

### Taking the Hint.

At home stations the private soldiers washing is usually done by the married soldiers' wives, who are expected to sew on missing buttons and do repairs, for which a small sum is deducted from the private's pay.

Pat McGinnis had a good deal of trouble with his mistress. Sunday after Sunday had his shirt come back with the neck button off or else hanging by a thread. He had spoken to her on the subject, and she had promised to see to it, but still the button was not on properly.

He got out of patience one Sunday when the missing button had made him late for parade and exclaimed: "Bother the woman! I'll see if I can't give her a hint this time, anyhow."

He then took the lid of a tin blacking box about three inches in diameter, drilled two holes in it with a fork and sewed it on to the neck of the shirt that was next to be washed. When his washing came back he found she had taken the hint. She had made a buttonhole to fit it.—London Answers.

### Cuteness of Old Time Doctors.

Synges "Social Life in England" quotes a number of fourteenth century hints to success for physicians which indicate that as far back as 500 years ago the medical man, in popular opinion at least, had in him the stuff that alienists are made of:

Suppose you know nothing, say there is an obstruction of the liver. Perhaps the patient will say, "Nay, master, it is my head or legs that trouble me." Expect that it comes from the liver, and especially use the word "obstruction," for patients do not understand it, which is important.

Never dine with a patient who has not paid you; it will be cheaper to get your dinner at an inn, for such feasts are usually deducted from the surgeon's fee.

When you are treating a wound or accident, the friends of the patient should be excluded, for they may faint and cause a disturbance, but sometimes a higher fee may be got from persons present fainting and breaking their heads against wood and the like, than from the principal patient.

### A Lost Dollar.

A missionary bishop told at a dinner in New York, according to the Sun, this story about F. Marion Crawford, the famous novelist:

"Mr. Crawford went to school," he said, "in Concord, and one day he was taken to call at a Concord clergyman's. The clergyman had a missionary box on his drawing room table, and, being hanging heavily on the boy's hands, he amused himself with trying whether a silver dollar—it was all the money he had in the world, and he had converted it into that gigantic coin for safety—would go into the slit in the box's top. It was a close fit, but unfortunately it did go, and the coin slipped out of the missionary box's fingers. There was a terrible crash of silver falling among the coppers, and then the boy, as the novelists say, 'knew no more.' When he came to himself he found the clergyman and his family in raptures over his generosity."

### You Could Slip Off the Edge.

There was a time—centuries ago, of course—when the learned men of the world really thought that the world was a square—not merely flat, but that it was a cube. The primitive geographers of Egypt, Assyria and China all taught that the world was a "square plane." One of the most curious discoveries ever made in Central America concerning Toltec beliefs, symbols, etc., is that they also had a similar idea concerning the form of what we now speak of as the "globe." A writer on the discoveries made among the monumental ruins of that country says, "They (meaning the Peruvians, Toltecs and Quiches) believed the world to be a cube, suspended from the heavens by cords of gold fastened to each of its corners."

### Good in Everything.

The late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, well known as an English temperance reformer as well as a wit, invariably took a cheerful view of life and conduct. In conversation with him one day an ardent person railed forcibly against the practice of christening vessels with champagne before being launched. Sir Wilfrid did not altogether agree and said a good temperance lesson might be learned from the practice.

"How can that be?" demanded the other.

"Well," replied the baronet, "after the first taste of wine the ship takes to water and sticks to it ever after."

### The Rivals.

"My work," remarked the bald-headed dentist, "is so painless that my patients often fall asleep in the chair while I am operating."

"Hum! That's nothing," retorted his rival. "My patients nearly all insist on having their pictures taken while I am at work in order to catch the expression of delight on their faces."—London Express.

Another Comparison.  
has a face like an incandescent Cash Drain.

"What a shape!"  
"Isn't referring to the shape."  
"What then?"  
"To the fact that it lights up so beautifully."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### She Sidestepped.

He—Do you think your father will object to my suit? She—I don't see why he should. He himself wears one almost as bad.—San Francisco Bulletin.

In the year 1700 there was only one newspaper in the United States.

### Entered the Ministry.

Mother Hen after her brood of nine had obtained a firm hold on life called them together to counsel them on the duty they owed to one another, but particularly on the duty the eight girls owed to the one boy of her family. The girls were to be mindful of Willie's rights, to call him when a choice morsel was unheeded, to prevent him from quarreling and to bring him back when he wandered from the barnyard.

One day during a sisterly quarrel brother disappeared. His sisters had seen the minister enter the farmhouse on a visit, but thought nothing of it until they saw poor Willie meet his death by an ax.

Condemnation ensued, and a council was held to devise a way to meet the mother hen and to break the news to her.

"Cluck, cluck, cluckety, cluck, cluck," said Mother Hen, breaking in on the council of the sisters.

"Cluckety, cluckety, cluck," answered the sisters in one voice, which translated means, "Where is your brother?" and they answered, "The minister visited the house, and brother got it in the neck."

Mother Hen was downcast, but she quickly recovered her composure and said:

"Cluckety, cluckety, cluck; cluck, cluck, cluckety," which is: "I am sorry for poor Willie. I rejoice, however, that he has entered the ministry, for he would have made a poor layman."—New York Tribune.

### The Slow, Pottering Gordon Setter.

Years ago the Gordon setter was quite a favorite and much in use by sportsmen of this country. In later years, however, this really good dog was displaced in greater part by the pointer and English setter. The Gordon, says Ed F. Haberlein in Dogdom, is the largest and heaviest of all bird dogs, more clumsy and usually slow. Where most hunting is done in woodland and thickets and a slow working dog is needed so as not to get "lost" almost continually he fills the bill well—works close to gun, has good nose, is steady on point and if properly trained a very good retriever from land and water. The Gordon is easily trained and retains his training well, as also of good pleasant disposition and an admirable companion. At this age, however, when so very much stress is laid on speed and wide range, the Gordon is not "in it" because he is a slow, pottering dog as a rule.

### Boots With a Drawback.

"An army officer in charge of a native district in South Africa presented the Kaffir boy who acted as his particular servant with a pair of strong, heavily nailed ammunition boots," says Chums.

"The boy was delighted with the gift and at once sat down and put the boots on. They were the first pair he ever had, and for several days afterward he strutted proudly about the camp in them. But a few days later he appeared as usual in bare feet, with the boots tied round his neck.

"Hello," said his master. "Why don't you wear your boots? Are they too small for you?"

"Oh, no, sah," replied the Kaffir. "they plenty big. Berry nice boots, sah, but no good for walking or running. Make um fellah too much slow, sah. Keep boots now for wear in bed."

### Origin of a Well Preserved Joke.

Nasica, having called at the house of the poet Ennius, and the maidservant having told him on his inquiring at the door, that Ennius was not at home, saw that she had said so by her master's order and that he was really within, and when a few days afterward Ennius called at Nasica's house and inquired for him at the gate Nasica cried out that he was not at home. "What?" says Ennius. "Do I not know your voice?" "You are an impudent fellow," rejoined Nasica. "When I inquired for you, I believed your servant when she told me that you were not at home, and will not you believe me when I tell you that I am not at home?"—Cicero's "De Oratore."

### Classified.

The geology class was sent out to collect specimens, and their teacher was to explain upon their return what the different specimens were. One of the boys for a joke brought in a piece of brick. When the teacher came to examine what they had to offer he took up one specimen after another. "This," said he, "is quartz, this feldspar, this sandstone and this"—taking up the piece of brick and looking gravely at the boy who brought it—"this is a piece of impudence."

Superstition and the Wedding Ring.  
When a wedding ring has worn so thin as to break, the superstitious believe that either the husband or the wife will soon die. This may be regarded as an obvious superstition and perhaps accounts for the fact that wedding rings are now made so much thicker and heavier than formerly.—Grand Magazine.

### Freddy's Fear.

They pass a plate of cakes to Freddy at dessert. He puts out his hand, hesitates, then draws it back and begins to cry.

"What are you crying for?" asks his mother.

"Because you are going to scold me when I choose the biggest one."

### Woman's Way.

Bumpus—Give me a pair of lady's shoes, please. Shopman—What size? Bumpus—Oh, no matter. They're for my wife, and she won't be pleased anyway.—Ally Sloper.

While waiting for your prayer to be answered try to get what you want yourself.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### QUICK IN RETORT.

#### Stories of Some Masters of the Gentle Art of Repartee.

Senator Ingalls was always quick in retort, although he was himself a subject of some sharp shafts. Once he was attacked by Senator Eli Saulsbury of Delaware, the second smallest state in the Union. He disposed of the whole matter by saying, "I thank the senator from that great state which has three counties at low tide and two counties at high tide for his advice."

John Randolph of Roanoke was the most sarcastic man ever heard in the halls of congress, unless David A. De Armond of Missouri be an exception. Both Randolph's and De Armond's speeches drip vitriol, but they are not epigrammatic and are hard to quote. Randolph, who flourished in the early days of the republic, when things were all unsettled, was furiously attacked by a Republican from Rhode Island who had been a blacksmith. Randolph was a descendant of Pocahontas and of the best blood of aristocratic Virginia. He replied to the presumptuous blacksmith: "What credentials does the gentleman bring? From whence does he spring? And why has he left his leather apron behind?" The reply was hissed back, "I sent it to Pocahontas to make moccasins for his grandchildren."

An illustration of the nimble and caustic wit of Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia in senatorial debate occurred on the senate floor during a heated argument with Robert Toombs, also of Georgia. Stephens, although possessed of one of the most powerful brains of his time, was lame and had a wizened little body. Toombs was one of the largest men in the senate and was of a blustering, sputtering type. He had argued with Stephens until he was hoarse and became so exasperated that he threatened to fight. However, consideration of the size of his opponent deterred him, and, turning, he said, "I won't fight you, but I could swallow you whole." Stephens quickly retorted, "If you did you would have more brains in your stomach than you ever had in your head."—Frederic J. Haskin in Louisville Courier-Journal.

### The Widow's Dog.

A case was recently tried in a justice's court in which a common old-fashioned hound was the subject of contention. This hound was alleged to be the best dog after coons in the neighborhood. Two men claimed the dog, and each employed an attorney to assist in the case. At the trial it developed that the dog belonged to a widow residing in the neighborhood, and the justice gave the custody of the dog to the widow and assessed a fine against each of the litigants in the sum of \$10. They paid the fine, and the justice gave it to the widow. She then said that either of the litigants could use the dog when he wished, provided that neither of them paid his lawyer. It is reported that the attorneys are still looking for their fee.—Columbus Dispatch.

### Punishment.

At one time in a certain penitentiary there was a renaissance in the moral discipline of the prison, and all were compelled to attend chapel regularly. One of the prisoners came to the warden one day and begged to be allowed to remain away from the chapel exercises, as he wanted Sundays to write letters to his friends. The warden looked at the beseeching convict in amazement. "What," he exclaimed, "allow you to stay away from religious exercises all the time! No, sir. Why, man, don't you know that's part of the penalty?" And the convict continued to worship regularly, while the warden led in prayer.

### Superstition in Calcutta.

The grossest superstition exists in Calcutta. Not long ago an Indian gentleman residing in Jaun Bazar street had a live goat flung down from his two storied house in accordance with the directions of a so called magician, who was called in to cast out a devil with which a son was supposed to be possessed. The poor brute was first fed with a few bamboo leaves over which the wizard mumbled some mantras, and it was then pushed over the terrace. The animal was killed, and its flesh was distributed to the poor.

### Fake Antiques.

People are buying English antiques from taste or as investments, and as they do not part with them the supply is becoming shorter and shorter. A result is that the country is full of imitations. The "antiques" to be found in country shops are frequently bogus. We are flooded with copies of antique furniture and engravings. There are shop auctions in London of whole stocks of bogus engravings, silver boxes, Battersea enamels, miniatures and the like.—London Spectator.

### Ginning at Kingstree.

The Cotton Gins at Kingstree are now thoroughly overhauled and are every day ginning all the cotton that can be brought to them from a radius of ten miles.

The large Ginnery at the Oil Mill has been remodeled and a house added, and this ginnery turns out a bale every ten minutes.

The down-town Ginnery, which has established a reputation for itself in the past, turns out a bale every twenty minutes. So no one need have any fear of being delayed.

The Kingstree Cotton Market is known to be the best in the county, and the Oil Mill will pay the highest cash price for your seed and give you the best trade on Meal and Hulls.

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There are a great many people who have slight attacks of indigestion and dyspepsia nearly all the time. Their food may satisfy the appetite but it fails to nourish the body simply because the stomach is not in fit condition to do the work it is supposed to do. It can't digest the food you eat. The stomach should be given help. You ought take something that will do the work your stomach can't do. Kodol For Indigestion and Dyspepsia, a combination of natural digestants and vegetable acids, digests the food itself and gives strength and health to the stomach. Pleasant to take. Sold by W. L. Wallace, M. D.

The Christian spends in doing the time that the church member spends in posing.

Some of these days we are going meet up with a defeated candidate who is just as glad to see us as he was before his defeat, and then we will know who our preferred candidates for something better is.

### Hot, Springs Ark.,

is no competition against Lippman's Great Remedy for cure of Rheumatism.

James Newton, Aberdeen, Ohio, says P. P. P. did him more good than three months treatment at Hot Springs, Ark.

W. T. Timmons of Waxahatchie, Tex., says his rheumatism was so bad that he was confined to his bed for months. Physicians advised Hot Springs, Ark., and Mineral Wells, Texas, at which places he spent several weeks in vain, with both knees so badly swollen that his tortures were beyond endurance. P. P. P. made the cure and proved itself as in thousands of other cases, the best blood purifier in the world, and superior to all Sarsaparillas and the so-called Rheumatic Springs. Sold by W. L. Wallace.

When a man's children run to meet him it is a pretty good sign that he is all right.

The candidate who is so glad to shake your hand before election is very apt to shake you entirely after election.

About the nearest thing to perpetual motion that we have been able to find is this thing of thrusting one's hand into one's pocket to pay out the money earned between reachings.

## Sour Stomach

No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour risings, and catarrh of the stomach are all due to indigestion. Kodol relieves indigestion. This new discovery represents the natural juices of digestion as they exist in a healthy stomach, combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. Kodol for dyspepsia does not only relieve indigestion and dyspepsia, but this famous remedy helps all stomach troubles by cleansing, purifying, sweetening and strengthening the mucous membranes lining the stomach.

Mr. S. S. Ball, of Ravenswood, W. Va., says: "I was troubled with sour stomach for twenty years. Kodol cured me and we are now using it in milk for baby."

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### Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Elizabeth Yarborough, Administratrix of the estate of Alfred Yarborough, deceased, will apply to P. M. Brockington, Esq., Judge of Probate for the County of Williamsburg and State of South Carolina, on the 12th day of October, 1907, at 12 o'clock, M., for affinal discharge as such Administratrix.

ELIZABETH YARBOROUGH, Administratrix of the Estate of Alfred Yarborough, deceased, 9-9-07 4t.

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We have just received a carload of Wire Fence, which is offered at a low price. Remember we are headquarters for Benjamin Moore & Co's Paint. Also, we offer exceptional values in Cutlery and Razors. The Robeson Razor can't be beat. We appreciate our friends' patronage and will try to merit their continued confidence.

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SNAP 2.	20 Bottles either Port, Cherry or Blackberry \$3 75
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SNAP 4.	6 Qts. Port or Cherry \$2 75
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