

HAZED BY MIDDIES.

Kind George V Spanked By Comrades When a Boy.

From the New York World.
The stature of the new King is not impressive, and his portraits, like those of his first cousin, the Czar of Russia, whom he strikingly resembles, suggest that he is slight and frail. Yet he is an adept in all kinds of sports, rides well and boldly to hounds and excels as a boxer.

He acquired his knowledge of the mitts while at sea, his first instructor being a well-known lightweight in those days, Henry Feltham, who served for a time with him as a sailor on board the Bacchante. He remains to this day exceedingly quick with his fists, and enjoys nothing so much as a bout with the gloves, sparring with his equerries.

As an illustration of the indifference of his messmates to his royal birth and of the spirit of equality with which he was treated by them while at sea, an incident may be related.

One night he declined to turn out, as he should have done, to go on watch. His fellow-middy, whom he was designated to relieve, and who wanted to turn in, endeavored to arouse the prince. The latter, on receiving two or three good shakings, opened his eyes, swore picturesquely and let drive his fist at the middy's.

The young fellow made no response, but returned to his post, resumed his watch and thus did duty for the prince. Now, if there is one offense that is heinous, according to midshipman ethics, it is the shirking of a watch.

On the following day, the lad, who had done double duty, reported the case to his comrades and he showed them his blackened eye. It was immediately decided by the boys to hold a drumhead court-martial in the gunroom. Prince George was found guilty by unanimous count and sentenced to be spanked by the lad whose eye he had blackened.

The royal culprit was seized by four of the senators and held face downward, while the middy with the disfigured optic, his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, carried out the sentence of the gunroom court. When the prince was released he was furious with rage and mortification and threatened all sorts of things. But a few hours after he thought better of it, came to his messmates who had spanked him and apologized for the blow he had given him, as well as for making him do double duty.

No Disgrace to Be Poor.

I once heard a man say: "It is no disgrace to be poor, but it is disgraceful to sit around and worry over it when you ought to be up and hustling." Some truth in that kind of talk.—Exchange.

We know what we are, but know not what we may be.—Shakespeare.

Winthrop College SCHOLARSHIP and ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.

The examination for the award of vacant scholarships in Winthrop College and for the admission of new students will be held at the County Court House on Friday, July 1, at 9 a. m. Applicants must be not less than fifteen years of age. When scholarships are vacant after July 1 they will be awarded to those making the highest average at this examination, provided they meet the conditions governing the award. Applicants for scholarships should write to President Johnson before the examination for Scholarship examination blanks.

Scholarships are worth \$100 and free tuition. The next session will open September 21, 1910. For further information and catalogue, address Pres. D. B. Johnson, Rock Hill, S. C.



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Mark Twain's Experience With Burglars.

Probably the most startling and picturesque incident during Mr. Clemens' short time at Redding was when the two misguided young men from New York burglarized the house on the hill. This came very near being a tragic affair, and our sheriff carries two bullet-wounds to remember it by. The following morning neighbor Lounsbury's stable-yard looked like a field hospital in time of war. The village doctor was busy binding up the battered head of one of the burglars and caring for the bullet-wounds in the leg and thumb of the doughty sheriff. By great good fortune I happened to be in the little town clerk's office when Mark Twain himself entered. It was a small, narrow room on the west side of the little one-story building. A safe stood at the north end, near a plain deal table at which the officials sat.

At the south end of the room there was, on this occasion, a small table, at which the two prisoners, with the gages upon their wrists, sat waiting their fate. One of them had his head swathed in bandages and the back of his coat stiff with his own gore. The other, with an insolent smile, was smoking a cigarette. Some kind neighbor had supplied them with sandwiches and coffee. The sheriff was limping around, with one hand done up in bandages, and, as he said, "a bootful of blood bogob." The officials were in the clothes they wore at their farm work, and the doors were crowded with rustics. In strong contrast with the simple surroundings was the fashionably dressed Miss Clara Clemens and her feminine companions.

When Mark Twain entered, arrayed in his white flannel suit, he stopped at the table occupied by the two "yeggmen." This was before any of the newspaper men had arrived, and they missed a most characteristic and interesting heart to heart talk with a live burglar. Said the white philosopher: "So you're the two young men who called at my house last night and forgot to put your names in my guest-book? Now that was a pretty sort of business for you, wasn't it, and a nice way to treat me, after I've been down on the East Side working for just such fellows as you, and after I made Bingham take back what he said about the Jews."

"Excuse me, Mr. Clemens," interrupted the battered and wounded prisoner, for the first time showing any interest in the proceedings, "my parents are Jewish."

"Then you're a disgrace to your race!"

"Well, I guess I am," replied the burglar.

"Now you two young men," continued Mr. Clemens, "have been up to my house, stealing my tinware, and got pulled in by these Yankees up here. You had much better have stayed in New York, where you have the pull. Don't you see where you're drifting to? They'll send you from here down to Bridgeport jail, and the next thing you know you'll be in the United States senate. There's no other future left open to you."

It was worthy of remark that even the burglar treated Mark Twain with a deference which was the more marked because of the sullen contempt with which the "yeggman" greeted every one else.—From "Mark Twain as a Neighbor," by Dan Beard in the American Review of Reviews for June.

ANSEL REFUSES REQUISITION.

Tennessee Governor's Request Turned Down.

Columbia, May 31.—"If the defendant has violated the law as charged in the indictment, the courts of this State are open to the prosecutors, and he can be tried for the same in South Carolina," writes Governor Ansel today in refusing to honor the requisition of the Governor of Tennessee for Mr. A. Shep Pearlstone, of Bamberg, who is charged with embezzlement by a Tennessee firm. The order issued at the Governor's office this morning concludes an interesting contention in the matter of extradition.

The sole question arising in the case, according to Governor Ansel's order, is whether or not Mr. Pearlstone is a fugitive from justice. The defendant was quite willing to be tried in South Carolina, but did not want to go to Tennessee, where he feared he would not get an impartial trial. The merits of the case itself were not gone into by Governor Ansel except in so far as the question of extradition was concerned.

It was charged by a Tennessee firm that Mr. Pearlstone had embezzled about \$20,000 in dealings with them in peas. Mr. Pearlstone was quoted as saying that an effort had been made by this firm—Palmer Bros.—to corner the pea market. The firm has denied this in dispatches sent out over the country.

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.—Shakespeare.

Roosevelt and Platt.

The thing in the history of New York most readily suggested by Governor Hughes' transference to the Supreme Court was the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for the Vice-Presidency ten years ago. He also was in the thick of a reform movement, and he expected a second term as Governor, with a prospect of being nominated for the Presidency in 1904. The work of Senator Platt, Senator Quay and other politicians of New York and Pennsylvania in trying to force the convention to put Roosevelt on the ticket with McKinley was for the frankly avowed purpose of getting him out of New York politics. Corporation interests demanded his "shelving." The Vice-Presidency was an office which had previously been regarded as terminating an incumbent's active career. An unforeseen tragedy made Mr. Roosevelt President, and the machinations of his enemies were turned against them. In the current number of McClure's there is an article purporting to be posthumous autobiography by the late Mr. Platt. It tells with much frankness—though with an incompleteness that might tempt those who knew all the facts to round the story out—how Mr. Platt in his own opinion made and unmade Roosevelt as Governor, and how he made him Vice-President. Mr. Platt could never understand that great force of public opinion which Roosevelt always knew how to reckon with, and which, also, some of those whom Mr. Platt was wont to designate as Roosevelt's "self-constituted friends," were in a position to understand and to measure with some accuracy.

Mr. Roosevelt was never a puppet in Mr. Platt's hands. Platt had very reluctantly accepted him for Governor, because the State was about to go Democratic, the public was demanding Roosevelt, and the independents had already obtained from him what they regarded as a qualified consent to run at the head of their separate ticket. While it is true that the traction companies—because Governor Roosevelt had signed the Ford franchise tax bill—had ordered the political bosses to take Roosevelt out of State politics, he could nevertheless have won his renomination and reelection as Governor, in spite of Mr. Platt. Nothing would have been so easy as an exposure of the origin of the conspiracy against Roosevelt at that time, and a mere setting forth of undisputed facts would have resulted in Mr. Roosevelt's renomination and re-election as Governor. Thus the attempt on Mr. Platt's part to make it appear that Roosevelt was soft clay in the hands of a great boss is not only mistaken but ridiculous. Furthermore, although Platt and Quay started the Roosevelt boom at

the Philadelphia convention, their motives were perfectly understood and were not in the least the factor that turned the situation in the end.

Mr. Roosevelt, four months in advance, had given to the press a formal statement to the effect that under no circumstances would he accept a nomination for the Vice-Presidency. In the great campaign of 1896 many of the Western States had been carried by the Populists. The Western Republicans, wishing to make sure of their local situations, demanded Roosevelt for the strengthening of the ticket in 1900. They declared that the party needed him and must have him on the ticket and in the campaign; and they freely pledged themselves that under any circumstances they would make him President in 1904. It was not Mr. Platt's intrigues and his alleged award of the Governorship to Odell that led Roosevelt to sacrifice his own wishes at Philadelphia. It was rather his feeling that he must respond to that larger call from the whole country, which had become irresistible through the lack of any other well-presented candidacy for the second place on the ticket. Mr. Roosevelt has long been in the game of party politics; but he was never in the game in that craven, abject fashion set forth in these Platt reminiscences. Seldom has anything ever been printed in the field of politics which so illustrates the blindness of a certain type of so-called leader. At Albany this winter we have been reaping the aftermath of the sort of political and legislative life that was built up under the boss-ship of Mr. Platt, the gradual disintegration of which dates from the Governorship of Mr. Roosevelt. Public opinion sometimes arouses itself tardily, but in the end it prevails over the intrigues and star-chamber methods of the bosses and spoilsmen.—From "The Progress of the World," in the American Review of Reviews for June.

GUNSHOT WOUNDS PROVE FATAL.

Negro Shot by M. Q. Chappel, Near Newberry, Dead—Inquest.

Newberry, May 21.—Considerable excitement was caused in Newberry yesterday afternoon by a report received from Saluda County, just across the line, that as a result of an attempt on the part of Mr. M. Q. Chappel to arrest a negro there had been considerable trouble, and several Newberrians immediately left in automobiles for the scene of the reported trouble. When they reached the place, however, everything was quiet but last night the negro died as a result of the wound.

Mr. Ballinger's "vindication" won't impress the American people even if it is done in tinted whitewash.

FRANKLIN APPEAL DISMISSED.

Negro Must Die For Murder of Valentine.

Washington, May 31.—Pink Franklin, the South Carolina negro, whose conviction for the murder of Special Constable Valentine led to an attack on the so-called labor contract laws of the South, will suffer the death penalty, according to the decision today of the Supreme Court of the United States.

It was claimed by Franklin that the constable came to his home at night and entered without announcing himself as an officer of the law. It was while in Franklin's cabin that Valentine was mortally wounded by a shot.

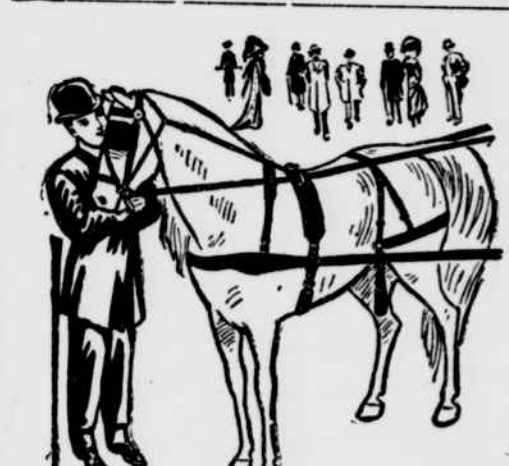
Former Attorney General Bonaparte became interested in the case and after the negro lawyers for the condemned man had appealed the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Bonaparte filed a brief in Franklin's behalf. He contended that Franklin had a right to resist arrest, which was sought to be made on a warrant issued under an unconstitutional law. This law was the so-called "labor contract law," which provided that agricultural laborers under contract to work were guilty of misdemeanors if they break their contracts after receiving wages in advance. Mr. Bonaparte denounced this law as an attempt to reduce the negroes of the South to captivity.

Justice Day, in announcing the decision said the court could inquire only into Federal questions. He said the question of resistance of arrest under an unconstitutional law was not raised in time in the State court.

Colonel Bryan says that he will never again be a candidate, and yet some people are pessimistically dubious.—Detroit Free Press.

By all accounts, the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation has conferred no laurels upon any of the parties concerned in it.—Philadelphia Record.

Children think not of the past, nor of what is to come, but enjoy the present time, which few of us do.—La Bruyere.



EDISON'S NEWEST PRODUCT.

Has Invented Moving Pictures in Their Natural Colors.

Newark, N. J., May 31.—Thomas A. Edison, the "electrical wizard," said today that he has succeeded in producing a moving-picture photographing machine which will take pictures in their natural colors, the experiments showing such results as to warrant the inventor saying that almost any day would see its perfection.

"While color photography is not new by any means," said Edison, "its difficulty for just ordinary landscape pictures in such that only a few experimenters care to use the Lumiere plates, and even in the hands of the experts the results are indifferent."

"I am also working on a machine which will reproduce the pictures as well as the moving-talking-picture machine. I know that there are some on the market, but none of them are any good. There's no synchronism between the pictures and the talking. Just think of having a picture colored true to nature, with the action and talking clearly reproduced."

"I've had Mr. Lumiere here. He stayed with me a couple of days and was satisfied with what I have done."

Mr. Edison was asked what was the principal invention needed by the human race and which had not been invented.

"I am no prophet," he replied, "and do not care to answer that question. Let's rather talk of what we have done."

"Do I intend to write a book? Not on your life. I have not written anything for 20 years, except an article the other day for a friend who runs an electrical magazine. The only things I write now are autographs."

Will Teddy hunt the elephant in this country?—Charleston News and Courier.

Remember, an old-fashioned 4th of July celebration includes the Declaration of Independence, pink lemonade and gingerbread.

We love any forms, however ugly, from which great qualities shine.—Emerson.

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