NORTHWESTERN R. R. OF S. C.

TIME TABLE No. 6.

In Effect Sunday, June 5, 1904.

BETWEEN SUMTER AND CAMDEN.
Mixed. Daily except Sunday.

Southbound. No. 69	No. 74		Northbound. No. 70	No. 68
P M	A M		A M	P M
6 25	9 35	Lve..Sumter..Arr	9 00	5 45
6 37	9 48	N. W. Junction	8 58	5 33
6 47	9 59	Dalzell	8 22	5 13
7 05	10 10	Borden	8 00	4 58
7 23	10 21	Rembert's	7 40	4 43
7 30	10 31	Eller be	7 30	4 28
7 50	11 10	So. Ry. Junction	7 10	4 25
8 00	11 10	Ar..Camden..Lve	7 00	4 15
P M	P M		A M	P M

BETWEEN WILSON'S MILL AND SUMTER
Daily except Sunday.

Southbound. No. 73		Northbound. No. 72
P M		P M
3 00	Leave.....Sumter.....Arrive	12 30
3 03	Summerton Junction	12 27
3 20	Tindal	11 55
3 35	Packsville	11 30
3 55	Silver	11 00
4 05	Millard	10 45
5 30	Millard	10 20
4 45	Summerton	10 15
5 25	Davis	9 45
5 45	Jordan	9 45
6 30	Arrive.....Wilson's Mill..Leave	9 40
P M		A M

BETWEEN MILLARD AND ST. PAUL.
Daily except Sunday.

Southbound. No. 73	No. 75		Northbound. No. 72	No. 74
P M	A M		A M	P M
4 05	10 20	Lve Millard Ar	10 45	5 30
4 15	10 30	Ar St. Paul Lve	10 35	4 20
P M	A M		A M	P M

THOS. WILSON, President.

Notice of Discharge.

I will apply to the Judge of Probate for Clarendon County on the 9th day of January 1907, for letters of discharge as Executrix of the estate of John Pat Brock, deceased.

SUSAN E. BROCK,
Executrix.

Summerton, S. C., Dec. 8, 1906.

The Publisher's Claims Sustained

UNITED STATES COURT OF CLAIMS

The Publishers of Webster's International Dictionary allege that it "is, in fact, the popular Unabridged thoroughly re-edited in every detail, and vastly enriched in every part, with the purpose of adapting it to meet the larger and severer requirements of another generation."

We are of the opinion that this allegation most clearly and accurately describes the work that has been accomplished and the result that has been reached. The Dictionary, as it now stands, has been thoroughly re-edited in every detail, has been corrected in every part, and is admirably adapted to meet the larger and severer requirements of a generation which demands more of popular philological knowledge than any generation that the world has ever contained.

It is perhaps needless to add that we refer to the dictionary in our judicial work as of the highest authority in accuracy of definition; and that in the future as in the past it will be the source of constant reference.

CHARLES C. NOTT, Chief Justice.
LAWRENCE WELDON,
JOHN DAVIS,
STANTON J. PEELLE,
CHARLES B. HOWRY,
Judges.

The above refers to WEBSTER'S
INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

THE GRAND PRIZE
(the highest award) was given to the International at the World's Fair, St. Louis.

GET THE LATEST AND BEST

You will be interested in our specimen pages, sent free.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

W. O. W.

Woodmen of the World.

Meets on fourth Monday nights at 8:03.

Visiting Sovereigns invited.

What Fishing Develops.

To those who are satisfied with a superficial view of the subject it may seem impossible that the diligence and attention necessary to a fisherman's success can leave him any opportunity while fishing to thoughtfully contemplate any matter not related to his pursuit. Such a conception of the situation cannot be indorsed for a moment by those of us who are conversant with the mysterious and unaccountable mental phenomena which fishing develops. We know that the true fisherman finds no better time for profitable contemplation and mental exercise than when actually engaged with his angling outfit. It will probably never be possible for us to gather statistics showing the moving sermons, the enchanting poems, the learned arguments and eloquent orations that have been composed or constructed between the bites, strikes or rises of fish. But there can be no doubt that of the many intellectual triumphs won in every walk of life a larger proportion has been actually hooked and landed with a rod and reel by those of the fishing fraternity than have been secured in any one given condition of the nonfishing world.—"Fishing and Shooting Sketches," by Grover Cleveland.

Calling the Chickens.

In England the calls chuck, chuck, or coop, coop, prevail; in Virginia, coo-che, coo-che; in Pennsylvania, pee, pee. This latter call is widely employed, being reported from Germany, Spain (as pi, pi), Bulgaria, Hungary, Bavaria and the Tyrol. In the Austrian province the term is used in combination—thus: Pulla, pi, pi. The call pullele, pul, pul, also occurs there. In some parts of Germany the poultry are called with tick, tick; in Prussia, put, put, and young chickens with tuk, tuk (Grimm), and schip, schip, the latter being an imitation of their own cry. In eastern Prussia hens are called with kluckschen, kluck, kluck; also tippchen, tipp, tipp. Grimm records also pi, pi, and tiet, tiet. Weinhold reports from Bavaria bibi, bibeli, bidli; pi, pi, and pul, pul. In Denmark the call is pootle; in Holland, kip, kip; in Bohemia, tyoo; in Bulgaria, tiri, tirl.

An Old Medicine.

"Ground oyster shells," said the physician, "were used as a medicine by the mediaeval doctors—a medicine for the rickets and scrofula."

"How absurd!"

"Absurd? Not at all. Oyster shells contain lime, nitrogen, iron, sulphur, magnesia, bromide, phosphoric acid and iodine. Those are all excellent tonics. You know how hens eat ground oyster shells and thus produce eggs with good, thick, strong shells? Well, as the oyster shell powder acts on eggshells so I have no doubt it acted in the middle ages on the bending, crumbling bones of the rickety, putting strength and firmness into them. Ground oyster shells, I am convinced, would be good things for frail children today. They would strengthen the frame, increase the appetite and have a splendid effect on the teeth."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A HOPELESS SITUATION.

Odd Climax That Was Not a Part of the Play.

Frank Gillmore, the actor, tells the following story about his aunt, Miss Sarah Thorne, who was leading woman at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, many years ago.

"Miss Thorne was given a part in 'The Masked Prince,' the second piece of the evening," said Mr. Gillmore. "Glancing through her part hastily at breakfast, she noticed that there was one scene in which she had so little to say that it could be learned just before going on. She decided to skip that scene and get to the longer passages.

"When night came, and my aunt made her appearance, she did very well in the first scene. In the second scene occurred the passages she had skipped in the morning. She rushed to the corner in which she left her book, but it was not there. Finally, the stage manager, receiving no response to his repeated calls, sought her out and pushed her on the stage. There she was, before a large audience, without the slightest idea of what she was supposed to do or say. The scene was a courtroom. At a high desk sat the presiding judge, letter perfect in his part, because he had it ready to read from the papers in front of him. A trial was taking place, and Miss Thorne, to her horror, discovered that she was to be the principal witness, on whose answers hung the entire plot of the play. The judge adjusted his spectacles, looked at his part, and said in solemn tones, 'The witness will now state what she saw the prisoner do on this particular night.'

"What was she to answer? She glanced around helplessly. She hadn't the faintest idea what she had seen the prisoner do on that particular night. The critical moment had arrived; some one must speak, but she couldn't. Her eye alighted on one of the characters in the play who looked particularly reliable. He looked like a person who could get one out of any sort of difficulty. So, pointing at him, she exclaimed in impressive tones, 'Ask that man!'

"The entire cast seemed disconcerted by this remark. They did not know precisely what ought to be said, but instinct told them something was wrong. The judge, thinking he might have made some mistake, turned over a couple of pages of manuscript and, having convinced himself on this point, again addressed the witness. My aunt glanced at the uncomfortable gentleman and, no other idea coming to her, again exclaimed, 'Ask that man!' This concentration of public attention was too much for him, and he sneaked off the stage with a feeble 'Excuse me.' Of course the situation was a hopeless one, and the curtain had to be rung down."—Success.

A Curious and Rare Book.

The most curious as well as one of the rarest books known to collectors is the edition of the Vulgate issued by Pope Sixtus V. some time between 1585 and 1590. The book, as Disraeli described it, "fairly swarmed with errata." So numerous were they that a number of printed paper slips containing the proper words were pasted over the errors, and, this device proving inefficient on account of the immense number of mistakes, as many of the copies as could be found were called in and destroyed. Only a few remain, and the book with its paper patches commands an extremely high price.

The Influence of the Farm.

The farm is the best security we have for our social well being, and whatever promotes interest there, whatever raises it in intelligence and scientific spirit, is one of the most comforting influences of our civilization. And so to have our young men imbued with the true agricultural spirit, to turn away from the adventures of the commercial life and the allurements of mere money making to the simple, productive, independent life on the farm, is one of the richest promises in our educational system. For there is where it belongs—to the expanding mind force of the nation. The finest triumphs of the next fifty years, results that will go further than all other enterprise in blessing men, will be won on the farm. There is a science of soil culture, and the art that is to be based upon it will open wide the door to men of thought and refinement. The answer of the old artist that he mixed his paint with brains is akin to the experience in the farming of the future, which will mix brains with the soil.—Columbus (O.) Journal.

He Knew Them.

"What's up, Tommy?" said a good natured London coster, who was passing, to a small boy who was sobbing bitterly.

"Oh, me farden! Hi've lorst me brite farden!" wailed the little lad, continuing his search.

"'Ere, mates," said the man to some others standing near, "let's help the pore kid find 'is farden." And the company set to work.

In a few moments one of them picked up the missing coin.

"'Ere y'are, Tommy," he said; "'ere's yer farden."

Then, looking at it in the light of a street lamp, "W'y, it ain't a farden at all; it's a 'arf quid."

"Garn!" said the boy as he snatched away the coin. "D'ye think Hi was goin' to let yew blokes know hit was a 'arf thick 'un? W'y, wun of yer would 'a' 'ad 'is foot on it afore Hi'd 'ad time ter turn rahnd."

And he vanished round the corner like a streak of lightning.—London Answers.

Hunting the Bird of Paradise.

Inside a queer, birdcage-like wicker contrivance built high up in a tree the Aru islander will watch patiently for days to get a shot at a bird of paradise, perhaps the loveliest of nature's creations. His food is supplied every morning by another native, who remains at the foot of the tree during the day to secure any bird which may fall, killed or stunned. Only the adult males, with long plumes, are sought after, for were not this the case this beautiful species would long ago have become extinct. To secure living specimens the natives employ an arrow having three prongs at the end. These prongs are barbed on the inside, and the object is to shoot at the legs of the bird, which, when hit, flutters helplessly to the ground.—A. E. Pratt in Wide World Magazine.

Matter of Fact Lovemaking.

For downright prose Dr. Johnson's offer of hand and heart to his second wife would be hard to beat. "My dear woman," said Johnson, "I am a hard-working man and withal something of a philosopher. I am, as you know, very poor. I have always been respectable myself, but I grieve to tell you that one of my uncles was hung." "I have less money than you, doctor," demurely answered the lady, "but I shall try to be philosophical too. None of my relatives have ever been hung, but I have several who ought to be." "Providence and philosophy have evidently mated us, my good woman," said the doctor as he pressed a chaste salute on the lady's brow.

Defrauding the Waiter.

In a Parisian cafe an American ordered a hors d'oeuvre, sole, agneau pre sale, artichoke salad, peche Melba, and so on, and when the waiter brought him a bill of 30 francs he paid it like a man. After his change was brought he counted it and pushed a franc toward the waiter for a tip. But the man, pushing back the franc, said in gentle reproach:

"Pardon, monsieur, but that is the counterfeit franc."—Argonaut.

His Income.

"They say you get 250 marks a month. I can't believe it. Tell me how."

"I get 110 marks salary; then I don't pay my rent, 40 marks; that's 150 marks; I owe the milkman 30 marks, that's 180 marks; my butcher 40 marks, 220 marks, and every month I raise 30 marks out of my friends, making an income of 250 marks a month!"—Fliegende Blatter.

Drawing a Tooth.

An elephant had a raging toothache, the agony of which caused her to nearly destroy her caravan. She was thrown on her side and roped to stakes. Two men held a pair of ice tongs fast round the aching tooth, and a couple of dray horses attached to the tongs by a rope did the rest. The tooth was sixteen inches long by three inches across.

His Complaint.

Inkwirer—What became of that queer patient you were telling me about last spring? Dr. Price—Oh, he's got a complaint now that's giving me a great deal of trouble! Inkwirer—Indeed! What is it? Dr. Price—Why, a complaint about the amount of my bill.

Saving Time.

"You shouldn't treat your boy so harshly. You'll break his spirit."

"Well, he'll probably get married some time, and he might as well have it broken now!"

The more violent the storm the sooner it is over.—Seneca.

Possesses wonderful medicinal power over the human body, removing all disorders from your system, is what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. Makes you well, keeps you well. 35c. Tea or Tablets. Dr. W. E. Brown & Co.

Lavish.

"Let us have some dinner on the veranda," said a nervous young gentleman during the first stage of his honeymoon.

"Certainly, sir," said the waiter politely. "Table d'hote or a la carte, sir?"

"Er—well," said the young Benedict, who was anxious to impress his wife with his lavish expenditure, "bring us some of both, please!"

An Insidious Danger.

One of the worst features of kidney trouble is that it is an insidious disease and before the victim realizes his danger he may have a fatal malady. Take Foley's Kidney Cure at the first sign of trouble as it corrects irregularities and prevents Bright's disease and diabetes. The Arant Drug Co.

Mother Goose.

The most popular children's book ever written was "Mother Goose's Melodies." Mrs. Goose, or Mother Goose, as she was familiarly called, was the mother-in-law of Thomas Fleet, a Boston printer early in the century. When his first child was born his mother-in-law devoted all her attention to the baby and, it is said, greatly annoyed Fleet by her persistent and not particularly musical chanting of the old English ditties she had heard in her childhood. The idea occurred to Fleet of writing down these songs and publishing them in book form. The oldest extant copy bears the date of 1719. The price marked on the title page was "two coppers." This account of the origin of Mother Goose is discredited by some critics, who declare that in 1697 Perrault published "Contes de ma Mere l'Oye," or "Stories of Mother Goose." The name Mother Goose was familiar in French folklore, being used by writers of this literature over a century before the time of Perrault.

The Status of a Meteorite.

A meteorite fell on a Vermont farm in 1896. It was a valuable meteorite, and the landlord at once stepped up and claimed it. "All minerals and metals on the land belong to me," he said. "That's in the lease."

But the tenant demurred. "This meteorite," he said, "wasn't on the farm, you must remember, when the lease was drawn up."

The landlord perceived the justice of that claim. He thought a moment. Then he said decisively, "I claim her as flying game."

But the tenant was ready for him. "She's got neither wings nor feathers," he said. "Therefore, as ground game, she's mine."

They continued their argument, and in the heat of it a revenue officer, arriving with a truck, proceeded to put the meteorite aboard. "I claim her for the government," he said, "as an article introduced into the country without payment of duty."

A Hotel Experience.

One fashionable hotel on Fifth avenue refuses to give any receipt for jewelry deposited in its safe or hold itself responsible for a greater amount than $250. Its explanation of this rule is based on an experience which seems excuse enough. Two guests of the hotel kept their valuables and money in the safe. They left them there when they went abroad, sometimes to stay for six months. Once the wife came back alone and drew out all the money and valuables. As she had often done so before the clerks gave the box to her as a matter of course. It was not until her husband had returned and wanted the same valuables that the hotel knew of their divorce. The husband brought suit and recovered all he claimed. Since that result of its confidence in its guests the hotel has limited its responsibility to $250.—New York Sun.

A Cholera Belt.

"The cholera belt," said a pale Anglo-Indian, "is not an imaginary girdle, like your pie belt, but a real girdle, which every foreign resident of India wears day and night. In winter the belt is made of heavy wool. In the summer it is made of light wool. It is never taken off. Even when you are sleeping in a temperature of 105 degrees, tossing and moaning and perspiring, despite the punkah that fans you from above, you still keep on your cholera belt, no matter what else you shed. Every Anglo-Indian has a couple of dozen cholera belts. They are said to prevent cholera, and I have no doubt they do so. At any rate, I never heard of any wearer of a cholera belt whom cholera ever seized upon."

The Light That Failed.

It was by an accident that Mr. Kipling got his famous title, "The Light That Failed." He had almost decided to call the novel "The Failure," although he was dissatisfied with this. One evening as he was sitting in his study reading by lamplight the light went suddenly down—almost failed, in fact. In a second Kipling jumped up, exclaiming excitedly, "By Jove, I've got it!" Pointing to the lamp, he said, "The Light That Failed."—London Standard.

The Man Fish.

Mathew Buchinger, mentioned in old English wonder books as the "man fish," was the most remarkable monstrosity of his time. He had neither hands, arms, feet nor legs. From his shoulders grew two finlike excrescences, and along his back there were several rows of scales. He had the lidless eyes characteristic of the fish species and a queer puckered mouth and no ears.

The Two Garricks.

George Garrick, brother of the celebrated David, was the latter's most devoted slave and laborious pack horse. On coming behind the scene he usually inquired, "Has David wanted me?" It being asked once how George came to die so soon after the demise of his famous brother, a wag replied, "David wanted him."

Love and Dyspepsia.

Young Wife (sobbing)—I am afraid, Karl, you have forgotten what the Herr Pastor said so beautifully at our wedding—how love believes anything, suffers anything— Young Husband—Oh, no; I haven't, but I didn't hear him say that love can eat anything.—Fliegende Blatter.

Self Made Man.

A rich financier said to one of our confreres who has more wif than wealth, "When I began business, sir, I had nothing."

"But those with whom you did business had something."—Independance Roumaine.

Help in Colonial Days.

For help the colonial woman had to choose between an Indian who might scalp her if the mood or fancy so dictated, "blackamoors" not yet outgrown African savagery, the town poor sold to the highest bidder, bound convicts transported for crime or ignorant creatures who had been beguiled to board ships that carried them off to virtual slavery and "free willers" discontented under and impatient for the end of the compacts which bound them. Occasionally she had a chance to engage a respectable young woman who had come from England or Holland to find service, but she never failed to lose her through speedy marriage.—Good Housekeeping.

ALCOLU RAILROD.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS
Effective May 1st, 1906.

NORTHEAST.—READ DOWN. SOUTHWEST.—READ UP.

No. 1. Mixed.	No. 3. Mixed.	No. 5. Mixed.	Miles.	STATIONS.		Miles.	No. 2. Mixed.	No. 4. Mixed.	No. 6. Mixed.
A. M.	P. M.						P. M.		
2 00	7 45	.....	0	Lv..... Alcolu	Ar	25	8 00	.....	.....
2 05	7 50	.....	2	..... McLeod*		23	7 45	.....	.....
2 15	8 00	.....	5	..... Harby*		20	7 40	.....	.....
2 20	8 05	.....	7	..... DuRant*		18	7 35	.....	.....
2 45	8 30	.....	12	..... Sardinia		13	7 10	.....	.....
2 55	8 40	.....	14	..... New Zion*		11	7 00	.....	.....
3 00	8 45	.....	15	..... Beard*		10	6 55	.....	.....
3 15	9 00	.....	17	..... Seloc*		8	6 40	.....	.....
4 00	9 45	.....	21	..... Hudson*		4	6 15	.....	.....
4 30	10 15	.....	25	Ar..... Beulah	Lv	0	6 00	.....	.....
P. M.	P. M.						P. M.		

* All stations except Beulah and Alcolu are flag stations for all trains.

Mondays, No. 2.
Tuesdays, No. 1.
Wednesdays, No. 2 and No. 3.
Thursdays, No. 2.
Fridays, No. 1.
Saturdays, No. 2. and No. 3.

R. P. ALDERMAN,
Traffic Manager.