

His Son's West Side.
 "How are you, Mr. Smith? How is that son of yours making it with his new motor bicycle?"
 "Oh, he had quite a tumble the other day," replied Mr. Smith. "He was speeding at about forty miles an hour along a rough macadam road when all of a sudden the darn machine stopped stone still, but my son kept on going from the momentum and slid along the road for about fifty feet before he could stop himself."
 "You don't say! Did it hurt your son?"
 "No, it didn't hurt him to speak of, but he tore the west side of his pants."
 "Tore the what?"
 "Tore the west side of his pants."
 "Well, in the name of whizzing wheels, what side of your son's pants is the west side?"
 "Why, the side the son sets on."
 —Philadelphia Inquirer.

Work Fit For Sunday.
 A stickler for the good old ways, which we all admit to be the best, dropped in from church to see a young woman who was a writer. To the great surprise and horror of the dear old lady, the writer was at work. The cheery click-click of the typewriter sounded from her den.
 "Oh, my dear girl," exclaimed the shocked caller, "you have not so far forgotten your early training as to be composing on Sunday?"
 "Oh, my dear, only jokes—and they are all jokes on religious subjects."
 Read the Farmers & Merchants Bank's ad. this issue.

His Pretty Visitor.
 "Hear about Blenkinsop?"
 "What about him?"
 "Left his motor in front of his office yesterday, was gone half an hour, and when he returned what do you think he found?"
 "Motor disappeared?"
 "No, my boy. Jolly pretty girl sitting in it."
 "What did Blenkinsop do? Tell her to get out?"
 "Not a bit of it! He jumped in and took her home with him."
 "Great Scott! What did Mrs. Blenkinsop say?"
 "She said, 'I'll call for you again tomorrow, dear.'"
 —London Scraps.

Following Instructions.
 "Mr. Whittlesey," said the city editor to the new reporter, "there's to be a meeting of the trustees at the public library building this evening at 8 o'clock. You may go and cover it. Make a story of about 400 words out of it."
 The new reporter went away on his assignment, and the chief of the local department turned again to his desk, made an entry in the assignment book that lay before him and dismissed the matter from his mind. About 11 o'clock, however, he suddenly called out:
 "Where's Whittlesey?"
 "Here, sir," answered that young man, coming forward.
 "I sent you to a board meeting at the public library. Where's your story?"
 "It isn't quite finished yet. You told me to make 400 words of it, and I've got only a little over 300 so far."
 "What did they do?"
 "They met, called the roll and adjourned until next Tuesday evening."
 —Youth's Companion.

Flat Odors.
 "If one could live on odors alone," said Mr. Flatdwell, "it wouldn't cost much to live in a flat."
 "For there's no odor of cooking knows that you can't smell here. The dumb waiter shafts and the various holes through floors and ceilings for steam and water pipes seem to make the whole building a sort of universal smell conductor in which no cooking odor is lost, in which all odors come to all."
 "And so if anybody in the building has roast turkey we know that, but so, alas, do we know it full well if anybody has corned beef and cabbage or onions or fish. There is, indeed, a surfeit of odors, and, as I said, if one could live on odors, what a place this would be to board—such a variety and how cheap!"
 —New York Sun.

Ready With the Text.
 The Maid—What are you doing with the Bible, Freddy?
 Freddy—Picking out a text for today's sermon. When I come home from church I always have to tell pa what the text was.
 The Maid—But how can you know the text until you hear it?
 Freddy—Any text will do. Pa won't know the difference.
 The Maid—But your grandmother is going with you.
 Freddy—But grandpa will be fast asleep long before they get to the text.—Boston Transcript.

IN A NEW LIGHT.
 How a Different Point of View May Change the Whole Aspect.
 Discontent or satisfaction with an object often depends entirely on the way in which it is regarded. A difference in the point of view changes the whole aspect. This truth is well illustrated by a pleasing little incident of Robert Dale Owen's childhood, told by himself in "Threading My Way."
 Near the isolated country seat where I spent my boyhood there was a footbridge but little more than a mile away. For the first ten years of my life I was forbidden to cross it, and until then I never walked on the turnpike road.
 One day father told William and me that he would take us to walk over the bridge and to the other side of the river. This was blissful news.
 He conducted us by a winding country road up the opposite bank of the stream. Suddenly the view called out my youthful admiration. Across the river appeared a large house standing in beautiful grounds not very distinctly seen through the trees. Spacious gardens were surrounded by walls, there was a large greenhouse, and beyond stretched a meadow.
 "Oh," I exclaimed, "what a beautiful house, papa! Don't I wish I could live there! What a time we could have!"
 My father smiled.
 "We are going to live there, my son," he said.
 "Truly, papa?"
 "Yes."
 "Oh, I am so glad! There must be plenty of nuts there."
 "You have never seen the house before?" asked father.
 "Of course not. We have never been here before."
 "True. Take a good look at the grounds. What do you think of them?"
 I did so and announced they were much larger and finer than ours.
 "My child," said father, "you are doing what much wiser and older people have done before. You are looking from a distance at a beautiful place with envious eyes. It is a very pretty place. It is Boxfield, your own home, where you have lived all your life."
 —Mixed Metaphor.

Edwin Markham at a dinner said of mixed metaphors: "When I was teaching in Los Angeles I used to read every week a little country paper whose editor's metaphors were an unending joy to me. Once, I remember, this editor wrote of a contemporary, 'Thus the black lie issuing from his base throat becomes a boomerang in his hand and, hoisting him by his own petard, leaves him a marked man for life.' He said in an article on home life, 'The faithful watchdog or his good wife standing at the door welcomes the master home with an honest bark.' In an obituary of a farmer, he wrote: 'The race was run at last. Like a tired steed, he crossed the harbor bar and, casting aside whip and spur, lay down upon that bourn from which no traveler returns.'"
 —Rochester Herald.

Dramatic.
 Just as he clasped the beautiful girl in his great strong arms a strange man came out and stood beside them, looking exceptionally foolish and idiotic, due possibly to his embarrassment.
 "Pardon me," he said. "The playwright had more epigrams than he could put in the mouths of his logical characters, and I've dropped in just here to get off a few of them. I'll be as quick as I can. You understand my position, of course?"
 "Oh, dear, yes!" they replied as with one voice. "Don't mind us. Go right ahead. Take the center of the stage and talk just as long as you like. We've been in society drama before, you know."
 —Puck.

Pedigree of "Tote."
 "Tote" is good English on higher authority than that it is a colloquialism which has become engrafted into our language. It is Anglo-Saxon to the core, as says Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, London, edition of 1852, thus: "Tote from Totian, to lift up, to carry in the hands or upon the person in the same sense as the Latin—Tollere." Tote is not known except among English descended people and is unquestionably correct, although now obsolete to a great extent.—New Orleans Picayune.

Poor Woman!
 "Yes," declared a suffragette, "women have been wronged for ages. They have suffered in a thousand ways."
 "There is one way in which they have never suffered," said a meek looking man standing up in the rear of the hall.
 "What way is that?" demanded the suffragette.
 "They have never suffered in silence."
 —London Telegraph.

EVERY SPARE MOMENT CAN BE UTILIZED WITH A

Waterman's
Ideal Fountain Pen

It never misses a mark, and with the Spoon E regulating an accurate and even flow of ink point of the pen, and the Clip-Cap holding in the pocket, always ready for use, is permitted the instantaneous call of the owner. stock from which to select may be seen

I also handle all text books adopted for South Carolina at prices fixed by State of Education

G. LIE EPP, Kingtree, South Carolina.

A New Methodist Church.
 At a recent church conference in the Methodist church the pastor, Rev J E Mahaffey, was requested to appoint a committee of inquiry into the question of building a new Methodist church in Kingtree. The committee was announced last Sunday and requested to meet on Tuesday night. With ten members present this committee was called to order in the Methodist church at 8 o'clock. P H Stoll was elected chairman with A C Hinds secretary, and the pastor made a brief statement of the object of the meeting.
 After careful inquiry into the entire situation, in which all the members present took an interested part, it was unanimously agreed that the Methodists of Kingtree should at once undertake the building of a new church, costing not less than \$12,000, and they recommend that a ways and means committee be appointed to this end. The report of this committee will be submitted to the church conference next Sunday morning for further action and a full attendance of all concerned is confidently expected.

Grippe is sweeping the country. Stop it with preventives, before it gets deeply seated. To check early colds with these little Candy Cold Cure Tablets is surely sensible and safe. Preventives contain no Quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh or sickening. Pneumonia would never appear if early colds were promptly broken. Also good for feverish children. Large box, 48 tablets, 25 cents. Vest pocket boxes 5 cents. Sold by D C Scott.

Notice.
 A recent ruling of the post-office department requires publishers of weekly newspapers to discontinue all subscriptions that are one year or more behind. We are allowed until April, to comply with this requirement, after which time all subscriptions not paid to April 1, 1907 (or beyond that date) will be cut off. We have no choice in the matter, being compelled to conform to the regulations of the postoffice department.
 Now, we ask all our subscribers who are in arrears and want the paper continued, to come up and settle their accounts before April 1, while those delinquents who do not care to have the paper any more will confer a favor to notify us and at the same time pay what they owe for past service. We ask that prompt attention be given to this matter, as there is but little time for delay.

Final Discharge.
 Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, B P Fulton, executor of the estate of R W Fulton, deceased, will apply to P M Brockinton, Probate Judge for Williamsburg county, at 12 o'clock Saturday, March 14th 1908, for final discharge as such executor.
 2-20-4t B P FULTON.

A weak stomach means weak stomach nerves, always. And this is also true of the heart and kidneys. It's a pity that sick ones continue to drug the stomach or stimulate the heart and kidneys. The weak nerves, not the organs themselves, need this help. This explains why Dr Skoop's Restorative has, and is promptly helping so many sick ones. It goes direct to the cause of these diseases. Test this vital truth, and see. Sold by D C Scott.

Citation Notice.
 STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
 COUNTY OF WILLIAMSBURG.
 By P M Brockinton, Esquire, Probate Judge.
 Whereas, M M Mouzon made suit to me, to grant him letters of Administration of the estate of and effects of Charles M Mouzon.
 These are therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and Creditors of the said Charles M Mouzon, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Kingtree, S C, on the 9th day of March next after publication thereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted.
 Given under my hand, this 24th day of February, Anno Domini, 1908.
 Published on the 27th day of February, 1908, in THE COUNTY RECORD.
 P. M. BROCKINTON, Probate Judge.

Farmers' Union Meeting.
 Editor COUNTY RECORD:—Please announce as news that there will be a public meeting held at the court house in Kingtree at 11 o'clock a. m., on Monday, March 2, in the interest of the Farmers' Union. Farmers and all others who are interested, including capitalists, are cordially invited to attend.
 Hon. B Harris, President of S C Farmers' Union, will be one of the speakers.
 T C WILLOUGHBY, Member of Executive committee, Florence, S C, February 18, 1908
 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 Waxabatchie, 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 all druggists

Read the Farmers & Merchants Bank's ad. this issue.

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C. E. HARRIS,
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 Greelyville, South Carolina.
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Use DeWitt's Little Early Risers, pleasant little pills. They are easy to take. Sold by W L Wallace M D.

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For Kingtree and vicinity the Germofert Fertilizers will be handled by
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Porters & Calumet Hams	Heinz's Pickle
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Pork Sausage, Meats	Fruits, Crackers,
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Beef Extracts	High Grade
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