

WOMAN COMMITS SUICIDE.

Jumps in a Shallow Well and Drowns Herself.

Magnolia, S. C., Jan. 31.—Mrs. Walter DuBose, of Shiloh community, committed suicide on Monday night, Jan. 28, by drowning herself in the lot well, which is not deep, but nearly full of water.

S. L. I. Prize Drill.

At a meeting of the Sumter Light Infantry held last Thursday night the committee appointed to suggest an entertainment for the company, suggested a prize drill.

There are three medals belonging to the company intended to be worn by the best drilled men, and these medals will be given to the best drilled man in the company, first second and third, besides which there will be presented to the best drilled man in the company an individual gold medal.

All those members of the company who desire to enter the prize drill and contest for the prizes must be on hand next Tuesday night and enroll their names as members of the squad.

After that time no new members will be taken into the squad. A committee of well drilled officers belonging to the militia will be invited to act as judges at the prize drill.

None of which judges will have any connection whatever with the company. The drilling of the squad is in the immediate charge of Lieutenants Fishburne and Doar, and Lieutenant Fishburne has been detailed to drill the squad when the contest comes off.

The same judges will also pass upon the merits of the flag drill and the prizes will be awarded to the young lady who makes the best drill. The young ladies, sixteen in number, have already consented to undertake the flag drill and will meet for organization and drill at the armory hall at eight o'clock next Wednesday night.

A Bill to Fix the Salaries of County Officials.

The joint committee of the general assembly appointed to draft the salaries of county officers has reported by bill. The salaries have been graded according to "population and the necessary service required."

The following will be the salaries for the officers of Sumter county:

Auditor and Treasurer \$1,125, Sheriff \$1,500, Clerk \$375, Supervisor \$750, Superintendent of Education \$650, Coroner \$200.

The County Auditor shall receive a fee of 25 cents for each transfer of real estate, such fee to be paid by parties making transfer. The Treasurer shall be entitled to five cents for each delinquent taxpayer \$1 for each execution made against him.

As to Sheriffs, it is provided in section 4 that those officials shall receive salaries in lieu of all costs and fees except 20 cents per day for dieting prisoners in custody, and actual traveling expenses for himself and prisoners or lunatics conveyed beyond the county.

County Commissioners shall receive \$3 per day for actual service, the number of days not to exceed the number fixed by law.

The County Board of Education shall each receive \$3 per day and 5 cents per mile of necessary travel, the number of days not to exceed 7.

The members of the boards of equalization shall receive \$2 per day and 5 cents per mile, the number of days not to exceed three, except in years when real estate is to be assessed, when the number of days shall not exceed five.

The township assessors shall receive \$1 per day, the number of days not to exceed two days, except in years when real estate is to be transferred, when the number shall not exceed three.

Gib Wilson's Sentence Commuted.

Columbia, Feb. 1.—Gov. McSweeney yesterday commuted to 10 years the life sentence of Gib Wilson, colored, convicted in Sumter county of murder in 1891, and sentenced to death. The sentence later being commuted to life imprisonment by Gov. Tillman. The term under the commutation will expire next March.

Very strong petitions were filed by the jurors and many others. Solicitor Wilson says the conviction was technically correct, but he has ascertained that the man's wife was untrue to him, and under the circumstances he thinks a pardon proper; the prosecution to kill, he says, was great.

Other men, such as former Director T. O. Sanders, and present Director A. K. Sanders recommended a pardon.

The governor thereupon granted the commutation.

La Grippe Quickly Cured.

"In the winter of 1898 and 1899 I was taken down with a severe attack of what is called La Grippe," says F. L. Hewett, a prominent druggist of Winfield, Ill. "The only medicine I used was two bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It broke up the cold and stopped the coughing like magic, and I have never since been troubled with grippe."

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy can always be depended upon to break up a severe cold and ward off any threatened attack of pneumonia. It is pleasant to take, too, which makes it the most desirable and one of the most popular preparations in use for these ailments. For sale by Dr. A. J. China.

State Bar Association.

The State Bar Association was reorganized in Columbia Monday night. The following officers were elected:

Col. G. W. Croft, of Aiken, president; Mr. J. P. Thomas, Jr., of Columbia, secretary; Mr. William Melton, of Columbia, treasurer. Almost 50 lawyers from different parts of the State were present.

Columbia's New Building

Columbia is to have a ten story office building, costing \$185,000. The building will be built by the Messrs. Robertson. It will occupy the present site of the Keedall Building. This building will have a steel frame and will be one of the largest, tallest, and finest office buildings in the South.

Bishopville News Items.

Bishopville, Feb. 6.—Miss Fannie Williams returned to her home at Eastover yesterday, after spending some time with relatives and friends in town.

Mayor W. K. Crosswell is out again after being indisposed for several days. Bishopville is soon to have a nice Opera House. We hear that the town officials have just purchased the Seignior lot on Main Street and will erect in the near future a handsome two story brick building.

Capt. W. S. James and Mr. L. L. Baker are spending the day in Sumter. The store of W. B. Carnes caught fire yesterday afternoon. The bucket brigade responded quickly to the alarm, and soon extinguished the flames.

Miss Daisy Pearce, a beautiful young lady from Cypress, is visiting at the home of Mr. J. M. Hearon.

The most successful dance of the season was held here last Friday evening. The feature of the occasion was a contest among the dancers for a prize offered to the most graceful dancer. Ten couples contested, but it was soon apparent that Mr. R. L. Hearon, of Bishopville, with Miss Daisy Pearce, of Cypress, as his partner, would be the winner of the prize. Miss Pearce is one of the prettiest and most fascinating dancers ever seen in a dance hall in this town.

Pneumonia Can be Prevented.

This disease always results from a cold or an attack of the grip and may be prevented by the timely use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. That remedy was extensively used during the epidemics of La Grippe of the past few years, and not a single case has ever been reported that did not recover or resulted in pneumonia, which shows it to be a certain preventive of that dangerous disease. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has gained a world wide reputation for its cures of colds and grip. For sale by Dr. A. J. China.

Shooting Affair.

Last week there was a shooting scrape near the railroad yards. One negro, Gus Stanley, shot another negro, Jim Johnson in the back, below the shoulder. He escaped, running away and leaving his house open. Johnson was not seriously wounded.

Bismarck's Iron Nerve.

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c at J. F. W. DeLorme's Drug Store.

The Inauguration

The Seaboard Air Line railway announces the following very low rates to Washington, D. C., on account of the inauguration ceremonies on March 4: For individuals, one first-class fare for the round trip; for regular organized military companies and bands in uniform, in parties of 25 or more, 1 cent per mile in each direction. Tickets will be sold on March 1, 2 and 3, good until March 9.

How to Cure the Grip.

Remain quietly at home and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as directed and a quick recovery is sure to follow. That remedy counteracts any tendency of the grip to result in pneumonia, which is really the only serious danger. Among the tens of thousands who have used it for the grip not one case has ever been reported that did not recover. For sale by Dr. A. J. China.

Clarendon Notes.

Orange blossoms in blossom next week. Miss May Wilson and cousin, Miss Mamie Anderson, also Mrs. Anderson, have returned from a lengthy visit in Williamsburg and Georgetown.

Mrs. DuBose, wife of Mr. Warren DuBose of Shiloh section, while in a temporary condition of insanity last Monday night, jumped into a well and drowned herself.

A unique entertainment known as a "Povetrie Sobal" will be given in the court house Friday night for the benefit of the Presbyterian church. The town has never had anything like it before, and everybody should get on their best and go—Manning Times.

JUST ARRIVED

Two car loads of fine Males and Horses. Come and see them. Prices right. Jan 30-1w. W. B. BOYLE.

Meteorological Record.

The following is a report of observations of the weather taken at Stateburg, by Dr. W. W. Anderson, for the 31 days ending Jan. 31, 1901:

Table with columns: Date, Temperature (Max, Min, Mean), Wind, Rainfall, Condition. Rows 1-31.

Partly cloudy. Killing frosts and ics on the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 14th, 18th, 19th and 20th. The temperature during the month was much milder than for a number of years past, 23 having been the lowest point to which the mercury fell at any time, though the month was moderately cold and bracing.

THE PASSION PLAY.

Rev. Father Daniel Berberich to Lecture Next Thursday Night, Feb. 7th, at St. Joseph's Chapel.

The Christian world was deeply interested in the wonderful passion play at Oer Ammergau last summer. Thousands from distant lands visited it, and periodicals teemed with narrative and description. Father Berberich, of Charleston, took the long journey, to him a pilgrimage, and was a sympathetic observer and listener. He has made a special study of the history and character of the play, and prepared a lecture which will embody the impressions resulting from his observation of the performance and his personal intercourse with the actors and villagers. Moreover he has procured at considerable expense, fifty stereopticon views, taken at Oer Ammergau last summer, for lecture purposes.

Father Berberich will deliver his lecture at St. Joseph's Chapel, Thursday night, February 7th, at 8 o'clock, and a rare treat awaits those who attend. Tickets now on sale at all the drug stores. Adults 25c, children 10c.

Weight by Inches.

"Forty and a half," sung out the cutter of a Chestnut street tailoring firm as he passed the tape across a customer's chest. Thirty-eight was registered when the measure girded the customer's waist, and then the cutter stepped back and sized up the patron's height as compared with that of the salesman who was recording the measurements. "Your weight is 165 pounds," he said.

"One sixty-seven," spoke up the man who was being measured for a coat. "How do you guess it?"

"No guesswork about it. I simply compared your height with that of the salesman here, who is 5 feet 8 inches tall. You are about two inches taller, or, say, 5 feet 10 inches. With chest and waist measurements and a man's height figured out I can come within a pound or two of his weight every time, as my close estimate of your avoirdupois proves. Of course there are exceptions, notably the man with the very slim waist and wide shoulders, who is invariably much lighter in build than his appearance and measurements indicate. In that case I drop about ten pounds from my figures and manage to come pretty near the mark."—Philadelphia Record.

They Worked on Benches.

The dignified dame was not really English, but she had mastered the dialect to some extent. "My nephew 'Erbert,'" she said, "wants to marry a schoolteacher! Fawney! A person who works for a living! To be sure, now that I think of it, that is not always a disgrace. You, my dear, write for the press now and then, I am told, but you don't 'ave to, you know. That is different."

"Yes," replied the young person to whom she was speaking, "but I may be said to have inherited a tendency to work. My father and grandfather both worked for a living, and they were not allowed even the luxury of a chair to sit on. They worked on benches."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the dignified dame, greatly shocked. "What did they—ah—work at?"

"Well, my father was a judge of the superior court, and my grandfather was one of the justices of the United States supreme court."—Chicago Tribune.

Worth the Difference.

In S. L. Powers' story at the Middlesex Bar association dinner the lawyer tried the case for the complainant. She sued a middle aged gentleman for breach of promise. He married another girl. The jury retired, and the defendant also went his way. The jury returned, the defendant did not. The jury found for the plaintiff in \$800 damages.

The lawyer met the middle aged gentleman a few minutes later in the lobby of an adjacent hotel. "Squire," said the latter, "how did the jury decide?"

"Against you," was the answer. "I didn't think they would do that," said the middle aged gentleman musingly. "What's the damages?"

"That ain't so bad!" he exclaimed, on being told. "Squire, there's that much difference between the two women."—Boston Herald.

One of Her Ways.

"The ways of the female shopper are beyond the ordinary salesman's ken," said a disgusted optician who is in business in the shopping section of the city. "A woman came in here the other day and asked the prices of all kinds and styles of spectacles and eyeglasses known to those in the trade. Finally, after a half hour's quizzing, she rustled out with the remark: 'Thank you, I expect to get a pair of glasses for a birthday present, and I just wanted to know about the prices of them.'"—Philadelphia Record.

A Fated Spot.

About a mile south of the Michigan state line and near Cedar lake, Indiana, is a small spot of land upon which vegetation absolutely refuses to grow. The surrounding soil, though apparently the same, is very productive. The spot is less than 20 feet in diameter and is located in a grove which tradition declares to have been the torture ground of the Bawbeese Indians.

In every home there is trouble Sunday morning in finding the man's clean underwear.—Aitchison Globe.

Obeyed Orders.

One of the officials of the road had invited a party of gentlemen to take a little pleasure excursion over a part of the line on his private car. Before the appointed day he was taken sick and called in his chief commissary. "Eph," he said, "I have asked these friends and can neither go with them nor disappoint them. I want you to give them the best there is in the larder and see that it is served as well as it would be at the best hotel in the world."

Eph scratched his head and looked troubled, but simply said, "Yes, sah."

On the return several of the gentlemen congratulated the official upon having such a "man," and one or two intimated that if Eph ever wanted another position he would have no trouble in securing it.

Finally Eph reported. "It wa' a great outin, sah," he assured his employer. "Yes, sah; dat's right, sah; a stupendicious outin, sah. De gem'men all done me proud, and I tells 'em it wa' you, sah."

Then Eph showed the bill, and it was a stunner for length and amount. He stood hat in hand until the official said: "Pretty steep, Eph; pretty steep. Nothing left out and nothing but the best."

"Dat's right, sah. I was fusticated mos' to deaf, sah, but I jes' says to myself, sah, dat dey was no greater epicac in de lan dan you is, and I bought and cooked and served, sah, jes' like it wa' you."—Detroit Free Press.

The Smothering Scene.

As to stage appointments, there were no plush or velvet curtains or couches draped with satin in early days. The furniture was as unpretentious as the costumes. Indeed on one occasion when a lady was playing Desdemona to her husband's Othello a disastrous and at the same time ludicrous effect, though of course unrehearsed, had been imminent through the lack of even a nail or two to make an old stool steady.

It was the smothering scene, and the couch was made up of two chairs and a rickety stool covered, of course, with the simplest draperies—a red merino curtain trimmed with yellow worsted fringe. Imagine a Desdemona endeavoring to recline gracefully, all the while feeling portions of her couch sliding from under her. This is how the scene was played out:

Desdemona—Kill me tomorrow; let me live tonight. (I'm falling, dear!) Othello—May, if you strive—(Keep quiet still.) Desdemona—But half an hour. (Oh, hold me!) Othello—Being done, there is no pause. (I'll push the stool under.) Desdemona—But while I say a prayer. (Do be quick, Robert, it is slipping.) Othello—It is too late!

Timid Woman, Callous Brute.

There is an F street real estate man whose pretty home is in one of the pleasantest streets in the older part of town. He is just an ordinary man, with no particular sympathy for the fears of nervous women; he has been married 15 years, and his wife is one of those women who fairly revel in all sorts of painful imaginings and frightful forebodings. She always makes her will when she starts on a journey, and she never fails to forgive all her enemies before she trusts herself behind any kind of a horse. There has not been a night in all the 15 years of her married life that she hasn't either smelled smoke or heard burglars. Last week, in the middle of one night, the husband felt the familiar pinch which for 15 years has caloused his arm. He heard the familiar voice say the same old words:

"Oh, Charles! Do get up! I smell smoke!"

As usual, for after 15 years of that sort of thing even an ordinary man learns not to argue with a woman, he climbed obediently out of bed and went to the window. The street below was full of people, and a fire engine was puffing away at the corner.

"Oh, Charles!" called the wife. "Is the house on fire?"

Fifteen years have made Charles' feelings as callous as his arm.

"Yes," said he brutally; "thank goodness the house is on fire at last. Now perhaps you'll stop worrying."—Washington Post.

Daniel O'Connell's Fees.

In the National Library of Ireland is the fee book of Daniel O'Connell. This volume, in its 100 pages or so of parallel columns, laboriously prepared by the hand of the liberator himself, shows in pounds, shillings and pence his early struggles. O'Connell was called to the Irish bar in 1798—the year of the rebellion—and seven days later he got his first brief, from a brother-in-law, who retained him to draft a declaration on a promissory note. The only other business he got that year was also given him by a kinsman—a cousin—and it was of the same kind. The fee on each occasion was £1 2s. 9d.

It was in one of his earliest cases that O'Connell made the retort that attracted attention to him. He was cross-examining an awkward witness, who declared that he had drunk nothing but his share of a pint of whisky. "On your oath, now," thundered the young counsel, "was not your share all but the pewter?"

O'Connell's fee book is an interesting record of his rapid rise in the profession. For the first year, as we have seen, his income amounted to only £2 5s. 6d. Next year he earned over £50, and the year after he made over £400. According to memoranda made in his own handwriting his income in 1803 was £405, and in the following years, £775, £840, £1,077, £1,713, £2,198, £2,736, £2,951, £3,047 and £3,808 respectively.

A Dreadful Moment.

A conductor on the Park line had an experience the other day that is quite certain to cause him many uncomfortable minutes in the future. His car stopped at Spruce street to let a middle aged lady on, and as she took her seat the conductor gave the motorman two bells, and the car shot ahead. When the conductor entered the car, the woman in question was looking out of the window and did not see his outstretched hand.

"Fare, please," remarked the conductor. The woman evidently did not hear him, for she did not turn her head. Neither did she hold out the necessary coin.

"Fare, please," said the conductor in a louder tone. But the woman paid no heed. Then the conductor touched her on the shoulder and in a tone of voice that rang through the car exclaimed: "Your fare, please, lady!"

Then the woman turned hastily around and looked at the conductor. The knight of the bellcord gave one gasp and fled to the back platform. The woman was his mother-in-law.—Omaha World-Herald.

The Two Senators.

Congressman Jones of Virginia told this story of his father: Directly after the war Jones senior was sent to the state senate. An old slave who had belonged to him was also elected to the senate. The two drew adjoining seats. Senator Jones was very courteous and in addressing his former slave always called him senator. The old negro stood it for some time and finally said: "Massa William, I don't like dis senator business. Kaint I come down to yo' house and visit that cook of yours? I subtly would like permission to visit yo' kitchen."

The request was granted, and while Senator Jones was in his library the other senator was down in the kitchen visiting the cook.

They Used Clean Ones.

The head master of a boarding school in Sheffield is very particular about the behavior of his scholars during meal-times. A short time ago the master observed one of the boys cleaning his knife on the tablecloth and immediately pounced on him.

"Is that what you generally do at home, sir?" he asked sternly.

"Oh, no," replied the boy quietly. "We generally use clean knives at home."—London Fun.

Superlative.

"There's a lucky man for you!" "How's that?"

"Why, he's got a butler so dignified that he even aces the cook on submission."—Exchange.

Advice.

"Young man," said Senator Sorghum, "if you want to succeed in politics never break your word."

"But are there not times when it is impossible to keep a promise?"

"To be sure. But you must make your arrangements so that you don't break the promise yourself. Put the blame on somebody else."—Washington Star.

SUMMER COTTON MARKET.

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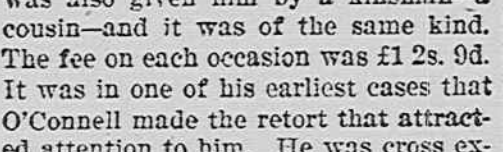
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SOUTHERN RAILWAY



Condensed Schedule in Effect Jan. 17, 1901.

Table with columns: No. 11 No. 3 Daily Daily, EASTERN TIME, No. 6 No. 10 Daily Daily. Rows for various routes like Charleston, Sumter, Columbia, etc.

NOTE: In addition to the above services trains Nos. 15 and 16 run daily between Charleston and Columbia, carrying elegant Pullman sleeping cars. No. 15 leaves Charleston 11:00 p. m., arrives Columbia 6:00 a. m. No. 16 leaves Columbia 1:30 a. m., arrives Charleston 7:00 a. m.

Sleeping cars ready for occupancy at 9:00 p. m. both at Charleston and Columbia. These trains make close connections at Columbia with through trains between Florida points and Washington and the east. Connection also limited between Blackville, Aiken and Augusta. No. 31 leaves Blackville at 8:43 a. m., Aiken 9:40 a. m., Augusta 10:20 a. m. No. 32 leaves Augusta 6:30 p. m., Aiken 7:15 p. m., Blackville 8:05 p. m. Pullman Drawing Room sleepers between Blackville, Aiken and New York. Trains Nos. 6 and 11 carry elegant Pullman Parlor Cars between Charleston, Sumterville and Columbia, connecting at Columbia with the Famous New York and Florida Limited.

He was a Scotch minister in a small county parish, and he was sometimes put to it for fresh pasture wherewith to feed his flock. One day, however, he bethought himself that he had never thoroughly exhausted the subject of Jonah, and his heart rejoiced. Jonah and the whale was a sort of thing whereby you could easily drag out a sermon its allotted two hours. He was in full career and had reached triumphantly the anatomical peculiarities of the case.

"An what feesh do ye think it wad be?" he cried in stentorian tones. "Aiblins ye think it wad be a haddie? Na, na. It could nae be a haddie for to tak a big mon like ye in his belly. Aweel, aiblins ye think it wad be a salmon, but I tell ye, na, na. It wad nae be a salmon, for deed I doubt if they ever see salmon yonder. Aweel, aiblins ye're thinking it wad be a big cod!"

Here an aged and weary voice piped up from the body of the church: "Aiblins it was a whale?"

"An the deil hae ye, Maggie Macfarlane, for takin the word out o' the mouth o' God's meenister!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Condensed Reeproof.

Occasionally there is to be found a proprietor of a secondhand bookstore who is something more than the nature of his business would seem to indicate. He regards his old and rare volumes rather as a collection than a stock of goods and experiences a pang when he parts with one.

A flippant young man dropped into a secondhand bookstore kept by a man of this kind.

Taking down several choice old books from the shelves, he fingered them carelessly and replaced them. They happened to treat of abstruse subjects and did not appeal to him.

"Are any of these books for hire?" he asked carelessly.

"No, young man," sharply answered the proprietor. "They are for lore."—St. Louis Republic.

Lincoln Couldn't Do It.

"When I was in Springfield, Abraham Lincoln and General Baker, who was killed at Leesburg, Va., during the civil war, made the race for the Whig nomination for congress," said Dr. D. B. Hill. "Both were Whigs, and both were keen for the nomination. Both had a strong personal following, and if both ran the Democrat would win in the district. So a primary election was necessary to settle the contest. Baker won. Both men were at Springfield when the news came. Lincoln was depressed. The crowd to cheer him up called on him for a speech. Getting up, he said: 'Gentlemen, I'd like to comply with your request, but I can't make a speech now. I expected to receive the nomination, but I failed. If I had won, I know Baker would have got up here and so cheered you with his eloquence as to make you believe you had done him a favor by nominating me. But I can't do it.'"—Argonaut.

To Asheville-Cincinnati-Louisville.

Table with columns: EASTERN TIME, No. 11 No. 3 Daily Daily. Rows for Asheville, Cincinnati, Louisville.

To Washington and the East.

Table with columns: EASTERN TIME, No. 11 No. 3 Daily Daily. Rows for Washington, Baltimore, New York.

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