been punished? We shall not answer the question unless we should like the readers of THE ADVERTISER to ponder it.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

In Henderson county, N. C., George Burrell last week shot and killed his daughter-in-law and severely wounded her ten year old daughter because she refused to do some work for him.

George Oates, a prominent railroad man, blew his brains out in Brunswick, Ga., last week.

Two Charleston Democrats were tried last week for alleged frauds in the primary election and mistrials resulted in both cases.

A statue to General Joe Hooker whom Jackson whipped out of his boots at Chancellorsville was unveiled in Boston last week.

It is stated that Ex-Senator McLaurin has recovered about \$25,000, of the money that he recently lost in a railroad deal but is still \$30,000 in the hole.

BRUTALLY TORTURED.

A case came to light that for persistent and unmerciful torture has perhaps never been equaled. Joe Goloback of Colusa, Calif., writes: "For 16 years I endured insufferable pain from Rheumatism and nothing relieved me through I tried everything known. I came across Electric Bitters and it's the greatest medicine on earth for that trouble. A few bottles of it completely relieved and cured me." Just as good for Liver and Kidney troubles and general debility. Only 50 cents. Satisfaction guaranteed by Laurens Drug Co. and Palmetto Drug Co.

See our special 25 per cent. discount on our ladies' street hats. All must go. Davis, Lopez & Co.

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KALOLA removes all inflammation wherever it exists but never disturbs the healthy surface.

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W. C. IRBY, JR., W. Y. BOYD, IRBY & BOYD, Attorneys at Law.

Will practice in all State Courts. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to them.

Money to loan on real estate on easy terms. Office same as occupied by the late firm of Ball & Sinkins, Laurens.

STANDARD Barred Plymouth Rocks. My hens are laying every day. Plenty of eggs at \$1.50 the setting of 18. There is no better Plymouth Rock stock in the country.

R. W. Z. PITTS, Mountville, S. C.

THE KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

Or, The Love Story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening in the Reign of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth

Re-written and Rendered into Modern English From Sir Edwin Caskoden's Memoir

By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]

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CHAPTER XIV. IN THE SIREN COUNTRY.

WITH the king admiration stood for affection, a mistake frequently made by people not given to self analysis, and in a day or two a reaction set in toward Brandon which inspired a desire to make some amends for his harsh treatment. This he could not do to any great extent on Buckingham's account at least not until the London loan was in his coffers—but the fact that Brandon was going to New Spain to soon and would be out of the way both of Mary's eyes and Mary's marriage stimulated that rare flower in Henry's heart, a good resolve, and Brandon was offered his old quarters with me until such time as he should sail for New Spain.

He had never abandoned this plan, and now that matters had taken this turn with Mary's eyes and Mary's resolution was stronger than ever in that the scheme held two recommendations and a possibility.

The recommendations were, first, it would take him away from Mary, with whom, when out of the inspiring influence of her buoyant hopefulness, he knew marriage to be utterly impossible, and, second, admitting and feeling that impossibility, he might find at least partial relief from his heartache in the stirring events and adventures of that faraway land of monsters, dragons, savages and gold.

The possibility lay in the gold, and a very faintly gleaming prospect of it still more faintly glimmering chance that fortune, finding him there almost alone, might for lack of another lover smile upon him by way of squaring accounts. She might lead him to a cavern of gold, and gold would do anything, even perhaps purchase a priceless treasure, or a certain princess of the royal blood.

Brandon at once accepted the king's offer of lodging in the palace, for now that he felt sure of himself in the matter of New Spain and his separation from Mary he longed to see as much as possible of her before the light went out of her eyes. "Dear, Casakoden, what shall I do? She will be the wife of the French king, and I shall sit in the wilderness and try every moment to imagine what she is doing and thinking. I shall find the bearing of Paris and look in her direction until my brain melts in my effort to see her, and then I shall weep in the woods, a suffering imbecile, feeding on roots and nuts. Would to God one of us might die! If it were not selfish, I should wish I might be the one."

I said nothing in answer to these outbursts, as I had no consolation to offer. We had two or three of our little meetings of our dangerous at which we were, at which Mary, feeling that each time she saw Brandon might be the last, would sit and look at him with glowing eyes that in turn softened and burned as he spoke. She did not talk much, but devoted all her time and energies to looking with her whole soul, never before or since was there a girl so much in love. A young girl thoroughly in love is the most beautiful object on earth—beautiful even in ugliness. Imagine, then, what it made of Mary!

Growing partly, perhaps, out of his unattainability—for he was as far out of her reach as the stars—she had long since begun to worship him. She had learned to know him so well, and his valiant defense of her in Billingsgate, together with his noble self sacrifice in refusing to compromise her in order to save himself, had presented him to her in so noble a light that she had never before or since had a rival in her affection. Her surrender had been complete, and she found in it a joy far exceeding that of any victory or triumph she could imagine.

The trouble began in earnest with the discovery of our meetings in Lady Mary's parlor. There was nothing at all unusual in the fact that many numbers of young folk frequently spent their evenings with her, but we knew well enough that the unusual element in our parties was their exceeding smallness. A company of eight or ten young persons was well enough, although it of course created jealousy on the part of those who were left out, but four—two of each sex—made a difference in kind, however much we might insist it was only in degree, and this, we soon learned, was the king's opinion.

You may be sure there was many a jealous person about the court ready to carry tales and that it was impossible to keep our meetings secret among such a host as then lived in Greenwich palace.

One day the queen summoned Jane and put her to the question. Now, Jane thought the truth was made only to be told, a fallacy into which many good people have fallen, to their utter destruction. The truth, like every other good thing, may be abused.

"Well, Jane told it all in a moment, and Catherine was so horrified that she was like to faint. She went with her half-lifting horror to the king and poured into his ears a tale of imprudence and debauchery well calculated to start his righteous, virtue-prompt indignation into a threatening flame.

Mary, Jane, Brandon and myself were at once summoned to the presence of both their majesties and soundly reprimanded. Three of us were ordered to leave the court before we could speak a word in self defense, and Jane had enough of her favorite truth for ones. Mary, however, came to our rescue with her coaxing eloquence and potent feminine logic and soon convinced Henry that the queen, who really counted for little with him, had made a mountain out of a very small molehill. Thus the royal wrath was appeased to such an extent that the order of expulsion was modified to a command that there be no more quiet gatherings in Princess Mary's parlor. This intency was more easy for the princess to bring about by reason of the fact that she had not spoken to her brother since the day she went to see him after Wolsey's visit and had been so roughly driven off. At first, upon her refusal to speak to him after the Wolsey visit, Henry was angry on account of what he called her insolence,

but as she did not seem to care for that and as his anger did nothing toward unsealing her lips he pretended indifference. Still the same stubborn silence was maintained. This soon began to annoy the king, and of late he had been trying to be on friendly terms again with his sister through a series of elephantine antics and beaklike pleasantries, which were the most dismal failures—that is, in the way of bringing about a reconciliation. They were more successful from a comical point of view. So Henry was really glad for something that would loosen the tongue usually so lively, and for an opportunity to gratify his sister, from whom he was demanding such a sacrifice and for whom he expected to receive no less a price than the help of Louis of France, the great powerful king of Europe, to the imperial crown.

Thus our meetings were broken up, and Brandon knew his dream was over and that any effort to see the princess would probably result in disaster for both; for him certainly.

The king upon that same day told Mary of the intercepted letter sent by her to Brandon at Newgate, and accused her of what he was pleased to term an improper feeling for a lowborn fellow.

Mary at once sent a full account of the communication in a letter to Brandon, who read it with no small degree of ill comfort as the harbinger of trouble.

"I had better leave her soon or I may go without my head," he remarked. "When that thought gets to working in the king's brain, he will strike, and I—shall fail."

Letters began to come to our rooms from Mary, at first begging Brandon to come to her and then upbraiding him because of his coldness and cowardice and telling him that if he cared for her as she did for him he would see her though he had to wade through fire and blood. That was exactly where the trouble lay. It was not fire and blood through which he would have to pass; they were small matters—mere nothings that would really have added zest and interest to the achievement. But the frowning laugh of the tyrant, who could bind him hand and foot, and a vivid remembrance of the Newgate dungeon, with a dangling noose or a halloved-out block in the near back-

ground, were matters that would have taken the adventurous tendency out of even the cracked brain of chivalry itself. Brandon cared only to fight where there was a possible victory or ransom, or a prospect of some sort at least.

So every phrase of the question which his good sense presented told Brandon, whose passion was as ardent though not so impatient as Mary's, that it would be worse than foolhardy to try to see her. He, however, had determined to see her once more before he left; but as it could in all probability be only once, he was reserving the meeting until the last, and had written Mary that it was their best and only chance.

She could not endure inaction, so she did the worst thing possible. She went alone one afternoon, just before dusk, to see Brandon at our rooms. I was not with her, she said, but she had been having seen her on the way suspected something and followed, arriving two or three minutes after her. I knew it was best that I should be present and was sure Brandon would wish it. When I entered, they were holding each other's hands in silence. They were not speaking, but their tongues, so full and crowded were their hearts, it was pathetic to see them, especially the girl, who had not Brandon's hopelessness to deaden the pain by partial resignation.

Upon my entrance she dropped his hands and turned quickly toward me with a frightened look; it was measured upon seeing who it was. Brandon mechanically walked away from her and seated himself on a stool. Mary, as mechanically, moved to his side and placed her hand on his shoulder. Turning her face toward me she said, "Sir Edwin, I know you will forgive me when I tell you that we have a great deal to say and wish to be alone."

"I was about to go when Brandon stopped me. "No, no. Caskoden, please stay. It would not do. It would be bad enough, God knows, if the princess should be found here with both of us, but with me alone I should be dead before morning. There is danger enough as it is, for they will watch us."

Mary knew she was right, but she could not resist a vicious little glance toward me, who was in no way to blame.

Presently we all moved into the window-way, where Brandon and Mary sat upon the great cloak and I on a stump stool in front of them, completely filling up the little passage.

"I can hear this no longer," exclaimed Mary. "I will go to my brother to-night and tell him all. I will tell him how I suffer and that I shall die if you are allowed to go away and leave me forever. He loves me, and I can do anything with him when I try. I know I can obtain his consent to our—our—marriage. He cannot know how I suffer, else he would not treat me as he will let him see; I will convince him. I have in my mind everything I want to say and do. I will sit on his knee and stroke his hair and kiss him. And he laughed softly as her spirit revived in the breath of a glowing hope. "Then I will tell him how handsome he is and

how I hear the ladies sighing for him, and he will come around all right by the third visit. Oh, I know how to do it. I have done it so often. Never fear. I wish I had come at it long ago."

Her enthusiastic fever of hope was really contagious, but Brandon, whose life was at stake, had his wits quickened by the danger.

"Mary, would you like to see me a corpse before tomorrow noon?" he asked.

"Why, of course not! Why do you ask such a dreadful question?"

"Because, if you wish to make sure of it, do what you have just said—go to the king and tell him all. I doubt if he could wait till morning. I believe he would awaken me at midnight to pursue to sleep forever—at the end of a rope or on a block pillow."

"Oh, no, you are all wrong. I know what I can do with Henry."

"If that is the case, I say goodby now, for I shall be out of England, if possible, by midnight. You must promise me that you will not go to the king at all about this matter, but that you will guard your tongue, jealous of its slightest word, and remember with every breath that on your prudence hangs my life, which, I know, is dear to you. Do you promise? If you do not, I must fly. So you will lose me one way or the other if you tell the king—either by my flight or by my death."

"I promise," said Mary, with drooping head, the embodiment of despair, all life and hope having left her again.

After a few minutes her face brightened, and she asked Brandon what ship he would sail in for New Spain, and "We sail in the Royal Hind from Bristol," he replied.

"How many go out in her, and are there any women?"

"No, no," he returned. "No woman could make the trip, and, besides, on ships of that sort, half pirate, half merchant, they set no such women. The sailors are suspicious about it and will not sail with them. They say they bring bad luck—adverse winds, calms, storms, blackness, monsters from the deep and victorious foes."

"The ignorant creatures!" cried Mary. Brandon continued, "There will be a hundred men if the captain can induce many to enter the service."

"How does one procure passage?" inquired Mary.

"By enlisting with the captain, a man named Bradhurst, at Bristol, where the ship is now lying. There is where I enlisted by letter. But why do you ask?"

"Oh, I only wanted to know."

We talked awhile on various topics, but Mary always brought the conversation back to the same subject, the Royal Hind and New Spain. After asking many questions she sat in sterner for a time and then abruptly broke into one of my sentences. Who was always interrupting me as if I were a parrot.

"I have been thinking and have made up my mind what I will do, and you shall not dissuade me. I will go to New Spain with you. That will be glorious—far better than the humdrum life of sitting at home—and will solve all my questions."

"But that would be impossible, Mary," said Brandon, into whose face this new evidence of her regard had brought a brightening look; "utterly impossible. To begin with, no woman could stand the voyage, not even you, strong and vigorous as you are."

"I will go, and you will not allow me to stop me for that reason. I could bear any hardship better than the torture of the last few weeks. In truth, I cannot bear this at all. It is killing me; so what would it be when you are gone and I am the wife of Louis? Think of that, Charles Brandon; think of the only wife of the wife of Louis. Even if the voyage kills me, I shall be as well die one way as another, and then I would be with you, where it were sweet to die." And I had to sit there and listen to all this foolish talk!

Brandon insisted: "But no woman are going. As I told you, they would not take you. Besides, how could you escape? I will answer the first question you ever asked me. You are of sufficient consideration to be the courtier for all your movements to attract notice. It is impossible. We must not think of it. It cannot be done. Why build up hopes only to be cast down?"

"Oh, but it can be done. Never doubt it. I will go, not as a woman, but as a man. I have planned all the details well, and I can be done easily enough. I will bring a sum of money asking a separate room in the ship for a young nobleman who wishes to go to New Spain incognito, and will go aboard just before they sail. I will buy a man's complete outfit and will practice being a man before you and Sir Ed- win. Here she hesitated so that I could see the scarlet even in the gathering gloom. She continued: "As to my escape, I can go to Windsor, and then perhaps on to Berkeley castle, over by Reading, where there will be no one to watch me. You can leave at once, and there will be no cause for them to say upon me when you are gone, so it can be done easily enough. That is it. I will go to my sister, who is now at Berkeley castle, the other side of Reading, you know, and that will make a shorter ride to Bristol when we start."

The thought, of course, could not but please Brandon, to whom, in the mouth of Mary, reason, it had almost begun to offer hope, and he said mysteriously: "I wonder if it could be done? If it could—if we could reach New Spain, we might build ourselves a home in the beautiful green mountains and hide ourselves safely away from all the world, in the lap of some cozy valley, rich with nature's bounteous gift of fruit and flowers, shaded from the hot sun and sheltered from the blasts, and live in a little paradise all our own. What a glorious dream, but it is only a dream, and we had better awake from it!"

Brandon must have been insane. "No, no! It is not a dream," interrupted downright determined Mary.

"It is not a dream. It shall be a reality. How glorious it will be! I can see it. Little boys now nestling among the hills, shaded by great spreading trees, with flowers and vines and golden fruit all about it, rich plumed birds and gorgeous butterflies. Oh, I can hardly wait! Who would live in a musty palace when one has within reach such a home, and that, too, with you?"

Here it was again. I thought that interview would be the death of me.

Brandon held his face in his hands and then, looking up, said: "It is only a question of your happiness, and hard as the voyage and your life over there would be, yet I believe it would be better than life with Louis of France. Nothing could be so terrible as that to both of us. If you wish to go, I will try to take you, though I die in the attempt. There will be ample time to reconsider, so that you can turn back if you wish."

His reply was inarticulate, though satisfactory, and she took his hand in hers as the tears ran gently down her cheeks, this time tears of joy, the first she had shed for many a day.

In the Siren country again without wax! Overboard and lost!

Yes, Brandon's resolution not to see Mary was well taken, if it could only have been as well kept. There as we progressed into what the breaking of it led him.

He had known that if he should but see her once more his already toppling will would lose its equilibrium, and he would be led to attempt the impossible and invite destruction. At first this seemed appeared to me in its true light, but Mary's subtle feminine logic made it seem such plain and easy sailing that I soon began to draw conclusions from her exhausted store, and our combined attack upon Brandon eventually routed every vestige of caution and common sense that even he had left.

Siren logic has always been irresistible, and will continue so no doubt despite experience.

I cannot define what it was about Mary that made her little speeches, half argumentative, all pleading, so wonderfully persuasive. Her facts were mere fauces, and her logic was not even good sophistry. As to real argument, she was reasoning there was nothing of either in them. It must have been her native strength of character and intensely vigorous personality—some unknown force of nature operating through her occultly—that turned the channels of other persons' thoughts and filled them with her own will.

There was still another obstacle to which Mary administered her favorite remedy, the Gordian knot treatment. Brandon said: "It cannot be. You are not my wife, and we dare not trust a priest here to unite us."

"No," replied Mary, with hanging head, "but we can—and find one over there."

"I do not know how that will be. We shall probably not find one—at least I fear. I do not know."

After a little hesitation she answered: "I will go with you anyway—and risk it. I hope we may find a priest. And she flushed scarlet from her throat to her hair.

Brandon kissed her and said: "You shall go, my brave girl. You make me blush for my fault, heartedness and prudence. I will make you my wife in some way as sure as there is a God."

Soon after this Brandon forced himself to insist on her departure, and I went with her, full of hope and completely blinded to the dangers of our cherished scheme. I think Brandon never really lost sight of the danger and almost infinite proportion of chance against this wild, reckless venture, but he was daring enough to attempt it even in the face of such clearly seen and deadly consequences.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Letter to Dr. R. E. Hughes. Laurens, S. C.

Dear Sir: You can put \$100 in your pocket if you can put us in the wrong. Devote Lead and Zinc in the wrong. It takes fewer gallons to paint a house than with mixed paints. It wears longer than lead and oil—mixed paint, too. The State chemists of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania have analyzed it and say it is pure.

If you can prove that any of these things aren't true we've a hundred dollars waiting for you.

If these things are true, what paint will you use next time you paint your house? What will you say to the people that ask you?—for doctors got asked queer questions.

If you know of an honest young painter who isn't getting the grip on life that he ought to have, give him this hint. Devote lead and zinc—cha'll do it, if he does his work as well as the paint does it.

Yours truly, F. W. DEVOTE & Co., New York.

IF YOU Want to Own a Home, THE Piedmont Savings and Investment Company, Offers an Opportunity Cheaper and Better than a Building and Loan Association.

Why Pay Rents when You can Own Your Own Property? Represented in Laurens by W. W. BALL and M. L. COPELAND.

The South Carolina College.

The South Carolina College is rounding out the first century of its existence and will celebrate its centennial in January, 1905. The College was chartered in 1805 and opened for active work in January, 1805. It owes its existence to a patriotic purpose, the education of all the youth of the State at a common center. "In order to promote the instruction, the good order and the best interests of the whole community," and it was built from a portion of the proceeds of a reimbursement made by the United States to South Carolina for expenses incurred in the Revolution. During the century that is closing the College has contributed largely to the patriotism, the patriotism, the learning and the high moral standards that have prevailed in South Carolina and her sister States. The roll of College Alumni contains the names of men who have become noted in all the pursuits of the whole community. The exigencies of the struggle between the States closed the college in 1862, and the buildings were used as hospitals for sick and wounded Confederates. But as soon as peace was restored the institution was reopened by the Government and employed several years of success until it was overthrown during the Radical regime. Since 1869, however, the college has been continuously open, and has educated hundreds of young men and a number of young women to embrace the highest scientific and literary studies, although the curriculum for men and women is the same. Originally the College was known as the University of South Carolina, and its courses have broadened to embrace the whole of the scientific instruction, instruction in law and a course in practical methods for teachers.

President Benjamin Sloan, the head of the Department of Physics and Engineering, is a graduate of West Point and a distinguished officer of ordnance during the war between the States. His graduates have held responsible positions in different parts of the United States. Professor Joseph Daniel Pope, who occupies the chair of law, has had wide experience in government in the legislative halls of the State and in the courts. The new department has been as high authority in law and in equity jurisprudence. Some of the other members of the faculty have been successful in their careers in this college, while others have brought to it the best methods of colleges and universities elsewhere.

The most recent and most important addition that has been made to the equipment of the College is the establishment of scholarships to be given to one man-teacher in each county who has been taught at least one year, has intended to offer the advantages of professional training to one who has already gathered practical experience, and who is able to give to the school room and realizes the difficulties that must be surmounted. Professor Wardlaw, who is at the head of the department in pedagogy, is eminent in his profession both as a student and as a practical teacher and school superintendent.

The College is situated at the capital of the State and affords to the student every opportunity for studying the workings of the government in a direct way. It is accessible from all parts of the State and has a prosperous congregation in Columbia. Expenses are moderate. There is a suite of three rooms for each pair of students, warm in winter and well ventilated in summer. A large campus, a fine gymnasium and an excellent athletic field afford ample opportunity for exercise.

The College is increasing in usefulness and in prosperity with the increasing prosperity of the State, and the prospects are that with the new century this institution will surpass the admirable record it has already made.

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