

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE.

NEWSY LETTERS FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

Items of Interest From all Parts of Sumter and Adjoining Counties.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mail your letters so that they will reach this office not later than Monday when intended for Wednesday's paper and not later than Thursday for Saturday's issue. This, of course, applies only to regular correspondence. In case of items of unusual news value, send in immediately by mail, telephone or telegraph. Such news stories are acceptable up to the hour of going to press. Wednesday's paper is printed Tuesday afternoon and Saturday's paper Friday afternoon.

DARK CORNER.

Dark Corner, June 6.—We had a fine rain here last night, the largest that has fallen since we commenced to prepare our lands last winter, but no excess yet. There was some hail, but we have seen no damage or heard of any being done by it. The crops seem to be revived already by the rain. Everybody has about finished chopping out cotton; some have hoed over the second time. Some of the farmers are ready to start to planting peas and laying by corn. I hear of one small farm the corn has been laid by. That is the farm of Richard and Ran Bracy. I understand they finished laying by on the evening of the 4th.

Crops are generally small, but healthy and well worked and are clear of grass.

Mr. Jim Avin was considerably better at last accounts.

Mr. Merry Christmas was about the same as he has been for some time.

Mr. Wash Scott is and has been sick for the last four weeks. He is in a critical condition this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Windham, of Wedgefield, visited at Mr. Wash Scott's yesterday.

Mr. Lee Geddings and his mother, Mrs. Robert J. Geddings, and Mr. Dan S. McCaskill, of Pinewood, visited at Mr. Wash Scott's yesterday.

Miss Agnes Brewer visited Mrs. W. J. Ardis yesterday.

Miss Agnes Brewer, with a few invited friends, celebrated her 21st birthday yesterday.

Mr. Eddie Kolb and sister, Miss Lizzie, of Ramsey, visited at Elm Hill yesterday evening.

Mr. Lucius Geddings and sister, Miss Mary, with Miss Sue Johnston, of Pinewood, visited Mr. and Mrs. Joe Johnston at Ramsey yesterday.

Mr. R. Hamp Wilson, who moved his shingle mill from Lucknow, Lee county, a short time ago, has taken down all of his machinery and is preparing to move again. He moved down here to cut the cypress timber in the head of the Weeks mill pond, but found the timber was no good, as it was wind-shaken and rotten hearted.

Mr. Medlin, of the Randle sewing machines and organ house of your city, was here hunting up buyers last week.

Mrs. C. T. Kolb and niece, Miss Skinner, of your city, spent last week here at Mr. W. T. Kolb's. Mr. C. T. Kolb came down Saturday night, and returned home yesterday, accompanied by his wife and niece.

ROCKY BLUFF.

Rocky Bluff, June 7.—We are having fine weather at present, farmers are busy gathering oats. They are much better than expected at one time. Corn and cotton are doing nicely. The health of this community is very good, no sickness to report. Master Holman Foxworth of Mayesville is visiting his grandparents Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McLeod. Misses Bertha, Kate and Iola House of the Bossard's neighborhood are visiting Miss Kate McLeod. Mr. T. E. McLeod, who has been at Ojus, Fla., for the past six months has returned home much to the delight of his many friends. Miss Lucile McLeod is visiting her father Mr. J. L. McLeod. Mr. P. J. Jordan, of Orangeburg, is visiting in the neighborhood. Mr. W. M. Brown of Rocky Bluff has recovered from a severe attack of lagrippe.

A party passed through the city Tuesday from Davis Station in Clarendon county to Salt Lake City, Utah, where they will make their home. They were Mr. W. H. Cobla, three daughters and two sons and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Pouncey.

These delightful June days, with the thermometer down to 59 in the morning and scant 65 at noon, make one glad that he lives in Richmond.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

"There is such a thing as luck. If you are a small eater and a slow eater, you are lucky.—Acheson Globe.

Obey a man with cordial loyalty and you will understand him.—Phillips Brooks.

OUR POOR LITTLE EARTH.

A Mere Speck Compared With Some of the Monster Suns.

The main facts of astronomy are highly interesting. It is only dry text books that have made us turn away from them. Read a good popular astronomy and you will gain a dim, remote idea of infinity and eternity. Sometimes you think you see a big star, but you do not. You merely see the light from it which has been 2,500 years in reaching us.

Almost everybody knows that our earth is a third rate planet in our solar system. Jupiter would scarcely condescend to notice us. But they do not know that our sun itself sits below the salt. It would not be admitted to a congregation of important heavenly bodies. Canopus, the largest star that we see, is 10,000 times the size of our sun, and our solar center is hopelessly outclassed by Aldebaran, Rigel, Sirius, Betelgeuse and countless others.

Mark Twain put this fact very well in one of his stories, "Captain Stornfeld's Visit to Heaven." When the captain arrived and announced that he was from the earth the recording angels could not remember ever having heard of such a place before. One finally recalled that it was a poor little planet belonging to a poor little solar system way down in a dark corner of the heavens.—New York World

A BRIGIT IDEA.

Unusual Sagacity That Was Lauded by the Professor.

That the proverbial absentminded professor is sometimes ably abetted by his wife is illustrated by a story told of Professor Bunsen. One evening about the usual hour for retiring he took it into his head to run over to the club just as he and madam were returning from an evening call.

"But," said the lady, "I must have the front door locked before I retire."

This emergency staggered the professor, and as he looked bewildered at his wife the lady, seized with an inspiration, continued:

"I'll go in and lock the door and throw you the key from the window."

This program was carried out, and when he reached the club the professor related the incident to a friend as evidence of his wife's unusual sagacity.

The friend greeted the story with a roar of laughter.

"And why, my dear professor," he said, "did you not simply admit your wife, lock the door from the outside and come away?"

"True," ejaculated the learned man of science, "we never thought of that."

The climax of the incident was reached an hour later when, returning home, the professor discovered that the lady in her excitement had thrown out the wrong key.

Littlest Father.

The woman who came to clean up was telling how she left her boy to take care of the baby. The boy was two and one-half years old. The baby was six months.

"That's the youngest little father I ever heard of," said the flat dweller she was cleaning up for. "Do you lock them in?"

"Yes," said the cleaning woman.

"Poor little fellow!" said the flat dweller. "Locked in to burn in case of fire! Some day when you are cleaning up for me I want to go over and see that little father, who ought to be in the cradle himself, taking care of the six-month-old baby. I want to just sit there and look on awhile. Poor little fellow!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

His Angel.

Miss Rogers—How did you imagine anything so beautiful as the angel in your picture? Artist—Got an engaged man to describe his fiancée to me.—Brooklyn Life.

Having swung around the political circle, Tom Watson announces himself back at his starting point—the Democratic party.—Rochester Post-Express.

There seems to be a good deal of malicious animal magnetism loose in Illinois politics just now.—St. Louis Republic.

Champ Clark wants speaker Cannon's chair, so they say, but as Champ has been wanting it for the past number of years it won't hurt him so bad when he is disappointed.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Less than three weeks now until Colonel Roosevelt will be "in our midst" again. Think of it—less than three weeks! Can we wait? We can.—Kansas City Journal.

The Dutch poet who wrote the jingle recited in Holland by Roosevelt never dreamed that he would be elevated to the dollar-a-word class.—Washington Star.

Mr. Roosevelt seems to know everything that everybody else knows.—Charleston News and Courier.

And now somebody has accused Dr. Cook of stealing another person's grammar. Is there no limit to the reckless depravity of that man?—Washington Herald.

Intrest in the foot work of Jack Johnson seems to have entirely eclipsed the interest in the head work of Booker T. Washington.—Youngstown Telegram.

A COMEDIAN'S TRICK.

Ruse by Which He Escaped Arrest and Had His Debts Paid.

Many amusing stories are told of Joe Haines, a comedian of the time of Charles II., sometimes called "Count" Haines. It is said that he was arrested one morning by two bailiffs for a debt of £20, when he saw a bishop to whom he was related passing along in his coach. With ready resource he immediately saw a loophole for escape, and, turning to the men, he said, "Let me speak to his lordship, to whom I am well known, and he will pay the debt and your charges into the bargain."

The bailiffs thought they might venture this, as they were within two or three yards of the coach, and acceded to the request. Joe boldly advanced and took off his hat to the bishop. His lordship ordered the coach to stop, when Joe whispered to the divine that the two men were suffering from such scruples of conscience that he feared they would hang themselves, suggesting that his lordship should invite them to his house and promise to satisfy them. The bishop agreed, and, calling to the bailiffs, he said, "You two men come to me tomorrow morning, and I will satisfy you!"

The men bowed and went away pleased, and early the next day waited on his lordship, who, when they were ushered in, said, "Well, my men, what are these scruples of conscience?"

"Scruples?" replied one of them. "We have no scruples! We are bailiffs, my lord, who yesterday arrested your cousin, Joe Haines, for a debt of £20, and your lordship kindly promised to satisfy us."

The trick was strange, but the result was stranger, for his lordship, either appreciating its cleverness or considering himself bound by the promise he had unintentionally given, there and then settled with the men in full.

A CHINESE SOLOMON.

His Decision in a Case of a Woman With Two Husbands.

There was a Chinese judge named Wang, who was as wise as Solomon. Before Wang two men and a woman appeared. The older man was the woman's first husband. He had gone to the wars and been reported dead. Now he returned alive to claim his wife. But she meanwhile had married the younger man, who refused to give her up; hence all three came before Wang that he might decide this truly difficult case.

"Yang Ki," said the judge to the woman, "which of these two men made the better husband?"

"Both were perfect husbands, my lord judge," Yang Ki modestly replied.

So the judge told the men that he would keep the woman by him for a week, examining her thoroughly, and a week hence he would decide the case. Well, the week passed, and the two husbands came once more before the judge. He shook his head gravely and said to them:

"The woman, Yang Ki, has died. There is no case. Let her original husband take the body away from my house and pay for the burial."

"Ho, not I!" said the original husband. And, so saying, he darted from the court and was soon lost to view.

"You, then," said the judge to the other man, "must stand these burial expenses."

"Yes," the man answered, "that is just, and I will give this woman, who was good and kind, the finest burial my purse will allow."

The judge clapped his hands. Yang Ki, blushing and smiling, entered the courtroom in a rich dress of gold brocade.

"Take her," said the wise judge, "for you and not the other merit her love and service."

How the Rash Comes.

In measles a rash appears on the fourth day of the fever. It is first seen on the forehead, face and neck, afterward over the whole body. It consists of raised red spots. In scarlet fever the rash appears on the second day of the fever, commencing on the upper part of the chest and neck, whence it spreads over the body. In smallpox an eruption is seen on the third or fourth day on the face, neck and wrists. In chicken pox the eruption is made of small blebs. In typhoid fever the rash rarely shows itself before the seventh day of the fever. The spots are rose colored, and they disappear on pressure.

Wonderful Memories.

We are told that Pascal never forgot anything he had seen, heard or thought. Avicenna could repeat by rote the entire Koran when he was ten years old, and Francis Suarez had the whole of St. Augustine in his memory. In three weeks Scaliger, the famous scholar, committed to memory every line of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." Another scholar, Justus Lipsius, offered to repeat the "Histories" of Tacitus without a mistake on forfeit of his life.

After the Honeymoon.

"Pa, what's the difference between Idealism and realism?" "Idealism, my son, is the contemplation of marriage; realism is being married."—Boston Transcript.

Greatly Overestimated.

Hewitt—Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Jewitt—I think you overestimate the number of people who mind their own business.—Brooklyn Life.

Do not think that years leave us and find us the same.—Meredith.

Mr. Knicker—Do you let Bridget eat with the family?

LOVE AND FLOWERS.

The Advice a Discerning Woman Gave Unto Her Daughter.

My daughter, wouldst thou know a man's secret? Go to the florist, then. O simple one, for in him every man repositeth his confidence.

Yea, by the flowers which he sendeth a woman shall ye judge the quality of a man's love, likewise the quantity and exact stage.

As violets pass unto roses, and roses unto cheap carnations, and carnations unto naught, so passeth his grand passion from the first throes into matrimony.

Lo, at the beginning of a love affair mark with what care a man selecteth his flowers in person, that not a wilted violet shall offend thine eyes!

Yet as time passeth he telephoneth his orders and leaveth it all to the clerk. And there cometh a day when he murreth wearily, "I say, old chap, make that a standing order, will you?"

Then the florist heaveth a sigh, for he knoweth that the end is at hand. Yea, this is the mark of an engaged man who doeth his duty. So after the wedding bouquets all orders shall cease together, and until he seeketh flowers for his wife's grave that man shall not again enter a florist's shop.

For stale carnations, bought upon the street corner and carried home in a paper bag, are a fit offering for any wife. Yet a funeral rejoiceth the florist's heart and maketh him to smile, for he knoweth that a widower's next order shall be worthy of a new cause and the game shall begin all over again.

Verily, verily, my daughter, I charge thee, account no man in love until he hath gone forth into the gardens and the fields and plucked thee a few flaky pansies or stray weeds with his own hands.

For when a man sendeth thee violets it may mean only sentiment, and when he sendeth thee orchids it may be only a bluff, but when he doeth real work for any woman it meaneth business. Selah!—London Tit-Bits.

HAD LUCK ON THE WAY.

The English Thief That Dropped In to See His Lawyer.

Here is a story of a genuine instance of the kind of business which fell to the lot of a once notorious London "thieves' counsel." One day a thick-set man, with a cropped poll of unmistakably Negvate cut, slunk into this counsel's room, when the following dialogue took place:

"Morning, sir," said the man, touching his forelock.

"Morning," said the counsel. "What do you want?"

"Well, sir, I'm sorry to say, sir, our little Ben, sir, has 'ad a misfortin. Fust offense, sir, only a wipe."

"Well, well!" interrupted the counsel. "Get on!"

"So, sir, we thought as you'd 'ad all the family business we'd like you to defend him, sir."

"All right," said the counsel; "see my clerk!"

"Yes, sir," continued the thief, "but I thought I'd like to make sure you'd attend yourself, sir. We're anxious 'cos it's little Ben, our youngest kid."

"Oh, that will be all right! Give Simmons the fee."

"Well, sir," continued the man, shifting uncomfortably, "I was going to arst you, sir, to take a little less. You see, sir,—wheedlingly—"it's little Ben—his first misfortin!"

"No, no!" said the counsel impatiently. "Clear out!"

"But, sir, you've had all our business. Well, sir, if you won't you won't, so I'll pay you now, sir." And as he doled out the guineas, "I may as well tell you, sir, you wouldn't 'a' got the counters if I hadn't had a little bit of luck on the way."—From "The Recollections of a K. C.," by Thomas Edward Crispe.

Funny For Her.

A New England lad was intently watching his aunt in the process of making pies and cake. He seemed very much inclined to start a conversation, an inclination, however, which the aunt in no way encouraged. She continued in silence to assemble the ingredients of a mammoth cake.

"Tell me something funny, auntie," finally ventured the boy.

"Don't bother me, Tommy," said the aunt. "How can I when I am making cake?"

"Oh, you might say, 'Tommy, have a piece of the pie I've just made.' That would be funny for you."—Exchange.

What Accountancy Means.

Accountancy is not and never can be a matter of abstract knowledge to be transferred by means of lectures, but is the art of knowing how to apply that knowledge to the requirements of business under very varying conditions. It is essentially something that cannot be taught in lectures or classes, but can only be acquired as a result of careful individual study and a reasonable amount of actual practice.—Bookkeeping.

Iridium.

Iridium is a hard, brittle, silver white metallic element belonging to the platinum group, discovered by Tennant in 1803, sometimes found native and nearly pure, but generally combined with osmium. It is, with the exception of osmium, the heaviest metal known and is used for pen points, contact points in telegraphy and points of scientific implements liable to wear. Its specific gravity is 22.4.

Avarice is to the intellect and heart what sensuality is to the morals.—Jameson.

There are no eyes so sharp as the eyes of hatred.—Hillard.

A RARE COIN.

It is Called a "Misstrike" and Is Very Seldom Seen.

"See this penny I got today at the postoffice," said the cashier. "There aren't five other pennies like it in the United States."

He handed out a cent piece with the die impression half off the face of the coin and with a big half moon of blank metal showing along one side.

"They call it a misstrike," he continued. "Perhaps once in 10,000,000 times the two little notched fingers on the minting machines that grip the blank disk and draw it forward to the die fall to spring away. In this case the left hand finger stuck and pushed the coin halfway over the die. That is how the impression is only half on the disk."

"You can see the raised edge on the blank portion of the metal," the cashier went on as he took up his pen. "It isn't everybody knows that each coin goes under the dies twice. The first time it is struck with a blank, dome shaped set of dies to put an edge on the disk. Then it gets the regular die with the familiar head on it."

"What's it worth? Oh, I'll say probably \$25 or so. I see it's been in circulation for nine years. It's a wonder some coin collector hasn't nabbed it. I'm going to keep it as a rarity."—New York Times.

SENSE OF HEARING.

Sound Waves and the Way They Act Upon the Ears.

The detection of the direction of a sound by the sense of hearing is, like the rapid focusing of the eye on objects at different distances, one of those instinctive operations which are continually done without any conscious thought.

Sound waves traverse the air as ripples stir the water, and the ear by experience acquires some slight power of detecting the direction in one case, as the eye does with far greater accuracy in the other. Usually we unconsciously receive assistance from other senses as well. Often we fail to locate at once some hidden source of sound, such as a singing bird, and then our instinctive ingenuity displays itself.

The intensity of sound is, of course, by no means so great behind a screen as in front of it, and every one carries with him the screen of his own head, which may prevent a particular sound from being heard so well by one ear as by the other. If, then, the head is turned until this inequality disappears and both ears hear equally well we know that we must be directly facing or turned from the source of sound, and our previous rough idea of its whereabouts generally prompts us to face it.

A Gentle Hint.

A certain butcher is renowned among his contemporaries for the quaintness and originality of some of his remarks. On a road leading to a neighboring parish he one day met a gentleman who at the time owed him for some meat. After a salutation the gentleman remarked:

"That's a fine fat dog you have, Alexander."

"Sae weel he may, sir," was the reply. "For he has an easy conscience and is out of debt, and that's mair than you or I can say."

The hint was taken, and the butcher got his money next day.—London Answers.

Bread and Pipe Baker.

The lecturer at the cooking school sometimes enlivened her remarks with an anecdote.

"The eighteenth century baker," she said, "was a pipe cleaner as well, just as the barber a little earlier was a surgeon. Everybody in those days smoked clay pipes, provided the same as cups or spoons by the coffee houses. Well, each morning a waiter carried his master's stock of pipes, some hundred perhaps, to the nearest bakery. The baker would boil them, then dip them in liquid lime, then bake them dry. They came out of the oven as sweet and white as new."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Reply to Gladstone.

"Gladstone had no great scientific knowledge," said an English writer, "and at a dinner, when Faraday described an important new scientific discovery, the premier showed indifference.

"'After all,' he said, hiding a yawn behind his hand, 'what use will it ever be?'"

"Why," said Faraday, 'there's every probability, sir, that some day you'll be able to tax it.'"

A Turn Down.

Snaggysy—Beg pardon, mister; I'm a stranger in dese parts. Farmer Harrow—Well, I dunno of anybody that wants to git acquainted with ye. (Turns away).—Boston Transcript.

An Easier Dose.

Johnny—The medicine ain't so nasty as it useter be, mommer. I'm gettin' used to it. Mommer—Do you take a whole spoonful every hour? Johnny—No'm; I couldn't find a spoon, so I'm usin' a fork.—Cleveland Leader.

Hope.

"Say, pop, I've got to write a composition on 'Hope.' What is 'hope,' anyway?"

"Hope, my boy, is the joyous expectation of being able to dodge our just deserts."—Life.

A Short Fall.

"Golly, Mike, are you alive after falling two stories?"

"Why, that's not far; this is a fifty-one story building."—Judge.

The devil has his martyrs among men.—Dutch.

LANDES SHEPHERDS.

French Peasants Who Are Experts In Walking on Stilts.

There is a vast district in France where the entire community goes about and transacts its business on stilts. This district is called "Les Landes."

The inhabitants, who are among the poorest peasants in France, gain their subsistence by fishing, by such little agriculture as is possible and by keeping cows and sheep. The shepherds make use of their stilts for two purposes—first, because walking is quite impossible on account of the sage and undergrowth of brush, and, second, because the height of their stilts gives them a greater range of vision.

The stilts generally are about six or seven feet high. Near the top there is a support for the foot, which has a strong stirrup and strap, and still nearer the top a band of leather fastens the stilt firmly to the leg just below the knee. Some stilts, especially those made for fancy walking and for tricks, are even higher than seven feet, and the man who uses these—and he must be an expert—can travel as fast as ten miles an hour. The lower end of this kind of stilt is capped with a sheep bone to prevent its splitting.

Some of these Landes shepherds are wonderfully clever in the management of their stilts. They run races, step or jump over brooks, clear fences and walls and are able to keep their balance and equilibrium while stooping to the ground to pick up pebbles or to gather wild flowers. They fall prone upon their faces and assume their perpendicular without an effort and in a single moment after they have thus prostrated themselves.—Technical World Magazine.

A VICTIM OF WORRY.

The Man Who Is Always Expecting Some Kind of Trouble.

There is always a cloud on his face because he is constantly expecting that something unfavorable is going to happen. There is going to be a slump in business, or he is going to have a loss, or somebody is trying to undermine him, or he is worried about his health, or fears his children will be sick or go wrong or be killed.

In other words, although he has achieved quite a remarkable success, yet he has never really had a happy day in his life. All his life this man has been chasing rainbows, thinking if he could only get a little farther on, a little higher up, he would be happy, but he is just as far from it as when a boy.

I believe this condition has all come from the habit of unhappiness which he formed during his hard boyhood and which he has never been able to overcome. He has learned to look for trouble, to expect it, and he gets it.

I have been his guest many a time. He has a beautiful home, a very charming wife, a most delightful family, but there is always the same cloud on his face, the same expression of anxiety, of unhappiness, of foreboding.

A little properly directed training in his boyhood would have changed his whole career, and he would have been a happy, joyous, harmonious man instead of being discordant and unhappy.

There is everything in starting right. What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life.—Success Magazine.

Self Control.

The self control of the Japanese, even in times of the utmost stress, and their courtesy, which begets quietness and discretion, are both brought out by a writer in St. Paul's Magazine.