

SUTTONS SIFTINGS.

Recent Happenings of Neighborhood Told in Spicy Paragraphs.

Suttons, September 7:—Folk around here are making good use of the sunshine in gathering the fleecy locks, although they are very much disheartened over their sales. But watch "Cotton Smith" get things on a boom.

Mrs Andrew Mazelle and daughter, Carrilee of Georgetown, were guests at the home of Mr and Mrs R D Blakely several days last week. Dr D Z Rowell of Trio, accompanied by Mr — Davis of Andrews, was here on professional business last Thursday.

Mr and Mrs Oliver Shaw of Sampit spent the week-end here with Mr and Mrs W D Byrdic.

The charming guests of the Misses Hinnant here last week were Misses Emma Richardson and Mabel Holtzschneider of Andrews.

Mr Frank Sedgwick of Salters, after a long absence, called near here again last Sunday.

Mr R W and Mrs W O Henderson returned to Andrews, after a few days with the latter's father here.

Mr S B Ogburn of Zeb, who is visiting his father near Trio, was noted here Saturday greeting relatives and friends.

Mr and Mrs D J Hardee visited at the home of Mr W E Altman Saturday and Sunday.

Mr Roy Payne of Andrews called pleasantly here Sunday.

Mr — Hinnant and sisters of Lake City are visitors here at the home of their uncle, Mr R P Hinnant, here this week.

Messrs Manning and Wallace Harrelson, of Andrews vicinity, were visitors near here Sunday.

Mr Wayne Cooper went to Andrews on business Friday.

Mrs S L Newton of Sampit spent the latter part of last week with relatives and friends near here. She spent the early part of her married life here, making many friends who were glad to see her again.

Mr Frank Richardson of Salters came to see his mother, Mrs W C Ogburn, Sunday.

Mr and Mrs R E Walters are smiling over the visit of the stork 'ast Monday. The bird left with them a fine girl.

Mr G C Parsons of Gourdin was noted here Sunday afternoon, accompanied by two members of the fair sex. I think they were the Misses Bass.

A pleasant caller here Wednesday and Sunday afternoons was Mr John Rowell of Trio.

Messrs Tallie and William James Altman called "near the railroad" yesterday afternoon.

Thursday afternoon during an electric storm the Mercantile Company's store at Trio was struck by lightning, setting it on fire. The fire was soon put out, much excitement being caused, but fortunately little damage done.

One of the "old maids" from the Trio section was seen Sunday afternoon riding out with a new beau. All seemed to be smiling, but the most beaming smile was that of, POOR BOY.

LIEUT. WOODBERRY TO WED.

Gallant Young West Pointer Falls Victim to Cupids Wiles.

The editor acknowledges with appreciative thanks the following invitation:

Mr and Mrs John T Wightman Flint invite you to be present at the marriage of their daughter Marguerite Magruder

to Lieutenant John Henry Woodberry, U. S. Army, on Wednesday evening, the twenty-third of September one thousand nine hundred and fourteen at nine o'clock Number nine Bennett Street Charleston, South Carolina.

Betha Congratulates Manning.

Columbia, September 8:—Andrew J Betha, Lieutenant Governor-elect, tonight sent the following congratulatory telegram to Governor-elect Richard I Manning:

"The Hon Richard I Manning, Sumter, S C: You have my heartiest congratulations and a pledge of loyal support and co-operation. (Signed) "ANDREW J BETHA."

KITTY'S LUCKY DAY

By CLAUD GERVASE.

Kitty Sanders kept the bellboy waiting a full four minutes while she deliberated over the hastily written note which he had brought her. Considering the heat of the stuffy little hotel bedroom, the invitation it contained was doubly alluring.

"Don't you want a breath of country air?" it read. "I know where we can get lots of it and a good country dinner, too. Please come, won't you? Yours most hopefully, Jimmie Dulin."

The bellboy was moving about uneasily. He had been standing at least five minutes now and it seemed to him that the pretty young girl with the very black hair and the very blue eyes was slow of decision. Suddenly, however, she spoke.

"You can tell Mr. Dulin that I'll be down in the hotel office in a quarter of an hour," she said, and then she fairly shoved the small messenger out of the room for fear that she would change her mind.

For she couldn't help owning that what she was about to do was a rather unconventional thing, this going for a jaunt into the country with a man to whom she had never been formally introduced. And the fact that she had been in vaudeville for some four years and had never before dreamed of accepting an invitation from a traveling man she did not know did not make it any the easier.

She argued with herself all the time that she was arranging her hair and hat. It was different this time. Jimmie Dulin had been "making" the same tow with her for over six months now. Again and again she had seen him on the streets run across him in hotel offices. In fact, she had even picked him out in various audiences when the theater was sufficiently empty to allow of easy recognition of friends.

He was standing by the desk waiting for her and he held out his hand in cordial greeting.

"I'm awfully glad that you'd come," he said. "I thought at luncheon you looked as though a taste of the country would agree with you mightily. But it took me some hours to get my nerve to the asking point."

Kitty laughed happily, and returned his confidence promptly.

"Same here, Mr. Dulin. It took me some minutes to set my nerves to the accepting point. But I was so dreadfully lonesome that my scruples just seemed to vanish away."

Jimmie Dulin nodded understandingly. "I know how you feel, and lonesomeness isn't any fun. The queer part of it is that you don't get over it with the years. How long have you been tramping it?" he asked.

"About four years. I went into the work because singing and dancing were the easiest things that I did, and I have stayed in it because they are the only things that I can make any money at. Of course, it's worse some times than others. Often I have friends playing on the same bill with me, or, again, there are nice people with whom I get acquainted. For the last four weeks, though, it's been just dreadful.

They talked on, one subject leading naturally enough to another. Jimmie Dulin seemed in a most confidential frame of mind, and Kitty was an absorbed listener.

"You know I am not going to keep at this sort of wandering much longer. At the end of this year I'm through with it all, and it's the quiet business life in some small town for me."

"What are you going to do?" They had come to a small cottage now. It was all white and green and stood back from the walk.

"Why, I am going to build some such place as this and run a retail store in some such town as this." He stopped short. "This is where we are going to get that home-cooked country dinner I promised you. A distant relative of mine lives here and her home is always open to me and my friends whenever I am in this town."

The woman that answered the doorbell had such a merry pair of eyes and such an all-embracing smile of welcome that Kitty felt at home at once.

"You folks are a little early for that fried chicken you smell," she laughed. "But just make yourselves comfortable out on that side porch till the gravy gets mixed and the coffee boils."

At dinner it was the aunt who was the mirth of the occasion. She was a woman long past fifty, but her laughter was as contagious as that of a girl's and the reminiscences she told of Jimmie's boyhood made Kitty feel as though she were already an old-time friend.

"It's awful lucky that I don't have the chance to eat like this every day," said Kitty as she finished the last of her cherry pie and shook her head reluctantly over the impossibility of devouring the other piece still on the plate. "I would have to give up singing and dancing for a living."

Afterward Kitty insisted on helping with the dishes, and as Jimmie announced that he was going to be her side partner, the aunt was forced to retire to the porch.

"My, but you sure do look a picture in that pink apron," Jimmie exclaimed ardently. He was plainly too absorbed in Kitty to be of much practical help to her.

"Is it more becoming than my dancing dress?" she asked.

"A thousand times so! Why I could just—"

But what he could have done was never told. A crash of a huge platter interrupted. Kitty had dropped the dish she had in her hands, and chicken and gravy and potatoes all fell on the immaculately scrubbed floor, a broken platter on top of them.

"Say—don't you worry over all that," Jimmie said for the hundredth time. The damage had been repaired to the best of their ability, and they were watching the sun go down over the wide stretch of hills at the side of the house.

"But I am going to send your aunt another platter. I have taken a piece with me and I am going to have one made if I cannot get a similar one."

"Now, don't be silly," protested Jimmie, vigorously.

"But I am."

"Now, listen to me," Jimmie made a desperate effort at quietness of manner.

"You see, it doesn't make as much difference as you think. This house is mine and not my aunt's, and everything that's in it belongs to me."

"Your house?" Kitty's question was almost a gasp.

"Sure it's mine. So you have nothing at all to worry you, and I hardly think that it's up to you to returnish my establishment even if a trifling accident did happen when I had invited you to dinner."

"But I don't understand how it's all yours and furnished so beautifully."

"Do you think it is beautiful?" he asked her eagerly.

"Yes, of course it's very beautiful and lovely—but I just don't understand," she repeated.

His face grew serious.

"Well, you see," he said slowly. "I was to have been married a year ago this time. I had the house all ready and everything in apple-pie order. Then the very day before the wedding the girl came down with fever—over-exhaustion and strain—and she died in a few days. The house has never been used, and as it seemed too bad to have it stand idle I told my aunt to come here and use it till I wanted it again. Now, since I have seen—"

But he was interrupted a second time. His aunt had joined them on the porch.

"Now you are both of you to come back here tomorrow evening for dinner at the same time," she said, in a tone that admitted of no disputing. "For I am going to be very hurt if Jimmie doesn't give me more of his time the rest of the week, and I know Miss Sanders will bring him here if he won't come of his own accord."

Jimmie turned to Kitty. "Will you come tomorrow?"

"Yes, I'd love to," she responded promptly.

"Tomorrow at five, then."

"We'll be here on the dot of the hour," laughed Jimmie happily, and Kitty nodded her assent as they ran down the broad cottage steps and started to take the road which led back to town.

"She's a dear girl," said the aunt to herself, as she stood watching the two disappear around the turn in the road a half-mile beyond. Her eyes had a smile of understanding in them. "Jimmie deserves to be happy, after all his disappointments, and I hope he gets her and brings here here right soon."

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KINGSTREE, S. C.

Holloway & Bowen's

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Lake City, S. C.

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This is not only the largest opening tobacco sale ever made in the State, but it is the largest sale ever made by a warehouse since the tobacco industry has been known to South Carolina. On this day we sold more than all the other warehouses in Lake City combined.

Four hundred and seventy-two checks were given to four hundred and seventy-two of the best pleased farmers that we have ever seen. A trial load sold on our floors will convince you that the best place to sell your tobacco is at Holloway & Bowen's Big Brick Warehouse, where L. O. Holloway and G. R. Bowen are both on the sales bidding on your tobacco and looking after the farmers' interests at all times. It will pay you to come to see us and meet your friends here at

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