

A GOOD RIDDANCE.

Many Sumter People Don't Want Murray Brought Back for Trial.

Columbia, November 5:—The "inside facts" regarding the movement started in Sumter to prevent the return there of George W. Murray, former negro Congressman and Sumter's biggest landowner, for whose return from Chicago negotiations are now pending between Governor Ansel and the Governor of Illinois, are unexpectedly laid bare in a petition for pardon which reached the Governor from Sumter today.

Murray, it will be recalled, skipped from Sumter just as he was about to begin serving three years on his conviction of forgery in a land deal with negroes. An indictment is also pending against him there for perjury on the ground that he swore falsely at his trial for forgery. He was convicted in the spring of 1904.

Sentiment is much divided in Sumter as to the desirability of having him brought back there, and it is probable that a counter petition will be filed, asking the Governor not to grant a pardon. The Governor will have to act within the next few days, as Murray can be held in Chicago for only a limited time.

The petition for pardon is numerously signed, the largest number of signers living in the Wedgfield section of the county. It is a striking fact about the petition, however, that it does not bear the name of a single county officer, so far as the face of the petition shows. There are, however, about a dozen white signers of property and prominence. Among those is F. D. Knight, editor of the Sumter Herald.

The petition, which asks for a pardon upon condition that Murray remain away from the State, sets forth that he paid bonds to the county on account of the prosecution against him amounting to \$2,500 "with the tacit understanding that he would be allowed to remain away from the State."

However, accompanying the petition are two affidavits, setting forth that Murray was wrongly convicted on the testimony of two negroes, who have since admitted that they swore falsely, partly because they were bribed and partly because they were intimidated by Magistrate Richard Folk and his brother Sam Folk. One of the affidavits is from James Chatman, one of the witnesses on whose testimony Murray was convicted. Chatman says his father, Scipio, signed the leases Murray was convicted of forging.

Ye Oldea Time.

Eve stole first, and Adam stole second. St. Peter, he emiped the game; Rebecca went to the well with the pitcher.

Ruth, in the field, won fame. Goliath was struck out by David, A foul off of Abel by Cain. The prodigal son made a home run, And brother Noah gave out checks for rain.

Forced into Exile.

Wm. Upchurch of Glen Oak, Okla., was an exile from home. Mountain air, he thought, would cure a frightful lung-racking cough that had defied all remedies for two years. After two years he returned, death dogging his steps. "Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery," he writes, "and after taking six bottles I am as well as ever." It saves thousands yearly from desperate lung diseases. Infalible for Coughs and Colds, it dispels Hoarseness and Sore Throat, Cures Grip, Bronchitis, Hemorrhages, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough. 50c and \$1.00, trial bottle free, guaranteed by D. C. Scott.

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An Anatomical Wonder.

A certain highly respected congressman makes many queer blunders of speech. A constituent, visiting him recently, complained of the shabbiness of a pair of ink stained crash trousers that he had on.

"A man of your position," said the constituent reproachfully, "ought to wear handsomer trousers than those." The congressman, offended, answered reproachfully: "My trousers may be shabby, but they cover a warm and honest heart."

His Important Service.

An unusually ingenious plea for a tip was that of a small Hibernian, mentioned by Mr. John Augustus O'Shea in "Roundabout Recollections." The author was traveling in Ireland.

I drove down to the station on the faint chance of catching the train to Dublin. When I got out of the cab at the station a bright faced boy accosted me.

"Ah, sure, sir, you've just missed the train," he said.

It was true. I booked my luggage and ascertained when the next train would leave. While I was waiting the lad came up to me and asked me for a tip.

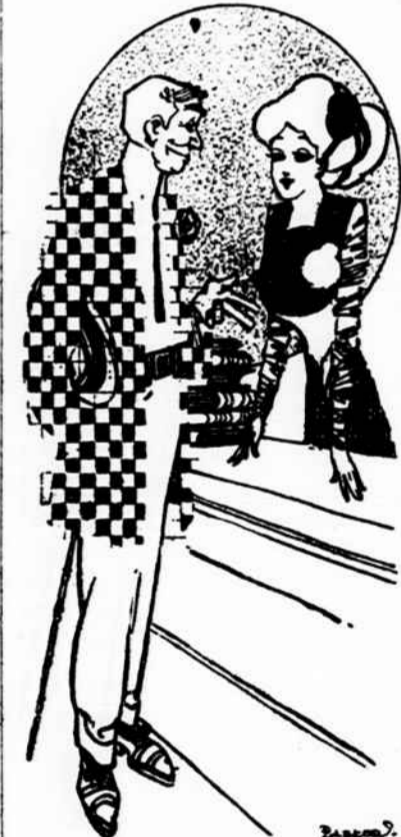
"What for?" I asked. "Sure, sir, I told you that you were too late," he unblushingly responded.

To Be Led by Permanent Ideals.

To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him.—Balzac.

A Pretty Broad Hint.

A popular and good looking bachelor who is a regular patron of a circulating library dropped in there the other day. "I am going on a short trip, Miss Blank," he said to the young lady at the desk, "and want to take a



"GET ME ONE OF EACH AND I'LL BE SATISFIED."

couple of interesting novels, but I can't make up my mind which two to select. Couldn't you help me out?"

"I am afraid my selections might not prove interesting to you," replied Miss Blank.

"Just pick out two books for me and I'll guarantee to like them," he rejoined gallantly.

"Have you read Barrie's or Reade's novels?" she asked. "No; get me one of each and I'll be satisfied," he replied.

She selected two and handed them to her spouseless acquaintance, who, after warmly thanking her for the favor she had done him, turned up the backs of the books and read these titles:

"When a Man's Single."
"It Is Never Too Late to Mend."

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A STRANGE DANCE.

Curious Religious Rites at Whitesuntide in Luxemburg.

A singular ceremony takes place at Whitesuntide in the Luxemburg town of Echternach. It consists of a procession to the tomb of Willibrod, one of the patron saints of the city. The Rev. T. H. Passmore describes this curious and picturesque proceeding in his book "Further Ardenne."

In this old corner of Europe the idea of dancing to God's glory lives still. Religious dancing is as old as history and was once common in the church. The springprozesion of Echternach refreshes the philosopher because it trips right up from old times and certifies him that nothing is absurd which is done sincerely. A man may smile at such things; no gentleman can laugh at it.

It is Whitsun Tuesday at 8 in the morning, a late day in spring. The town is gay with wreaths, flags and streamers, the windows aflame with flowers. Twenty thousand people fill the streets and stretch in a double row across the bridge. A sense of serious waiting fills the air.

The procession starts, with its banners, tapers and 300 singers and its clergy. All chant the litany of St. Willibrod.

Suddenly an electric tremor thrills along the whole cortege of pilgrims, instruments all along the line take up the tune, and 40,000 feet, not all light, but all fantastic, are vibrant in the dance.

It is a sort of sobered polka, three steps forward and two back. Youth and the old man rejoice together, the sick and the hale, the bent dotard side by side with the saucy schoolboy. They dance for health, for the state of their parents and friends and for the ills of their beasts.

Some very old and infirm dance by deputy, and many an urchin dances lustily for several invalids. Here a young mother dances with her young child in her arms; here an old man, whistling like a saw, forces to the measure his rheumatic bones. The pageant takes five hours to travel three-quarters of a mile.

When all is done the tired throng goes home.

Home of the Navel Orange.

"Bahia, Brazil, the home of the navel orange, from which place the late William G. Saunders imported the first navel orange tree to the United States, raises large quantities of this luscious fruit, but does not export a single orange," said a man formerly in the diplomatic service in Brazil. "Nearly every family has an orange and a banana tree in the back yard, and some have a number of trees. These are merely for home consumption."

"Mr. Saunders, when he began the reproduction and distribution of the navel orange tree, the original of which, I believe, is still in the grounds of the department of agriculture, thought he could reproduce the same quality of orange, but I do not think he succeeded, although the American navel orange is a fine fruit. It would be impossible to produce in Bahia any great quantity of oranges for export because there are no facilities for keeping the fruit after it is picked."—Washington Post.

Mason and Dixon's Line.

The "Mason and Dixon's line," the name given to the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland, was run, with the exception of some twenty-two miles, by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two English mathematicians and surveyors, between November, 1763, and December, 1767. During the excited debate in congress in 1820 on the exclusion of slavery from Missouri John Randolph made great use of the phrase, which was caught up by all the newspapers of the country and thus gained the celebrity it still holds.

The Persians.

Every traveler from Morier onward has descanted on the physical cowardice of the Persians. But there are mysteries about the valor of Asiatics which no European historian has yet set himself to solve. It was currently said in the early eighties among Englishmen that the Egyptians were cowards, yet under Mehemet Ali they defeated Turkish armies and Wahabi fanatics and would have overthrown the Turkish empire if Europe had not intervened. There are similar passages in Persian history.—London Nation.

Made All the Difference.

"Henry asked me to be his wife last night," she told her chum. "Oh, I'm so delighted, Gertrude. And how did it happen?"

"Well, he just asked me, and I said, 'Yes,' and then he just stood up and folded his arms."

"What! He was no more interested than that?"

"Oh, but, you see, I was in them when he folded them."

MUST HAVE A TROUSSEAU.

An English Maiden Who Lost Her Betrothed by Waiting.

A few years ago in England I had a little maid, aged twenty-nine years, who had been engaged to be married many years. "Are you engaged?" I asked her when she came to seek the situation I had advertised, for if she was shortly to leave me to be married I decided that I would prefer an unengaged maid.

"Yes, madam," she answered respectfully. "I have been engaged eight years." Somehow I never feel afraid of any outcome but a weariness to both parties when I hear of an eight year engagement, so I took the little maid on. One day I found her crying over the blacking of my walking boots. Inquiring the cause of her distress, she sobbed:

"Oh, madam, I never can save the \$350, no matter how 'ard I try!"

"What \$350?" I asked.

"The \$350 to get married with! I've tried eight years to be economical. I've to help my mother, and I've only \$95 in the postoffice savings bank!"

"And why must you have \$350?" I asked kindly.

"For clothes and linen, madam," she said.

"It is not necessary," I said. "I can tell you how to buy all you need for \$50, and that will leave you \$45 to lay aside for use after marriage or on a rainy day."

"No, madam. I 'ope I know what is proper and becoming in a bride!" she said, almost freezingly.

A few months later I found her weeping again. "'E's broke it hoff!" she said. "'E wouldn't wait. 'E's going to marry another girl, and I 'ad five tablecloths ready 'emmed and six pillowcases, all 'emstitched."

It was pathetic, but who could blame the man, now thirty-five years old, who had by that time waited nearly ten years for her to save enough money for her trousseau? He could well have provided all that was needed for their station in life, and he wanted a home—and, besides, the little maid at thirty was looking old and worn with much self denial and trouble over the saving of the coveted \$350.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Monster Nests.

In Australia are to be found the largest, heaviest and most peculiar nests in the world. These are the nests of the jungle fowl, so called, and are built in the form of great mounds, the average measurement in height being fifteen feet and the circumference 150 feet. The nests are erected in secluded, sheltered spots, and, as in the case of the small nests of birds, they are skillfully interwoven with leaves, grass and twigs and such other suitable material as the fowl may be able to procure. A similar system in the construction of nests is followed by the bush turkey, whose home is, however, more comprehensive in design. Its shape is pyramidal. It has been asserted by Australian naturalists that the nests of the bush turkeys, which live in colonies, are so large that to move them requires the services of six or seven men.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The City of Ispahan.

No city has a happier name than Ispahan—the "rendezvous." When visited by the traveler Chardin in the early part of the eighteenth century it contained 173 mosques, 48 colleges, 1,800 caravansaries and 273 public baths. But the Afghans, the local vandals, who did not care for bathing, destroyed the aqueducts and slaughtered the bathers. In the matter of great public squares Ispahan can easily outrival any European city. The Meydan, or great square, is a third of a mile in length and about half that in breadth. It was once encircled by a canal, bordered by fine plane trees, but these have long since vanished along with the canal.

How Long a Tree Lives.

Inquiry as to the general age of trees being put to an authority of the forestry service at Washington, it was said that the pine tree attained 700 years as a maximum length of life. Four hundred and twenty-five years was the allotted span of the silver fir. The larch lived 275 years, the red beech 245; the aspen 210, the birch 200, the ash 170, the elder 145 and the elm 130. The heart of the oak begins to rot at about the age of 300 years. Of the holly it is said that there is a specimen 10 years old near Aschaffenburg, Germany.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her Compliments.

Dean Ramsay tells of an old lady of Edinburgh who ordered her maid to call upon the doctor every morning and report the latest particulars as to her mistress's health, always carefully adding her compliments. At last one day the girl arrived with "Miss S.'s compliments, and she died last night at eight o'clock."



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