The Press and Banner

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

Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1902.

Abbeville's Loss.

After six years of the most pleasant and the most profitable service, Rev. J. F. McKinnon's pastoral relations with Upper Long Cane Church have been severed.

Mr. McKinnon is a man of education and christian piety, whose gentle manners have won for him a host of friends among us. He has been a great worker, and his christian faith and his earnestness is the cause of the Master have been an inspiration to those about him. He leaves us to go to far away Lebanon, in Indian Territory, where he thinks a larger field of usefulness is open to him. If in the larger field he can answer the requirements as well as he has done in the more limited sphere he will be indeed a useful man. May good things come to him in his new home.

"In the Shadow, and Not in the Sunshine."

The Press and Banner says ten young ladies have left that office within the last twelve years to wear orange blossoms and bridal veils. The editor also says that the Press and Banner office has always had the best and prettiest of young ladies in its employ," and that "their worth has been appreciated by noble and worthy young men who have sought and won their hearts and hands." This is all very well. But what has the editor himself been doing all these years amid such happy surroundings? Is he going down to his grave broken or callous hearted? A man who can write in such a strain about the worthy and the beautiful must have some regrets that life has been spent under the shadow and not in the sunshine of such beauty as he describes.—Greenwood Journal.

School Meeting.

The regular annual school meeting for this city was held in the Court House last night. For trustees the vote stood as follows:

C. A. Milford	22
J. Calvert Thomson	20
C. D. Brown	18
J. R. Cochran	16
F. B. Speed	7
Dr. S. P. Killingsworth	7

Dr. L. T. Hill declined to stand for re-election, and withdrew his name. Messr. Milford, Thomson, and Brown were elected.

Have You a Critical Eye?

Things made of "Clifton" flour present an appearance that will charm your critical eye and at the same time you will have the satisfaction of knowing that in this flour none of the helpful strengthening elements of the wheat have been lost. Try this flour and be convinced. L. T. and T. M. Miller sell it in Abbeville.

Mrs. P. J. Leech Entertains.

On last Friday Mrs. P. J. Leech entertained a number of her young friends most delightfully. The rooms were tastefully decorated in evergreens and holly.

Six-handed euchre was played and during the evening charming refreshments were served.

The Glenn Ethel.

The contract has been let for doing much work on the Glenn Ethel Hotel. A new entrance on the square will be opened, new carpets are to be laid, electric bells are to be put in and other needed work will be done. Work to commence immediately.

For Sale.

6 houses and lots, situated near S. A. L. depot, Cotton Factory and Furniture Factory. All rented. Also my steam laundry. Wish to change my investment. C. P. Hammond.

Fine Enough For Wedding Cake,

or any other cake, and still the best flour for bread, biscuit and everything else. That's what "Clifton" flour is, an all round flour that will never disappoint you, no matter what you use it for. Buy it and try it. At the grocery in Abbeville of L. T. and T. M. Miller.

Mr. Sydney J. Cannon leaves tomorrow to resume his work in Selma, Ala., after a week at home. Mr. Cannon has a position as Operator, with one of the largest stamp-photo companies in the South. They operate studios in several of the largest Southern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wilson, and Ernest Jr., of Elberton, Ga., spent several days in the city last week with home folks.

Mr. Tim Thornton, of Elberton, Ga., spent Thursday and Friday with his sister, Mrs. Tom Milford.

Ask your lawyer about "Fewer gallons; wears longer."

For the next ten days we will have on exhibition a beautiful selection of Sterling Silverware suitable for gifts of all kinds and especially wedding presents. Prices 25 to 50 per cent. less than regular retailers ask for same goods. A. M. Smith & Co.

SCHOOL DISTRICTS.

State of South Carolina,
Abbeville County.

At the request of Jas. S. Gilbert, Superintendent of Education, I have calculated, by scale, the areas of the School Districts of Abbeville County, as represented on the map made by Prof. P. L. Grier, and find them to contain the following areas in square miles as represented in the following table:

District No. 1	9 1 square miles
District No. 2	9 5 square miles
District No. 3	17 square miles
District No. 4	9 square miles
District No. 5	12 square miles
District No. 6	10 9 square miles
District No. 7	18 25 square miles
District No. 8	12 86 square miles
District No. 9	81 9 square miles
District No. 10	24 04 square miles
District No. 11	9 50 square miles
District No. 12	13 square miles
District No. 13	12 square miles
District No. 14	9 45 square miles
District No. 15	13.38 square miles
District No. 16	9.2 square miles
District No. 17	13 17 square miles
District No. 18	12 square miles
District No. 19	12.06 square miles
District No. 20	11.75 square miles
District No. 21	8 35 square miles
District No. 22	12.8 square miles
District No. 23	9 5 square miles
District No. 24	10 52 square miles
District No. 25	16 68 square miles
District No. 26	10 04 square miles
District No. 27	10.9 square miles
District No. 28	9 square miles
District No. 29	13.75 square miles
District No. 30	9.9 square miles
District No. 31	17 square miles
District No. 32	24.7 square miles
District No. 33	15.22 square miles
District No. 34	10.86 square miles
District No. 35	8.9 square miles
District No. 36	9.54 square miles
District No. 37	10.08 square miles
District No. 38	14 50 square miles
District No. 39	9.21 square miles
District No. 40	8.27 square miles
District No. 41	9 square miles
District No. 42	9.25 square miles
District No. 43	9 square miles
District No. 44	9 square miles
District No. 45	9 square miles
District No. 46	9 square miles
District No. 47	9 square miles
District No. 48	7 square miles
District No. 49	9.07 square miles
District No. 50	11 square miles
District No. 51	11.19 square miles
District No. 52	9 square miles
District No. 41 (old)	3.45 square miles

The Districts No. 35, 40, 48 and 41 have been reduced by act of Legislature, and a part of each has been added to Greenwood County.

G. A. Douglass,
Surveyor.

December 24, 1902.

HIS FAREWELL SERMON.

A Good Preacher, a Good Citizen and a Good Man Takes His Leave of Us.

Rev. J. F. McKinnon preached his farewell sermon at Long Cane last Sabbath to a large congregation. He will leave Friday for Birmingham, Ala., where he will spend the Sabbath having accepted an invitation to supply the South Highlands Presbyterian Church on that day.

He will proceed on Monday to Lebanon, Indian Territory, his place of future work.

Ask your doctor about "Fewer gallons; wears longer."

RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIASM.

Some of the Methods by Which the Spirituality of the People is so Greatly Aroused.

The religious enthusiasm which pervades the hearts and minds of the people of Abbeville may be noted of all men.

Their fervor in religious matters is only exceded by their zeal in good works.

They can well boast of the liberal gifts which they lay upon the altar of the Lord and they have good reason to be very proud of the great service they are doing for the heathen in foreign lands.

They have cause to congratulate themselves for the stately temples which they have erected for their own use, and which they have dedicated to the worship of the Lord our God.

Under the leadership of great and good men our people have done these and many other things which were right and seemly for them to do.

But there is one thing far above all else for which our people are especially noted. We refer to their almost universal habit of attending divine service on Sunday morning. It is a custom so universal as to astonish even the heathen, if they should know the fact.

The remarkable attendance of our people on divine service is startling. It is claimed that the average attendance at our churches on Sunday morning, would range all the way from forty to two hundred—making a grand total of possibly 500 in this Christian city of 2,500 souls.

Out of a population of 2,500 Christians this great army of 500 Soldiers of the Cross are marshaled every Sunday morning. The mere mention of the fact is enough to put to flight the hosts of sin.

Under no other banner could this splendid army of Zion win its glorious victories, or so well serve the Lord our God.

These splendid results would not possibly be brought about by any process different from that which is now adopted by the captains of our salvation.

If the people were not greatly interested in the service, how would any reasonable person expect one-fifth or one-sixth of the whole Christian community to turn out in response to the ringing of the church bells at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning?

This intense interest on the part of the people is no doubt developed by the manner in which our public worship is conducted.

If the reading of the scriptures, (the most interesting part of the service) was done in a way so as to confuse the hearer or to addle his brain, so that he did not know what the preacher was doing, does anybody suppose that devout worshipers would crowd the sanctuary every Sunday morning?

If the preacher did not pray for everybody and everything, except the poor sin-laden outcast at his very feet, does anybody believe that all the reprobates in town would rush to sanctuary on Sunday morning?

If the preacher did not pray for all of God's people, his church and all good things generally, could the attention of the unconcerned be gained?

If the preacher did not praise the Lord for his goodness, and if he in the next breath did not ask for everything in sight on the bargain counter, people would not break their necks to get there by eleven o'clock. The people, as a rule, are great for getting thing without working for them.

If, instead of drawing about them the skirts of their garments, our preachers should let the heathen alone, and pay attention to neighboring sinners who may be thirsting and hungering for the better things, they might break up the present large attendance on divine service.

If the prayers of the righteous should turn in behalf of the poor weak creatures who are in the meshes of sin, and woe, in their iniquity, so to speak, are bound by fetters of brass, the good and the pure would be offended at the lack of attention to themselves, and the overflowing assemblage of Christian worshipers would be reduced.

If those who are borne down by the cares or the afflictions which encompass them, should receive attention, comfort or encouragement in the sanctuary, disastrous results might follow to our spirituality.

If, in the petitions of the preacher, those who are at the parting of the ways or those who may be struggling to return to the foot of the cross, should be remembered, the righteous might take it as personal offence.

If the faint-hearted were encouraged to greater efforts for higher things they might presume on the privilege of associating with "God's people," who in turn might become disgusted at the familiarity.

If attention should be given to those about whose souls the grievous sins of a life-time have been piled so high about them as to obscure from their vision even the sight of the Cross the example of our Saviour may be followed with safety, in leaving them to their fate.

The historical incident that occurred on a high mountain long ago has gone on record, and no such attempt to bribe the Lord is now made. We ask for good things, and then talk about the heathen for an inheritance. Whenever we propose to dispose of the heathen, we may reasonably expect Santa Claus or some mysterious power to fill our stockings with good things.

If the petitioner should ever intimate that the people should work for the Lord by purifying their own hearts, or that they should conform to his laws, the attendance on divine worship might be reduced.

While a pure heart is always an acceptable offering to the Lord, yet he is more interested in being assured that we think well of him, and that we want a great lot of things, for which we are not particularly anxious to work.

We have authority for saying that in former times our Saviour was the friend of sinners, and that he came not to save the righteous but to call sinners to repentance, but in this age of progress, we need pray only for "God's people," "God's church," "God's ministers," "God's missionaries," and all other good things.

So long as the heathen are furnished with the bread of life, we need not offend our neighbors or reduce our attendance on religious services by bothering about those who are halting between two opinions. We need not care for the weak or those who have fallen by the way. We need not give the encouraging word. We need not offer the helping hand. To go outside the legitimate work of rendering a bill of particulars for the things which we want would be to weaken the cause and reduce the number of worshippers. To extend the favors of the Lord to any but "God's people," would be a waste of good things and injurious to "God's church," upon whose services the numbers might be reduced.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Picked Up In and Around the City.

Abbeville, S. C., Dec. 31, 1902.

Miss Mattie and Miss Belle Brown, two charming young ladies of Columbia, are in the city, the guests of their sister, Mrs. Thos. Wright.

Miss Lillie Link, of Rock Hill, was the guest of the Misses Pennal several days last week.

Mr. G. T. Maxwell and family have moved to Fort Pickens.

Miss Mary Gilmer, the popular saleslady of Mr. W. G. Chapman, left Tuesday for a two weeks stay with friends in Edgefield.

Mrs. T. H. Maxwell left Tuesday for Greenwood where she will spend a while with relatives.

Mr. Colie McCamrock spent Christmas with home folks in High Point, N. C.

Mr. Harry Simmons, of Athens, Ga., spent Friday in the city with his mother.

Miss Orene McIlwain, of Spartanburg, is in the city visiting her father, Mr. H. P. McIlwain.

Mr. R. Y. Simmons, of Winder, Ga., came home last Wednesday to be present at the marriage of his sister, Miss Nellie Simmons and Mr. G. T. Tate.

Miss Hattie Greene is spending the holidays with her parents near Due West.

Miss Georgia Clendenning, of Rock Hill, is in the city visiting her sister, Mrs. Will Sign.

Miss Nettie L. Brunson, after a pleasant visit to homefolds in Orangeburg returned Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. Rosa Killingsworth, of McCormick, spent several days in the city last week with relatives.

HOME AGAIN.

Chas. A. Calvo, Jr., Discharged From the Hospital, is Now at Home.

The story of the life and work of Charles A. Calvo, Jr., would read almost like fiction. He with other printers started the Register after the publication of the Phoenix was discontinued, and for years it served the public faithfully. Mr. Calvo, employed others to edit his paper, while he devoted his energy to the mechanical part of the work, and no man ever worked more industriously. Because of overwork and lack of sleep his physical powers were overcome, and, in the judgment of his physicians, his mind needed care. In 1897, he was placed in an asylum or hospital for the insane, and he remained there until quite recently, when his wife secured his release. He is now with his family in Columbia, and it is hoped that his remaining years may be pleasant and that he may live in the enjoyment of good health. Good health and good spirits are the best things this side the River.

In the prime of life Mr. Calvo was a factor in the printing business of South Carolina, and wherever he was known he was regarded as one of the best of printers. His standards were high and his methods were honorable. A man of the best integrity and of untiring energy he deserved to succeed; and in his misfortune all good men sympathize with him, and wish for him a complete restoration of all his mental and physical faculties.

Mirrors and Photograph frames of all kinds at Milford's drug store.

AUNT SUKIE'S SANTA CLAUS

A Christmas Story

"OLE Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
Ole Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
Ole Aun' Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
An' she axed me down ter her house
Ter drink er cup er tea."

So sang Black Cæsar, the wag of the plantation, and then he proceeded to tell us about Aunt Sukie.

"I des' tell yo' wat—I tell yo' fo' er fac', by Jo! Ef I didn't git in de lammines' scrape er Crismus time! Dat wus de time we an' dem w'ite boys made up ter play er projick on Unc' Ike an' Aun' Sukie.

"Long time 'fo' Crismus come we don't heah nuttin' but 'Sandy Claws, Sandy Claws,' f'om Aun' Sukie. She go pudgin' erroun' de kitchen sayin': 'Um-m! Won'er w'at ole Marse Sandy Claws gwine ter fotch me Crismus.' Den ef we git ter cuttin' up de leases' bit 'bout de house she 'low: 'Bettuh min' w'at yo' 'bout. Fuses fing yo' know ole man Sandy Claws gwine ter pars alon' by 'n' nev' so much es nodice dem ole socks er yo'n. Won't eben put er groun' pea in 'em.'

"So we all 'sidered an' 'sidered, an' las' we made up ter fix dat ole crittur up 'n good shape. We all know ole Aun' Sukie ain' got no sense ter frow 'way nohow, so we 'cide we gwine ter sca' Aun' Sukie 'n' Unc' Ike out 'n dey seben senses.

"Two er free days fo' Crismus we wus er settin' on de fence, 'n' ole lady Sukie come by wid some truck ter make de fiah wid, an' den I sing dot little song w'at a be'n singin', an' I kep' on:

"An' it's w'at do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah,
An' it's w'at do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah,
An' it's w'at do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah—
Apple sass an' sparrer grass
An' hominy an' buttah.

"Well, sah, dat ole soul mos' had er spazzum w'en she hearn us er singin' dat song, an' she rail out 'n' buse us an' 'buse us an' call us all kin' er bad names an' freaten us wid ha'nts an' I dunno w'at all.

"Unc' Ike, he Aun' Sukie's ole man, an' he wur de contraries' an' de spitefules' ole nigger on de whole plantation. He al'us er pokin' erroun' an' er grum'lin' 'bout sumpin. He couldn' res' easy less'n he studyin' up some kin' er meanness. I don' see w'at mek ole marse keep dat ole nigger 'bout de place fo' nohow, 'case he ain' fitten fo' nuffin' but ter prowl erroun' an' hunt hen-nesses, an' w'en he fin' one he al'us tek toll out'n it. He 'casioned us ter git er many er larrupin', wid 'e ole grumplin' ways, 'case marse b'lieve ev'y wo'd Unc' Ike say, mek' no diffunce how much de ole scoun'l stretch de blankit. But we done made up our min's ter git eben wid ole Aun' Sukie an' Unc' Ike too, an' we des tease dem ole pussons twel dey mos' have er fit.

"Useter sing dis way w'en we see Unc' Ike er comin':

"Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go;
Sukie bake de ashcake slow,
Dat's so;
Sukie bake de ashcake slow,
Too slow;
Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go!

"Lo'd massy! Yo' des arter seed dat ole contrary niggah w'en we sing dat song. He look so vigus dat yo' fink ole

"LAWD ER MASSY, IKE, HE'S COME!"

Tomboy done got er holt er him, an' w'en we see de ole man grab up er bresh an' mek to'ds us we git f'om dar.

"W'en Crismus time 'gun ter git close by, we all 'gun ter fix up fo' dem ole pussons. Day nex' fo' Crismus marse he mek er long highfeelutin' speech an' tell us dat long's we all b'haved ou'se'fs purty well an' wo'k hard an' mek er good crop, he gwine gin us er whole day fo' ter frolic erroun' an' 'joy wese'fs. Me an' Jack an' Tom—dem wus de w'ite boys—slip out'n de back do' an' des lit out. Down at de fu'niss weh dey be'n er killin' hogs we sot an' rigged up er projick fo' ter wake up dem ole folks. Tom say, 'Jack, yo' mus' be de ole Sandy Claws, an' we watch so's we don' git cotch up wid.' Jack say, 'No, I hain't, nudder, 'case yo' boys run an' lef' me an' den I ha' ter git out the bes' I kin. Yo' boys can't fool me dat erway.' Den I say, 'Ne' min', I be de ole headman. We'll git er fo'ked lim', an' put er shirt 'n britches an' er ole hat on de head, an' we tak' some hog's bristles an' mek mustashes an' whiskers, an' I'll git up on de roof an' let de ole Sandy Claws down des es sof'ly.' Den w'ile we fixin' up de ole man we all sing some mo' er dat song an' laff 'bout how we gwinter do 'em up.

"A'ter so long er dime, we git everything all right, an' we start down ter de quatahs. Unc' Ike so cu'ious an' contrary dat he can't live in peace wid de res' er der niggers, an' ole marse ha' ter buil' 'im er cabin 'way off f'om de res' weh de ole man could fuss 'n' qua'l des so much as he feel like. We ha' ter be mighty keerful gwine frough de weeds, 'case we see er light in Unc' Ike's cabin frough er hole in de chimbly. Any yudder time Aun' Sukie done be'n settin' by de fiah er noppin' an' er' smokin' dat ole pipe twel de dead hours er de night; but now she done laid down, 'case she 'spectin' ole Sandy Claws, an' she heah ole mis' say dat he ain' gwine come home 'long as any pusson 'wake 'bout de house. She layin' down, an' done had 'er head kivered up wid de quilts. Unc' Ike, he settin' up in de co'ner wid he shucks, platin' an ole hoss collar w'at he gwine ter sell nex' day fo' ter git de Crismus dram wid. An' he had free big ole niggerkiller 'taters roastin' in de ashes fo' de brekfus.

"Aun' Sukie keep er sayin': 'Ike, w'y don' yo' come ter bed? Don' yo' know hit's er gittin' late?'

"Unc' Ike says: 'Sukie, yo' des' shet up yo' mouf. I know w'at yo' studyin' 'bout, yo' ole fool. Yo' lemme 'lone, an' ef yo' sleepy go ter sleep, I tell yo'.'

"Den I sorter hum low:

"Paterroller, paterroller, let Ike para,
Sukie cook slow, but she eat mighty fas';
Sorry fo' lame nigger gets dar las';
Do, Mistah Paterroller, let Ike para.

"Unc' Ike, mus' er hearn me, 'case he stop right still an' cock he yeah sideways an' listen an' den mumuil out sump'n' 'bout 'Ne' min', I git yo' sassy rasc'ls yit. See 'f I don' tell ole marse.'

"Aun' Sukie say: 'W'at yo' er mutterin' an' mum'lin' 'bout, Ike? I does wish yo'd come on ter bed an' quit stirrin' up dem coals.'

"Unc' Ike say: 'I's er-talkin' ter myse'f, an' 'tain't none er yo' bus'ness. Sukie, yo' de bigges' gump I evuh seed. Yo' layin' dar finkin' 'bout dat mess 'bout Sandy Claws. Hain't I done seed yo' ole stockin' hangin' dar? Yo' fink ole Sandy Claws gwin ter pay any 'tention ter dat ole wool stockin'? No, siree, bob! Ole mis' des' ruint yo', an' yo' ba'kin' up de wrong stump dis time, fo' sho' yo' is.'

"Bimeby de ole man git sorter ti'ed, an' he kiver dem taters up mighty good an' start ter bed. Den, a'ter de ole man done laid down, he keep er-talkin' 'bout crops an' 'bout 'ligion an' 'bout anyfing fo' ter worry Aun' Sukie, who ain' sayin' noffin' 'tall. A'ter long time Unc' Ike drops off ter sleep an' 'gin ter sno', an' den Aun' Sukie rise up an' look all erroun' des' as cunnin'lack an' den drap down lack she's er sleep.

"Dey wus er little chunk er fiah w'at kep' er winkin' an' er blinkin' in de h'ath, but we done be'n er watchin' frough dat hole twel we gittin' ti'ed, an' las' I gon' ter climb up on de house. I clumb right easy up de co'ner an' outer de aidge er de ruff, an' f'om dat I eased erlong twel I got ter de chimbly. I got er straddle er de ridgepole, an' den I fix' my ole Sandy Claws an' 'gun ter git ready fo' de cirkis. De chimbly wus about er foot too low down, so's I ha' ter let one foot res' on de chimbly an' w'en I fotch de yudder laig down I say ter myse'f:

"Ole Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
An' she ax' me down ter her house
Ter drink er cup er tea.

"Down, down, down went de Sandy Claws, breshin' de sut down, an' des as 'e come in sight Aun' Sukie squalled lack er crippled coon, 'Lawd er massy, Ike, he's come!'

"Des den de clof tetched de little blaze er fiah, an' hit blazed way up, an' hit stifled me twel I los' my holt, an' wid er clitter clatter, rip an' ker blim, I landed down in de hot ashes, right on top er de Sandy Claws an' all mixed up wid Unc' Ike's taters.

"Yo' neber hearn sich er row 'twix' dis an' jedgment. Aun' Sukie she squall: 'Oh, marse! Oh, mistis! He'p! He'p! De ole boy's come a'ter me an' Ike!' An' she went er spinnin' out frough de dead teaweeds. Unc' Ike, he done ris, an' w'iles I scuffin' wid de Sandy Claws he got er ax handle an' wus des er lambastin' me.

"A'ter w'iles I say: 'Please, Unc' Ike, don' hit me no mo'! Hit's Ceeze, Unc' Ike! Please don' hit me no mo'!' But de ole scamp, gittin' madder dan evah w'en he fin' out hit's me, kep' er peltin' me an' er sayin': 'Yes, yo' rasc'l, yo' done ruint my taters! Yo' b'en singin' 'bout me. I'll big Ike you! I gwine little Ike you! I gwine Sukie Blueskin you!'

"Bout dat time ole marse be come to'ds de quatahs, an' he cotch Jack an' Tom des as dey wus er gittin' ovah de fence.

"'W'ats de mattah, Sukie?'

"'Oh, marster, de debble's in de house, er ras'lin' wid Ike.'

"Des den I to' loose, an' w'en I lit out'n de do' ole marse grab me.

"Dem ole critters den 'gin ter tell all so'ts er tales, an' dey 'cuse me er tryin' ter b'un de house down an' singin' bad songs, an' dey beg ole marse fo' ter buck me down 'cross er log an' gimme fi' hunderd.

"Ole marse lis'n', an' a'ter erwiles he 'gun ter snicker an' den ter laff, an' den we all slip off, an' ole marse ain' nevah said nuffin' 'bout buckin' down f'om dat day twel dis. But Aun' Sukie—u-m-m! Dat ole pusson had er spite 'gin me evah sence, an' de ve'y minit Unc' Ike lay eyes on me he 'gin ter hunt 'roun' fo' sump'n' ter fling at me. 'Peahs ter me dey ain' nevah goin' ter fo'git 'bout Aun' Sukie's Sandy Claws."—New York Evening Post.

Stockholders Meeting.

ANNUAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS of Farmers' Bank of Abbeville will be held at Bank Office on

Wednesday, January 14, 1903, at 12 O'clock M.

J. H. DuPRE,
Cashier.

December 24, 1902. 21

COTTON MARKET.

Reported by W. D. Barksdale, Buyer of all Kinds of Country Produce and Dealer in Farmers' Supplies.

Number of bales received since last Tuesday 50.

Price ranging from 7 3-4 to 8 1-4 cents.

Market closing at 8 1-4 cents.

Strong for holders. Market very firm. Big crop estimates being reduced.

Cotton seed 21c per bushel.

Ask your Minister about "Fewer gallons; wears longer."

NEW YEAR'S IN RUSSIA

In the smaller cities of Russia New Year's day is in the Twelve Days' festival. The Russians in many parts have held to the old ways from time immemorial. The preparations for the season begin early in November. The host of some great house begins to lay in stores of salted beef and sausages, liqueurs, etc. The hostess calls on all her friends and invites young and old. Next day she is succeeded by the nurse, who makes the same rounds of visits. Her duty is to invite especially the young ladies. She is hailed with joy, and the lady of the house hastens to mix for her the cup of wine. She delivers her errand and is plied with questions as to the invited and rejected. But the most important question is, "Who are the elected?" These are the young men invited by the hostess for the girls, or "fair maidens," as they are called. The duty of the young man thus designated is to look after the amusement and pleasure of his "fair maiden" during the "twelve days." The responsibility of the choice lying with the hostess, she has to be careful in her selection.

But the invitation has again to be repeated, this time by the master of the house in the person of his servant, or "swat," who, with mace in hand, performs his mission. On entering each house he offers a prayer before the shrine of the saint to which it is dedicated. He then delivers the invitation in the name of his master and mistress. At first, according to etiquette, the invitation is refused, but after much pressing it is finally accepted. When the day arrives, the young ladies who are the heroines of the season appear in a sledge accompanied by their mother and favorite companion, generally a girl of inferior rank, who sits at their feet. This sledge is followed by another containing tirewomen charged with caskets and dressing boxes. Other sledges follow—the longer the procession the greater honor to the house visited. On the arrival the host and hostess meet the guests at the gate, bow without speaking and conduct them into the house.—New York World.

Self Approval.

"Have you kept your New Year's resolutions?"

"Yes, I have faithfully kept a New Year's resolution that I made three or four years ago."

"What was it?"

"Never to make any more resolutions."—Washington Star.

An Arrested Intelligence.

"Charlie Binks isn't as slow as he seems."

"How is that?"

"He woke up yesterday and asked what year it is."

His Happy Calls.

Wilkins—How many calls did you make yesterday?

Dilkins—Three, and, say, it was the best game of poker I ever sat in!

THE OLD and THE NEW

The New Year came to the Old Year's door
When the sands were wasting thin,
And the frost lay white on the Old Year's thatch,
And his hand grew chill as he slipped the latch
To let the New Year in.

And the New Year perched in the Old Year's chair
And warmed by the Old Year's fire,
And the Old Year watched him with wistful gaze
As he stretched his hands to the fading blaze
And cinders of dead desire.

And the Old Year prated, as Old Years will,
Of summer and vanished spring,
And then of the future, with grave advice,
Of love and sorrow and sacrifice
That the seasons' round would bring.

And the New Year listened and warmed his heart
In the bloom of the Old Year's past,
But he gave no heed of the thorns that lay
In the bud and blow of a coming day,
And, nodding, he dreamed at last.

The New Year came to the Old Year's door
And warmed in the Old Year's chair,
And the Old Year talked till the New Year slept.
Then forth in the night he softly stepped
And left the New Year there.

—Harper's Bazar.

Barksdale's Locals.

A big lot and line of $1.00 shoes, both men, women and children. W. D. Barksdale.

Hot prices in shirts, 50c shirt at 25c. W. D. Barksdale.

Pratts Food in stock—make hens lay. W. D. Barksdale.

New Orleans molasses all grades. Cuba sugar syrups at, W. D. Barksdale.

Trunks—all sizes and kinds. W. D. Barksdale.

We have a beautiful line of Christmas goods opened up. We would be glad to show you through and lay aside anything you select. Speed Drug Co.

Yuletide Rhymes and Jingles

Johnnie Has a Head For Business.

"Johnnie, what do you want me to buy you for Christmas?"

"How much money have you got?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unpoetic.

"Christmas is in the air," said Mrs. Fosdick, looking out of the window.

"Oh, that's mostly soot you see," her husband explained.—Detroit Free Press.

His One Request.

Mamma—Now, what would you like best for a Christmas present?

Willie—Oh, I'd like to see the schoolhouse burn down! May I?—Philadelphia Press.

Undoubtedly.

"I wish you a happy and prosperous new year," said the soubrette.

"Thank you," replied the contortionist, "I am reasonably sure of making both ends meet."

Sudden and Surprising.

"What do you most desire for Christmas, Miss Mabel?"

"Oh, George, this is so sudden!"

"Wh—what do you mean?"

"Why, of course, I want you!"

Not Through Yet.

"What kind of a Christmas did you pass?" asked the friend.

"The same as usual," answered Mr. Bliggins sourly. "Twenty minutes of turkey and mince pie, and six weeks of pepsin."—Washington Star.

One Who Knew.

Mr. Oompah (Christmas eve)—Maria, I have forgotten where I put Ben's present.

Mrs. Oompah (calling out)—Benny, come and tell your father where he hid that drum he's going to give you.—Chicago Tribune.

A Matter of Principle.

"Is you all gwine to hang up any mistletoe dis Christmas?" asked Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"Deed I isn'," answered Mrs. Miami Brown. "I'ze got a little too much pride to advertise foh de ordinary courtesies dat a lady has a right to expect."

Couldn't Give Herself Away.

Charley Easyman—Well, Willie, your sister has given herself to me for a Christmas present. What do you think of that?

Willie—Huh! That's what she done for Mr. Brown last Christmas, and he gave her back to herself before Easter.

Christmas Causerie.

There is a Christmas tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to—bankruptcy.

A young man will "hang up" more than his stocking if he buys his best girl a present.

The tall man will be short after Christmas.

A man is thankful for small favors; but No. 12 slippers do not come under that head.

It will not be necessary to tell the neighbors that you gave your son a drum.—Truth.

That Bad Teddy Brown.

The wurstest boy I ever see
Is jes' that Teddy Brown;
He's jes' as bad as he can be,
For one day he came down
To visit me awhile an' play
An' said our pas an' mas
Jes' give us things on Christmas day.
An' th' ain't no Santy Claus.

I hain't go'n' play with Teddy Brown;
I'd like to well as not,
But he says Santy can't come down
A chimbly like we got,
An' he says how would his sleigh go
Last Christmas time, because
There wasn't then a speck of snow?
So th' ain't no Santy Claus.

He's jes' the wurstest boy I guess
That ever was, an' I
Hain't go'n' to play with him, but jes'
Go on an' pass him by.
So'd you ef you could hear him say
That jes' our pas an' mas
Will give us things on Christmas day,
An' th' ain't no Santy Claus.
—Margaret Vincent in Womankind.

Modern Santa Claus.

'Twas the night before Christmas;
In each little house
The children were waiting
As still as a mouse
To hear the puff puff
And the pish, chugg and squeal
Of good old St. Nicholas'
Automobile!
—New York Herald.

Milford Wants You.

If you want to be charitable to yourself when you begin to buy your Xmas. goods why visit C. A. Milford's.

Read his large ad this week and see what he will do for you in the way of goods and prices.

He has the best assortment of Xmas. goods, wedding presents, etc., ever brought to Abbeville, and he is selling them every day. If you wish anything in this line, he is the man you want to see.

He also has some excellent perfumeries which he is making a special run on. The very best makes for the very least money.

Carpets, mattings and rugs can always be found at L. W. White's.

HER CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

TIME—Evening, Dec. 26.

Place—Boarding house bedroom.

Actors—Nellie Cox, artist; May Lowell, stenographer.

Nellie—Thus are my sins visited upon me. Did you ever see such an ugly, inartistic collar as this orange thing with the red freckles?

May—No; unless it is the purple tie in your other hand. But the blue and the yellow collars are both pretty.

Nellie—Neither harmonizes with my blue shirt waist and my complexion.

May—How did you happen to receive so many collars? Did you ask for them?

Nellie—Ask for them? Hardly. I never wear anything except linen collars. As I said, however, it is my own fault. Last year my aunt sent me an expensive but hideous collar which I immediately donated to a church rummage sale—

May—Then wrote your aunt that it was just what you wanted.

Nellie—My conscience would not allow me to do that. I filled up four pages, however, on the one redeeming feature of that collar. I spoke of the texture of the silk and dwelt on its wonderful richness.

May—I should have thought your aunt would have seen through that.

"SHE OUGHT TO SEE YOU NOW."

When a girl goes into raptures over some detail of a gown I know she does not like the thing as a whole.

Nellie—My aunt's education has been neglected, for she doesn't know that. Let me read you her letter:

My Dear Child—There was so much pathos in your note of thanks last year I could see how you loved and longed for the beautiful, and I know that I am not making a mistake in sending you one more pretty thing to go with you all through the year. I have told your eastern cousins how you enjoyed the collar I gave you last Christmas, and they are going to send you some. We have hired a poor seamstress to make them, so I have added pleasure to my own life in holding out a helping hand to two dependent women.

May—She must have a sense of humor if she calls you dependent. She ought to see you now.

Nellie—I'll have to waste 16 cents postage in writing letters of thanks, and I have already paid 20 cents extra for postage on the packages. I could have treated myself to a good magazine or a box of chocolates for that amount.

May—Last year I learned that an aunt was going to give me a year's subscription to a journal which devotes its pages to telling girls how to treat their employers and how to dress on $50 a year. I get all that kind of thing I wish without reading about it, so I took pains to criticise the paper before her and at the same time displayed my worn gloves—

Nellie—And she gave you a pair of gloves? Lucky girl!

May—I thought she would, but she sent me a housekeeping magazine and wrote telling me that I ought to learn to cook, as if a business girl has half a chance. She said that I might not like the magazine at first, but would become attached to it in time. I became detached.

Nellie—What do you mean?

May—I sold it for 50 cents on the dollar, went to the theater and wrote auntie that I had derived more pleasure from her present than from any other she had ever sent me.

Nellie—Total depravity!

May—No; only good business management. I suggest that you sell your misfit presents.

Nellie—I'll do it. I know a girl who likes fussy things, especially if she thinks she is getting them cheap. I will tell her the collars are too elaborate for my plain clothes, but will just suit hers. I am certain that she will take them, so I will invite you to the theater for next Saturday.

May—Thank you, dear. After all, there is nothing like making the best of things.—Chicago News.

Ask Capt. Branch about "Fewer gallons; wears longer."

Just received a big lot of Greer's almanacs, come and get one at The Speed Drug Co.

The place to get what you want.
The Speed Drug Co.

If you want an old reliable Greer's Almanac, you can get it by calling on The Speed Drug Co.

The Speed Drug Co. can come pretty filling your orders for school books, tablets, pencils and such like. Try them and see.

If you want a good cup of coffee go to L. T. & T. M. Miller and get White Star.

L. W. White sells the best yard-wide unbleached sheeting at 5 cts a yard to be found anywhere.