

CREWS AND TILLMAN.

News-Scimitar Man Comes Back at the Senator.

Mr. W. T. Crews, editor of the News-Scimitar, Greenwood, has given out a copy of his reply to Senator Tillman's letter which was published some days ago. The reply of Mr. Crews is, in part, as follows:

"On our first page will be found a letter from Senator Tillman to the editor of the News-Scimitar."

"In our article of September 22, to which Senator Tillman refers—'The Plot Against Bleese'—the only manner in which we connected the Senator's name with the plot was where we said:

"Whether or not Senator Tillman has given these conspiring politicians any pegs on which to hang their political hopes, we don't know; but whether he did or not, the anti-Bleese politicians are trying to make Senator Tillman's old friends and supporters believe he did."

"Senator Tillman says that he thinks it unkind for us to lend ourself to any suggestion or scheme that will weaken the confidence in him or any of his old friends and supporters. Now, we disclaim any intention of doing anything of the kind. Indeed, so far from lending ourself to any such suggestions or political scheme in conversation with parties who suspected that Senator Tillman had lent himself to the plot and scheme now backing Candidate Jones, and so accused him, we stoutly denied it. But the suspicion seemed to be general, that an unequivocal denial from Senator Tillman was due his old friends and supporters, and to that extent the object of our editorial has been accomplished. He says: 'The subject of Jones' candidacy was not discussed during my visit to Richards,' etc. And further: 'I do not expect to take sides in the governor's race next year.'

"Having so emphatically made denial, the public will acquit the senator of all suspicion, and as for ourself, we never for a minute suspected that Senator Tillman was a party to the plot, and so expressed ourself to every one with whom we discussed the matter. And in this connection, it seems to us that Senator Tillman's umbrage ought not be against us, but rather against those old-time anti-Tillman papers who sought to create the impression that he was favorable to and aiding in the scheme to have Jones supplant Bleese as governor—and this, too, right on the heels of the Senator's visit to Mr. Richards."

"Senator Tillman seems to labor under the impression that somebody or other has suggested the 'scheme' to us and that we were lending ourself to such suggestion. In harboring such suspicion, senator, you are as 'unkind' as you accuse me of being 'unkind' to you. During all the years that I have written and fought for you, I always wrote and spoke my own convictions, not somebody else's, and if I have 'hatched a mare's nest' in exposing that Jones-Richards 'scheme,' I was only following a policy which I loyally practiced in your behalf ever since you have been in public life—a 'mare's nest' policy that you have never heretofore found fault with, and whether or not they were 'mare's nests,' you have only to ask your political enemies who read the Laurensville Herald when it was your staunchest champion."

"But the burden of Senator Tillman's letter, however, doesn't seem to be so much, vindication of himself from 'such an assassin's blow' as it is an effort to clear Mr. Richards' political skirts. Granting all Senator Tillman says, as to his having no connection with any plot against Bleese, nor even discussed Jones' candidacy, that doesn't clear Richards and Jones from the political conspiracy with which we connected them. The very fact that 'Richards has known all along' that Senator Tillman's candidacy for the senate depended entirely on the condition of the senator's health was the moving spirit that prompted Jones' visit and his and Richards' political frame-up. Possibly the fact dawned upon them that Senator Tillman might not altogether approve of the State, and News and Courier, and other old-line anti-Tillman papers taking Chief Justice Jones up, and, in effect, if not in so many words, telling those of their own political faith that they must stay out of the race—nor would a prohibition candidate even be tolerated. Such apprehension on their part, senator, would have been perfectly natural, since they knew so well that you approved of the 'Colleton plan,' and that plan, you know, was devised to prevent just such a political condition as now confronts us, and which is sought to be used to the political undoing of Governor Bleese, the people's governor, and to which you gave your moral and political influence to prevent just such an unfair condition from being used against John Evans, in the primary of 1894. But for the Colleton plan, you know, the conservatives would have negated the votes of the reformers, in that primary, and it was considered 'good politics,' then, to adopt it. But now, when the same political tactics which made necessary the Colleton plan are resorted to by Bleese's enemies, and I sound the alarm, it is 'unkind' in me and I am accused of striking 'an assassin's blow.' Yet in such political extremity, Senator Tillman calmly informs us that he is hands off. Now, then, if conditions are such as we have stated—that Mr. Jones is the candidate of the newspaper ring and that of the Prohibitionists, Senator Tillman ought not to stand for it—even to the extent of being hands off."

"The New York Public Library is the most complete institution of the kind in the world. Besides the usual circulating library and children's library there are: Lecture room and classroom of the library school, exhibition room, eighty feet square, for the display of bibliographical treasures; reading rooms for current periodicals, having a capacity of 1,000 periodicals; technology rooms, in which 50,000 volumes are shelved; two rooms for the science collection, in which are shelved 50,000 volumes relating to mathematical and natural sciences; a library for the use of the blind, six study rooms for special students and investigators, special reading rooms for the consultation of the Slavonic, Jewish and similar collections, a reading room for economics and sociology, shelving about 20,000 volumes; public document room, which contains about 80,000 volumes, etc."

"Captains We Have Had. It is asserted sometimes that the United States has had five captains but the statement is not correct. The United States has had but three captains—New York, Philadelphia and Washington. In the period preceding the adoption of the constitution no place was legally constituted a capital in a loose and unofficial sense it is possible to describe as a capital any city which was the seat of government. Taking the sessions of the Continental Congress as establishing a seat of government in the Revolution and the confederation, the following cities may loosely rank as capitals: Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lancaster, York, Princeton, Annapolis, Trenton and New York. The articles of confederation were passed by congress in Philadelphia, and the federal convention charged to prepare a constitution convened at the same place."

"Shocked the Parisian. 'We came through with flying colors,' boasted the middle aged man who had returned from his first visit to Europe. 'About the only serious mistake of the trip was made by my wife. She drove the clerk in a Paris shop to indignation and despair by inadvertently asking if the dress trimmings she was looking at were imported. The girl nearly took her head off. Imported? she said. 'Where from?'—New York Sun."

"A Simple Twist of the Wrist. 'You know Jones, who was reputed so rich? Well, he died the other day, and the only thing he left was an old Dutch clock.' 'Well, there's one good thing about it—it won't be much trouble to wind up his estate.'—Sacred Heart Review."

"An Amiable Dentist. Victim—Say, dura ye, you've pulled the wrong tooth! Dentist—From the way you hollered I thought I had hold of the right one, but we'll call it my mistake.—Chicago Tribune."

"Wealth and Wisdom. A man who is worth more than \$1,000,000 can get any commonplace remark accepted as an epigram.—Chicago Record-Herald."

"What a strange thing is man and what a stranger is woman!—Byron."

"Going Down. Jones (as the launch capsize)—I wish I had been a better man. Brown (with a gurgle)—I wish I had been a better swimmer.—Philadelphia Bulletin."

"Success. 'What is the key to success?' 'The ability to make people pay.' 'Pay for what they get?' 'No; pay for what you tell them they are getting.'"

"Mark of Noble Birth. In some parts of the east women of high caste wear huge bracelets, the object being to prove their noble birth by making them unable to do work of any kind. Savage races delight in all kinds of weird ornament, but it must be a high price to pay for beauty to wear two large bracelets attached to the ears—for one cannot call them earrings—and another through the cartilage of the nose. But most frequently they wear a mass of hoops on their arms and legs and are fairly content with that."

"Bright Child. 'I wish I was twins, mother, then half of me could do lessons, and half could play.'—London Punch."

"Best Point of Attack. It's no use to tell a pretty girl she is pretty; she knew that long before you did. The place to work it in with success is where a girl isn't pretty.—New York Press."

A GLIMPSE OF YOURSELF.

Get It by Reading a Gossipy Letter You Wrote Years Ago.

There is nothing more interesting than to come across unexpectedly an intimate and gossipy letter that one wrote oneself ten or fifteen years ago. In reading such a letter one is looking at oneself from the outside. The process is a good deal like looking out of the window and seeing oneself go past in the crowd. The strange part of the matter is that in reading such a document one is generally filled with a sort of pity for the fellow who wrote it. He seems to have been rather uncertain of himself. He groped for his facts and his ideas. Evidently he did not know much. He was merely an imperfect adumbration of the admirable person who is now overlooking his correspondence, eh? That is the first impression. But presently one feels differently about it. Those half baked opinions may now have hardened into dogmas. We may now be cocksure of what once we only surmised. But who is so hopelessly wrong as the cocksure man? If the person one was fifteen years ago could contemplate objectively the person one is now perhaps he would pity the purblind dogmatist more than we pity the groping experimentalist.—New York Mail.

SEE THE FUNNY SIDE.

Use Your Sense of Humor When Distressing Situations Arise.

Humor proves to be the saving clause of many a distressing situation. The trouble with most of us is that we take our troubles altogether too seriously. We fail to see the funny side of things that for the moment concern us, even though we are quick to grasp it when we are mere on-lookers.

In the face of gathered clouds that seem to shut out the sunshine forever it is not a bad idea to remind ourselves that this old mother earth has been revolving on her axis for countless ages, that generations of men have come and gone for thousands of years and that the march of human progress has gone right along in the forward direction despite what seemed to be occasional setbacks.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you." There is humor in nearly every situation if we can only see it from the right angle. Those of us who try to smile in adversity and think how much more laughable it would be if conditions were reversed at least feel less uncomfortable over it and take pleasure in looking forward to the time when the shoe will be on the other foot.—Omaha Bee.

The Road to Thrones.

In the year 1718 a girl called Marie d'Abbadie was hired as a servant in an inn at Pierrefitte, France. She was the daughter of peasants named Dominique Habas and Marie d'Abbadie. A Bearskin from the village of Boellh, whose name was Jean de Saint-Jean, stayed in this inn, saw the pretty maid, fell in love with her and on May 30, 1719, wedded her in the church at Assat. They had several daughters, the eldest of whom on Feb. 20, 1754, was married at Boellh to Henri Bernadotte, physician, son of Jean Bernadotte, master tailor. Their son was Napoleon's Marshal Bernadotte, who became king of Sweden and whose great-grandsons and great-granddaughter are respectively King Gustava V. of Sweden, King Haakon VII. of Norway and the Queen of Denmark.

Bedlam.

How many people use the expression "a regular bedlam" without knowing bedlam's "where or what." Bedlam was the popular corruption of Bethlehem, the name of an insane asylum in London, first established in 1523. Owing to the prevalent ignorance of that age, it was a place of chains and manacles and stocks and finally became so filthy and loathsome that no man could enter it. It was rebuilt several times, but even as late as 1812 the institution was marked by its cruelty to inmates. The poor lunatics were chained and flogged at certain stages of the moon's age. Treacherous floors were arranged that, slipping suddenly, precipitated the unsuspecting ones into "baths of surprise."

Two of a Kind.

Convict No. 671 (ex-burglar) leaned confidentially over to his companion, a new addition, and whispered: "What yer in for, sonny?" "Five years. And you?" "Same. Pinched a gold cup wot some one give as a prize in a race an' the thing turned out to be on'y gilt arter all. Whatcher larfin' at?" Convict 669 (ex-company promoter)—He, he! I'm the chap who gave the cup!—London Tit-Bits.

Telling Tales.

"That," said the professor, "is an Egyptian queen. She is at least 3,000 years old." "My!" exclaimed the girl with large fluffy hair. "I'll bet she'd be annoyed if she knew you were telling it."—Exchange.

Rubbing It In.

Patient (angrily)—The size of your bill makes my blood boil. Doctor—Then that will be \$20 more for sterilizing your system.—Boston Transcript.

Laying the Snare.

"For whom is she wearing black, her late husband?" "No, for her next. She knows she looks well in it."—Judge.

There is a difference between being busy and being industrious.

Try an ad. in the Daily Item, and watch results.

AIR CURRENTS.

The Forces That Operate to Make the Wind Blow.

In reference to air currents and the reasons why the wind blows the astronomer royal of England explains that air consists of gaseous particles, all trying to get away from one another, and that under certain conditions they can be compelled to come closer together by contraction or forced to fly further apart by expansion. A quart bottle, for example, holds twenty-two grains of air at the temperature of 70 degrees. If the bottle be cooled by surrounding it with ice the air inside contracts. When this occurs more air rushes in through the bottle's neck. The quart of air now weighs more than twenty-two grains. If the bottle be heated the air it contains expands, its tiny particles fly further asunder, and many of them escape from the bottle altogether. There is still a quart of air, but it weighs much less than the original twenty-two grains.

Now, consider the earth and the sea under the influence of varying degrees of the sun's heat. Where the heat is greatest the air is made lighter and expands. Where the heat is least the air is unexpanded and heavy. Both the hot and the cold air have weight, but the cold, being the heavier, is drawn more effectively down to the ground. In doing so it drives the lighter air up out of its way, just as a lump of lead dropped into a pail of water forces some of the water upward. If the earth were equally warm at every part and continued at a constant temperature wind could not exist. It "blows" because of heat and gravitation. In other words, air moves from the place where its weight or pressure is most toward the place where its weight or pressure is least.

STORIES OF ROSSINI.

His Obed of Thirteen and Friday and a Coincidence.

Rossini had scant patience with amateur composers. One such once accompanied the manuscript of his latest composition with a Stilton cheese, of which he knew Rossini to be fond. He hoped of course to have a letter praising his work. A letter came, but all it said was: "Thanks. I like the cheese very much."

When Rossini was rehearsing one of his operas in a small theater in Italy he noticed that the horn was out of tune.

"Who is that playing the horn in such an unbold way?" he demanded. "It is I," said a tremulous voice.

"Ah, it is you, is it? Well, go right home." It was his own father.

Rossini's whimsicality extended even to his birthday. Having been born on Feb. 29, in leap year, he had of course a birthday only once in four years, and when he was seventy-two he facetiously invited his friends to celebrate his eighteenth birthday.

All his life he had a dread of the number thirteen, as well as of Fridays. He never would invite more than twelve to dinner, and once when he had fourteen he made sure of an understudy who would, at a moment's notice, have been ready to come should one guest have missed. And, though this was a double superstition, he died on Friday, Nov. 13.—New York Sun.

An Unforeseen Calamity.

In his own mind Abel Saunders was a man marked out by destiny for misfortune; in the minds of his neighbors it was a wonder that such a shiftless man got on as well as Abel did.

When he appeared at the door of the resident who had ordered a dozen eggs the night before he unfolded a much rumpled paper and took from it four eggs.

"That's all there is left o' what I started with," he said lugubriously. "If 't had been anybody but me they'd 've got here all right. But the four little holes that was in the bottom o' the bag—I saw 'em, but there wasn't any one of 'em half big enough for an egg to come through—if they didn't all join together when I was most over here! If I hadn't 've been as spry as a man like me has to learn to be I couldn't have saved ye a single egg!"—Youth's Companion.

Gave the Tiger His Arm.

The late Sir Edward Bradford was a great figure in British official life, especially in the Indian service. Sir Edward was a splendid huntsman. Although possessing only one arm, he rode a most spirited horse. The occasion on which he lost his left arm furnishes an example of his presence of mind and the cool bravery which were his characteristic traits. He was out tiger shooting in the jungle when knocked down by a tiger. Instead of struggling with the animal, he permitted it to maul his arm so as to let one of his party shoot it.

Her Own Worst Worry.

"You say she worries herself unnecessarily over trifling things?" said one of two women who were speaking about the ways of another. "Worries?" was the answer. "Why, she's more trouble to herself than a family of children!"—New York Sun.

Easy.

White—Have you any trouble in making both ends meet? Green—Not a bit. The end of my money and the end of the week always come at the same time.—Harper's Bazar.

All the Details.

Lawyer—Where did he kiss you? She—On the mouth, sr. Lawyer—Oh, no! Where were you? She—In his arms.—Variety Life.

It is a wise man who knows his own business, and it is a wiser man who thoroughly attends to it.—Wayland.

Mr. Wilton Barrett, of Conway, is in the city for a few days stay.

ARABIAN COURTSHIP.

Sworn Secrecy Envelops the Wooing and Winning of the Girl.

An Arab loves as none but an Arab can love, but he is also mightily excitable and easily won. An Arab sees a girl bearing water on her head and in a moment, almost at a glance, is as madly in love as if he had passed years of courtship. He thinks of nothing else, cares and dreams of nothing else but the girl he loves, and not infrequently, if he is disappointed in his affection, he pines and dies. In order to commence his suit he sends for a member of the girl's tribe and first insuring his secrecy by a solemn oath, confesses his love and entreats his confidant to arrange an interview.

The confidant goes to the girl, gives her a flower or a blade of grass and says:

"Swear by him who made this flower and us also that you will not reveal to any one that which I am about to unfold to you."

If the girl will not accept the proposal she will not take the oath, but nevertheless keeps the matter perfectly secret from all. If she is favorably disposed to the match she answers:

"I swear by him who made the flower you hold and us," and the place and time of meeting are settled. These oaths are never broken, and it is not long before the ardent lover becomes the happy husband.

TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.

He Was Willing to Stand For a Dollar, and He Did.

It was 8:30, and the theater was crowded.

"What have you left?" a prospective purchaser inquired of the treasurer.

"How many, sir?" The treasurer asked.

"Two."

"I have two left in the twelfth row," the treasurer said, taking the tickets from the rack. "They're the last two seats I have in the house."

"How much?" the other asked cautiously.

"Two dollars," was the reply.

"Two dollars!" the patron repeated. "I can't stand for that."

"Well, will you stand for a dollar?" the ticket dispenser inquired.

"Gladly," the other cried, scenting a bargain and laying a dollar on the ledge.

The treasurer replaced the two tickets in his rack and handed out two others after placing the bill in his cash drawer.

"There they are, str," he said. "First door to your right."

The man and his friend hurried inside and "stood" for a dollar. The wily treasurer, taking him at his word, had sold him two admission tickets.—Lippincott's.

History of the Sardine.

The sardine has been honored with a history, the writer being no less a personage than a member of the Societe Academique of Nantes. The sardine in the early days was brought in in small boats. Then came a police ordinance in 1738 in the interest of the poorer classes against the monopolist. Owing to the police ordinance the sardine was a source of livelihood to the Bretons, Joseph Cillin, whose name is still revered in Nantes, first prepared the fish with oil. His venture was a great success, and he had many imitators. In 1835 there was something like a crisis in the sardine industry. Millet, who was the chief curer, had his factory indicted as a nuisance, but the difficulty was overcome by removing it from the center of the town to the shore. Although the fame of the sardine was firmly established, it was only in 1835 that it received its apotheosis. Then it was shown in the Paris exhibition.—London Globe.

Something to Show.

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Mr. Sillicus angrily, "that you actually ordered \$10 worth of groceries of a total stranger at prices less than any wholesale dealer can buy them and paid for them in advance?"

"Yes, that's what I said," replied his better half.

"And you hadn't sense enough to see that it was a barefaced swindle!" roared Sillicus. "Well, your money's gone now, and you have nothing to show for it."

"Why, yes, I have, John," said his wife. "I have the man's receipt for the money."—Lippincott's.

A Big Job.

"That is old Jed Wombat, our oldest inhabitant."

"Why doesn't he get his whiskers trimmed?"

"Well, he does start a dicker with the barber every winter, but they ain't never been able to reach no agreement yet."—Washington Herald.

His Cure.

"I have cured myself by learning to chew my fool."

"What have you cured yourself of?"

"The belief that if I remained away from the office for more than ten minutes at lunch time everything would go to the dickens."—Chicago Record.

Forgot His "First Aid."

"But how does she know that he doesn't love her?"

"She fainted away the other evening, and he didn't kiss her before he bolted for help."—Houston Post.

As a Last Resort.

Mother—I saw you kissing my daughter.

"Yes, but only out of desperation. I couldn't think of anything to say to her."—Fliegende Blatter.

Mr. Hugh Belsler, of Silver, spent Friday in the city.

LICENSE ORDINANCE ADOPTED.

Council Holds Long Meeting and Had Much Discussion Over Adoption of Ordinance.

City Council Thursday night held a very long and hard session over the license ordinance for 1912, which after quite a number of changes had been made in it, was finally adopted. There are few changes made from the ordinance of this year and these changes are more of arrangement than of anything else. One change made throughout the whole ordinance is the graduation of it according to law.

The only other thing discussed by Council was the sweeping of the streets at night, and Mr. Booth was instructed to get a street sweeper for this purpose.

The ordinance for 1912 is all arranged in classes, the various kinds of businesses coming under classes suitable to them alone. The various classes are also arranged according to the amount of capital invested in the business and in the amount of business done during the year. The arrangement was so made that all of the big and small business people would be treated alike.

Some of the things on which discussions were held were in regard to the license on publishers and job printers, on cotton buyers and receivers, on telephone companies and exchanges and on railroads and a number of other occupations. The Mayor stated that he differed from the city attorney on a number of points in the framing of the license, but that he thought on the whole it was about as good as any that they could get.

CRIMINAL COURT PROCEEDINGS.

Motion for a New Trial in McCoy Case—I. T. Davis Found Not Guilty.

There was little done in the court of general sessions Thursday except the winding up of the I. T. Davis case and the beginning of the R. M. Bateman case.

After being out a short time the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty in the case against I. T. Davis. The case was one for disposing of crop under lien.

A motion was entered on the minutes of the court Thursday by Mr. Jennings for a new trial in the case against Allen McCoy, who was convicted of murder, with recommendation to mercy.

Marriage License Record.

A marriage license was granted Thursday to Mr. Elias Wilson Wither-spoun of Florence, and Miss Caroline Elizabeth Winn of Sumter.

A negro couple to secure a license Thursday was James Dawson, Jr., of Dalzell, and Wilhelmina Roach of Providence.

The heavy receipts of cotton have made the work of the public cotton weighers much heavier than ever before and many who have cotton to weigh are kept waiting in line for their turn on the platform the greater part of the day. Friday, for instance, the public weighers handled 1,119 bales of cotton and some of the cotton wagons were in line for more than six hours before their cotton was weighed. It is a full day's work for two men to weigh this amount of cotton and the weighers are doubtless exerting themselves to weigh the cotton as rapidly as possible, but it is nevertheless a great hardship for the farmers have to wait all day to have the cotton weighed and there is great complaint. The writer is not prepared to prescribe the remedy, but if it is possible steps should be taken to increase the number of scales and weighers when there is so much cotton on the market. If the farmers want to sell their cotton in Sumter it should be made easy for them to do so. If the dissatisfaction over the congested condition at the cotton platform and the loss of time in having cotton weighed continues the market will get the black eye and other towns will get the cotton that always would otherwise come here. There ought not to be any difficulty in arranging for two more assistant weighers on days when their services are needed.

Thursday another electric arch was erected from the Lyric to Burns Hardware Co. and Friday morning another one was put up from Levy & Moses to the Hearn Drug company's store.

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