

**THE HORSE'S PRAYER!**

To thee, my master, I offer my prayer: Feed me, water and care for me, and, when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean dry bed and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

Always be kind to me. Talk to me. Your voice oftens means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes that I may serve you more gladly and may also learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat or kick me when I do not understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

Do not check me so that I cannot have the free use of head. If you insist that I wear blinders, so that I cannot see behind me as it was intended I should, I pray you to be careful that the blinders stand well out from my eyes.

Do not overload me, or hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod. Examine my teeth when I do not eat; I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, so give me clean, cool water often. Save me, by all means in your power, from that fatal disease—the glanders. I cannot tell you in words when I am sick, so watch me, that by signs you may know my condition. Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun, and put a blanket on me, not when I am working but when I am standing in the cold. Never put a frost bit in my mouth; first warm it by holding it a moment in your hands.

I try to carry you and your burdens without a murmur, and wait patiently for you long hours of the day or night. Without the power to choose my shoes or path, I sometimes fall on the hard pavements which I have often prayed might not be of wood but of such a nature as to give a safe and sure footing. Remember that I must be ready at any moment to lose my life in your service.

And finally, O my master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some cruel owner, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do thou, my master, take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you here and hereafter. You will not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a stable. Amen.—*Progressive Farmer.*

**HORSES DIE FROM STAMPEDES.**

Many Die Daily at Camp Jackson From Pneumonia.

Camp Jackson has experienced a tremendous loss of valuable horses in consequence of the stampede one night last week when 1,000 of the animals tore through the corrals and scattered widely over Richland county. Whether all have been recovered can not be determined.

A couple of thousand others did not break through the stockades that night, but having become nervous from the stampede of the other group, milled all night. Bonfers and every other known device to check the frightened animals in their mad career through their corrals were resorted to without avail. The horses ran in circles throughout the night. In consequence hundreds of the horses immediately developed acute pneumonia. An average of about 20 have died daily since the stampede and 700 very sick animals are now being treated at the veterinary hospital.—*The State.*

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**Conjuring With Cupid**

A Plan That Produced the Desired Result.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

"It is purely a business arrangement," said Mr. Ashbee, the lawyer, pecking at his desk blotter with a penholder. "Your Cousin Nahum merely desired to reunite two branches of his family which had long been separated by a senseless feud. It is only a matter of circumstance that you, Miss Cedelia, and your cousin many times removed, Oliver Craig, are the last members of your respective families, and you cannot overcome the fact that Nahum Meade left a perfectly valid will, and you cannot evade the responsibility he has placed upon you in making you half owner of the Meade Boiler works."

Cedelia Meade listened impatiently to the lawyer's prosy discourse. When he had concluded her red lips parted in protest.

"Suppose both are dissatisfied?" demanded Cedelia.

"Then the entire estate goes to the Railroad hospital," said the lawyer bluntly.

"What a bother to be poor," sighed Cedelia, "and have to accept such unreasonable terms! With all due respect to my Cousin Nahum, whom I never set eyes upon, it seems to me that he was more deeply concerned in reuniting estranged branches of his family than he was in the actual good his money might do. I'm tired of teaching school, and the idea of a long vacation appeals to me, but I much prefer the sound of surf breaking on the ocean's shore than to listen to the noises in a boiler factory."

"Mr. Meade had his peculiarities, and this letter of personal instructions, of which a copy has gone to Oliver Craig, outlines his most flagrant one," Mr. Ashbee gave Cedelia a folded paper, and while she read it he retired behind a newspaper, as if for protection from the storm that might follow.

There was an ominous calm on Cedelia's side of the room, and when the little lawyer dared peep around his paper fortification he saw Miss Meade sitting pale and wide eyed and exceedingly wrathful, and so he dodged back again out of sight.

"The very idea," breathed Cedelia at last—"the very idea of Cousin Nahum embodying such a restriction in this matter! You know the contents of this letter, I suppose, Mr. Ashbee?"

Mr. Ashbee lowered the newspaper and bowed his head. "I read it after Mr. Meade had written it," he acknowledged.

"He could not have been in his right mind to thus insult somebody whom he had never even seen." And then, referring to the letter, Cedelia quoted scornfully: "In case a marriage should be arranged between my estimable cousins, and there is no reason to believe that this might not happen even if they meet each other for the first time amid the din of their boiler factory, then, and only then, may they dispose of the factory property. Otherwise the property must be worked to the best advantage, and in the event of the death of either or both of the legatees the property will pass into the possession of the railroad hospital. But because I feel positive that Cupid is hidden in that boiler factory I am making a special bequest to the Railroad hospital."

After Cedelia had taken her stately self away from the lawyer's office Mr. Ashbee bumped himself over some neglected papers and smiled grimly. "I told Nahum Meade that a crusty old bachelor like himself had better not conjure with love or Cupid or anything of that sort. Let well enough alone, I say, and I ought to know!" Mr. Ashbee was a bachelor, too, and knew whereof he spoke.

There came a glorious October morning when Cedelia Meade was obliged to take her place as treasurer of the Meade Boiler works. A handsome private office was assigned to her by the obsequious superintendent, Mr. James, who assured her that it was Nahum Meade's own sanctum and had been reserved for her use by Oliver Craig, who had been elected president of the company at a meeting where Cedelia was represented by Mr. Ashbee.

Cedelia removed her hat and gloves and sat down in a giddily revolving chair before the great mahogany desk. A row of electric push buttons were ranged beside her desk. Over each one was a tiny card bearing the name of some slave of the button who would appear if she touched it. "Miss Smith"—that would be the typewriter girl; "Mr. James," the superintendent; "Willie"—that must be the office

boy who was diligently reading the morning paper outside her door.

Cedelia's head ached, and the din and clamor of the riveters resounded across the big yard that divided the office building from the foundry. She was surveying the framed photographs of Meade locomotive boilers that hung on the buff tinted walls when there came a tap at her door.

"Come in," she said. The door opened and admitted a man tall as Cedelia was herself. He was the handsomest man Cedelia had ever seen, with a strong, intellectual face lighted by deep gray eyes. In turn he gazed at Cedelia, who happened to be the most beautiful young woman he had looked upon, and as he parted his lips to address her there fell upon the air the most horrible din imaginable.

It sounded as though hundreds of riveters were banging away at a score of boilers, and probably that was the case. Speech was impossible, and Cedelia put pretty white hands up to her shocked ears, and the stranger's handsome brows knitted in a frown.

Suddenly it stopped. "I am"—began the stranger, but the noise began again and drowned his words. Three times his voice was lost in the chaos of sound, and then, when the two of them stood helplessly laughing at each other, the din ceased.

"We must put a stop to this sort of thing," said the man decidedly.

"Then you must be Mr. Craig," said Cedelia, holding out her hand and quite forgetting all about the Meade-Craig feud.

"I am, Miss Meade, and I dropped in to see how the treasurer is getting along. If there is anything I can do to help you along—but I'm afraid I don't know much about it myself—so there!"

"I don't know anything and I confess I haven't the slightest desire to," remarked Cedelia. "What does a schoolma'am know about making boilers?"

"What does a poet know?" complained Oliver Craig.

"A poet? Are you a poet?" asked Cedelia, interested at once.

He smiled ruefully. "My friends say so, but my enemies declare it is not true."

"Oliver Craig—Oliver Craig—ah, Oliver Craigland! That is the name you use?" Cedelia sat up suddenly, her cheeks very pink, her brown eyes shining with delight. As he nodded assent she continued: "Oh, what are you doing here when you can write such beautiful verse? The world needs all of such poetry that you can write!"

"Thank you. That is the sincerest praise I have ever received," he said earnestly. "Funny idea, isn't it—that of a poet working in a boiler factory?"

When they had stopped laughing Cedelia and Oliver Craig had a serious conversation, the result of which was that both the president and the treasurer of the Meade Boiler works decided to employ competent private secretaries who, under the tutelage of the very efficient Mr. James, might take the cares of office from their unofficial hands.

Thus the business went on in its methodical, conservative manner, losing nothing, gaining nothing. Cedelia was at her desk each day, conferring with her secretary, learning a little more about boilermaking and hating it intensely.

One June morning, when, even into the boiler foundry there crept a smell of summer weather, Oliver Craig strode into Cedelia's office, dismissed the astonished secretary and closed the door.

"Cedelia," he said, taking her hands in his, "I love you. Will you marry me and sell the boiler shop and come with me to Arcady? It is June," he pleaded. "Will you come?"

Before Cedelia could answer there arose that frightful din from the foundry. She said something in reply, but Oliver could not hear. Then she looked at him with her loving eyes and in spite of the clamor of boilers, Oliver had his answer.

**Scanty Ammunition.**

Colonel Stark's regiment just prior to the battle of Bunker Hill was quartered at Milford, some four miles distant, and was destitute of ammunition. About 10 o'clock on the morning he received orders to march, however, each man received a gill cupful of powder, fifteen balls and one flint. As the muskets were of varying caliber it was necessary to reduce the size of the balls for many of them.—*Magazine of American History.*

**Some Guide.**

"You have been here a long time, I suppose," said a pompous English traveler to an old hunter in Oregon, who had been acting as his guide.

"You bet I have," said the hunter and then, pointing to Mount Hood, he continued: "You see that mountain there? Well, sir, when I first came to this country that mountain was a hole in the ground."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

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