

J. SKELTON WILLIAMS.

WHAT HE SAYS ABOUT THE BOND TRANSACTION.

Confirms Col. Haskell's Statement in Every Particular—Does Not Know Who Rhind Meant—Says Rhind Could Tell.

RICHMOND, June 30.—Several times since the bond scandal has become so prominent the name of Mr. John Skelton Williams, the energetic and prosperous young banker of this city, has been mentioned in connection with the question, "Who got these commissions?" This afternoon I called on Mr. Williams and had a talk with him in regard to the matter.

He gives an interesting chapter to the bond business as a member of the syndicate. He says that he took the matter up, after Mr. Lancaster's failure and the agreement to pay Mr. Rhind a commission, which has been mentioned, was stated to them by Mr. Rhind. The people composing the syndicate then thought the investment a good one with the commission allowed, and took the bonds. He confirms to the letter Col. Haskell's statement, recently published, and says Mr. Rhind stated that he could not give them (the syndicate) the amount they expected as commission, because "A large portion of it had to be paid to parties whose services and influence were necessary in the general assembly. He says he did not know to whom Mr. Rhind referred. They had no right to ask him, yet they had no idea that it would be used for any improper purpose." Mr. Rhind gave them to understand all the way that this commission was to be so disposed of. So far as he knows the drafts were divided in order that the amount should be given to "his associates."

He never heard anything said connecting any State officer with the transaction. In reply to a question he said: "No I have never heard one word to connect any State officer with the matter, beyond Mr. Rhind's statement, which any one can construe. Mr. Rhind or Mr. Lancaster can tell you about the whole matter, though, I suppose."

He said he knew that Mr. Evans was Mr. Rhind's attorney in the matter. Mr. Lancaster is at present at his summer home in this State and could not be seen today.

E. J. WATSON.

A. B. Williams in a letter to the Greenville News recalls to mind some bond deal history which makes the business look still worse for those who got the commissions.

Dr. Bates says nobody ever offered to take the bonds at 1 per cent off. As a matter of fact the syndicate did take them at that price. The difference between the 1 per cent the syndicate got and the 2 1/2 per cent the State gave—a little matter of \$78,000—went to Rhind "and associates."

In December 1892, while in Columbia, I received a telegram from John Skelton Williams, which I have on file, asking me to ascertain and report the status of the bond bill and saying he would probably be in Columbia the following week. I did not know he was in the syndicate and naturally supposed he intended to bid on the bonds. I went to the senate chamber and learned from Senator Smythe that the bill was on the second reading there and was being amended. Then I went down to the treasurer's office and asked him if any arrangement for the bonds had been completed. He answered "no." I asked him again, carefully, if the matter was yet open and he said "yes." I had the telegram in my hand and showed it to him and said "I want to know. Here is a man who may come down next week and there's no use bringing him down for nothing." He again replied emphatically that no trade had been closed.

Between 4 and 5 o'clock that afternoon Dr. Bates came to Capt. V. E. McBee's residence, where I was dining. He was in a carriage, but came into the house and had me called from the dinner table. He said: "I don't want to deceive you, Mr. Williams. I answered you frankly this morning because I saw the telegram you had was from one of our old syndicates, but I want to say to you that we can consider no proposition unless it comes through Mr. Rhind, of Augusta."

He added that he had been driving all over town hunting me. I was naturally startled to know that the bonds were gone before the bill to authorize them had passed. I said: "Do you mean to tell me, doctor, that if these people come down here

next week and put down their money and say: Here's five million, five hundred thousand dollars. Will take your bonds at par.' Do you mean to tell me you can't consider that?" His answer was: "Yes. We are under business and moral obligations to Mr. Rhind which we are bound to respect."

I repeated the conversation to Captain McBee and enquired if anybody had the right to bind the people of South Carolina in advance to do business with any one man, regardless of figures, and immediately sent a telegram to Mr. Williams: "The cards are stacked on you. I believe there is crooked work." I think I added advice to him to get on the inside if he wanted bonds. I don't know whether he was thinking of cutting loose from Rhind or not. I know it was fixed so he couldn't. That is what I meant when I told the Times that persons enquiring about the bonds had been officially informed that they could not be bought at par or any other price except through Mr. Rhind. I have been wondering ever since who caused Treasurer Bates to change his mind between forenoon and afternoon.

Col. Sparkman has been to Columbia, making arrangements for the encampment of the Third Regiment of Calvary and the Georgetown Rifle Guards on the island in July. We also learn that the crack company of the State, the Darlington Guards, of Darlington, are preparing to invade the island this summer, and bring a large number of the company's friends with them. No doubt they will come during the encampment; and the gay soldier boys and the many belles from South Carolina and other States will make the place as gay and pleasant as any summer resort.

The facilities for getting to the island this summer have been increased and cheapened, which will add to the popularity of the place—*George Town Times.*

SPRINGVILLE.

Crops are looking well at this writing.

Miss Julia Adams is on the sick list at this writing.

Laying by corn is a thing of the past in this community.

We had a good rain last Friday which was very much needed.

The cotton and corn of this section is better this year than last.

Miss Ida Ward, of Pine Grove, is visiting relatives and friends in this community.

Miss Rosa Ward, of Pine Grove, is visiting relatives and friends in this section.

Mrs. W. E. Flowers is visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. I. Johnson, of Timmonsville.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bozman visited relatives and friends in this section last week.

Mr. Matthew Flowers paid his brother Mr. W. E. Flowers a visit on the 15 and 16 inst.

Mr. A. L. Orrell, our busy repairing cotton gins for fall work.

Mr. J. E. Flowers spent last Wednesday and Thursday very pleasantly in the city of Darlington.

Mr. Willie Witherspoon, of Antioch, paid the family of Mr. Jno. Parnell a visit on last Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Gertrude Flowers, of Darlington, visited relatives and friends in this section last Sunday.

Mr. Willie Flowers paid the family of Mr. Thomas Ward a short visit on last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Abbott, of Riverdale, paid the family of Mr. W. E. Flowers a visit on Sunday the 14 inst.

UNA.

It is about time for picnics. Isn't it possible to get up one at Una?

JASPER.

Miss Minkie Stephen is spending a few days with friends at Oates.

Miss Lena Lawson, of Oates, visited friends in this section recently.

Mrs. C. A. Lewis has gone on an extended visit to her daughter Mrs. Kelly of Sumter.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kelly, of Sumter, spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in this section.

Mr. P. N. Weaver's little girl was run over by a mule Sunday, which knocked her down and broke her arm, besides inflicting several very painful wounds about her face and shoulder. Dr. J. P. Parrott was summoned and dressed the wounds. He pronounced them painful though not necessarily serious.

AMERICA.

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty—
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride;
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country! thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God! to thee—
Aurhor of liberty!
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light—
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

God bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand
Thro' storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise,
To God above the skies;
On him we wait.
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be thou forever nigh;
God save the state.

She (gazing at the dying embers)—
"That fire reminds me of a man in love. It burns brightly at first, then gradually subsides and nothing remains but ashes."
He—"And yet it will be all right if you feed it regularly."
—*New York Herald.*

If Napoleon Had Invaded England?
It is also pertinent to inquire what would have happened had Napoleon been successful in landing an army on English shores. In the first place, his mastery of the seas would have been quickly ended by the combined efforts of the English war vessels then afloat, and he would have been left without base of supplies or communication. In the second place he would have met a resistance from a proud, free, enlightened and desperate people which would have paralyzed all his tactics and would have worn out any army he could have kept together. Did Napoleon fail to understand this? Of course not. He had said before that an army which cannot be regularly recruited is a doomed army. He had seen this theory verified in Egypt, and he knew very well that a permanent mastery of the seas was out of the question with the fleets and flotillas at his disposal. It would appear in the case of any other man than Napoleon that the proof was complete, in view of what actually did occur—namely, the attack by land on Austria. The impression which Metternich received in 1810 that this had been the emperor's intention from the first, and the lavishness with which Napoleon, throughout his public career, made use of any and every form of ruse, even the counterfeit, in order to mislead his foes, are complementary pieces of evidence which furnish the strongest corroboration.—*Professor W. M. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.*

Where the Diamond Tree Grows.
No work on horticulture makes mention of this interesting shrub, which rarely attains large size, but is mainly restricted to a number of small cuttings. The pawbroking trade is where the cultivation is carried on. An unscrupulous pawbroker having had certain diamond ornaments entrusted to his safe keeping for a while is the gardener, and it is in the arid atmosphere of his workshop that the work of propagation will be observed.

A piece of jewelry in which diamonds are set is carefully examined, and stones of similar quality, but just a shade smaller in size, are cleverly substituted. The removed stones are in turn exchanged for others from another article until at last the original cutting has developed quite respectable growth and dimensions. It is not wise to force the growth to too great an extent, and so the original process is being continually repeated.

The beauty of the operation lies in the slight danger of detection. The substitution in each case varies but very little in the matter of size, and the owners of the property rarely or never notice what has taken place, but "many a little makes a muckle," and in the course of a few weeks a skillful gardener may make a very good thing out of a diamond tree.—*Parson's Weekly.*

CAUGHT WITH GOLD.

BUT THE MAN EATING SHARK TOOK \$45,000 OF THE BAIT.

The Ex-Driver's Story of an Adventure in the "Great Days"—Silence Smeared Itself All Over the Veranda at the Completion of the Yarn.

"I suppose," quoth James T. Gaullin of Winchester, Mass., who was sitting on the hotel veranda, "that I had the honor of killing the most valuable fish that ever swam the seas. I did it single handed too. I aver that this fish was worth more at the time of its death than the finest sperm whale that was ever harpooned, although we question really leave whales out of the question when speaking of fish. It was 30 years ago, and I was young and foolish enough to be a deep sea diver. Our diving schooner and crew had been sent to Cuba to try to recover some stuff from a Spanish boat that had foundered off the coast of Cuba, just where I don't now recollect. It was quite a long trip for us, and as the employment of a diving outfit was an expensive thing in those days the boys knew that there must be something pretty valuable in the hold of the wreck. I was quite close to our skipper, and he told me that there were several boxes of gold coin in the wreck. On our arrival at the port near where the wreck lay in 30 feet of water the agent of the owners of the sunken schooner told us something more surprising. It was that the gold had not been stowed in boxes in the cabin, as was usual, but for some reason had been bagged and placed in the hold, being billed as copper washers. This was probably a scheme to avoid any chance of the spirit of cupidity arising in the crew, for the treasure was very great."

"As the confidential man, I was selected to go down first and find the money bags, attach lines to them and have them taken out before the other divers should proceed with the work of taking out the other freight that the water here, not harmed. I was soon in the hold and was surprised to find that the bags were only a little distance from the hole in the side that had caused the schooner to founder. I had been told that there would be 12 bags, but I could lay my hands on but 11 of them. Finally I spied a torn bag lying near the hole in the hull, and on picking it up discovered that it contained a few gold coins. I decided that the heavy triple sacking had been torn open in some way or other when the schooner sank. I fastened lines about the 11 bags that were intact, and had them hoisted, afterward going up for air, for our apparatus was not very good."

"In a few minutes I returned to the hold to search for the scattered coins. Very few of them were in sight. It occurred to me that they might have been washed outside the boat, judging from the position of the wreck and the fact that the hold was far down toward the ship's bottom. I was about to crawl out of the hole when I remembered that it might hazard the air pipe, so I was pulled up and let down again over the vessel's side. I was disappointed not to find any indication of the gold near the hole in the schooner, but set to work digging resolutely in the sand. I had gone but a foot down when I struck the gold pieces all in a lump. I picked out a great handful and turned the light on them, for I was a lover of gold then, even though it did not belong to me."

"Just then I saw something that made the robber helmet rise from my head. It was a man eating shark. I hadn't thought of one in so long that I had neglected to bring my knife. It was rushing at me. The stupid creature never stopped to consider that with a rubber and lead dressing a diver makes a poor lunatic. I was kneeling beside the gold. At the shark's onslaught I naturally hung to the handful of gold as though to use it as a weapon. He turned on his side, opening his horrible mouth. A feeling of grim humor had come over me. The cruel goldbugs had sent me down here to be devoured, after saving thousands of dollars for them. I would be a spendthrift at the last. So with all my force I flung the heavy handful of coin into the yawning mouth."

"The shark must have thought it was a part of me, for he snapped his jaws over the golden morsel. I am satisfied that he broke some teeth. He swam back a little, and then rushed at me again. I had no weapon but the gold, so again I flung into the hideous maw enough to buy me a home in New England. I saw him snap and swallow it. Again and again was the attack repeated, and as often did I hurl gold into the shark's throat. Pretty soon he became dizzy, as if weary, for the gold had unbalanced him, settling in the forward part of his body. Then he writhed in agony, and I had to keep dodging his furry. Then, with one terrible shudder, he sank to the bottom, weighted down by the gold. I tied a line about him and then gave the signal to be pulled up. Then I helped hoist the shark. We cut him open. Gentlemen, you must take the word of an ex-diver that there was \$45,000 in him. Gold had killed him."

Silence smeared itself all over the veranda. The pale moon slid behind a cloud. The amphitheater organ slowly wove a weird chunk of melody. The chimes began to ring. "Those were great days," said Mr. Gaullin sadly.—*Buffalo Express.*

A Flea Works the Hammer.

At Essen, Germany, in the great Krupp gun works, which are situated at that place, there is a hammer that weighs 50 tons. This hammer works in connection with an anvil weighing 80 tons, which, in turn, is placed on an anvil block weighing 120 tons. Professor Schumann, a "trained flea man" of Bern, Switzerland, visited Essen and the great war machine works a few years ago. Upon returning home he set about making a model of the great hammer which should be complete in every detail, but on such a minute scale that the hammer could be raised by a flea instead of by a 100 horsepower engine, as in the original. In its completed state this wonderful miniature model, —frame, hammer, pulleys, etc.—weighs but 1 1/2 grains! The hammer and anvil are both of solid gold, the pulleys German silver and the framework platinum. A flea, trained by Mr. Schumann, the maker of the model, will, at the word of command, hoist the hammer to the top of the frame, where it is automatically set free, descending in precisely the same manner as the monster after which it was modeled.—*St. Louis Republic.*

IN THE DRUG STORE.

CHARACTER SKETCHES AT FOUNTAIN AND PRESCRIPTION DESK.

Funny Stories That Beat the Old Postage Stamp Joke—Tricks Played by Patrons as Well as by Clerks and Physicians. Some St. Louis Samples.

The time honored jokes in the funny papers about people who buy stamps in a drug store and want them wrapped up and delivered may be old to the average reader, but they are new every day to the drug dispensers. Such ridiculous things are everyday occurrences.

A well known druggist tells of an instance when he was night clerk in a west end drug store. About 5 one morning a vigorous ring at the night bell roused him from peaceful slumbers. He came down wearing one shoe, such miscellaneous clothing as he could pick up in a hurry and a decidedly cross appearance. At the door was a nicely dressed lady. Would he kindly sell her a stamp? She had an important letter which she must mail, and as she also desired to catch the 6:30 train she feared she would forget it. The stamp was sold to her, and then very sweetly and innocently she inquired if he would not, since she was in such a hurry, walk to the corner and mail the letter for her. As he had worn only one shoe down he regretfully declined the honor.

The soda dispenser in the drug store usually sees and enjoys more peculiarities than any of the drug clerks from the fact that he is not bothered with any of their responsibilities. His greatest trouble is in deciding whose money he shall take in the case of young ladies who drink soda together. If it were men, each would be anxious to pay for the beverages. In the case of young ladies, however, each is apparently anxious not to pay for the drink. Then they argue with each other on about this line: "No, let me pay." "I will not. I think I should." "Oh, I'll be awful angry if you do." And all the while, says the soda dispenser, they are hanging on to their dime with a deathlike grip. The soda man finally solves the problem by taking the money of each and returning the change to each, making it a "Cincinnati treat."

The proverbial joke about the man who winks his eye at the apothecary when he wants a "stick" in his soda is not a fiction. Various excuses are made to get liquor, but the standard and most usual is a terrible pain in the stomach or else a threatened chill. The druggist always suggests Jamaica ginger. This suggestion is never satisfactory, as it is whiskey they want. A favorite trick is to ask for a dose of calisaya, which, to be thoroughly effective, must be mixed with whiskey.

The "fiends" who make life miserable to the druggist are legion. They are fiends who are addicted to phenacetin, to bromo seltzer, to quinine, to arsenic, to strychnine and to morphine. There are also people who are addicted to the use of wine of cocoa. The drink contains a quantity of cocaine in solution and has a revivifying effect on the system. There are quinine fiends who take as much as 150 grains a day. Not long since a St. Louis physician prescribed this drug to a patient, ordering it to be put in six powders of 60 grains each. The patient, a lady, took it all in 24 hours, and, strange to say, got well. There are several people in St. Louis who are addicted to the use of aromatic spirits of ammonia and vichy. They drink it with great gusto.

The morphine fiend is a shrewd and discriminating buyer. One of the usual excuses when the fiend is a woman is that the drug is "for mamma." Poor mamma! She has many sins to answer for of which she is guiltless. Some of the fiends can tell the brand of morphine by the taste and will have none but their favorite. One hopeless case has become so expert on the quantity that he usually takes—three grains—that with a dash of the bottle he can throw the exact quantity into the palm of his hand. The druggist with whom he usually deals has verified the weight of the dose thus prepared many times and invariably finds it correct to a fraction of a grain.

The drug store is a favorite place for leaving bundles, valises, etc. Many of the packages left are never called for. A lady left a bundle in an Olive street establishment a year ago that contained two dozen suits of underwear and has never returned for them. At the same drug store a well dressed man left his valise, containing clothing, papers, a shaving set and many miscellaneous articles, and never came back. The strange case of the kind was a man who left his wife at a downtown store about 9 o'clock, promising to return in ten minutes. At 10 o'clock, closing time, he had not returned, so the druggist sat down to wait for him, not caring to turn the lady out on the street. At 12:15 a. m. he dropped in, much the worse for wear, and then there was a scene that repaid the druggist for his long vigil.

People who get hurt on the streets in any manner or way go to the drug stores to be patched up. They claim treatment of this kind apparently as a right and part of the duty of the druggist to the public, and in nine cases out of ten do not even express their thanks for the service rendered them.

Physicians' prescriptions would often tell the sick person something they did not know if they could understand them. Chalk and distilled water for nervousness, sugar pills for headaches and pink water for dyspepsia are frequent prescriptions.

There is an old gentleman who patronizes a South St. Louis drug store who thinks he is a confirmed morphine fiend. He began the use of morphine for insomnia. The first prescription called for chalk, but it put him to sleep, and he has had it refilled every day since. He sleeps like a babe at night, except when he misses his usual dose, and then he walks the floor until he gets it.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

HOME, SWEET HOME.

There's a beautiful realm in the faraway past,
All lovely with sunshine and flowers,
And voices as sweet as the song of the birds,
Laugh away the bright, happy hours,
Can hear their own cooing echoing back,
As I watch the starry dome,
And memory bells chime soft and low—
Home, sweet home.
The voices loved so in that long ago,
And those which make music now,
The coming step and the hand whose touch
Lingers gently on my brow—
Hope to see in that fadeless realm,
Beyond the starry dome,
Where angel voices welcome breathe the
Home, sweet home.

GOLD EATING WATER.

SPARKLING LIQUID CHARGED WITH CYANIDE OF POTASSIUM.

Millions in the Yellow Metal Recovered by Percolation—A Simple but Interesting Process, With Results Which Are Nothing Less Than Marvelous.

It is not generally known, even in California, that millions of dollars in glittering gold are annually taken from rude heaps of base looking quartz by the gentle flowing of crystal water over the piles of broken rocks that contain the precious metal, but such is the fact.

"The process of robbing the earth of its gold has now been reduced to such a fine point," said Professor Price, "that the gentle flowing of water over the ore gleams it of its golden treasures, and this works well in cases where the old chafed and other methods are not so useful."

But the water of which Professor Price spoke is not so pure as it looks, though the eye could never distinguish it from that which is dipped by the old oaken bucket from a well in the deep tangled wildwood. The water used by miners in bringing gold from piles of mineral bearing quartz is charged with a simple chemical which has the potency to dissolve gold and hold it in solution. In truth, the sparkling liquid which flows over hundreds of tons of quartz, trickles through the mines and seeks its level, laden with gold, is charged with a deadly poison, cyanide of potassium, a drug which ferrets out the minutest particles of the yellow metal, dissolves them and brings the precious burden to the vats for conversion into refined gold again.

The cyanide process is as noiseless and unerring as the laws of gravitation, doing its work as quietly as "the majestic dance of the hours," unhindered by darkness or weather, by disasters of field or flood.

The state mining bureau of California was one of the first in the United States to investigate the merits of the cyanide process, and since the earliest investigations the method has found extensive application. It is so interesting that its results are nothing less than marvelous. This method of extracting both gold and silver from ores is based on the fact that even a very weak solution of cyanide of potassium dissolves gold and silver, forming respectively "auro-potassium cyanide" and "argento-potassium cyanide," in the language of the chemists.

This interesting process consists of treating the ores with a weak solution of potassium cyanide, usually by allowing the solution to percolate through the ore, or by agitating a mixture of the ore and solution. When this part of the operation is completed, the solution is separated from the solid material, and the gold and silver are precipitated in a metallic form. The process is modern in its application, though it has long been known that cyanide of potassium would "eat gold." During the last five years, however, the process has been introduced into almost every goldfield in California and elsewhere, and more than \$20,000,000 have been recovered by the gentle flowing of waters charged with the magical chemical over heaps of ore. Aside from the thoroughness of the permeating water method, its economy is a marked feature in mining. It is in great favor with the gold mining companies of New Zealand and at Johannesburg, Africa, as well as in California.

One of the most advantageous features of the cyanide method is that it can be applied to many gold and silver ores generally called "rebuilt" or "refractory." The rebellions ore is placed in a vat for percolation, and the bottom is run preferably from the bottom of the vat, rising slowly through the bottom of the solution containing gold is carried through precipitating appliances into the final reservoir, where, robbed of its wealth of metal, it may be reformed into ore vats and again used for searching out the coveted metal.

One of the curious things about the solution is that a total percentage not stronger than an eighth of 1 per cent will carry away the gold almost as well as fluid of greater strength. Precipitation is effected by the use of fine pieces of zinc, so arranged that when the rich waters flow over them the fine gold clusters in rich deposits over the zinc, for which it has an affinity. The gold which thus descends the waters of cyanide deposits itself in the form of fine dust on the plates of zinc. The percentage of gold extracted by this process is very large. A large parcel of silver sulphides from the Utah mines yielded an average of 93.18 per cent of the gold value under the cyanide treatment, and similar results have been experienced elsewhere in the state. The cyanide plants are being extended, and the noiseless process is everywhere becoming popular.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

STATEMENT

—of the—
BANK OF DARLINGTON.

At the close of business, June 30, 1896, in accordance with an Act of the General Assembly.

ASSETS.	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$27,968 26
Stocks.....	5,960 00
Real Estate.....	8,728 00
Safe, Furniture, &c.....	1,100 00
Due by banks.....	\$11,155 69
Cash.....	14,070 78
Total Assets.....\$267,992 76	
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid in.....	\$100,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	55,614 26
Dividends unpaid.....	145 00
Dividend No. 19.....	5,000 00
Re-Discounts.....	34,877 60
Deposits.....	72,355 90
Total Liabilities.....\$267,992 76	

Personally appeared before me L. E. Williamson, Cashier, who on oath says the foregoing statement is true and correct to the best of his knowledge and belief. L. E. WILLIAMSON, Cashier.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF

The People's Bank of Darlington, DARLINGTON, S. C.

At the close of business, June 30, 1896, in accordance with an Act of the General Assembly.

ASSETS.	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$200,046 14
Stocks.....	6,980 00
Safe, Furniture, &c.....	967 00
Real Estate.....	326 25
Cash on hand and in Banks	11,925 82
Overdrafts.....	1,182 98
Total.....\$221,432 19	
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock.....	\$100,000 00
Surplus and undivided Profits.....	27,988 59
Dividends unpaid.....	30 00
Deposits.....	76,618 40
Due Banks.....	68 59
Re-Discounts.....	16,748 81
Total.....\$221,432 19	

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

County of Darlington. Personally appeared H. L. Charles, Cashier of People's Bank of Darlington, S. C., and made oath that the above statement is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

H. L. CHARLES, Cashier.

Sworn to before me this 1st day of July, 1896.
[L. S.] GEO. ONSLOW, Notary Public, S. C.

Correct, attest:
W. A. CARRIGAN,
JOHN SISKRON,
C. S. MCCULLOUGH,
Directors.

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