The Press and Banner

ABBEVILLE, S. C.

☞Published every Wednesday at $2 a year in advance.

Wednesday, Nov. 82, 1900.

Printers Wanted.

Two or three printers can find employment on application to the Press and Banner office.

House and Lot for Sale.

Four rooms and cook room, large hall. Good well of water. Lot 100X210. On Due West road, about half mile from Court House. Will sell cheap for cash; or part cash and balance in monthly payments. Or, will trade for small farm. Apply to Jas. W. Martin, Abbeville, S. C.

Preachers and Children.

REV. J. F. MCKINNON will assist in the installation of Rev. T. P. Burgess, as pastor of the Ninety Six Church next Sabbath. His pulpit at Long Cane will be supplied by Rev. L. H. Query, now engaged in Synodical work. The young people and children who will take part in the Christmas entertainment are requested to meet at the church Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.

Death of a Good Woman.

MRS Sally Ligon, wife of J. H. Ligon, formerly of the Lebanan vicinity, died on the 14th inst. in Lancaster County, of bronchial affection.

To Rent.

One five room house convenient to business portion of town. Apply to C. H. Cannon. tf.

Cow and Calf for sale—
Apply to Dr. F. E. Harrison.

PEG LEG WILLIAMS is at his old business of inducing negros to emigrate to the West. The officers of South Carolina whose duty it is to look after such gentlemen, should be on the watch for him. He has head-quarters in Atlanta.

MESSRS. A. G. THOMPSON, of Anderson, now a student of Erskine College, and J. W. Drake with J. A. Drake, were in Abbeville Saturday.

PROFS. JESSIE R. BELL and Kennedy, of Erskine, were on our streets last Saturday.

$6 50 Knake piano for sale at less than half price. Can be seen at Mrs. Lythgoes. 4t.

Loaded shells, shot and powder, at Glenn's.

New crop New Orleans syrup, at Glenn's.

WANTED:-Salesmen to sell Lubricating Oils, Greases, Belting and Specialties to thresher men, on comission. Good goods and liberal proposition. Address giving raferences.
The Howard Oil & Grease Co.
Cleveland, Ohio.

FRESH OYSTERS.

You can always get fresh oysters at Thomson Bros. Give them a trial.
Phone 99.

Wanted, 5000 lbs of hides. Bring us your hides, we will pay you market price for them. Thomson Bros.

Bring your green salted and dry hides to Thomson Bros. They will buy them.

A Word to the Waiter.

Year after year on Christmas week our store is crowded with buyers, who are hurried in their delayed performance of Christmas shopping. They find the counters crowded, clerks busy and have not time to make the deliberate examinations they would like; besides, some, if not most of the choice goods are gone.

We have in a good many goods now and are getting new goods every day. No trouble to show them.

A nice new line of fancy china dishes just received, such as salad bowls, celery trays and desert saucers.

See my advertisement, we mention a few pretty as well as useful articles, suitable for Christmas gifts. R. C. Bernau, Jeweler.

You can buy a nice Bible very cheap at DuPre's Book Store.

Books for children, books for youths, and books for adults at DuPre's Book Store.

Toys of every description, very cheap at DuPre's Book Store.

You will make no mistake if you buy your toys at DuPre's Book Store.

Don't forget to go to DuPre's Book Store for Christmas goods and toys.

Two Ways of Doing It.

[illegible] with my husband to our [illegible]vn, not long since, and [illegible]t the principal store in the [illegible] to attend to some business, [illegible]aking some purchases [illegible]wait his return. Most [illegible] within six or eight miles [illegible] and today there were [illegible]g and going. My attention [illegible] attracted to the dry goods [illegible], where a pleasant-face little [illegible]man was looking at some black [illegible]ress goods. Her husband was standing near. "Now Sam," she said, "this stuff is 40 cents a yard, an this," holding up another piece' "is 60 cents it's better than the other, but I guess the 40-cents goods will do me." The man came and examined both pieces in a very interested way, and said, "I think, Sallie, you'd better take this at 60 cents; you don't often get a new dress and you ought to have a good one." The little woman was still more pleasant-looking as she told the clerk to cut off the dress.

"Sallie," said the husband, "I'm going to buy one of those red tablecloths."

"Sam," said she, in an undertone, "they're beautiful, but can you afford it?" He smiled and had one wrapped up. As they went out I said to myself, "True enough—a good husband makes a good wife—two such happy-looking people, and love and kindness the cause of it!"

My meditations were cut short by the entrace of another couple—a gruff-looking old fellow, and a pale, careworn woman.

"Now, hurry up, Mary," said he. "I've no time to be foolin.'"

Then Mary said she would like to look at some cloth. She selected a piece that suited her, but when the man heard the price he objected.

"Get something cheaper," said he.

"But," said the wife timidly, "this is for Tom's Sunday pants."

'I don't care, said he; "I won't pay so much."

So she was oblighed to take an indiffernt piece at a low price. After purchasing a few groceries, the husband said:

"Come on; I suppose you've got all you want?"

"Yes," said she, looking wistfully around, "but I did want some apron gingham."

"Never mind that now," was the answer, "I'm in a hurry," and out they went.

Ah! thought I, here is a poor woman made unhappy by a brute or a man who never allows her the pleasure of going shopping with a little money of her own. She works hard, without any reward, not even kind words. Ah! this must be the kind of farmers' wives who become insame. Then I wished I were a fairy who might put money in her pocket to buy all those things so dear to a housekeeper's hearts.

The arrival of my husband aroused me from my reveries, and when, during my ride home, I related my experience, he laughingly said: "Just like a woman to see and hear so much. "And," said I, "I feel like beating that horrid man, and I suppose that's like a woman too."

He who is dependent on others for his happiness is in a precarious condition.

The joy of the Lord is your strong hold.

Her Love Crowned.

He was tall and strongly built. His features were cast the regular mold, yet no one thought of saying he was handsome.

"Not bad looking," accompained by a shrug of the shoulders, was generally the acme of praise awarded Justin Seymour.

He had fine, dark eyes—eyes which looked at you half searchingly, half suspiciously—eyes which told you in a glance that he had little faith in his fellow men. But no cynical light gleamed in those eyes now, for they rested on the earnest face of Myra Blaine.

Myra's earnestness was too much for him—his cynicism vanished before it. She talked to him as no one had talked to him before; she cast some influence over him—an influence he tried to resist at first, put seemingly he yielded to it now, for every morning found him sitting here in this pleasnt room, where Myra came with her handiwork.

"Justin Seymour has considerable of his Satanic Majesty in his composition, but I believe, my dear Myra, that is always an attraction for your sex. He has been deceived and disappointed until he hasn't any faith left, but he's a very good sort of fellow, for all that."

This was what Philip Aymer, Myra, intended husband, said to her the day he brought Justin Seymour with him on a visit to her father,s house. And instantly her pure heart went cut in pity to this strong man, who was, she thought so much in need of a helping hand.

Ah, dangerous pity! Myra's embroidery lay in her lap. She had not set a stitch in it for the last fifteen minutes.

Her great, earnest, violet eyes were raised to Justin Seymour's dark ones, as she sat talking to him.

A footstep sounded in the hallway without, and Justin Seymour rose and abruply quitted the room as Philip Aymer sauntered in.

What meant Justin Seymour's sudden departure when Philip entered? This same thing had happened before, but Philp noticed it now for the first time.

He looked over at Myra. With cheeks aglow her head was bent over her embroidery; nor did she raise her eyes to see who entered. He crossed over to the window and looked out for several moments and still Myra did not raise her eyes to look at him.

"Myra," he said, suddenly turning from the window, "you are getting interested in Mr. Seymour or he is getting interested in you—which is it?"

"Perhaps we are getting interested in each other," said Myra, similing,

Myra, you should not get interested in Justin Seymour. He is not a good man—he had led a hard life—"

"Philip Aymer, for shame! to speak of your friend in such a manner! Do you forget, sir, that you have left this man, who is so very bad—who has led such, an awful life—and me to entertain each other every day since you came here?" cried Myra, indignantly.

Philip Aymer's face turned scarlet. He crossed over to Myra's side.

"Myra," he said, putting his arm about her.

"Don't touch me, don't! I cannot bear it!" said, Myra, drawing from him, and, frightened at her own words, she covered her face with her hands.

"So it has come to this!" thought Philip, every vestige of color leaving his face.

They were engaged to be married. Their parents had mana ged theen gagement for them while they were too young to do it themselves. But Philip was very well satisfied with the parental arrangement, not that he was desperately in love with Myra, but he liked her, and she possessed a fortune—and money was Philip Aymer's god.

And Myra was willing to please her parents. Philip was handsome, she liked him, but love, she knew nothing about it until—until just now, when Philip put his arm about her, and she knew just as surely as she did in the days that followed that she loved Justin Seymour.

"Myra, I think your conduct needs an explanation."

"Yes, it does," said Myra, quietly, her hands dropping from her face, "I never understood my own heart till today. Philip I do not love you; I can never be your wife.

"You do not love me, but you love Justin Seymour— a man who never cares for anybody but himself— a rover on the face of the earth; he is here today, and away to-morrow, having faith in no one, caring for none but himsel."

"Philip!" came reproachfully fromr Myra's lips, but he turned away with a frown, left the room and went in search of Justin Seymour.

"Miss Blaine, I am going away to morrow morning too early to see you, so I will say good-bye now."

The book Myra had been reading fell from her hands, her heart seemed to rise to her throat and suffocate her as Justin Seymour hurriedly entered the room and, making his way over to her side, uttered the above words.

It was true, then, what Philip had said. This man would never care anything for her; he was here to-day and away to-morrow.

"Myra struggled for composure.

"This is quite unexpected, Mr. Seymour. I hope we haven't failed to make your visit here a pleasant one?" said Myra, looking straight before her.

"Miss Blaine, if it will give you any pleasure to know it, I am leaving your happy home a far better man than I was when I entered it."

Myra looked up quickly and met the dark eyes of Justin Seymour fixed tenderly upon her.

"Oh, I am so glad, Mr. Seymour!" she cried in her old, impulsive, earnest manner, and, laying her hand upon his arm, she continued: I may never see you again in this world, Mr. Seymour, but I hope you will live so that I shall meet you there—," she was going to add, "where we will know no more parting."

"Good-bye, Myra," was all the answer he made her.

His voice was husky. For a moment he held her hand in his, and the next moment Myra was alone.

Myra sat in a dazed state when he left her. Again she heard him call her Myra, again she felt his hand trembling like a leaf. And this man cared nothing for her.

A year passed away. Myra Blaine was visiting an aunt in a distant village.

It was Sunday, and she sat in the village church by her aunt's side, sat electrified, listening to that rich, powerful voice that led the village choir. Surley there was but one owner for that voice.

"Who is it that leads the singing, aunt?" said Myra, carelessly, after services, as she walked across the church yard with her aunt.

"It is Mr. Seymour. Do you like his singing?"

I" think I know Mr. Seymour," said, Myra, instead of answering her aunt's question. "Has he lived here long?"

"This is the native place. He was away from here quite a while, though. He must have sowed his wild oats while he was away, for since he came back he is a changed man. There is his mother's grave."

Myra paused before the handsome monument which her aunt pointed out, on which was inscribed [illegible] at simple, but most beautiful of all [illegible]mes' "My mother."

"I will remain here a [illegible] while, aunt," said Myra, and her aunt left her.

How long she stood there leaning against the railing she didn't know. She was roused by the sound of a footsteps on the gravel walk near her. She was not in the least surprised, but he drew back as if doubting his eyesight. Myra held out her hand.

"Mr. Seymour, this is, indeed, a strange meeting."

"Mrs. Aymer," was all he said, as he took her proffered hand.

"My name is not Mrs. Aymer; I am still Myra Blaine," said Myra, smiling.

"You are not Mrs. Aymer!" cried Justin, his eyes beaming with delight.

"Before I bade you good-bye that evening a year ago Philip told me that you were to be his wife in a few weeks."

"Philip Aymer told an untruth. I was nothing to him that night. The engagement between him and me was broken that morning," said Myra, with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks.

"He took courage from the expression of her face. Her hand was still in his, and he put his arm about her now.

"Myra, here at my mother's grave let me tell you that it was because I loved you that I left you so abruptly hat evening. I could not stay to see you his wife."

"And it was because I loved you a year ago that I refused to marry him." said Myra, softly.

And at last her pure love was crowned with happiness.

To Manifest Christ,

As Christ came to manifest the Father, so every Christian is called to manifest Christ—in humility, palience, obedience, truth, faithful endurance, submission to the Father's will; his spirit of service and self-sacrifice. The great need of the church is more likeness to Christ in the character of its members. A Christ-like life is practical; for Christ himself lives by his Spirit in those who are willing to be wholly His, and from within molds their disposition and controls their conduct.

But there are too few who take Christ as their example, and seek actually to realize the Christian ideal. A lower standard contents too many who profess to be Christ's followers. If all who have named Christ's name were following Him closely, were daily manifesting His purity, were strong with His strength and beautiful with His love, sympathy and unselfishness, there is not a city in the land but would be redeemed from municipal corruption at the next election, not a church but would constantly be the scene of conversions, not a msisionary treasury whose income would not be more than doubled. The spiritual paralysis caused by money worship would not be dominant in society, and would be entirely cast out of the house of God. The basis of the business of Christian men would not be selfishness, but service.

Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes through all her best resolutions.

The fear of the Lord is the very beginning of wisdom and a good understanding have they who keep His commandments.

Christmas is Ahead, but

We are Ahead of Christmas!

Presents for the Boys:

Match Boxes,
Whisk Brooms,
Cloth Brushes,
Watch Chains,
Watch Charms,
Cuff Buttons,

Presents for the Girls:

Bracelets, (Gold and Sterling.)
Hair Brushes,
Shoe Horns,
Blotters,
Broaches,
Pins,

Key Rings,
Hat Marks,
Set Rings,
Kodaks,
Watches,
Scarf Pins,

Watches,
Watch Chains,
Rings,
Neck Chains,
Puff Boxes,
Toilet Sets, (Ebony and Silver.)

Carving Sets, Sterling Spoons and Folks, Baking Dishes, Waiters, Tea Sets, etc., is the thing your wife has been wanting. Come and see the pretty things that are already here. Looking around involves no obligations to purchase.

R. C. Bernau, —THE— JEWELER.

Master's Sale.

The State of South Carolina,
COUNTY OF ABBEVILLE.
COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

George B. Morrah against S. P. Morrah and W. D. Morrah individually and as Administrators of John Morrah, deceased, and others.

BY AUTHORITY OF A DECREE OF sale by the Court of Common Pleas for Abbeville County, in said State, made in the above stated case, I will offer for sale, at Public Outcry, at Abbeville C. H., S. C., on Salesday in DECEMBER (3rd,) A. D. 1900, within the legal hours of sale the following described land, to wit: All that tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Abbeville County, in the State aforesaid, containing

Five Hundred and Twenty (520) Acres,

more or less, and bounded by the Estate of E. Cowan on the South, by J. S. Britt on the West, by J. C. Kennedy on the North, and G. A. Hanvey on the South; known as the Home Place.

ALSO, The Covin tract, in said State and County, containing

Two Hundred and Fifty-Six (256) Acres,

more or less, bounded on the West by lands of W. D. Morrah and J. L. Kennedy, North by lands of J. L. Kennedy, East by lands of Fannie Norrell, South by lands of J. S. Bull and the De La Howe Estate.

ALSO, all that tract or parcel of land known as the Connor tract, containing

Three Hundred (300) Acres,

more or less, and bounded by lands of Mrs. Watson, Hunter Bros., Mrs. M. E. Lyon, Guilford Cade and others.

ALSO, an undivided seven-thirtieths (7-30) interest in a tract or lot of land, containing

Five (5) Acres,

more or less, upon which is a Grist Mill and Cotton Ginnery, known as McKitrick's Mill.

ALSO, an undidivided one-sixth interest in that tract or parcel of land, containing

Seven Hundred and Seventy-Nine [779] Acres,

more or less, known as the David Morrah Estate, bounded on the West by Little River, North by lands of J. L. Kennedy, East by Fannie Norrell, and South by the De La Howe Estate. All in said State and County.

Also a lot of land in the town of Troy, Greenwood County, fronting fifty feet on Twiggs Street and running back eighty-five feet, bounded by lands of J. N. Dendy and R. W. Lites, known as lot 8 of Block B of map made by Capt. Kirk.

TERMS OF SALE—One-half Cash, balance on a credit of twelve months, with interest from day of sale, secured by bond of the purchaser and mortgage of the premises, with leave to pay all cash. Purchaser to pay for papers and stamps.

L. W. PERRIN,
Nov. 12, 1900, 3t Master A. C., S. C.

Teach Children Economy in Little Things.

Teach children not to waste trifles which they often throw away without thought, and which if saved might be of use to others if not to themselves. Wrapping paper, pieces of twine, odds and ends of various kinds may do service a second time if put away until the need for them arises. The habit of economy is one that ought to be cultivated, for careful saving makes lavish giving possible. Hoarding is not a vice of childhood, nor should it be encouraged, but the wise husbanding of resources for future expenditure is a valuable lesson than cannot be learned to early.

Aug. W. Smith

SELLING OUT AT COST!

Selling Out at COST, and Under Cost, for Cash.

WISHING TO WIND UP MY MERCANTILE BUSINESS, I WILL SELL MY ENTIRE STOCK OF GOODS AT COST ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5th.

Our Books are Closed. Please Don't Ask for Goods to be Charged. Every Article Must Be Cash.

COME EARLY, or you will loose the Greatest Bargains that have been offered in Abbeville this year.

AUG. W. SMITH.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE.

[illegible] for Me...

I WILL BUY FROM

[illegible]cDill & Lyon

[illegible]EXT TIME.

[illegible] before our Customers

[illegible]ITURE

[illegible]nd Attractive in Design....

Our S[illegible] [illegible]rs who carry off Bargains

COME [illegible] [illegible]yon.

News Agenc[illegible] A. S. J. Ca[illegible] —BELOW— POST OFFICE.

[illegible] ent

[illegible] assortment Bring the [illegible] Dolls, Boats, Toys will de-

[illegible]ORE.

Cassidy's Locals—Thanks-Giving and Christmas is Coming.

You can get at Cassidy's—
Irish mackerel No. 1.
Navy beans, No. 1.
Fresh cream cheese, No. 1.

Macarroni 5 and 10ct. packages, ½ and 1 lb packages, the best prunes that money can buy, bakers chocolate, 10 and 20c. blocks, knox's gelatine, currants, citron, english walnuts, almonds, durham shredded cocanut and also in shell oat flakes, nut-megs, pulverized-ginger, root-g-spice, pepper, oranges, apples, heintz sour kraut, cabbage, bannanas. Spool bnd ball thread black and white, needles, pins, soap, lye, stationary mouth harps, violin, guitars, banjos, mandolines, wire and put stringl rosin, bddges, aprons, pegs, and playing cards from 10c. up.

L. W. White's Locals.

Two months of the Fall have passed and yet the rush is not over. The people know where to get good bargains and that accounts for the fact that trade is always brisk in the stores of L. W. White.

The ladies will find an elegant assortment of jackets, capes and collarettes at the store of L. W. White.

Those 54-inch all-wool dress goods at L. W. White's are the cheapest and most desirable goods on the market. The price is only 50 cents a yard. They have sold very rapidly, but there are a few of them still left.

Go to White's and look at their beautiful line of outings, prints and percales. New prints to arrive this week.

The ladies are invited to inspect the splendid line of dress goods offered by L. W. White.

The State of South Carolina,
COUNTY OF ABBEVILLE.
PROBATE COURT.

In the Matter of the Estate of C. E. Bruce Deceased.

Notice to Debtors and Creditors.

ALL persons indebted to said estate must settle without delay, and those holding claims against the estate must present them properly attested to

R. E. Bruce,
Nov. 13, 1900. Administrator.

To Rent.

TWO ONE HORSE FARMS ON TURKEY Creek. Three miles from Honea Path. Apply to Mrs. L. M. Mabry, Abbeville, C. H.

Milford is up-to-date on school books when in need of anything in that line call and see him. Phone 107.

SE[illegible] [illegible]he Speed Drug Co.'s

LINE OF FINE CHRISTMAS GOODS BEFORE BUYING.....

We have everything from a small pin tray to a large dressing case. We will make the price to suit you. Call early and get the first choice.

The Speed Drug Co.

Don't Wait

UNTIL IT GETS COLD BEFORE YOU ARRANGE YOUR HEATING APPARATUS.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A FINE LINE OF GRATES, FROM THE CHEAPEST TO THE BEST, AND INVITE YOUR INSPECTION.

Mantels and Tiling,
Heating Stoves
For Coal or Wood or Oil.

IRON KING, ELMO, GARLAND, SUPERB, } Cooking ...Stoves.

Abbeville Hardware Co.

Everything in House Furnishings.

52-Inch—Venitian cloths; full line of shades at Haddon's.

Go to DuPre's Book Store and let him explain his circulating library to you.

BOOKS BOOKS.

G. A. Douglass.

BOOKS BOOKS.

If you want to save money, buy your school supplies at. DuPre's Book Store

Will Sell—At a bargain, one lot of Fancy Silks. In short lengths at Haddon's.

The largest line of Christmas goods ever displayed in upper Carolina will be at Milford's Drug Store this week. Call and see them.