

Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgotten we say again— Forget it Not Uneeda Biscuit 5¢

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Don't forget
Graham Crackers
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NATURE'S WARNING.

Union People Must Recognize and Heed It.

Kidney ills comes quietly—mysteriously. But nature always warns you through the urine. Notice the kidney secretions. See if the color is unhealthy— If there are settlements and sediment, Passages too frequent, scanty, painful. It's time then to use Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have done great work in Union. J. H. Lindsey, residing on Spring street, says: "I have been troubled with a very lame back for quite awhile. The kidney secretions were dark and full of brick-dust sediment and caused me great inconvenience, especially at night, by causing me to get out of bed so often. My back pained from my hips to my shoulder blades with a constant pain which at night would awaken me. I did everything I knew of, put on plasters and liniments, used bottle after bottle of medicine, but nothing helped me so much until I got Doan's Kidney Pills at Holmes Pharmacy. They acted like a charm and after using them the first day I went to bed and rested splendidly all night. Since using Doan's Kidney Pills I have not had the backache. I also tried Doan's Gintment for itching hemorrhoids from which I had suffered for years. It is impossible to express the suffering I endured, but this wonderful medicine gave me instant relief. I also used it for a sore which it completely cured. I would not be without Doan's Ointment if it cost ten times what it does."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Always Liberal to Churches.

Every church will be given a liberal quantity of L. & M. paint. Call for it. 4 gallons Longman & Martinez L. & M. Paint mixed with three gallons linseed oil, will paint a house.

W. B. Barr, Charleston, W. Va., writes: "Painted Frankenburg block with L. & M. stands out as though varnished."

Wears and covers like gold. Don't pay \$1.50 a gallon for linseed oil, which you do in ready-for-use paint. Buy oil fresh from barrel at 60 cents per gallon and mix it with L. & M. Paint. It makes paint cost about \$1.20 per gallon. Sold by Union Hardware Co., Union; J. L. McWhirter, Jonesville; B. G. Wilburn & Son, Cross Keys.

Union & Glenn Springs Railroad Co.

Time Table Effective Aug. 1, 1905.

Leave Union 7 a. m. 1.00, 4.00 and 8.10 p. m.
Arrive Buffalo 7.15 a. m. 1.15, 4.15 and 8.25 p. m.
Leave Buffalo 8.15 a. m. 1.15, 5.00 and 8.30 p. m.
Arrive Union 8.30 a. m. 2.00, 5.15 and 8.45 p. m.
Leave Union 9.00 a. m. and 5.25 p. m.
Pass Neal Shoals 9.50 a. m. and 6.10 p. m. Arrive Pride 10.15 a. m. and 6.35 p. m.
Leave Pride 10.35 a. m. and 6.50 p. m.
Pass Neal Shoals 11.00 a. m. and 7.10 p. m. Arrive Union 11.50 a. m. and 8.00 p. m.

All trains daily unless otherwise noted. Week days only. Saturdays and Sundays only.

Connection made at Pride with Seaboard Air Line through trains South bound in the morning and North bound in the evening.

Interchangeable mileage sold by the Seaboard Air Line will be honored by the U. & G. S. R. R.

M. B. SUMMER, Gen. Pass. Agent.

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It would have been incredible brutality if Chas. F. Lember, of Syracuse, N. Y., had not done the best he could for his suffering son. "My boy," he says, "cut a fearful gash over his eye, which quickly healed it and saved his eye." Good for burns and ulcers, too. Only 25c at Dr. F. C. Duke's drug store.

Examination for Teachers' Certificates.

The regular examination for teachers' certificates of qualification will be held at Union Friday, September 15th, 1905. County Superintendent's office for whites and court house for colored applicants.

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Arkansas, Louisiana, and the great South-west reached by the Cotton Belt Route. You can purchase very cheap round trip "Home Seeker" tickets at Atlanta, Birmingham, Anniston, Montgomery and certain other points any first or third Tuesday. Tickets bear a final return limit of 21 days, and allow stop overs any point west of Memphis. Ask for tickets to read by Memphis and The Cotton Belt. Write L. P. SMITH, Trav. Pass. Agt., Atlanta, Ga.

HIS SOCIAL EXPERIMENT

By Willard Wall Wheeler

Copyright, 1905, by W. W. Wheeler

"Well, that spoils the evening for me," observed Strong gloomily, fingering a note which said that the grip would prevent a certain young lady from attending the opera that night. "Sorry Gladys is sick. No; confound it if I am! These eleventh hour excuses are getting too frequent. I won't stand for it. I wonder if Elizabeth Miller will go," he mused, continuing his dressing. "No; I'll stay at home tonight. What right has a girl to make a fellow miserable anyhow? I—come in."

"And here's your mendin', Mr. Howard," said the young woman who entered. She addressed him according to a custom in his family before the death of his parents had driven him into an apartment house, where he had found a position for the faithful servant.

"Thank you, Mary," said Strong without pausing in his wrestling bout with a collar button. "Mary, I have a couple of extra tickets for the theater tonight. Can't you get Pat to take you?"

"It's always Pat you're a-teazin' me about, Mr. Howard, and there ain't a Pat—not for me. I ain't pretty enough, and then, I'm thirty-five. Sure, it's many a year since I've seen a theater. All our money goes to the doctor. I'd have to go alone."

"No, Mary; you must not be neglected in that fashion," he said, turning abruptly from the mirror. "Let me be Pat tonight."

"Oh, Mr. Howard, I couldn't—it wouldn't—no, sir. Oh, Mr. Howard, it's jokin' you are, after all," she exclaimed as a smile spread over his face.

"No, Mary, I never was more serious in my life. I am going to give you, Mary McGinnis, the best time of your life. Put on your best bonnet and be ready by a quarter to 8. You live at—"

"On Third avenue, 2736, back, three flights up. But, Mr. Howard—"

"No excuses, Mary. Now goodbye, or we'll both be late." Throughout dinner at the club that night Strong's face repeatedly relaxed at the oddity of his experiment. Its unconventional did not worry him, for the wealth and social position of the Strong's put him beyond the stings of criticism.

"Opera tonight, Strong?" drawled young Castlewood, whom he particularly detested, descending into a vacant seat.

"No; had planned to surprise Gladys Hastings with that new play—Manton's—for a change, but she's sick. However—"

"Well, you needn't waste any time asking Elizabeth Miller," laughed Castlewood, "for I'm going to take her myself."

"Oh, don't worry," replied Strong, nettled.

"No offense, old man; knew you were inclined in that direction, though between two fires at present. But, by the way," he added, alighting a parting thrust, "I hear that Count de Migny arrived here today en route for San Francisco. Guess you've heard Gladys speak of him. Keep your eye on him. He's a clever chap."

"Smooth might better describe him. I know absolutely that he's bogus," replied Strong.

"Oh, have it your way," drawled Castlewood, departing. Strong was between two fires, and, knowing it, resented all the more these insinuations. Which disturbed him more, the thought of Castlewood's recent marked attention to Elizabeth or the arrival of the count, he could not determine.

At first Mary was ill at ease that night with Strong, the luxurious carriage, his evening dress and polished manners being strange to her, but his gentleness soon put her at ease. On the way he stopped at a florist's.

"These violets are for you, Mary, and the roses for another nice young lady who is ill," he explained.

"Thanks, Mr. Howard, and it's the lady with the beautiful eyes that is sick? Oh, I am so sorry!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, she has beautiful eyes, Mary, but where did you see her?"

"At the tea you gave in your apartments last year. She thinks everything of you, Mr. Howard. I could see that plain, and if she grows up to be as fine looking as her mother, why, you'll—"

"But her mother was not there," he said, coming to her rescue.

"Oh, yes, she kept saying Elizabeth this and Elizabeth that. She—"

"But I'm not talking about Elizabeth. These flowers are for Miss Hastings, the girl with the heavy auburn hair," replied Strong, amused.

"Oh, I remember her," she said disappointedly. "I'm so sorry. I thought it was—I mean—oh, I don't know what I mean. I'm an old goose, Mr. Howard," she finally exclaimed, much distressed.

"They were now at the Hastingses, where Strong had ordered the coachman to stop.

"How is Miss Hastings?" Strong inquired at the door.

"Why—why— Oh, she's better," replied the well drilled man, recovering himself. Strong left the flowers and returned to the carriage with strange misgivings.

Strong did not heed the many wondering glances his friends cast in his direction that night, for he was doing his best to make it a red letter occasion for Mary. Moreover, he was hav-

ing a heart to heart talk with himself, in which two young women prominently figured. What Mary said and did in a situation new to her is another story, but when it was over she sighed as if waking from a beautiful dream.

"Hello, Strong! Got her, after all, I see," came to his ears as they were entering the foyer. Turning, he saw Castlewood with Elizabeth Miller.

"How are you, Elizabeth?" he inquired. "Miss Miller, let me present Miss McGinnis, and Mr. Castlewood—Miss McGinnis." Castlewood, gazing in wonder, forgot to bow, but Elizabeth greeted Mary cordially. It was a friend of Strong. That was sufficient for her. Soon they passed on.

"Oh, Mr. Howard! That's the girl with the beautiful eyes," exclaimed Mary. "Ain't she handsome though! And you don't care—"

"I have not said I didn't care, Mary," he said simply, but earnestly.

"And, oh, Mr. Howard, there is the girl with the auburn hair, too!" she interrupted. "Why, I thought she was the sick one."

"Gladys Hastings," involuntarily came to his lips as he followed Mary's gaze. In a moment he was opposite her and their eyes had met.

"Oh, Howard—I—I—I thought we—I thought you were going to the opera!" she exclaimed in confusion. "You see, the count came, and I was so much better I couldn't disappoint him, as he is here in New York only for one evening. But, pardon—let me present Mr. Strong—Count de Migny." And then her eyes wandered haughtily to Mary.

"And let me introduce the Duchesse of Kilkenny—Miss Hastings and Count de Migny," said Strong gravely, though smiling inwardly. The count's French manners brought forth a low bow, while Gladys scarcely nodded.

"And wasn't that the girl?" asked the mystified Mary when they were in the carriage.

"Yes," Strong replied, but he was silent for a long time.

"She was so uppish to me," Mary finally ventured, "while Miss Miller treated me as if I was a real lady."

"And you are, Mary—a thousand times the lady that some one thinks she is," he said seriously.

"But why did you call me duchesse?"

"That was a little joke on the bogus count," he replied, his face relaxing. "That will make both of them think a bit. But here we are at your home. And you say your father is too ill to work, and you support the family? Well, you are a noble girl, and I don't half appreciate the way you look after me and my apartments," he said as he assisted her from the carriage and slipped a fifty dollar bill into her hand.

"Thanks, Mr. Howard," she said gratefully, thinking it was her monthly tip of \$5. "This will help father a lot. Mr. Howard, you've given me the best time I ever had."

"You're wrong. It's been a selfish pleasure for me, I fear. I took you as an experiment, and a lucky one it's proved. You have helped to open my eyes to the true woman—the woman of my heart. I can never forget that. Good night."

"Psychological Influences." "I can't understand what has made me so thirsty all of a sudden," exclaimed the staid passenger on the through train.

"Easy enough," replied the drummer. "We have just crossed the line into a prohibition state."

"Almost a Miracle." The claim of miracles, they say, With modern thought won't fit. Still, things you can't account for may Occur at times along the way, As when they raise a fellow's pay Before he asks for it.

Many a man would go to work except that his wife is willing to stand for his idleness.

The desire of most men to get rich in a minute is what enables gold brick men to take home nice things to their children.

Staying out late is great exercise to cultivate the imagination of a married man.

It is surely laudable for a man to want to become a millionaire so that he won't have to have his wife cut his hair.

Statistics show startling mortality, from appendicitis and peritonitis. To prevent and cure these awful diseases, there is just one reliable remedy, Dr. King's New Life Pills. M. Flannery, of 14 Custom House Place, Chicago, says: "They have no equal for Constipation and Biliousness." 25c at Dr. F. C. Duke, druggist.

Final Notice. Notice is hereby given that I will apply to Jason M. Greer, Judge of Probate, in and for the County of Union, for a final discharge as Administrator of the estate of L. P. Murphy, deceased, on the 2nd day of October, 1905. All parties are hereby notified to present claims on or before said date properly attested or forever be barred.

C. T. MURPHY, Adm'r. estate L. P. Murphy, deceased. 35-3t

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN H. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

The operation of getting an idea through the heads of some people is so painful to them that it is only common humanity to chloroform them first.



A woman with a past is rather apt to prefer a man with a present.

Lives of great men might remind us of several things they do not now suggest if we knew all of the details.

Fraud is the thing that the other fellow won by.

People who ask you for advice may want more to flatter you, but the chances are that it is preliminary to a touch.

Some people are so small minded that they can't be anything else than jealous minded.

If you want to be popular, always let the other fellow find the fault.

The woman who marries for a home may have to make it all herself afterward.



Girls wouldn't do for soda water clerks. They might misunderstand the winks.

Some women make fools of themselves, but others prefer to make them of men.

The Heated Term. When it is smoky in the shade And men are dropping by the way, Don't kick as though it were your trade; Hot weather is not here to stay, And do not ever be afraid. But that it will cool off some day.

You wouldn't like to go around with your feet sliding through the year And have to stamp your feet and pound And always sport a frozen ear. A country like that can be found. If you don't like the climate here.

We need a little spell of heat To have the corn crop nicely made; We should be shy of things to eat Without a harvest, I'm afraid. To make life happy and complete We need to have the farmer's trade.

So let us take the sun and shade, The breezes and the summer heat, And, with our fans and lemonade, Say, "Really, isn't this a treat!" For summer soon will slip down grade And winter 'll be here with both feet.

His Mother's Admonition.

Johnny Smalson saw a green apple clinging to its parent bough. The apple was small and insignificant, and Johnny would probably never have noticed it but for the fact that his mother had impressively told him that green apples are now abroad upon trees and that they make little boys sick if little boys eat them.

Johnny paused and regarded the gnarly little green thing in wonderment.

He could not figure out why any self respecting little boy should ever want to eat such a little verdant rock as that appeared to be.

Then suddenly he thought that if he should eat it he would probably discover why little boys like to eat green apples, so Johnny immediately proceeded to club the apple off the tree, and then he forthwith surrounded it with great relish for knowledge and some for the apple, and it didn't make him sick. Ever know of a real live boy outside of a story book that it did?

Common Slip. No wonder the man was a croaker; He thought he could turn up the joker, But he drew the wrong card, And it let him down hard, So broke that he couldn't be broker.

He Knew. "What's more annoying than a boy about the house?" exclaimed the boy's sister.

"That's dead easy," replied her admirer—"a boy that's camping on your trail."

The Kitten Might. "Which would you rather have, little girl, a baby or a kitten?" "A kitten, 'cause you dasn't slap a baby except when your ma ain't round."

Thinks of Her Cooking. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." "You bet—absence and hotel meals."

Timely. In looking for amusement, Here is some good advice— Prepare to have hay fever If you have got the price.

Memory Failed Him. "I have never tasted lobster." "Don't you remember that time you bit your tongue?"

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