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There are no corsets in this wide world to compare with WARNER'S.

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No other corset carries the absolute guarantee that WARNER'S do.

THE GUARANTEE:

To shape fashionably, to fit comfortably, to out wear any other corset, and not to Rust, Break or Tear.

Their style quality is endorsed by fashion creators everywhere. Their comfortable fitting and splendid wearing qualities are not equalled.

\$1 to \$3.50 PER PAIR

Every Pair Guaranteed.

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Loyalty to the corset of their choice is a distinguished characteristic of those who wear Redfern Corsets.



Our corsetiere recently remarked: "We sell more Redferns by mail and phone and over the counter without fitting, than of any other corset. Women who once get the Redfern habit seldom care to change." Facts make theory easy. The usual deduction is that Redfern corsets fit well, that they give the figure distinction desired, and that the various models are so uniformly "sized" that one learns that a second fitting is unnecessary.

Price \$3.50 up to \$15.



We fill mail orders, post free, to any address, hen cash accompanies orred, as we sell for CASH ONLY.

McCullum Brothers.

The Ready-to-Wear Store in Sumter

MARRY TO BECOME MEN.

In Korea Males Are Looked Upon as Children Until They Wed. The Koreans marry very young, generally between the ages of twelve and fifteen. For a woman to reach twenty without marrying is considered a terrible thing. A peculiarity of these weddings is that they would appear to be a matter of interest to every one except the parties mostly concerned, who often see one another for the first time on the wedding morning. This is because in a Korean household the boys are kept apart from the girls, the father and the sons occupying the front of the house and the mother and daughters living in the rear of the establishment. Moreover, in their social life the boys are not allowed to mix with the gentler sex.

The parents and friends arrange the match in accordance with their own interests, and if both parties agree and the bargain is concluded the formalities are of the simplest. There is no religious ceremony and no legal contract. Early on the wedding morn the best man arrives to tie the bridegroom's pigtail in a knot on the top of his head. This not only remains forever as an outward and visible sign of his condition, but entitles him to wear a hat for the first time in his life and to be treated as a man and enter public life. He may be a mere child, twelve years of age, but he has no longer any right to play with his boy friends and must choose his associates among old men.

He has now all civil rights and is expected to behave accordingly. If, on the contrary, a man is unable to afford the luxury of a home and a wife, he may reach the age of fifty, but he must still wear his pigtail down his back, has none of the advantages of citizenship and is expected to play with kites, marbles and such like. Any folly he may commit is excused in the same way as the naughtiness of a child who is not responsible for his actions.

The wedding ceremony itself is most simple. The whole function consists of a procession when the bride and bridegroom are conducted by their respective relations to a dais. There they are put face to face and probably, as already stated, see each other, for the first time. They merely glance at one another, then bow, and the knot is tied indissolubly.—Wide World Magazine.

Babies and Clothes.

According to a London specialist, if white clothing for babies could be abolished, in a generation there would be a 20 per cent decrease in the number of persons with defective eyes.

Cruel.—My grandmother reached her 100th birthday. Ethel—She couldn't have stopped at twenty-three so long as you have.—Boston Transcript.

Wisdom only opens her doors to those who pay for admission.

Insub to Injury.—"Mrs. Wombat is highly indignant." "Her house was robbed, I hear." "Yes, and the next night the burglars brought back her silver plated ware."—Pittsburgh Post.

Pleasures make one soft and lazy, but not happiness. Happiness is as bracing as sea air.

Fingers and Forks.

A New Yorker was speaking of a London horse show he attended. "A feature of the show," he said, "was the magnificent riding of certain Arab chiefs. These chiefs gave a dinner one evening, an Arab dinner, and they ate the first course—kous kous—with their fingers. "An Englishman asked for a fork for his kous kous. When it was brought to him a young chief said: "I beg your pardon, but I don't see how you can bear to eat with a fork." "I," the Englishman replied, "was about to remark that I didn't see how you could bear to eat with your fingers." "But my fingers," said the Arab, "are clean—clean. I know it. I see it myself. But you, sir, how can you feel sure about the cleanness of your fork?"—New York Tribune.

Japanese Festival Cars.

Most Japanese towns have a shrine or temple dedicated to the tutelary deity of the city. At Ueno, in the Iga province, several beautiful decorated annually in a curious procession. When the day of the festival arrives hundreds of plous worshippers drag the cars by means of ropes through the gayly decorated streets of the city—thereby, they believe, greatly pleasing the gods of the shrine. The cars are wonderful examples of Japanese decorative art, richly ornamented with gilding and lacquer work.—Wide World.

How Do You Laugh?

A French paper has discovered that a person's character is expressed in his manner of laughing. If you laugh in "ha-ha" fashion you are frank if a man and inconstant and incapable of keeping a secret if a woman. If you laugh "heh-heh" you are neurotic, melancholy and skeptical. If you adopt a deeper tone and laugh in "ho-ho" you are generous, easy going and good natured. The proper pitch for the fair sex to laugh in is "he-he," while people who laugh with a "ho-ho" effect should be avoided as hypocritical, scandal mongering and miserly.

Morbid Parisians.

Public executions in Paris prove very profitable to the owners of houses commanding the scene. Windows are let out for the occasion, the landlords watching for the first sign of the execution and then at once sending word to the persons who have hired the room. If an ordinary criminal is executed the charge is usually about \$4 per seat, but should the offender have committed any remarkable crime the price runs up to as much as \$30.

Exaggerated Impressions.

"Mr. Meekton says his wife is competent to hold any office in the government." "That opinion," replied Miss Cayenne, "is the result of his vanity. He thinks that because she can govern him she must be able to govern the entire nation."—Washington Star.

Flattery.

Flubdub—What do you consider the most delicate form of flattery? Cynicus—Telling a married man he doesn't look it.—Judge.

Chance generally favors the prudent.—Jonbert.

NO NAME FOR A POET.

Miller Was Open to Conviction and Shed the Heavy Burden. "Cincinnatus Helme" was the name that the parents of Joaquin Miller bestowed on him at his christening. How the poet came to adopt the name "Joaquin," under which he is universally known, was told by Mr. Charles Phillips, editor of the San Francisco Monitor. Miss Ina Coolbrith, of whom he speaks, is the California poetess who has been called the "Sappho of the west." In 1870, when he came down from Oregon and published his first little book of poems, entitled "Joaquin et al.," he told Miss Coolbrith of his determination to go to London and win fame. "How in the world," she asked him, "do you expect to climb Parnassus with such a name as you have? Miller is bad enough, but Cincinnatus Helme is impossible!" "But what can I do?" Miller asked. "If my name, isn't it?" "Why don't you take some name that will identify you with California?" Miss Coolbrith rejoined. "Take the name of your first book; call yourself Joaquin."

"By George, I'll do it!" said Miller. And from that day he signed himself "Joaquin Miller."

Not a Soloist.

The late Theodore Thomas was rehearsing the Chicago orchestra on the stage of the Auditorium theater. He was disturbed by the whistling of Albert Burridge, the well known scene painter, who was at work in the loft above the stage. A few minutes later Mr. Thomas' librarian appeared on the "bridge" where Mr. Burridge, merrily whistling, was at work.

"Mr. Thomas' compliments," said the librarian, "and he requests me to state that if Mr. Burridge wishes to whistle he will be glad to discontinue his rehearsal."

To which Mr. Burridge replied snarlingly.

"Mr. Burridge's compliments to Mr. Thomas, and please inform Mr. Thomas that if Mr. Burridge cannot whistle with the orchestra he won't whistle at all."

Rocking Chair Signs.

An observant Atchison woman says she can tell from the way a woman rocks on her front porch what condition the house behind her is in. If she sways back and forth with a floppy, comfortable motion, plumping both feet down in a relaxed sort of way, then everything about the house is absolutely clean and neat. But if she rocks in little nervous jerks, tapping her feet down at short and irregular intervals, it signifies that there are unmade beds behind her and stacks of unwashed dishes and dusty floors.—Atchison Globe.

They All Wear Two's.

Manager of Shoe Store—I've tried my best to attract the women to this place and they simply won't come. Salesman—No wonder! Your sign queers the trade. Manager (heatedly)—What's wrong with the sign? Salesman—It reads, "The Big Shoe Store."—Lippincott's.

Dr. King's New Liver Pills. The best in the world.

BLUNDERS OF ARTISTS.

Curious Examples In the Dome of the National Capitol. In the dome of the capitol at Washington there are eight great paintings carefully designed and executed by the nation's greatest building. Yet five of them are either defective in technique or in error as to natural or historical facts. One of the best known pictures is that in which Washington is shown resigning his commission to the Continental congress. There are two young girls, almost life size, standing in the foreground. They are very pretty young girls, but one of them has three hands. One left hand rests on the shoulder of her companion; another left hand is round her companion's waist. Doubtless the artist Trumbull painted both hands to see which pose he preferred and then forgot to paint out the superfluous hand.

Diagonally across the rotunda is the painting of the baptism of Pocahontas. Sitting in the foreground is Opeacanough, the uncle of Pocahontas. He is barefooted, and the artist has given him six toes on his left foot.

In the painting of the landing of Columbus, which used to be reproduced on the five dollar banknote, the artist has painted three flags. They are very well drawn, but one is blowing east, one west and one south, which indicates a very variable condition of the wind at that famous day.

In the picture of the surrender of Cornwallis General Washington is conspicuously seated upon a white horse. But General Washington was not present at the surrender. Cornwallis did not surrender his army in person, but sent a subordinate officer to do so. Accordingly Washington detailed an officer of corresponding rank to receive the surrender. It would have been a breach of military etiquette for Washington to be present.

The fifth picture, "Signing of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia on July 4, 1776," is wrong only in the title. The Declaration of Independence was adopted on July 4, but it was not signed by the members of the congress until Aug. 2, 1776.—Youth's Companion.

Handicapped.

Lady—All your marine pictures represent the sea as calm. Why don't you paint a storm once in a while? Artist—We painters in oil can't do that, madam. We may outline a storm on the canvas; but, you see, as soon as we begin to spread on the oil colors the waves subside and the sea becomes as calm as a duck pond.—Boston Transcript.

Statesman's Trials.

"You must remember not to forget the folks back home," advised the veteran statesman. "There is small chance of my having a chance to forget them so long as there are jobs to fill," replied the new representative. Buffalo Express.

Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly

The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria, enriches the blood, builds up the system. A true Tonic. For adults and children. 50c.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE. For Kidneys and Bladder Right.

Change of Front.

On a murder case in one of the southern states an old mountaineer was called as witness. The defending lawyer was cross examining him. "You say you saw this murder committed?" "Yes." "How far were you from the spot where it took place?" "About a quarter mile." "What time was it when this deed was done?" "Bout half past 8." "On the date this murder was supposed to be committed it would be almost totally dark, and you men to say you could see distinctly what happened at that time at a quarter of a mile distant?" The old mountaineer shuffled his feet, changed his quid and stretched. "Oh, well," he said as he started to leave the witness chair, "I don't give a maldarn about this trial anyway." Everybody.

He Made Them Read It.

Daughter—"Have you found out yet what it was that put you out of the paper?" Mother—Yes, I bought a copy. I've read it all through, but to save my life I can't see anything wrong in it. It's an article on the vulgarity and silliness of buying gowns that are beyond one's means.

The Clock and the Watch.

"What pleased me most," said the man who had been abroad, "was the wonderful clock at Strassburg." "Oh, how I should like to see it!" replied the ignorant youth. "And did you see the watch on the Rhine too?"—Exchange.

Artistic Glassmakers.

Glassmaking used at one time to be the most aristocratic of all industries. A French law passed under Louis IX, allowed none but men of noble birth to set up glass blowing establishments or even to work therein. For many centuries this was the only trade no noblemen could venture to work in without any danger of losing caste. The art of glassmaking reached England through France, and in its early days those engaged in it styled themselves "gentlemen glass blowers."

Sunken Walnut Logs.

On the bottom of Gull lake, in Michigan, lies a small fortune in walnut logs, which were once considered of so little value that they were towed out into deep water and sunk. As the lake is 300 feet deep in places the logs are likely to remain a dead loss. The logs are really the butt ends of fine walnut trees which were cut down years ago. Later the stumps were pulled out, hauled into the lake and let go.

Important to Him.

An old lady was telling her grandchildren about some trouble in Scotland in the course of which the chief of her clan was beheaded. "It was sad great thing of a head, to be sure," said the good old lady, "but it was a sad loss to him."

Spanish Peasants.

In Spain the peasant works all day and dances half the night, yet rarely is his food varied from black bread, onion and watermelon.

Things that never could have made a man happy develop a power to make him strong.—Phillips Brooks.

No Use For Fresh Air.

Old time doctors had no faith in the virtues of fresh air. Andrew Bourde in his "Compendious Regiment or Dietary of Health," published 1542, writes: "To backward and also in the morning use to have a fire in your chamber, to waste and consume evil vapours within the chamber, for the breath of man may purify the air within the chamber. In the night let the windows of your house, specially of your chamber, be closed, lest it do advertise you, to cause to be made a good thick quilt of cotton, or else of pure flocks or of clean wool, and let the covering of it be of white fustian, and lay it on the feather bed that you do lie on."—London Chronicle.

Dead Easy.

Two guests missed the first courses of a dinner at a suburban home, which had been arranged partly in their honor. Hand bags had been searched, distant homes called on the telephone for information, much nerve energy had been expended, all because the key to the trunk containing the necessary dinner raiment could not be found. Finally a locksmith from the town four miles away came by automobile, was led to the trunk, and in less than a minute the lid was turned back.

Up to Date Milkman.

"What are you giving your cows now in the way of galactagogues?" asked the Irvington professor of the milkman. "Oh," said the milkman, who has just been graduated from Purdue and is not to be stamped by any Butler college pedagogue, "their sustenance is wholly of vegetable origin, rich in chlorophyll and opulent in butyrateous qualities."

The Speaker.

It was his power of protesting that in the first place gave the speaker of the British house of commons his name. For the early members were not great at oratory and soon realized the desirability of choosing a spokesman with a ready tongue and the courage to argue with the king. Hence came the title of "speaker," which was first given to Sir Thomas Hungerford in 1376.

Fairies.

How many kinds of fairy were there? A good many. For an elf differs from a troll, who must not be confounded with a pixy. Then in addition there was the kelpie, the gnome, the brownie, the kobold, the nis and the urisk (a hairy Scotch spirit).—Chicago News.

Circumstances.

You might as well expect one wave of the sea to be precisely the same as the next wave of the sea as to expect that there would be no change of circumstances.

Woodpecker's Waterloo.

"That woodpecker may be persistent, but I think he's beaten this time." "What is he trying to do?" "Bill a hole in an iron trolley pole."—Pittsburgh Post.

This world has been led more by footprints than guideboards.—H. A. Porter.

MAGIC OF COLORS

By It We Know of What the Sun and Stars Are Composed.

SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE.

How They Were Revealed by the Discovery of the Spectrum and the Reasoning to Which It Led—Our Eyeslashes Are Primitive Spectroscopes.

The miracle of the spectroscope is repeated before our eyes every day and every night without our recognizing it. If people were more observant and more accustomed to think about the meaning of what they see great discoveries would be as plentiful as diamonds in a Kimberley pipe.

A man said to me the other day, "What is all this color that I see when I squint my eyes and look at an electric light?"

I replied: "It is the greatest revelation that man has ever had in the physical world—it is spectrum analysis. Your crowded eyelashes become an astronomical instrument and analyze the light for you into its primary colors. The multitude of narrow slits through which the light passes as you squint your eyes act like a diffraction grating and change the direction of the various waves of light in accordance with their length.

"The red waves are long, one thirteenthousandth of an inch in length, and they keep on without much change of direction, but the violet waves are short, one fifty-seven-thousandth of an inch in length, and they are considerably turned out of a straight line. All the intermediate waves, from orange, through yellow, green, blue and indigo, decrease in length and are more and more turned aside as they get shorter. The consequence is that you see through your nearly closed eyelashes a band of colors, which is nothing but the famous spectrum of the astronomers."

By the discovery of that spectrum and the reasoning that it led to we have found out what the sun and the stars are made of. Every known element of matter, when it is made to shine, gives out wave lengths peculiar to itself. Spectroscopic instruments more perfect than the eyelashes reveal these special waves in the light of the sun and the stars and by that revelation enable us to detect the incandescent clouds, composed of the hot vapors of iron, copper, nickel, platinum, carbon, calcium, sodium and many other substances which glow in the atmosphere of the heavenly bodies. We find these things in stars so far away that their light may require 1,000 years to come to us, although it flies with a speed of 186,300 miles per second.

Look around you when you enter a brilliantly lighted parlor with crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. The mysterious spectrum flashes at you from a hundred directions at once. "Bout a quarter mile." "What time was it when this deed was done?" "Bout half past 8." "On the date this murder was supposed to be committed it would be almost totally dark, and you men to say you could see distinctly what happened at that time at a quarter of a mile distant?" The old mountaineer shuffled his feet, changed his quid and stretched. "Oh, well," he said as he started to leave the witness chair, "I don't give a maldarn about this trial anyway." Everybody.

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A CLEVER SWINDLE

Working the Game at an English Watering Place.

STORY OF A WORRIED WOMAN.

It Caught the Interest and Sympathy of the Prosperous Loungers at the Fashionable Hotel, and the Rest of the Scheme Was Easy.

"The prosperous" were lounging on the terrace of the leading hotel in the fashionable watering place sunning themselves. It was a magnificent afternoon. Everybody was lazily good tempered and contributed to the general air of well fed contentment. And then "the woman" put in an appearance.

For a moment she stood on the stone steps that led up to the terrace, hesitating. "The prosperous" gaped at her and wondered why she was there. They probably classified her as one of the "respectable poor."

"The woman" could not disguise the fact that she was in trouble of some sort. She advanced upon "the prosperous" and glanced timidly from face to face. Then, gathering her courage in both hands, she walked right past them into the vestibule of the hotel.

A little buzz of speculation arose. There was no doubt about it. They found "the woman" interesting.

"Wonder what's worrying her?" said one.

"Perhaps she thinks of putting up and is a bit doubtful about the cuisine," cackled a would be wit. The cold stare with which his remark was received told him that it was considered to be in decidedly bad taste. As a fact, "the prosperous" were inclined to feel sympathy for "the woman." They had been well fed, and it was a magnificent afternoon; also they were genuinely curious.

Soon she came out again, looking more dejected than ever. She looked around as if for a less public means of escape, but, finding none, strode desperately forward.

"My good woman, you seem to be in trouble. Can I do anything?"

It was the elderly military looking man in the corner who spoke—spoke gruffly as one who is in the habit of doing favors ungraciously. "The prosperous" thought it a trifle daring. But they were secretly glad. And they listened.

"No, sir, thank you," replied "the woman."

And then she belied her words by a muffled sob.

"I—I'm nothing, sir—nothing at all," she added.

The military looking man rose from his seat.

"Have the goodness to take that chair," he said peremptorily, "and tell us the truth. I have no doubt that you shall be able to assist you. When she had partly composed herself "the woman" stammered out her story with the aid of much prompting from her companion.

"I am a widow, a color sergeant in the Welsh Grays my husband was. I led lodgings in the town. There is a gentleman called Colonel Morrish boarded in my house night on six months; said he'd pay me as soon as his dividends or something came in at the half year.

"I managed to hold out and gave him the good table as he was accustomed to, though it meant owing the landlord. But I'd do anything to have the gentry in my house."

"The prosperous" murmured sympathetically.

"Just before the six months was up he said he'd have to come on my stay at this hotel to meet one of the directors who was going to pay him his money. An' now they tell me that there never was no one here by the name of Colonel Morrish. And—and—the balliffs come into my house this mornin', an' they'll take all my furniture for the £12 I owe the landlord."

"Twelve pounds!" repeated the military looking man. He hesitated and then fumbled in his pocket. "Well, dash it, here is £2 toward it." And his voice was gruffer than ever.

He glared fiercely at the meek little man by his side, who promptly began the fumbling process to cover his confusion.

Others fumbled, too, and at the end of a couple of minutes the £12 was there.

"I—I—can't take it, sir. I—"

"Madam, don't talk like a fool!" thundered the military looking man. "Run home and pay out those balliffs."

Late that evening in a room in the poorer quarters of the town "the woman" was fingering the sovereigns.

"That's a good one to the good, anyhow," she said complacently. "Where shall we try next?"

"Don't know, old girl. But I was thinking of Brighton."

It was the military looking man who answered.—London Answers.

Appropriate.

"Did you hear that that poor fellow who lost both his legs in an automobile accident intends to go into politics?"

"No. How can he without a leg to stand on?"

"Oh, he expects to go on the stump."—Judge.

When you know a thing, maintain that you know it; when you do not acknowledge your ignorance.—Confucius.

Berberine Belief.

Everything that goes wrong is attributed by the Berberines, a tribe of the Sudan, to the devil. Ethel S. Stevens, in "My Sudan Year," quotes a story told her by Bishop Gwynne of his "boys" coming to him one day and announcing, "The devil is in the house."

"Oh," said the bishop, "that is very interesting! When did he arrive?"

"He came in with the cook from the souk market yesterday evening."

"Really?" commented the bishop, puzzled.

"Yes, and in the night he came out of the cook and passed into me."

"Oh, and what did he do?"

"He went to the cupboard and broke a plate and the top of the jam jar."

A light broke in on the bishop.

"Oh, he was after the jam! I suppose he ate some?"

"Yes," said the boy, "he did!"

The idea of devil possession is not merely an elaborate form of excuse; the native servant really believes in it.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR for children; safe, sure. No opiate.