

TERMS

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One copy, one year, — — — \$1.00
One copy, six months, — — — .50
One copy, three months, — — — .25
Subscription payable in advance.

OBITUARIES.

Obituary notices will be published free up to 100 words, except poetry. All obituary poetry will be charged for at the rate of one cent a word.

REMEMBER, we publish free only one hundred words obituaries, tributes of Respect, Resolutions, etc., free. Also, only one obituary of the same person will be published free.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1908.

NOTICE.

Beginning with May 1, 1908, the subscription price for THE RECORD is as follows: One year in advance \$1.00. One year on time \$1.25. Six months in advance 60 cents. Three months in advance 40 cents.

No paper will be continued after May 1 that is one year or longer in arrears.

C. W. WOLFE.

3-26-tf

Why Mr Bryan Again?

It is amusing to note with what gusto the newspapers that admire Col William Jennings Bryan announce in glowing headlines the fact that another State has declared for the silver-tongued Nebraskan. What does it mean? Not the State, but the Democrats convention of the State has declared for Mr Bryan—a vast deal of difference, since it is to be remembered that the last time he ran for president Mr Bryan ever failed to carry his own State of Nebraska.

It has been asked what man as a Democratic presidential candidate could command more electoral votes than Mr Bryan. Frankly, we do not know, but we believe that almost any candidate nominated could carry as many votes as he. The Democratic party has been, and is still, hopelessly disorganized and the opposing factions are so far apart that to reconcile them seems impossible.

Mr Bryan has twice been the standard-bearer of the Democratic party to defeat—the second time more disastrously than the first. It is not conceivable that under his leadership the party could win in this year's campaign.

With so many warring factions it is doubtful indeed if any candidate could win, and it is scarcely probable that even the most optimistic nominee would be sanguine of success. Then why continue the honor of being nominated to one man? At least select a candidate who has a probability of carrying his own State. Let the delegates go uninstructed and pick the most available man when the convention meets, which, we believe, will hardly be Mr Bryan.

It begins to look as if the most available Democratic candidate for president is Gov. John A Johnson of Minnesota.

Certain newspapers of the State favoring Bryan's nomination have gone so far as to stigmatize those who prefer another candidate as "assistant Republicans." And yet some of these same newspapers "cussed out" the Reform faction for curtailing the right to choose the nominee of the party in a regular primary. But then that was a good many years ago and circumstances change opinions, no doubt.

We are sending out a number of notices to those of our subscribers who are a year or more in arrears. On account of the ruling of the postoffice department we are compelled by the first of May to cut off all subscriptions that are a year or longer behind. We do not like to do this without notice, hence these statements. In case we have made an error in any account as presented we shall be pleased to correct same if our attention is called to it.

Under the High School act, a synopsis of which is published this week, Kingstree's school would be entitled to six hundred dollars a year to supplement the fund already provided. As we understand it, there would be no additional tax levy and the question simply is: Does the school want the additional six hundred dollars? A petition for an election will soon be circulated and it would be strange indeed if any one should decline to sign it, or when the election be held, should cast a dissenting vote.

"Health Coffee" is really the closest Coffee Imitation ever produced. This clever Coffee Substitute was recently produced by Dr Shoop of Racine, Wis. Not a grain of real Coffee in it either. Dr Shoop's Health Coffee is made from pure toasted grains, with malt, nuts, etc. Really it would fool an expert—who might drink it for Coffee. No 20 or 30 minutes tedious boiling. "Made in a minute" says the doctor. Sold by People's Mercantile Co.

Howe's Great London Shows.

"A large elephant, as gentle as a kitten and trained to act in the ring like our Babe, is worth \$10,000, or even more. I very much doubt if the management would take \$10,000 for Duchess. From a commercial point of view, very few men are worth as much as such elephants.

"It is a pity that the elephant can not express himself by means of articulate speech. He is certainly the most intelligent of beasts. He has a brain two and a half times the size of that of a man, and, what is still more significant, it is richly convoluted. He learns readily and never forgets. He is not a mere cipher of other men's thoughts and acts, either, but when occasion demands he can do his own thinking.

In India some years ago an elephant chanced to fall in a pit. There was some lumber and odd pieces of wood at its bottom. After some deliberation he went to work and made a pile of lumber and wood; then, ascending to its top, was able to clamber out of the pit. One of the elephants with the show, known as Duchess, was one day trying to push a big cage into place in the menagerie tent, but the ground was soft, and the harder she pushed the deeper the wheels went into the mud. Finally she stepped back and seemed to deliberate for a moment. Then she stepped forward again, took hold of the wheels with her trunk and gave a mighty lift, and at the same time a push with her head, and the cage came out of the mud."

Howe's Great London Shows carry the largest as well as the smallest elephant in the world.

Nor has the circus department been neglected, for more special feature acts will be offered than ever before, enlivened with new and amusing antics by over two score of funny clowns.

The big show will exhibit at Kingstree Tuesday, April 21.

The Spoilers. By REX E. BEACH.

Copyright, 1905, by Rex E. Beach.

[Continued from last week.]

legal resource, and now we're going to stamp out this gang of robbers in our own way. We will get together in an hour, divide into three groups of twenty men, each with a leader, then go to the houses of McNamara, Stillman and Voorhees, take them prisoners, and"—He waved his hand in a large gesture. Glenister made no answer for a moment, while the crowd watched him intently.

"You have discussed this fully?" he asked. "We have. It has been voted on, and we're unanimous."

"My friends, when I stepped into this room just now I felt that I wasn't wanted. Why, I don't know, because I have had more to do with organizing this movement than any of you and because I have suffered just as much as the rest. I want to know if I was omitted from this meeting intentionally."

"This is an embarrassing position to put me in," said the chairman gravely. "but I shall answer as spokesman for these men if they wish."

"Yes; go ahead," said those around the room.

"We don't question your loyalty, Mr. Glenister, but we didn't ask you to this meeting because we know your attitude—perhaps I'd better say sentiment—regarding Judge Stillman's niece—family. It has come to us from various sources that you have been affected to the prejudice of your own and your partner's interest. Now, there isn't going to be any sentiment in the affairs of the vigilantes. We are going to do justice, and we thought the simplest way was to ignore you in this matter and spare all discussion and hard feeling in every quarter."

"It's a lie," shouted the young man hoarsely. "a damned lie! You wouldn't let me in for fear I'd kick, eh? Well, you were right. I will kick. You've hinted about my feelings for Miss Chester. Let me tell you that she is engaged to marry McNamara and that she's nothing to me. Now, then, let me tell you further that you won't break into her house and hang her uncle, even if he is a reprobate. No, sir! This isn't the time for violence of that sort. We'll win without it. If we can't let's fight like men and not hunt in a pack like wolves. If you want to do something, put us back on our mines and help us hold them, but, for God's sake, don't descend to assassination and the tactics of the Mafia!"

"We knew you would make that kind of a talk," said the speaker, while the rest murmured grudgingly. One of them spoke up. "We've talked this over in cold blood, Glenister, and it's a question of their lives or our liberty. The law don't enter into it."

"That's right," echoed another at his elbow. "We can't seize the claims, because McNamara's got soldiers to back him up. They'd shoot us down. You ought to be the last one to object." He saw that dispute was futile. Determination was stamped on their faces too plain for mistake, and his argument had no more effect on them than had the pale rays of the lantern beside him, yet he continued:

"I don't deny that McNamara deserves lynching, but Stillman doesn't. He's a weak old man"—some one laughed derisively—"and there's a woman in the house. He's all she has in the world to depend upon, and you would have to kill her to get at him. If you must follow this course, take the others, but leave him alone."

They only shook their heads, while several pushed by him even as he spoke. "We're going to distribute our favors equal," said a man as he left. They were actuated by what they called justice, and he could not sway them. The life and welfare of the north were in their hands, as they thought, and there was not one to hesitate. Glenister implored the chairman, but the man answered him: "It's too late for further discussion, and let me remind you of your promise. You're bound by every obligation that exists for an honorable man."

"Oh, don't think that I'll give the snap away!" said the other; "but I warn you again not to enter Stillman's house."

He followed out into the night to find that Dexty had disappeared, evidently wishing to avoid argument. Roy had seen signs of unrest beneath the prospector's restraint during the past few days, and indications of a fierce hunger to vent his spleen on the men who had robbed him of his most sacred rights. He was of an intolerant, vindictive nature that would go to any length for vengeance. Retribution was part of his creed.

On his way home the young man looked at his watch to find that he had but an hour to determine his course. Instinct prompted him to join his friends and to even the score with the men who had injured him so bitterly, for, measured by standards of the frontier, they were pirates with their lives forfeit. Yet he could not countenance this step. If only the vigilantes would be content with making an example—but he knew they would not. The blood hunger of a mob is easy to whet and hard to hold. McNamara would resist, as would

Voorhees and the district attorney, then there would be bloodshed, riot, chaos. The soldiers would be called out and martial law declared, the streets would become skirmish grounds. The vigilantes would rout them without question, for every citizen of the north would rally to their aid, and such men could not be stopped. The judge would go down with the rest of the ring, and what would happen to—her? He took down his Winchester, oiled and cleaned it, then buckled on a belt of cartridges. Still he wrestled with himself. He felt that he was being ground between his loyalty to the vigilantes and his own conscience. The girl was one of the gang, he reasoned—he had schemed with them to betray him through his love, and she was pledged to the one man in the world whom he hated with fanatical fury. Why should he think of her in this hour? Six months back he would have looked with jealous eyes upon the right to lead the vigilantes, but this change that had mastered him—what was it? Not cowardice, nor caution. No. Yet, being intangible, it was none the less marked, as his friends had shown him an hour since.

He slipped out into the night. The mob might do as it pleased elsewhere, but no man should enter her house. He found a light shining from her parlor window, and, noting the shade up a few inches, stole close. Peering through, he discovered Struve and Helen talking. He slunk back into the shadows and remained hidden for a considerable time after the lawyer left, for the dancers were returning from the hotel and passed close by. When the last group had chattered away down the street, he turned to the front of the house, and mounting the steps, knocked sharply. As Helen appeared at the door, he stepped inside and closed it after him.

The girl's hair lay upon her neck and shoulders in tumbled brown masses, while her breast heaved tumultuously at the sudden, grim sight of him. She stepped back against the wall, her wondrous, deep gray eyes wide and troubled, the blush of modesty struggling with the pallor of dismay. The picture pained him like a knife thrust. This girl was his bitterest enemy—no hope of her was for him. He forgot for a moment that she was false and plotting, then, recalling it, spoke as roughly as he might and stated his errand. Then the old man had appeared on the stairs above, speechless with fright at what he overheard. It was evident that his nerves, so sorely strained by the events of the past week, were now snapped utterly. A human soul naked and panic-stricken is no pleasant sight, so Glenister dropped his eyes and addressed the girl again:

"Don't take anything with you. Just dress and come with me." The creature on the stairs above stammered and stuttered inquiringly: "What outrage is this, Mr. Glenister?" "The people of Nome are up in arms, and I've come to save you. Don't stop to argue," He spoke impatiently. "Is this some ruse to get me into your power?" "Uncle Arthur!" exclaimed the girl sharply. Her eyes met Glenister's and begged him to take no offense. "I don't understand this atrocity. They must be mad!" wailed the judge. "You run over to the jail, Mr. Glenister, and tell Voorhees to hurry guards here to protect me. Helen, phone to the military post and give the alarm. Tell them the soldiers must come at once."

"Hold on!" said Glenister. "There's no use of doing that—the wires are cut; and I won't notify Voorhees—he can take care of himself. I came to help you, and if you want to escape you'll stop talking and hurry up." "I don't know what to do," said Stillman, torn by terror and indecision. "You wouldn't hurt an old man, would you? Wait! I'll be down in a minute."

He scrambled up the stairs, tripping on his robe, seemingly forgetting his niece till she called up to him sharply: "Stop, Uncle Arthur! You mustn't run away." She stood erect and determined. "You wouldn't do that, would you? This is our house. You represent the law and the dignity of the government. You mustn't fear a mob of ruffians. We will stay here and meet them, of course." "Good Lord!" said Glenister. "That's madness! These men aren't ruffians. They are the best citizens of Nome. You don't realize that this is Alaska and that they have sworn to wipe out McNamara's gang. Come along."

"Thank you for your good intentions," she said, "but we have done nothing to run away from. We will get ready to meet these cowards. You had better go or they will find you here."

She moved up the stairs and, taking the judge by the arm, led him with her. Of a sudden she had assumed control of the situation unflinchingly, and both men felt the impossibility of thwarting her. Pausing at the top, she turned and looked down. "We are grateful for your efforts

[Continued next week.]

DAY LIGHT STORE. DRY GOODS.

Walk-Over and Brown's Shoes.

L. STACKLEY. THE OLD RELIABLE.

Complete Line Latest Improved Farm Implements.

Table listing various farm implements and distributors: Gantt, Coles, K. P., Cox, Eclipse, Cole, Guano, Cotton, Distributors, Planters, etc.

KINGSTREE HARDWARE COMPANY.

Organized, Developed and conducted on Principle of Conservative Banking Along Progressive Lines, the

BANK OF WILLIAMSBURG KINGSTREE, - - SOUTH CAROLINA

RESOURCES \$150,000

Solicits a share of your banking business, feeling confident that our ample resources and superior facilities will render association with us permanently agreeable and profitable.

C. W. Stoll, Pres. E. C. Epps, Cashier, E. L. Montgomery, Asst. Cashier, F. Rhem, V. Pres.

Announcement!

Having purchased the stock and good will of F. C. Thomas' Stables I invite all my old friends and patrons to visit me and let me give prices on

Buggies, Wagons, Harness.

I also will conduct an up-to-date Livery and Feed Stable and will keep good Teams for hire at living prices.

W. P. Hawkins KINGSTREE, S. C.