

# HIS HASTY LUNCH

By Mabel Claire Smith

Sam Elwood was a very big, very bashful and very good looking young fellow of perhaps twenty-three years. He lived with his father and mother on a Missouri farm and, since a paralytic stroke had permanently disabled the elder man two years before, the work of the 200-acre place had fallen into Sam's capable hands. The one thing Sam feared was a girl.

"If any girl wants Sam she'll have to do the courting," Mrs. Elwood once remarked, unaware that the youth in question was within earshot. Sam'd never in this world screw his courage to the popping point."

This assertion was so true that Sam's ears tingled whenever he thought of it. It had grown to be a very sensitive matter by the time a distant connection of the family came to visit at the farm.

When he heard that the visitor was a young lady he groaned in anguish of mind. He planned to keep out of her way as much as was possible, eating his breakfast from the pantry shelves, taking his dinner to the field with him and skirting his supper. He didn't know just how he could avoid sitting at table with her on Sunday. He thought seriously of staying in bed all of Sunday. The one objection to that was the extra trouble it would cause his mother. She would not understand his indisposition when he had never been ill since his babyhood. Still, if nothing better occurred, Sam resolved to have a headache the first Sunday, at least.

"Sammy, it's a shame you act so unsober," remonstrated his mother, at the end of the first week when the only glimpse of himself Sam had permitted the guest was two inches of vanishing cuttalls, out of the kitchen door, the third morning after her arrival.

"Virginia Dare is a mighty nice girl without a speck of harm in her whole little body. She helps me about the housework and rubs your pa's back and chirks him up as if she was an own daughter. I wish you could get acquainted with her, Sammy. She talks real pleasant about you."

"Shucks!" muttered Sam, his ears tingling familiarly as he grabbed a paper bag of small cakes from the pantry shelf and fled upstairs, a light step outside the kitchen door having warned him of the need of haste in his supper raid. "Got to fill up the hollows with cookies tonight, I guess," he sighed, when the door was safely shut



"Ma's Getting Real Fancy in Her Old Age."

and he was gingerly examining the unusually tidy appearance of his room. "Ma's getting real fancy in her old age," he commented, staring respectfully at the crisp white curtain tied back with rose-patterned ribbon at both sides of the window.

"The bed's punched up some, too," he went on, as he turned back the covers. "Jiminy! Clean sheets and pillow cases when I haven't had them on more'n a week! Ma certainly is getting fixy. I guess I'd better scrub up some to match the other clean things. Lucky ma remembered to put some towels in here. Blessed if she didn't fill up the water pitcher, too! I'll have to tell her not to do that any more. I'm plenty able to pack up my own wash water. Ma's got enough work to do waiting on pa and that girl without wearing herself to frazzles looking after me."

Shaking his curly brown head reprovingly, Sammy made his toilet and, attired in a frilled night dress which his mother had made for him with her own fingers and which he wore sorely against his wishes merely to avoid hurting the good woman's feelings, seated himself on the edge of the bed and began to consume his cakes.

He crunched and munched away for several minutes before he noticed anything peculiar about the cakes. He had swallowed three of them and was trying to masticate the fourth. Somehow, that fourth cake did not appeal to him. None of them were good, but Sam had made allowances for his mother's forgetfulness about putting in sugar, or baking powder, or salt

more than once before, so he had crunched away with cheerful resignation on these.

"Jiminy!" muttered Sam, hastily putting the uneaten cakes on the nearby stand. "I feel as if I'd been eating soap and meal; flavored with beer! What in time made ma bake cookies like those? Ah-h! I'm feeling awful queer—sort of sick and puffed up and funny all over! Jiminy! I'd give a dollar if I dared sneak down to ma's room and ask her for something to take. That girl sleeps right across the hall from ma, though. She'd see me sure as fate. Ah-h! I'm sicker-er-er-er every minute!"

By this time Sam was rolling about in his bed, groaning with pain and nausea. His head was hot and his feet and hands were cold. He could not get up for the swimming sensation in his head, and all he could do to help himself was to groan and toss from one side to the other.

In the intervals of his groaning spells he thought he heard some one moving quickly about in his parents' room just beneath his. He wondered if his mother had heard him and was coming to his relief. In anguish of body and mind he strained his ears to catch the sound of approaching steps.

"Come in," he called, weakly, when the longed-for knock sounded on the door. "Do hurry, for merc's sake!"

The door swung slowly open, as if the knocker was strangely reluctant to enter. A figure, rather hastily arrayed in a blue kimono sprinkled with roses, her hair hanging in two thick yellow braids down her back and her feet encased in small blue velvet slippers, stood on the threshold, a candle in one white hand and a bottle and spoon in the other.

"Oh," she exclaimed, the color rushing over her small, flower-like face as she met Sam's horrified stare. "Your mother was called to sit up with a sick neighbor an hour ago, and your father called me a minute ago to see what was the trouble with you. He said he had heard you groaning and tumbling around for some time, and he feared you were ill. Y-you know your father is confined to his bed, so he could not come up here himself. Oh, you are ill, I'm sure!"

"Your mother was called to sit up with a sick neighbor an hour ago, and your father called me a minute ago to see what was the trouble with you. He said he had heard you groaning and tumbling around for some time, and he feared you were ill. Y-you know your father is confined to his bed, so he could not come up here himself. Oh, you are ill, I'm sure!" she cried, a quick change coming over her as she noticed for the first time since her arrival the glassiness of his eyes and the scarlet flush in his face. "Let me feel your pulse!"

In a few swift steps she reached the bed and placed her cool fingers for a brief space on his brawny wrist. Next she felt the clamminess of his hands and the heat of his head, her manner growing more and more concerned.

"What have you been eating?" she presently asked, taking up the paper sack and examining the contents. "Mercy on us!" she gasped, looking wonderingly toward the patient. "Surely you knew better than to eat yeast cakes!"

"Yeast cakes!" thickly muttered Sam, in astonishment. "I thought they were funny. Sure to rise, I guess," he added, with a forlorn attempt at a joke.

The girl said no more. Her energies were occupied in dosing the patient with mustard and warm water, applying hot water bottles to his feet and an ice water bag to his head. At the end of a strenuous hour Sam was resting much better and his nurse felt safe in leaving him for the remainder of the night.

What Sam's experience taught him, during the time he lay there, tormented with pain, watching the sympathetic face of the zealous little nurse as she flew in and out of the room with hot water, mustard, and one thing and another for his betterment, was evinced by his conduct toward the young visitor during the remainder of her stay.

"Looks mighty like Sam was sprucing up like other fellows, ma," remarked Sam's father, after his son had spent 15 minutes before the hall mirror in a vain endeavor to get his tie to suit him. "I don't know but what he'll be plenty able to do his own courting by the time Virginia comes again."

And Sam, with tingling ears, stoutly intimated his opinion that he would.

## ANCIENT TOOTHACHE CURES

Treatments Used by the Old Romans in Curing and Preventing Such Ills.

If it be true that ancient remedies are always the best, it may be of interest to those afflicted with dental troubles to know how the ancient Romans dealt with such ills. The Quirites recognized two types of treatment, the magical and the medical. The following—we quote the Hospital—are some of the prescriptions advised by the magicians: Take the head of a dog that has died of rabies, mix the ash with oil of cyprus and inject the product into the ear of the affected side. A water snake's vertebrae will serve to scarify the gum provided that it be obtained from a white-skinned snake. Or for the same purpose may be used a lizard's frontal bone obtained when the moon is full, or, if that fail, a chicken bone will do, provided that it be dried in a hole in the wall and thrown away immediately after use. It is good treatment to inject into the ear oil of lemon, in which has been macerated either mallow bugs or sparrow's dung, even should this last give rise to itching. A worm fed on a particular herb or a cabbage caterpillar can conveniently be placed in a hollow tooth, but it is equally simple to chew an adder's heart. Prevention being better than cure, a sovereign preventive will be found in the eating of two rats a month.

## WILEY'S LIEUTENANT REMOVED.

Floyd W. Robison, One of Pure Food Staff, Dismissed for Insubordination.

Washington, July 17.—Floyd W. Robison, an important member of the staff of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture, it developed today, was dismissed from the bureau June 30 on charges of insubordination. Robison was a member of Dr. Wiley's staff of experts in New York city.

Dr. Wiley said today Robison had been dismissed from the department, but that he did not know officially why or when he had been discharged.

Secretary Wilson said Robison had been removed from the service because of insubordination. The insubordination was a refusal to carry into effect an order of the secretaries of the departments of agriculture, treasury and commerce and labor to prohibit the use of benzoate of soda mixed with food, which it had been determined was deleterious to health. The order was not to be rendered effective provided that each container or package of such food is plainly labeled to show the presence and amount of benzoate of soda.

The dismissal of Robison, the secretary declared, had nothing to do with the recommendation of the dismissal of Dr. Wiley by the departmental board. It is known that Robison took the same view of the deleterious effects of benzoate of soda as did Dr. Wiley, but they were turned down by the referee board of consulting scientific experts appointed by President Roosevelt.

## COTTON BEARS VICTORS.

Apparently Battle for Higher Prices in Summer Months Has Been Given Up in New Orleans.

New Orleans, July 18.—Today's cotton market was one of the most exciting in many months, with heavy sales and sensational declines in all futures. Private reports from Liverpool early this morning to the effect that the bull leaders were liquidating stirred up selling orders in all parts of the cotton world and futures on the New Orleans exchange opened at a wide decline, only to go still lower as trading progressed.

When the trading was over it was the general opinion on the floor that the bull campaign in the summer months had been abandoned. August, the most active old crop month, lost 48 points at its lowest, or nearly half a cent a pound. This represented an enormous loss on the lines of long August cotton the bulls are supposed to own.

The new crop months were not as weak as August, although at their lowest were \$1.75 a bale cheaper than at yesterday's close. The general opinion was that leading bull interests materially lightened their load during the day.

The business done around the ring was the largest in many weeks. It well within the limit to state that the sales included 75,000 bales of cotton liquidated in addition to the cotton sold short.

## In The Police Court.

The Recorder had a very busy hour today between noon and 1 o'clock for there were quite a number of cases to be tried, some of which were left over from Monday and some from Tuesday.

Anderson Brewer, alias Blue Babe, who has only recently been released from the chain gang, was tried on the charge of vagrancy, gambling and resisting arrest. He plead not guilty, but was found guilty on each charge and was given \$15 or 30 days for each offense.

Virgil Wilder was tried for non-payment of contract painter's license. He was found guilty and given a sentence of \$7.50 or 15 days.

W. M. Sanders, for non-payment of shoemaker's license, was given \$4.15 or eight days.

Willie Butler, for non-payment of contract painter's license, was dismissed with the admonition that he had best secure a license right away.

Eugene Hoffman was tried for disturbance of the peace and carrying concealed weapons. He was found guilty and given \$15 or 30 days on the first charge and \$25 or 30 days on the second charge.

W. D. Strother was fined \$2.00 for riding a bicycle on the A. C. L. railroad yard.

R. S. Moise was fined \$2.00 for riding a bicycle on the sidewalk. Gussie Cabbagstalk plead guilty to the charge of petit larceny and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$20 or to serve 30 days.

Bob Anderson was fined \$3.00 for leaving his horse unhitched on the street.

The jury boxes have been made out anew and it is probable that none of the lawyers can have any kick com-

## WOMAN SHOT BY UNKNOWN MAN.

Mrs. H. C. Beattie, Jr., Instantly Killed While En Route to Richmond in Motor Car.

Richmond, Va., July 18.—While returning to the city in a motor car from Chesterfield county tonight, Mrs. H. C. Beattie, Jr., was shot and instantly killed by an unidentified white man who escaped. The shooting occurred on the Midlothian turnpike, five miles from Richmond, and police and county officers with bloodhounds are searching for the slayer, who is described as a tall man with a long beard.

Mr. Beattie was driving the car and slowed down as he saw a man walk into the road directly in front of him. As Beattie put on brakes the stranger cried: "You had better run over me."

"You have got all the road," said Beattie, and then he put on power and started to pass. The man raised a shotgun and fired at the couple in the car. The entire load entered Mrs. Beattie's face, blowing off the top of her head. The stranger disappeared.

## INSTITUTE AT CLEMSON.

Great Preparations for Gathering of Farmers in August.

Prof. D. N. Barrow issues the following statement in reference to the Farmers' Institute, to be held at Clemson in August:

The reports of the last census have shown that the State of South Carolina has been making wonderful progress along agricultural lines in the last ten years. This progress or credit for this progress, of course, cannot be claimed by any one agency but it shows most plainly what can be accomplished by united effort.

Clemson College is not behind in this respect and has inaugurated one of the most aggressive agricultural campaigns over the State this summer that has been conducted in a long while. For the last month a Clemson-Winthrop demonstration train has filled engagements every day in different sections of the State and will continue until the first week in August. In addition to the work of this train the coming Saturday, July 15, will witness the opening of a Farmers' Institute campaign. Points not reached by the train will be thoroughly covered by institute parties. Four separate and distinct parties will be put into the field, covering within the next three weeks some fifty-four points at which institutes will be held. Then, as last year, it is proposed to hold a wind-up institute at Clemson College, commencing August 8 and continuing through August 11, inclusive.

An interesting programme is being arranged, most of it to partake of the nature of demonstration work than of speaking, and a large and enthusiastic crowd of farmers is expected to be present. Good speakers have been secured from various sections of the South and no one can fail to reap a large benefit from attendance upon this institute. Reduced railroad rates have been requested and due notice of their granting will be given in plenty of time for all to plan their expenses. The cost while at the College will be \$1 a day for meals. The use of the beds will be given free, but all who come are requested to bring such beddings as they require, together with their own towels. The college is able to furnish beds for about 800 people. In order that we may have some idea of how to prepare for, and also that those who come may be assured that they will receive a bed, we are requesting all to notify us in advance. Every man who notifies us in advance, up to the number of 800, will be furnished a bed. Should more than that number come, which we do not think very likely, especially if we are not notified, they should not be dissatisfied if they are not so comfortable.

The program starts promptly at 2 o'clock on Tuesday, the 8th, and we are particularly anxious that all who can should come not later than that morning. The exercises will close in time on Friday for those especially anxious to reach home to leave on the noon trains. Come prepared to spend the whole time with us and enjoy the week.

## ARMY WORMS IN WEST.

Cotton Fields in Arkansas Overrun With Pest.

Little Rock, Ark., July 18.—Chas. Chemning of Little Rock county has brought to the city a pall of army worms taken from his cotton fields, which, he says, are overrun with the pest. The worms have as yet done practically little damage, but they only made their appearance last Sunday. They come in battalions and

eat in past

## There are Other Ways, But— JUST TRY THE "PEOPLES' WAY"

Any person handling money money needs a bank account. Why not start with the

## The Peoples' Bank

## Get the Habit.

Young man it will pay you to get the habit. We mean the saving habit. The banking habit will help you. If you are starting out in life with only your two hands to help you, the dollar on deposit will be the best friend you will have on the side. Start an account at the bank. Don't check unless the need is urgent. Add to it rather than draw it out. You will acquire a standing among the men who do things. You will in time have a fund to do something with yourself. Get the habit. Start Now. The opening of a bank account may be the turning point in your career. Come and start with us, no matter how small. Ask the successful man if this advice is good. He knows. See if he doesn't tell you the same thing.

## THE FARMERS' BANK & TRUST CO.

## OUR PERSONNEL

### Officers

RICH'D. I. MANNING, Pres. ROBT. F. HAYNSWORTH, 1st Vice Pres  
DAVIS D. MOISE, 2nd V-Pres. W.F. RHAMF, 3rd Vice Pres.  
BARTOW WALSH, Cashier. EDGAR C. HAYNSWORTH, Attorney

### Directors

RICH'D. I. MANNING, ROBT. F. HAYNSWORTH  
J. A. MOOD, C. M. HURST, Secy. of Board  
C. T. MASON, H. J. McLAURIN, Jr.  
DAVIS D. MOISE, Wm. F. RHAME.  
Wm. S. MANNING.

## The Bank of Sumter

Established 1889

## LIME, CEMENT, ACME PLASTER, SHINGLES, LATHS, FIRE BRICK, DRAIN PIPE, ETC.

Hay, Grain, Rice Flour, Ship Stuffs, Bran, Mixed Cow and Chicken Feed, Horses, Mules, Buggies, Wagons and Harness. :: :: ::

No Order Too Large Or Too Small.

## Booth-Harby Live Stock Co. SUMTER, SOUTH CAROLINA.

## WOFFORD COLLEGE SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

HENRY N. SNYDER, President

A real college with high standards of scholarship and character. Excellent equipment. Unsurpassed health conditions. Expenses moderate. Loan funds for worthy students. Fifty-eighth session begins September 20th. Write for catalogue.

J. A. GAMEWELL, SECRETARY

## WOFFORD COLLEGE FITTING SCHOOL SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

A high-grade preparatory school for boys. Small classes. Individual attention. \$135 pays all expenses. Next session September 20th.

A. MASON DUPRE, HEADMASTER

## SEA SIDE HOTEL

The Sea Side Hotel, Myrtle Beach, is Now Open for the Season.

This well know hotel having been refitted and refurbished, located on one of the finest beaches on the South Atlantic Coast is ready for the summer resorter. It appeals strongly to those wanting a sea side vacation, excellent surf bathing, boating, fishing, etc.

### Music and Dancing at the Pavilion

Absolutely no malaria in this region, the sandy soil thoroughly draining the surrounding country. We desire to cater to the best families, those wanting all the comforts of home life.

The summer schedule of trains to and from Myrtle Beach enables one to leave any part of Eastern South Carolina and reach Myrtle Beach for noon dinner.

Special Rates for the Week for Families and Children

## ST. JOHN & ISON.

MYRTLE BEACH, SOUTH CAROLINA

## DR. N. G. OSTEEN, JR.,

DENTIST.

18 W. Liberty St. Phone No. 30.

OFFICE HOURS: 8 TO 1, 2 TO 6.