

BEST PARAGRAPHS.

Some travelers are so blasé that they think the river Rhone a chestnut. It is hard to pay a three-year-old bill—if you haven't the money. Everything goes by contraries in China, particularly the women. While we are in the grip of the ice king South America is in the grip of the ice man. Which would lose by a trade? Especially does the man who sells goods on the installment plan love a lover. Lives of great men remind us that they have their failings when written by their private secretaries. It depends on whether you are going to bed or getting up if 2 o'clock a. m. is early or late.



Truth is stranger than fiction when the fishermen hand it out. Since the laying of the Pacific cable the earth may be said to be wearing an electric belt, and we will see whether it is cured of earthquakes and such internal disorders. A congressman is apt to consider his constituents as a necessary evil. A political economist who uses words of less than six syllables receives no consideration. Were the weather not always on hand as a topic of conversation some people might as well be deaf and dumb. The man with a new sealskin cap takes the open winter as a personal affront. Pride goes before a fall, but not to soften the way. No man who turns his cuffs is a gentleman in the eyes of the laundryman.

The Opportune Time.

When stock is going high, Then buy; Before it drops pell-mell, Then sell. He who can know How it will go Won't have to grind his life away At three per day. Their Bread Was Buttered. "All of the great stars have been listed," complained the young astronomer, "and there is nothing left for us to discover but the minor ones." "It appears to me," said the sympathetic friend, "that the ancient astronomers have taken the cream off the Milky Way." It Is Their Turn. Sweet the season, kind the fate, Prospects bright, disclosure; Gentlemen must sit and wait; Ladies are proposing. Hush, my palpitating heart; Calm your restless measure; When the ladies play the part, You may get a treasure. Christmas comes but once a year, Leap year's even rarer; In the time of bliss that's here You may be a sharer. What your faint heart couldn't do, Not for love or money, Some sweet girl may venture to And may be your honey. To the awkward and the shy Who seem doomed forever To escape the marriage tie It is now or never, And the man of modest parts— Saint or woeeful sinner— May get to the games of hearts And become a winner. Leap year comes but once in four; Would the time were shorter; Were there of them three years more Who would cry for quarter? Listen! Some one at the gate Is the latch undoing; Maybe Mabel, Jane or Kate, Come to practice wooing.

IT'S A STAYER.

Comes Quickly, But It Comes To Stay. How A Union Citizen Got Rid Of It.

Comes early, stays late. No stranger can be more unwelcome. Makes life a misery all day long. Keeps you awake nights. Irritates you; spoils your temper. Do you know this unwelcome guest? Ever have it come and stay with you? Know what it is? Eczema. If you ever had any itching of the skin you know hard it is to shake it off. You would like to know how to do it. Let a Union man tell you. Read his statement that follows: J. B. Neal, mill operator of 15 Mill Street, says, "I had a very bad sore on my left leg which bothered me for the past ten or twelve years. I consulted different physicians about it, and they each gave me some salve for it, but it would not heal up. It itched all the time and was very annoying, and I scratched it until it would bleed and then it would discharge a yellowish matter for days and weeks at a time and by very sore. I learned of Doan's Ointment, and procured a box at the Holmes Pharmacy. I found it to be a most valuable salve. It has cured up the sore entirely and only left the scar." For sale by all dealers. Price 50c per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—DOAN'S—and take no other.

MAKING CLAY PIPES.

A BUSINESS ABOUT WHICH MOST PEOPLE KNOW VERY LITTLE. The Process of Manufacture Is Not So Simple as Might Be Imagined From the Low Price of the Finished Product—How They Are Made. Among the little things seen in daily life about which most people know very little is the common, ordinary clay pipe. In almost every cigar shop window, in the mouth of every third laborer met and even in the nursery this snow white little instrument of comfort and amusement may be seen, yet few know, for instance, that most of the clay pipes sold in this city of domestic make are manufactured in New Jersey. Woodbridge is the name of the queer little town given over to this odd manufacture, and a trip through one of the factories of that settlement, to follow the pipe from the time it is dug as clay to the time it appears ready for the market, is interesting.

Looking at the chunks and lumps of clay as they are transported from the banks to the factories, one would hardly believe that the snowy, cheap little article could have been manufactured from material so different in color. The color of this clay before it is burned is dark gray, like cement; nor is the process of manufacturing one of these pipes as simple as might be imagined from the absurdly low price. As the clay comes into the factory it is divided finely and put to soak in water for ten to twelve hours. This soaking is to divide the clay to its smallest possible particles so that in the ensuing process it will not cake or lump and will work smoothly and evenly. This attained, the clay is put into a "pug" mill, where it is stirred by machinery until it gets stiffer and stiffer, finally becoming as stiff as dough. In this state the clay is roughly molded into lumps and distributed among the pipemakers, who begin the first step in the life of the humble creation. Grasping a small chunk of clay in each hand, the artist begins work to fashion roughly two pipes at the same time. Rolling the clay between a table and his palms, he quickly produces two carrot shaped and pointed rolls that bear little or no resemblance to the article when it shall be finished. With incredible speed the fashioning of these rolls continues, for ahead of the expert is the problem of manufacturing something like seventy-five gross of pipes within the week. Then the rolls are put away to dry somewhat, and for ten or twelve hours they stiffen so that once shaped they will not fall readily to pieces. After that the clay is ready for molding. The ordinary mold consists of two pieces of iron hinged on the side and opening like a sewing box. Most of the little factories have numerous molds, from the common, unadorned sort that comes in two pieces and is intended for the ordinary plain pipe to all sorts of elaborate patterns that come in six or eight pieces and are made of brass and intended to fashion pipes in imitation of wooden models that happen to be in vogue. The pipemaker grasps one of the shapeless rolls, tilts the fat end upward, which at once gives the suggestion of a pipe, and runs a wire through the pointed end, out of which the stem is to be pressed.

This roughly fashioned clay is then put into the mold, which is jammed shut, while at the same time a plunger is pressed to enter the mold and to press out the clay so as to form the bowl. With a dull knife the clay pressed out at the side of the mold is shaved off with a single lightning stroke by the expert, and then once more there must be a drying process, this time in a room heated to about 85 degrees, where, as before, the pipe is kept for twelve hours. Except that the pipe is of its original gray color and soft and supplied with the "burs" where the molded ends are joined, it is now practically finished. Then comes the process of shaving off the burs. At this stage the pipe still retains considerable dampness, so that the clay may be cut smoothly, while at the same time a wire is again drawn through the stem, so as to insure proper draft. All is now ready for the pipe in its final state except that it needs to be burned. For this purpose it is put into a cylindrical vessel twelve inches high and as much in diameter. This is known as a "sagger." Set one against the other, the pipes are adjusted solidly in the sagger, which will hold something like a gross of pipes properly packed. If the pipes consist of the more fancy designs—that is, merely pipe bowls that are to be provided with mouthpieces of wood or rubber—the sagger will hold as many as two gross of pipes. Nine of these sagger filled with pipes are known as a stand, and a medium sized kiln will hold twenty-one stands and will burn them all at the same time. For five hours the heat in the kiln is kept at a moderate temperature. After that it is allowed to run up until at the end of twelve or fourteen hours it is driven to a white heat, which gives the pipes their spotless white finish.—New York Times.

The Farm.

Every farmer should own his farm. If he cannot own a large one, let him own what he can and gradually increase the size. Land ownership conduces to happiness, contentment and restfulness. One of the greatest hindrances to the prosperity of the tenant is that he is compelled to move frequently and therefore cannot accumulate.—Maxwell's Tallyman.

Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so.—Chesterfield.

Coughs

"My wife had a deep-seated cough for three years. I purchased two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, large size, and it cured her completely."—J. H. Burge, Macon, Col. Probably you know of cough medicines that relieve little coughs, all coughs, except deep ones! The medicine that has cured the worst of deep coughs for 60 years is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. An inactive liver prevents any cough medicine from doing its best work. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

The Humorous Suabiana.

"Next to the Americans," said Mac Nordau, "I think that the Suabians are the most humorous people in the world. A Suabian if he has nothing funny to say keeps silent. Stupidity is unknown among this race. "One night in Suabia in my early youth I called on a Suabian maiden. She was very pretty. Perhaps I stayed longer than I should. Suddenly, at any rate, the young girl's mother called in a loud voice from upstairs: "Gretchen! Gretchen!" "Yes, mother," Gretchen answered. "Gretchen, it is very cold here. Will you ask that young man to shut the front door from the outside?"

An Unselfish Husband.

Conjurer (pointing to his cabinet)—Ladies and gentlemen, I now call your attention to the 'great illusion' of the evening. I will ask any lady in the audience to step on the stage and enter the cabinet. I will then close the door. When I open it again, the lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace. Husband (to his wife)—Matilda, my love, do oblige the gentleman and walk up.—London Telegraph.

Always Had It.

"Has your husband a birthmark or anything of that kind by which he may be identified?" asked the detective. The deserted wife reflected a moment. "Yes, sir," she said. "He has a sort of hangdog look on his face, and it was born with him, I guess."—Chicago Tribune.

Ready For It.

Professor Longhair—"It has been demonstrated beyond question that this continent is sinking. Miss De Style—Oh, well, we've got a yacht.—New York Weekly.

Good Stuffing.

Jack—Once more, Molly, will you marry me? Village Belle—"For the thirtieth time this hour I tell you I will not. Jack—Well, thirteen knots an hour ain't bad sailing for a little craft like you.—London Tit-Bits.

Tragedy Averted.

"Just in the nick of time our little boy was saved," writes Mrs. Watkins, of Pleasant City, Ohio. "Pneumonia had played sad havoc with him, and a terrible cough set in besides. Doctors treated him, but he grew worse every day. At length we tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and our darling was saved. He's now sound and well." Everybody ought to know, it is the only sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Lung diseases. Guaranteed by F. C. Duke, Druggist. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

Crops, Gizzards and Stomachs.

Insects are oddly constructed atoms of animated nature, as a rule, and it depends altogether on the species as to internal makeup. In bees the crop is called the honey bag. Insects with mandibles usually have a modified form of the "gizzard" so typical in the common barnyard fowl. In some cases this miniature "gizzard" is a perfect wonder shop, its inner surface being provided with "pads" covered with "horns" and "bristles" in great profusion. The grasshopper's "gizzard" is lined with innumerable rows of teeth, very minute, of course, but well developed, true teeth, nevertheless. The same may be said of crickets and other insects of that ilk.

Age of Matter or Earth.

An eminent scientist's estimate of the age of the world is "not so great as 40,000,000 years, possibly as little as 20,000,000 years, probably 30,000,000 years." As not even the greatest scientists have been able to find out within 10,000,000 or 15,000,000 years how old Mother Earth is, it must be confessed that she keeps the secret of her age quite as well as do her charming daughters. The scientists may at last come to the conclusion that, like the others, she is "only as old as she looks."—Baltimore Sun.

More Riots.

Disturbances of strikers are not nearly as grave as an individual disorder of the system. Overwork, loss of sleep, nervous tension will be followed by utter collapse, unless a reliable remedy is immediately employed. There's nothing so efficient to cure disorders of the Liver or Kidneys as Electric Bitters. It's a wonderful tonic, and effective nerve and the greatest all around medicine for run down systems. It dispels Nervousness, Rheumatism, and Neuralgia and expels Malaria germs. Only 50c, and satisfaction guaranteed by F. C. Duke, Druggist.

GRANT'S SYMPATHY.

Tribute of a Southern Woman to the General's Kindly Nature. The sympathetic side of General Grant's nature, as every one knows, was very strong. A few days after the surrender of Vicksburg a southern lady hurried to his quarters to ask for information about her husband, of whose safety she had heard conflicting reports. The general replied that he could not give her the information she desired, but that he would send an orderly at once to find out the facts for her. When the man returned with the news that her husband was safe the southern woman's eyes filled with tears of gratitude, while tears of sympathy showed on the cheeks of General Grant. On another occasion—it was years after—at a banquet in Vicksburg given him when he was making a tour of the southern states, one was heard expressing her gratitude to him for past kindnesses. As he replied to her two tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. For little children and old people General Grant showed special sympathy. Many who were small foes in those days remembered his way of drawing them to him and impressing a kiss on cheek or brow. One old lady who afflicted her friends by her propensity for smoking was often the recipient of a good cigar from him. The gift was fully appreciated, as the general's stock was always of the best. When he was ill in Washington she sent him some wild flowers "from the hills of Vicksburg," for which a letter of thanks was promptly returned. Subsequently, when she visited Washington, she was kindly received by the president, who, to her delight, presented her with some more of his good cigars.—Helen Gray in Leslie's Weekly.

His Theory.

"It is better to rule by love than fear," said the gentle philosopher. "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "it is people's love of money that has made life easy for me."—Washington Star.

It Saved His Leg.

P. A. Danforth of LaGrange, Ga., suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in five days. For Ulcers, Wounds, Piles, it's the best salve in the world. Only 25 cts. Sold by F. C. Duke, druggist.

IT IS COMING.

No, dear; That noise you hear When you place your ear 'To the ground Is no mysterious profound. The sound As of great guns and toy pistols, a confusion of tongues, Deep notes from leather lungs, All having the general effect of a debate Between a great Siren whistle and rolling mills That fills The frightened air of the future, is easy to explain. This is campaign Year, And the queer And unearthly noises you hear Are simply the advance echo of a free people electing their chief magistrate. Isn't it great? No, you are wrong; It wouldn't put it quite that straight. It isn't the ones who make the greatest din Who win. At least, our laws Do not recognize that as sufficient cause For seating a man. But they always plan To invest In as much noise as the other fellow So there will be no contest On that score. Every four Years we break out and the sound jars The universe clear to Mars. We're so highly civilized, That's why We raise 44 kinds of Cain. So do not complain Or flee in dismay Because it is just our way.



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Two Expensive Banquets.

The costliest meal ever served, according to history, was a supper given by Elius Verus, one of the most lavish of all the Romans of the latter days, to a dozen guests. The cost was 6,000 sesteria, which would amount to \$242,500. A celebrated feast given by Vitellius, a Roman emperor of those days, to his brother Lucius cost a little more than \$200,000. Suetonius says that the banquet consisted of 2,000 different dishes of fish and 7,000 different fowls besides other courses.

Shifting Eyes.

No matter of what color, beware of the eyes that have no desire to look you full in the face. There is something wrong behind the shifting, uneasy glance, and the owner of such optics will prove to be unworthy of trust. Read well the signs, for if actions speak louder than words eyes speak even louder than actions, and to be forewarned is to be forearmed.

Reversing the Adage.

"I the bride in tears, Sighs and things that are fierce, but George will not see," she sobbed miserably. "You must first make him love you. The way to a man's stomach is through his heart," they said, for they were worldly wise.—Puck.

Appearances Deceive.

Sometimes a river's bed seems hard. Yet on its way it sings. For, though it may be formed of rock, Yet it has lots of springs.

Working Overtime.

Eight hour laws are ignored by those tireless, little workers.—Dr. King's New Life Pills. Millions are always at work night and day, curing indigestion, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, and all stomach, liver and bowel troubles. Easy, pleasant, safe sure. Only 25c at F. C. Duke's drug store.

Irrecoverable Waste. The utilization of what formerly were considered waste products and the re-arrangement of materials from a used up state to a new condition of service-ability have in recent times been developed to such a degree of completeness that we are scarcely prepared to admit that anything is ever irrecoverably lost. In this respect we believe in the conservation of material just as we have long been taught to believe in the law of conservation of energy. From a purely practical point of view, however, some things certainly may be so completely lost to further use that their loss may well be considered absolute, and one of these is the metal lost in the wear of railway rolling stock brasses. For the speculator in copper values, the promoter of a copper "corner" to use the broker's cant, the copper which has gone into railway brasses need have no terror. It is not likely ever to be available again in full measure. It is dissipated so completely, in part at least, that its practical recovery is not likely to receive much serious consideration. From the best available deductions on the subject it appears that 5 per cent of the annual copper production of the world disappears in this way every year.—Cassier's.

Flat Wheels.

"Flat wheel," growled the old retired conductor as the trolley car in which he sat went thumping along at twelve miles an hour, shaking the passengers uncomfortably at every revolution of the wheels. "What makes flat wheels?" asked the man sitting next to the conductor. "Fools," said the conductor. "It's his way: If a man doesn't know how to stop his car he makes a flat wheel. On the steam roads some brakemen flatten a wheel every time they put on a brake. When the wheel suddenly stops revolving and the momentum of the train carries it along the wheel slides along the track, and a flat is started. Next stop makes it worse, and so it goes until the wheel is no good. If a brakeman knows his business he need never make a flat wheel unless he has to suddenly avoid an accident. If he keeps his wheels turning slowly they don't flatten. Now, these fellows on the trolleys take no care at all, and every other car in some places has a flat wheel."—Washington Star.

The Khyengs' First Woman.

The Khyengs of Burma are probably the only race or tribe of people that have any tradition of the origin of the human race that do not have a man or male human being in some way connected with that important event. The Khyeng genesis opens in this wise: "In the beginning of the world, after the sun, moon and stars had appeared, the earth by its own inherent power of productivity brought forth a female creature, which was called Hiceneu. She laid 100 eggs and hatched them in cotton wool, and from them sprang 100 human beings, the progenitors of the different races." The least that can be said of this curious belief is that it is a fine illustration of the multiple theory as applied to the origin of the human race.

Tools of the Ancients.

An investigator who lived during two years in a tomb at Gizeh collected evidence to prove that the tools used in working stone 4,000 years ago had jeweled cutting edges like modern tools. He says that the builders of the pyramids used solid and tubular tools, straight and circular saws and many other tools supposed to be modern. In some specimens of granite a drill had sunk one-tenth of an inch at each revolution, indicating that the pressure was at least two tons. Nothing is known of the material of the tools. As the diamond was scarce then, it is probable that corundum was used.

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Citation to Kindred and Creditors. State of South Carolina, County of Union. By Jason M. Greer, Esq., Probate Judge. Whereas, Bessie Riggins and W. G. Riggins have made suit to me to grant them Letters of Administration on the Estate of and effects of J. Meeks Riggins, deceased. These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said J. Meeks Riggins, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Union C. H., South Carolina, on the 12th day of March, next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my hand and seal this 25th day of February, Anno Domini, 1904. JASON M. GREER, Probate Judge. Published on the 26th day of Feb., 1904, in UNION TIMES. 9-2t.

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