

One Moment, Please! Who's the Town Buster?



The citizen who sneers at his own town.

The citizen who belittles local enterprises.

The citizen who scoffs at home improvements.

The citizen who buys his household goods by mail.

The citizen who gets his job printing done outside.

That man's THE TOWN BUSTER.

He Had No Objections.

He had held one of the fattest jobs in the gift of the local political boss, and when he died there was an unseemly scramble for his position. The first man to reach the boss had no particular claim upon him, but merely placed his faith in the adage of the early worm.

"Guv'ner," said he, "do you think you would have any objections to my getting into Jones' place?"

"Oh, I'm sure I have no objections," was the unfeeling reply. "None in the world, if the undertakers and coroner are willing."—New York Herald.

What Ailed Tommie.

Tommie was eating walnuts. His mother cautioned him about eating many, fearing they would make him sick. Presently he came in, his hand on his stomach and a very distressed look in his face.

"Those nuts have made you sick, I see. I just knew they would," said the mother.

"They haven't, either," whined Tommie. "I am not sick. It's just my pants are too tight."—Delineator.

A Puzzling Letter.

A business communication in Arabic recently reached a Manchester firm and when translated by a Syrian interpreter proved to contain a request for the price of coppering "two water sheep" of certain given dimensions. The translator was confident of his version, but admitted that he did not know what "water sheep" could be. For the moment even the heads of the firm were puzzled until it struck some one that this was the nearest synonym in the vocabulary of a pastoral people for "hydraulic rams."—Manchester Guardian.

Deciding the Ownership.

Two bosom friends were at odds over the ownership of an umbrella. "I tell you it's mine," persisted the first man.

"And I say that umbrella's mine," asserted the other.

"You're wrong. I've had it for six months at least. See the initials 'L. S.'?"

"Yes, but they're not your initials."

"No; they're the initials of the man I borrowed it from."—Lippincott's.

An Honest Lawyer.

An old lawyer named John Strange, who had earned the good will of his community by probity and fair dealing, felt that he should make some provision for death and conferred with his wife on the subject.

"Mary," he said, "I want to die before you do, and I want you to see that the funeral is plain and without fuss or frills. When I'm buried put a simple stone over the grave, with this inscription: 'Here Lies Buried an Honest Lawyer.'"

The good woman protested that such an inscription would be incomplete without the name.

"Just make it what I tell you," said the old man. "Those who see it will supply the name. When people look at that inscription they'll say, 'That's Strange.'"

A Wife's Thoughtfulness.

A Chicago newspaper man tells this on himself. He was about to start from home one bitter morning last winter when the mercury was hovering around zero and a razor edge gale was hustling in off the lake. He had just pulled on his gloves, and, turning to his wife, he asked: "Whatever became of that old pair of ear muffs I used to wear? If you can find them, I believe I'll put 'em on this morning."

"I wouldn't wear those things if I were you," responded his wife.

"Why not?" inquired John, looking at her suspiciously out of the tail of his eye.

"Why," returned his wife, in a resigned tone, "you wouldn't any more than get downtown with those ear coverings on before somebody would ask you to 'come in and have something,' and you might not hear it, and when you found it out the shock might kill you. Then I would be a widow."

John had closed the door and gone on his way—without the ear muffs.

Mahogany.

Mahogany wood was first imported by England in 1724, although in 1597 Sir Walter Raleigh demonstrated the great value of this wood, which was used in repairing his ships at Trinidad. From 1724 until the discovery of the mahogany forests of Africa by Stanley England and continental Europe were heavy purchasers of mahogany from the West Indies, Honduras and Mexico. A great part of the mahogany used in this country in early years came from Europe, it having first reached there from the West Indies, Mexico and Honduras.

Borrowed Plumes.

Quiller—I am constantly writing for the periodicals.

Pogum—That so? I never noticed your name as author.

Quiller—Oh, I always write under the nom de plume of "Anonymous."

Pogum—That explains it. I remember now to have read many of your productions—some of which are very fine. Let me congratulate you.

English In Java.

A book published in Java, called "The West Java Travelers' Guide," says of a certain sanitarium: "At the establishment is a physician. The sick may invoke the physician for daily treatment, with use of medicaments. Children below ten years pay for lodges half of the price."

Under "Addresses and Announcements" is politely recommended "the hotel prigin, with occasion for warm baths, where till now all convalescents, as well as Mrs. Physicians and particulars and officials, have found back their health. Cures malaria, complains in the chest and other fatnesses, green sickness, cutaneous diseases," etc., and we are assured that "this healthy abode for convalescents has also occasion to many delightful idyllic excursions to which saddle horse and tandees are stationed when before timely ordered."

Not So Easy as He Looked.

The passenger train had halted in an isolated rural district on a summer afternoon. The "smart" young man aboard, who volunteered to furnish amusement for the passengers, discovered an awkward country lad sitting on a stump not far distant. Seizing the opportunity for some fun, he cried: "Hello, sonny! Do you live in these parts?"

"Yaas," drawled the youth.

"Say, do you have any fools around here?"

"Nary one," came the response.

"We sent for a carload last week, but wasn't lookin' for them yet."—Judge.

THE RECORD has printed up a set of promissory note books, are selling at ten cents each.

Mothers and Husbands.

Once I was young, now I am old, and I have never seen a girl that ever came to be worth a one eyed button to her husband. It is the law of God. It isn't exactly in the Bible, but it is written large in the miserable lives of many unfortunate homes. I am speaking for the boys this time. If any of you chaps ever come across a girl that, with a face full of roses, says to you as you come to the door, "I can't go for thirty minutes yet, for the dishes are not washed," you wait for that girl. You sit right down on the doorstep and wait for her, because some other fellow may come along and carry her off, and right there you lose an angel.—Bill Arp.

Overrated the Court.

The rigid observance of English rules in South Carolina courts and the neglect of the same on the part of a barrister well known in his day gave rise to the following passage: "Mr. P.," said the judge, "you have on a light coat. You can't speak." "May it please the bench," said the barrister, "I conform strictly to the law. Let me illustrate. The law says the barrister shall wear a black gown and coat, and your honor thinks that means a black coat?" "Yes," said the judge. "Well, the law also says the sheriff shall wear a cocked hat and sword. Does your honor hold that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?" He was permitted to proceed.



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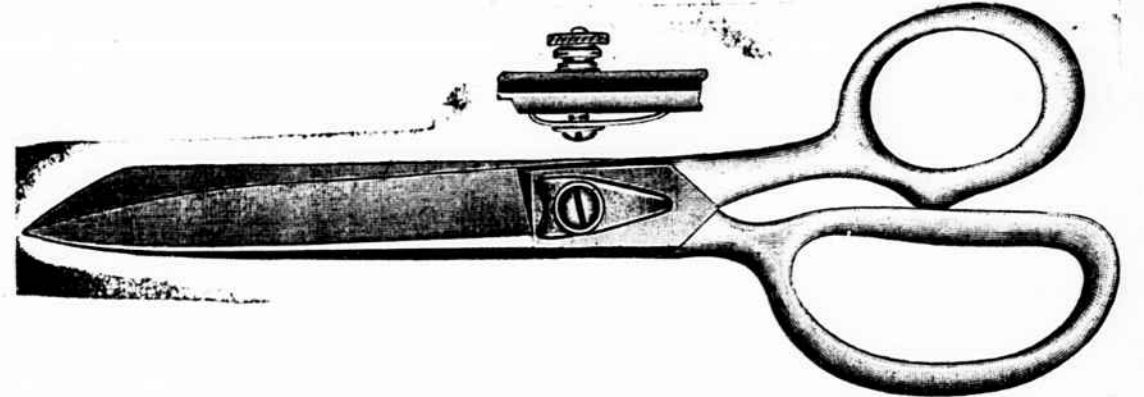
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