

Card From Judge Thompson.
Assurances of confidence and support of a most flattering nature, coming through the county papers, and from a great many people from all sections, and insufficient volume to have removed any doubt I may have had of the propriety of asking for re-election this year, seems to call for something more than a passing notice. Four years ago I hesitated to enter the lists for re-election until four months of the year was gone. Not however, so much on account of fears of the result as from other considerations that I need not mention here. During the latter part of last year I determined that if physically and otherwise able I would be a candidate this year.

Any man that has had the friendship and loyal support that I have for these many years, and not be moved thereby to feelings of sincerest gratitude must be wanting in moral sentiment, and would be the veriest ingrate, and it is no affectation on my part when I say that it is difficult for me to find words to express my sincere thanks to you, my friends and fellow citizens.

Believing that an official is a public servant and that as such he is under obligation to give his people the best service of which he is capable, and while regretting that I have not been able to do more, I can say that in all conscience, I have done the best I could.

With the limited pay in this office and the many things that call for expenditures it has been impossible to accumulate means, and because of age, financial surroundings and physical condition I am prompted to seek re-election.

Therefore with feelings of profound gratitude to those who have supported me in the past, and with the utmost good will for those who have felt it their privilege and duty to oppose me, not one of whom have been prompted by hostility to me, but rather by greater friendship for a worthy opponent, and with a full sense of what a public servant owes to all the people, I shall, if re-elected serve you with all the impartiality, zeal and loyalty that I know.

O. G. THOMPSON,
Laurens, April 24th.

PICNIC AND RALLY DAY AT RABUN.
Dr. Poteat and Hon. M. F. Ansel of Greenville to Deliver Addresses.
The Friendship High School, taught by Miss Irene Howell, will join with the Eden school, over which Miss Sarah Copeland presides, in the picnic and educational rally at Rabun Creek Church Friday, May 4.

In addition to Dr. E. M. Poteat, president of Furman University, who has been announced as one of the speakers on this occasion, Hon. Martin F. Ansel of the Greenville bar has also accepted an invitation to be present and deliver an address.

Spartanburg's Annual Event.
Laurens will be well represented this week at Spartanburg's annual event, the South Atlantic Musical Festival, which begins to-day.

Among those who will go from here are Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Gray, Mrs. T. D. Darling, Mrs. H. K. Aiken, Mrs. D. A. Davis, Mrs. S. R. Todd, Misses Emma Hale, Emmie Meng, Bessie Todd, Nannie Bramlett, Mr. W. R. Richey, Jr.

Pitts--Abercrombie.
On Sunday morning, 22nd inst., at the home of the bride near Tumbling Shoals, Mrs. Linnie E. Pitts and Mr. Leonard C. Abercrombie of the Rabun Creek section were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. L. Boggs of Greenville, pastor of Friendship Presbyterian Church. A large crowd of friends and relatives of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony.

Off for New Orleans.
Capt. Thos. J. Duckett, Col. T. B. Crews, Messrs. John R. Finley and Jas. P. Dillard, representing Camp Garlington, United Confederate Veterans, left yesterday over the Seaboard Air Line for the veterans national reunion at New Orleans this week. Col. J. H. Wharton, who is a member of the staff of both Gen. B. H. Teague and Gen. T. W. Carville, left Sunday for the Crescent city, going via Columbia.

State Counsellor Terry.
At the annual meeting last week in Columbia of the State Council Junior Order United American Mechanics, Mr. H. Terry of this city was elected State Counsellor. This is a fine compliment which Mr. Terry greatly appreciates as it places him at the head of one of the very large and popular fraternal organizations in the State. The State Council will meet next year in Charleston.

Union Physician Dies Suddenly.
Columbia, April 23--Dr. John Munroe Lawson, of Union, a surgeon in the First South Carolina Spanish-American war regiment, and prominently connected throughout the State, died suddenly at three o'clock this morning of pneumonia. He had been ill only three days. The body will be taken to Union for interment in the family burying place.

Our Millinery has a chic and style about it that pleases all. Then our prices are as low as the poorly trimmed and cheap kind that has no style or difference to recommend it. It is to your interest to see us before buying.
Davis, Roper & Co.

DR. SAMPSON POPE DEAD.
Well known South Carolinian and Brother of Chief Justice Pope.
Newberry, Apr. 23--Dr. Sampson Pope died at midnight last night, from the effects of a severe rheumatic attack. He was seventy years old, and leaves a wife, a son, and a daughter. He was a brother of the chief justice. He was an intense Tillman partisan, but later becoming disgruntled, he not only left the faction, but the party as well, and became a republican. In recent years he had withdrawn from public activity.

Early Closing Begins Tuesday.
Beginning next Tuesday afternoon, May 1, dry goods and hardware merchants and furniture dealers of the city have agreed to close their stores at six o'clock every afternoon, Saturdays excepted, until September 1st. Commencing on the 15th of May the grocery stores will close at seven o'clock through the season.

This consideration on the part of the merchants is very highly appreciated by all the salespeople of the city.

Hobson's Election Indicated.
Montgomery, Ala. April 24.--At 12:30 a. m. all returns from the Democratic primary election in the 6th Alabama Congressional district indicate the nomination of Capt. R. P. Hobson, of Merriamack fame, over John H. Bankhead, the present Representative.

Sessions Court Postponed.
The regular term of General Sessions and Common Pleas Court scheduled to be convened Monday, May 7, has been postponed until Monday May 14.

The special term of Common Pleas will be called next Monday.

The Ekorn School.
The closing exercises of Prof. C. W. Jones' school at Ekorn will take place Friday evening, April 27th. Superintendent R. W. Nash has been invited to make an address and deliver the prizes.

Do it Today.
All who wish to contribute anything for the aid of San Francisco sufferers should see Mr. L. G. Balle who has interested himself in raising a relief fund here.

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TOWNSHIP CLUB MEETINGS.
They Will be Held Throughout the County Saturday, 28th Inst.

On Saturday, pursuant to the recent call of the State and County chairmen, the Democratic Clubs throughout the County will meet for the purpose of organizing and electing delegates to the County Convention which meets Monday, May 7.

The following is that portion of the Constitution of the Democratic party referring to Township Clubs and the County Convention:

Article 1 provides that there shall be one or more Democratic clubs organized in each township, and that each club shall have working committees, of not less than three members each, viz: A committee, on registration, an executive committee, and such other committees as to each club may seem expedient.

Article 5 provides for the election of delegates to the County convention--one delegate for every twenty-five members, and one delegate for majority fraction thereof.

These Township clubs are required to meet on the fourth Saturday in April, which is the 28th day of the month this year, to elect delegates to County Convention, which meets the first Monday in May.

MERCHANTS' NEWS.
If you want shoes or slippers, go to Red Iron Racket, for they sell the best and sell 'em for less.

The Young men and gentlemen of all ages have never had such a variety of Panama, Straw and Fur Hats to select from as they will find with us this season. All the most up-to-date things at the lowest prices. Davis, Roper & Co.

If you want a nice suit of clothes, go right straight to Red Iron Racket, and you'll save money.

Before you buy it will be to your interest to let us show you our line of Ice Cream Freezers in different sizes with the triple motion that freeze quicker and use less ice than any other freezer on the market.

Does your feet hurt you in walking? Get a pair of our "makes Life a walk easy" and you will not kick about your feet hurting--all the latest toes. Both ladies and gentlemen. Davis, Roper & Co., outfitters.

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The Great Clock at Rouen.
The ancient city of Rouen, France, owns the very earliest specimen of the larger varieties of the ancient clock makers' triumphs. It was made by Jehan de Felains and was finished and set going in September, 1380. So perfect in construction is this ancient time recording machine that, although it has been regularly striking the hours, halves and quarters for centuries, it is still used as a regulator. The case of this early horological oddity is six feet eight inches in height by five inches broad. For 325 years it continued to run without a pendulum, being provided with what the old time clock makers called a "float."

with the help of two canes. By his side was a very robust and perfectly self-reliant young woman of perhaps thirty years of age. When some one went forward to ask what was wanted the young woman said:

"Well, I'll just tell you. This is my husband, and we ain't getting enough pension--that's what we want. We're getting only \$10 a month, and we know a man that wasn't in the war half as long as my husband was and didn't get a shot in him and he gets his \$12 a month, and we want our pension raised to that figger or more."

One applicant was willing to give the most palpable proof of the genuineness of his injuries, for he wrote as follows:

If you don't think I was shot in the war I am willing to come on there and you or any one else can lay their finger on the bullet imbedded in my back which passes me when I stoop or lay on it and which it has brought on permanent disability so I can't work like I used to could I guess if you would speak to President McKinley and tell him about the bullet he would say to send on the pension and any medical doctor would say the same. A doctor here will get his ar-fydavitt that he has laid his fingers on the bullet which I am proud of as scars of War where I fit and died for my country which it is America and Union forever.

--New York Tribune.

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They All Do.
Mother--Diedie, what do you want for a birthday present? Dickie--I want to be my own boss.--Indianapolis Journal.

Troublesome Children.
Everything is relative, after all, even age, yet one might suspect that the "children" of one Mr. Muzzey's "Men of the Revolution" might have arrived at years of some discretion and proper regard for behavior.

When I saw the old soldier, says Mr. Muzzey, he was the sole survivor of those who witnessed the battle of Bunker Hill. At the age of ninety-five years he was attending a Whig celebration held at Boston in 1850, and there I met him. He was a good looking old man with a large, well shaped head, blue eyes and mild expression. His whole countenance beamed with benevolence.

I asked him if he had any children.

"Oh, yes, I have two sons," he replied.

"Why did you not bring them with you?"

The old man's smooth brow wrinkled into a semblance of a frown as he said: "I didn't want to be plagued with those boys on an occasion of this sort."

"Why, how old are they?" I asked, wondering if he could mean his grandchildren.

"Oh, one is seventy, and the other is seventy-two. But I couldn't be bothered with them."

The Miserable Moors.
The lives lived by the Moors are without perhaps any exception, the most precarious and miserable that can be imagined. The poor man is thrown into prison for sums he never possessed and can never pay, the rich to be squeezed of all he possesses, while those only can hope to escape who are members of families sufficiently powerful to arouse the fears of the local governor should he attempt extortion and not sufficiently powerful to stir up the jealousy and avarice of the sultan. Even the governors of the provinces suffer themselves as they make others suffer, for just as they squeeze the agriculturist and the peasant so are they in turn squeezed by the sultan and his viziers, and should they fall by constant presents to maintain a good opinion at the court they can expect only imprisonment and often death.

The Only One of Its Kind.
On an evening somewhere about the end of the sixteenth century a traveler from Sweden might have been observed at the door of the Rose theater in London. He was going to see a new piece entitled "Titus Andronicus" and in order to follow it in the native language he bought a copy of the play, price sixpence, at the theater door. When he went home to Sweden he took the book with him to show his wife and friends what strange stuff the foreigner ranted. For 300 years it was preserved and in 1604, being discovered in the home of a countrywoman, was transferred for safety to the Lund university. The book is the only one of its kind known to exist.

WORK FOR YOURSELF.
Then You Will Have a Chance to Develop Your Individuality.

It is well known that long continued employment in the service of others often cripples originality and individuality. That resourcefulness and inventiveness which comes from perpetual stretching of the mind to meet emergencies or from adjustment of means to ends is seldom developed to its utmost in those who work for others. There is not the same compelling motive to expand, to reach out, to take risks or to plan for oneself when the programme is made for him by another.

Our self-made men, who refused to remain employees or subordinates, are the backbone of the nation. They are the saviors of our country's life. They get their power as the northern oak gets its strength, by fighting every inch of its way up from the acorn with storm and tempest. It is the hard schooling that the self-made man gets in his struggles to elevate and make a place for himself in the world that develops him.

Some employees have a pride in working for a great institution. Their identity with it pleases them. But isn't even a small business of your own, which gives you freedom and scope to develop your individuality and to be yourself, better than being a perpetual clerk in a large institution, where you are merely one cog in a wheel of a vast machine?

The sense of personal responsibility is in itself a great educator, a powerful schoolmaster. Sometimes young women who have been brought up in luxury and who have known nothing of work when suddenly thrown upon their own resources by the loss of property or compelled even to support their once wealthy parents develop remarkable strength and personal power. Young men, too, sometimes surprise everybody when suddenly left to carry on their father's business unaided. They develop force and power which no one dreamed they possessed.

We never know what we can do until we are put to the test by some great emergency or tremendous responsibility. When we feel that we are cut off from outside resources and must depend absolutely upon ourselves we can fight with all the force of desperation.

The trouble with working for others is the cramping of the individuality--the lack of opportunity to expand along original and progressive lines--because fear of making a mistake and apprehension lest we take too great risks are constantly hampering the executive, the creative, the original faculties--Success.

Cap'n Bill's Explanation.
After the visitors to the island of Nantucket had covered the course over which sightseers are always conducted, says a writer in the Boston Herald, one of the ladies of the party requested that the drive be continued to "Sheep pond."

"The place where the natives used to wash the wool on their sheep in the old days," she supplemented. "Everybody goes to see it."

The driver and guide, Cap'n Bill, looked perplexed. He was evidently puzzled as to the location of this interesting sheet of water. But an old sailor and town character is rarely unphased, and presently Cap'n Bill snapped his whip, determination in his eyes. He drove to a neighboring hill and stopped his horses.

"Here 'tis," he said, with a sweep of his hand.

"I don't see any water!" was the general exclamation.

"Not now," Cap'n Bill gravely admitted. "You see, the sheep was so dirty that the bloomin' pond got filled up."--Youth's Companion.

Round Trip Rates via Charleston & Western Carolina Railway.

To Augusta, Ga., account May Carnival, May 9-10, 1906. Round trip rate, one first class fare plus 25 cents, tickets on sale May 7, 8, and for trains schedules to arrive in Augusta before noon of May 9, with final return limit May 12, 1906.

To Greenville, S. C.--Account General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in United States, May 17-25, 1906. Round trip rate, one first class fare, plus 25 cents. Tickets on sale May 14, 15, 16, with final return limit May 31, 1906, except that by deposits of tickets with Special Agent at Greenville, and payment of fee of fifty cents at time of deposit, an extension of final limit to June 15, 1906, may be obtained.

To Chattanooga, Tenn., account Southern Baptist Convention and Auxiliary Societies, May 10-15. Round trip rate, one first class fare plus 25 cents, tickets on sale May 8, 9 and 10, 1906, with final return limit ten days in addition to date of sale, except that by deposit of tickets with Special Agent, Chattanooga, and payment of fee of fifty cents at time of deposit an extension of the final limit to June 15, 1906, may be obtained.

ERNEST WILLIAMS,
General Passenger Agent.

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"Oh, one is seventy, and the other is seventy-two. But I couldn't be bothered with them."

The Miserable Moors.
The lives lived by the Moors are without perhaps any exception, the most precarious and miserable that can be imagined. The poor man is thrown into prison for sums he never possessed and can never pay, the rich to be squeezed of all he possesses, while those only can hope to escape who are members of families sufficiently powerful to arouse the fears of the local governor should he attempt extortion and not sufficiently powerful to stir up the jealousy and avarice of the sultan. Even the governors of the provinces suffer themselves as they make others suffer, for just as they squeeze the agriculturist and the peasant so are they in turn squeezed by the sultan and his viziers, and should they fall by constant presents to maintain a good opinion at the court they can expect only imprisonment and often death.

The Only One of Its Kind.
On an evening somewhere about the end of the sixteenth century a traveler from Sweden might have been observed at the door of the Rose theater in London. He was going to see a new piece entitled "Titus Andronicus" and in order to follow it in the native language he bought a copy of the play, price sixpence, at the theater door. When he went home to Sweden he took the book with him to show his wife and friends what strange stuff the foreigner ranted. For 300 years it was preserved and in 1604, being discovered in the home of a countrywoman, was transferred for safety to the Lund university. The book is the only one of its kind known to exist.

WORK FOR YOURSELF.
Then You Will Have a Chance to Develop Your Individuality.

It is well known that long continued employment in the service of others often cripples originality and individuality. That resourcefulness and inventiveness which comes from perpetual stretching of the mind to meet emergencies or from adjustment of means to ends is seldom developed to its utmost in those who work for others. There is not the same compelling motive to expand, to reach out, to take risks or to plan for oneself when the programme is made for him by another.

Our self-made men, who refused to remain employees or subordinates, are the backbone of the nation. They are the saviors of our country's life. They get their power as the northern oak gets its strength, by fighting every inch of its way up from the acorn with storm and tempest. It is the hard schooling that the self-made man gets in his struggles to elevate and make a place for himself in the world that develops him.

Some employees have a pride in working for a great institution. Their identity with it pleases them. But isn't even a small business of your own, which gives you freedom and scope to develop your individuality and to be yourself, better than being a perpetual clerk in a large institution, where you are merely one cog in a wheel of a vast machine?

The sense of personal responsibility is in itself a great educator, a powerful schoolmaster. Sometimes young women who have been brought up in luxury and who have known nothing of work when suddenly thrown upon their own resources by the loss of property or compelled even to support their once wealthy parents develop remarkable strength and personal power. Young men, too, sometimes surprise everybody when suddenly left to carry on their father's business unaided. They develop force and power which no one dreamed they possessed.

We never know what we can do until we are put to the test by some great emergency or tremendous responsibility. When we feel that we are cut off from outside resources and must depend absolutely upon ourselves we can fight with all the force of desperation.

The trouble with working for others is the cramping of the individuality--the lack of opportunity to expand along original and progressive lines--because fear of making a mistake and apprehension lest we take too great risks are constantly hampering the executive, the creative, the original faculties--Success.

Cap'n Bill's Explanation.
After the visitors to the island of Nantucket had covered the course over which sightseers are always conducted, says a writer in the Boston Herald, one of the ladies of the party requested that the drive be continued to "Sheep pond."

"The place where the natives used to wash the wool on their sheep in the old days," she supplemented. "Everybody goes to see it."

The driver and guide, Cap'n Bill, looked perplexed. He was evidently puzzled as to the location of this interesting sheet of water. But an old sailor and town character is rarely unphased, and presently Cap'n Bill snapped his whip, determination in his eyes. He drove to a neighboring hill and stopped his horses.

"Here 'tis," he said, with a sweep of his hand.

"I don't see any water!" was the general exclamation.

"Not now," Cap'n Bill gravely admitted. "You see, the sheep was so dirty that the bloomin' pond got filled up."--Youth's Companion.

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