

**Cure For Earache.**  
Captain—Corporal, what became of that tall recruit?  
Corporal—Goodness only knows, Captain. He was sufferin' wif the earache an' asked for some cotton to stick in his ear. Somebody gave him some gun-cotton 'a we hain't seen him since.—Chicago News.

**Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?**  
Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen Feet, Smarting and Sweating Feet, and Itching Nails. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cents. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Even the base ball fan can't keep cool.

Nell—"Why do seashore engagements seldom amount to anything?"  
Belle—"I suppose its because of the breakers."

The Historic Route to the Confederate Reunion at Louisville, May 30th-June 3rd, is the Seaboard Air Line Railway.

The social smile is not life's most reliable weighing machine. So. 21.

**The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever** is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simple in form, and a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 25c.

Some people are so busy talking that they haven't time to think.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**  
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box, 25c.

Hoax—"That long-haired, poetical friend of yours bought me a drink today." Joak—"A literary treat, eh?"

**FURNACE FEELS DUES** are fast to sun-bright, washing and rubbing. Sold by all druggists.

The street car conductor may not be noted for heroism, but he realizes that none but the brave deserve the fare.

Among the distinguished visitors at the Confederate Reunion, Admiral and Mrs. Dewey are expected and will be given a grand ovation by the Veterans.

Write to L. S. Allen, G. P. A., S. A. L. Railway, Portsmouth, Va., for full descriptive pamphlet giving all information as to Confederate Reunion at Louisville, May 30th-June 3rd.

## MORNING TIREDNESS

Is a serious complaint. It's a warning that should be heeded. It is different from an honest tired feeling. It is a sure sign of poor blood. You can cure it by making your blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla. That is what other people do—thousands of them. Take a few bottles of this good medicine now and you will not only get rid of that weak, languid, exhausted feeling, but it will make you feel well all through the summer.

**Tired Feeling**—For that tired and worn out feeling in the spring, and as a strength builder and appetite creator, I have found Hood's Sarsaparilla without an equal. Mrs. L. B. Woodard, 235 Balou Street, Woonsocket, R. I.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.

Impression not favorable.

The general impression regarding the veterans in the Pennsylvania coal fields is not favorable. Witness is called by the Wilkes-Barre News that the Huns are becoming more respectful of law, better educated, and singularly, that they already own half of the saloons in Luzerne County. In other lines of trade, too, these people are found, and there is full evidence that they will become a strong factor in political affairs of the Wyoming valley. They are quick to learn in the schools, and most of the older generation are well-to-do and have acquired much property. Two-thirds of the crime in the coal regions could be laid at the door of the Huns in past years, and often they escaped punishment because they had money and once before the courts that they had evaded the law. But the judges have since discerned that the Hun was not as innocent as he looked, and the lines have been drawn tighter about the veterans, with good results.

## The Pinkham Remedies

For disorders of the feminine organs have gained their great renown and enormous sale because of the permanent good they have done and are doing for the women of this country.

If all ailing or suffering women could be made to understand how absolutely true are the statements about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, their sufferings would end.

Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass. The advice she gives is practical and honest. You can write freely to her; she is a woman.

**DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY:** gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. R. H. Green's Sons, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga. So. 21.

As supplied with Thompson's Eye Water

**THE CALL OF THE DRUM.**  
All faint and far away I hear  
The calling of the drum.  
Its rhythmic drumming, drawing near,  
Is ever pleading: "Come!"  
The colors are waving—  
My heart throbs with craving—  
As nearer  
And louder,  
And prouder  
Its melody grows, as the sound comes and goes.  
"Come! Come!"  
Is the call of the drum.  
Now brave and grand, and near at hand  
I hear the calling drum.  
The flag, by gallant breezes fanned,  
Is beckoning: "Oh, come!  
We'll rush to the clamor  
Of strife, with its glamour,"  
And swelling,  
And telling  
The story  
Of glory  
The drum sings in glees as it passes by me.  
"Come! Come!"  
Is the song of the drum.  
Still faint and far away I hear  
The ever calling drum.  
Now singing low, now ringing clear,  
In its insistent "Come."  
With tones sweet and hollow  
It lures me to follow.  
Far away  
Through the day  
It calls me—  
Earth, air and sea—  
The lift of its beating heart is repeating.  
"Come! Come!"  
Is the call of the drum.  
—Josh Wink.

## The Passing of the Laird.

STORIES are beginning to come from South Africa about that field of dread memory—Magersfontein. From dawn—when the belching hill-front of fire had mowed in swaths the ranks of the Black Watch—till dusk—when the last gun had sent its whistling shriek—the air had seemed to live and seethe and scream, and to main, blast and wither the men of the Highland Brigade.

The dark African night had flung its blackness over Magersfontein, and in the scanty scrub and stony hollows remained those who could not well retire when the bugles, with reluctant notes, sounded the retreat.

Piper Duncan Farquharson sat up and groaned. His last experience of life had been rather mixed. He remembered retiring behind a wire fence, and after he had scrambled over the void a few dozen yards something happened. What this was Duncan was uncertain, but as he felt his head he knew he had been hit.

He sat up and considered. Where was his company? Where was the captain, and his lieutenant—the young laird, who bore the same name as he bore? He would go to them. So he went.

There were groans and sobs from the darkness, and sometimes a wild yell tore the night asunder. There were calls for water in all the dialects spoken north of the Tweed and in many forms of southern Anglo-Saxon. Duncan crawled through them. At last he came to the barbed wire entanglements. As he crawled through these the barbs tore his kilt and hose, and he felt them enter his flesh; but at last he threw himself clear.

Then he rolled down a short way, and a soldier brought him up. He put out his hand to protect his face, and caught another hand, cold and clammy, in his own.

The soldier groaned aloud.  
"Is this you, laird?" said Piper Duncan Farquharson.

"Ah, it's you, Duncan, and your lieutenant Duncan Farquharson."

"Ay, it's me, laird. Are ye sair hurt?"

"Oh, I don't know, Duncan! For heaven's sake, if you have any water give me some!"

"I've nae water, laird, but I'll get some. Ye see avin' can't think," said the piper.

He took off his tunic and wrapped the laird in it, as well as could be done under the circumstances.

The laird suddenly stirred.  
"Duncan, laird, if you can move, bring me a drink of water."

Duncan sat still and felt his head. He heard with his ears, but his brain had not yet comprehended.

Then consciousness returned to him. He must obey the laird.

It was in these circumstances that Piper Farquharson robbed the dead of Magerfontein.

Duncan pillaged from an officer a silver flask which its owner would never more require.

With other melancholy loot Duncan crawled slowly back to the laird, and, feeling for his face, he poured water between his lips.

He drank the liquid, and, as it brought back life into his trembling frame, he said:  
"Man, laird, I hope that officer chiel was a good-leavin' man. He deserves to gang to a place there's nae such a drought as there's here."

"You were always plucky, Duncan," said the lieutenant, "but I'm going." His voice was now at a whisper.

"Na, na, ye'll tak' aither drappie!" said the piper. And again he poured a few drops between the laird's lips.  
"Duncan, could you play a march before I go?"  
"I'll try, but ma heid's sawful queer. Hiv ye my pipes?"  
"Yes; I kept them in my left hand."  
Piper Farquharson tuned his pipes.  
"Now, the 'Haugs o' Cromdale,' Duncan. I'm going!" whispered the laird.  
"Na, na, yer nae gann, laird! I'll play ye a reel." And over the desolation floated the springing crispness of the "Perth Hunt."

"Ay, I think it will be snow afore morain'," he said.  
Then Piper Farquharson played marches and strathspeys, and in the cold and darkness death came to many of his audience. But as they fell asleep, and their thirst was sated, and their pain eased, their lullaby was to them the sweetest they had heard since childhood.

Duncan could play no more. It was indeed only fitfully he had played at all.

And the laird was passing.  
"Good-by, old man, and thanks," sighed the laird. "If you go home tell them I sent my love. I wrote them all yesterday. Good—"

There was a slight tinkle and the laird fell sideways. He had gone with his comrades.

The dawn would come soon. Already the summits of the Eastern hills were beginning to appear through the grayness. Day was coming and the night, and those who had gone under its blackness were now to be numbered with that which had been.

Duncan, ho, ever, was only concerned about one thing.

The laird was gone. He had asked him for a march; he should have one. Duncan rose, propped himself against the bowlder, and stood over the body of his lieutenant.

Then over the void the low, wailing strains of "Lochaber No More" rose and swelled in the dawn, like the voice of a mother mourning with a sore, articulate grief the loss of her children.

The Boer sentinel in the advanced trench saw, as the dawn came, a roon-ek standing facing him. He was a petticoat and might have thousands behind him. The sentry brought his rifle to the "Present!" It was an easy shot—a tall man, with no khaki tunic to deceive the marksmen. Then the Mauser barked.

In this wise Piper Duncan Farquharson, of the Highland Brigade, rejoined his laird.—Answers.

## NOT WHOLLY FREE FROM GUILF.

A Traveler Corrects a False Impression as to the Central American Indians.

"It is a common impression that the Central American Indian is singularly honest and free from guile," said a traveler who came up on the last banana boat, "but don't you believe a word of that story. I recently made a mule-back trip to the Olancha district, in northwest Honduras, my particular purpose being to take a look at the famous old placer diggings on the Guayape River. I spent a week or so in the region, and was especially interested in the native Indians who live along the banks of the stream and who regard the placers as a sort of family pocketbook, from which they help themselves to their pleasure. When a household needs anything that can't be hunted or fished—in other words, that has to be bought at the store—the women sally out with their 'bateas' or wooden bowls and proceed to wash as much gold as is required for the purchase. The metal they secure in that way is usually in the form of minute grains, hardly as large as the head of a pin, but occasionally they find little nuggets, and that brings me to my story.

"The day before I left I was at the principal store of the district talking to the proprietor, or 'tiendero,' when a typical Olancha Indian shambled in and sat down on the floor. I attempted to question him about the diggings, and presently he untied a corner of his neckcloth and showed me three small, fantastically shaped nuggets which he said his wife had lately found. It occurred to me that this was a passion so full of covetousness and shame that nobody ever after some haggling I bought one for \$4—they weighed altogether about a quarter of an ounce.

It was so disguised by the apparent simplicity of the Indian that I never thought to examine the nuggets closely until I reached Port Cortez, and then it hardly needed a second look to see that they were not gold at all, but evidently a sort of brass alloy.

"A few days later, I learned from an engineer who came down from the Guayape district that my Indian friend was boasting that he had stolen some yellow 'composition metal' bearing a fragment in a home-made clay crucible. In that way he produced his handsome nuggets. If he had put in the same amount of labor at the placers he could easily have washed out \$20 worth of gold. That's what I call a natural aptitude for crookedness."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## The Geology of Oahu.

In a recent Bulletin of the Geological Society of America C. H. Hitchcock describes the geology of Oahu, which is the main island of our newly-acquired Hawaiian Islands. The town of Honolulu is situated on the island. Geologically the island is almost wholly composed of basalt, with a narrow fringe of limestone. The following is a condensed summary of the geological events in the history of the Island of Oahu: Igneous eruptions commenced under water in post-tertiary time and accumulated until a smooth island dome arose above the surface of the water. This dome was soon channeled by rain, precipitated from the warm trade winds, and gradually vegetation derived from distant regions covered the surface. As soon as coralline and molluscan fauna migrated thither limestone began to be formed. The subterranean fires were by no means dead, but continued to pour forth at uncertain intervals lava and ashes. A sinking of the land then took place, allowing the accumulation of a marine deposit, which was subsequently raised, probably by an earthquake.

The Accident He Meant.  
"I understand," remarked the reporter to the manager of a railway noted for the unpunctuality of its trains, "that there was an accident on your railway last night."

"Oh, do you?" was the sarcastic reply.  
"Yes, sir."  
"Do you know anything about it?"  
"Only that it happened to the train which was due here at 8.15."  
"That train came in to the minute, sir," said the manager, firmly.  
"Are you sure of that?"  
"Of course, I am."  
"Thanks. That must have been the accident referred to," and the reporter dodged out.—Tit-Bits.

## TESTING BUTTER BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

Shows the Difference Between the Real and the Bogus at Once.

Oleomargarine and renovated butter have seen their halcyon days, if the silent efforts now being made in the basement of the State Capitol prove effective. State Chemist J. A. Hummel is engaged on varieties of yellow stuff, alleged butter, which the inspectors are sending him from every portion of the State.

The chemist has hit upon a new scheme which he thinks will surely bring the butter dodgers to time. By a combination of nickel prisms, microscopes and a lensless camera with a sensitive plate, Mr. Hummel has developed a plan which must show the difference between butters and pseudo butters to every amateur eye at a moment's glance. Thus, it is hoped, the photographs will carry weight with a jury where chemical formulae failed. When asked to explain the process of examination by photographic methods, Mr. Hummel said:

"The simple fact to be considered is that pure butter as made in the dairies or at the creamery contains only amorphous fat. Any heating process such as is followed in renovation and running in of milk immediately generates fat crystals. In the oleomargarine, the crystals from the meat fats added to cottonseed oil are very thick.

"Now all we need to do is to place a sample of suspected butter in a glass slide and then under the microscope. We put one prism above and one below in such a way that the light rays cannot pass through, according to a law of physics. Now, we push the tube of a camera directly over the head of the microscope, and insert a plate at the other end. No direct light, you see, can pass through, that is, as long as these two prisms are properly placed. But according to the laws of light, as soon as we get a third prism, such as a crystal which you know is of prismatic shape, the light again finds its way through. Consequently, if the butter is free from crystals no direct rays, and only a dull translucent light will pass through, while otherwise bright and dark spots will come together and form the peculiar shaded picture you see in the oleomargarine sample. The proof is simple, absolute and convincing."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

He conquers who endures.—Perkins.  
Good counsels observed are chains of grace.—Fuller.

Finish each day and be done with it.—Abraham Lincoln.  
What loneliness is more lonely than distrust?—George Eliot.

Anger begins in folly and ends in repentance.—Pythagoras.  
[ Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.—Garfield.

There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and activity.—Mitchell.

There is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent and sincere earnestness.—Dickens.

The wisest man may always learn something from the humblest peasant.—J. P. Sears.

Every duty which we omit obscures some truth which we should have known.—Ruskin.

Where there is emulation there will be vanity; where there is vanity we will be folly.—Johnson.

Curiosity is a passion so full of covetousness and shame that nobody ever after some haggling I bought one for \$4—they weighed altogether about a quarter of an ounce.

It stands in greater dread of a single beam of self-revealing light than of an arsenal of bludgeons.—H. A. Kendall.

How Justice Field Apologized.

While in a peculiar mood one day the late Justice Stephen J. Field severely reprimanded Page Henry McCall for an offense of which the page was innocent. But the member of the highest court in the land could not be persuaded that his course was not the correct one. McCall felt humiliated, but he was a little gentleman and held his peace.

Later in the day Justice Field sent for McCall.  
"Come to my house at 7 o'clock this evening," was all he said.

With mingled feelings of doubt and despair the page called at the Field residence at the time specified, was ushered into the jurist's library, and told to hold the books which Mr. Field began, without explanation or ceremony, to take from the shelves.

When the veteran lawyer had piled about fifteen volumes into Page McCall's arms, he gruffly remarked:  
"Henry, I'm very sorry for the way I treated you to-day. I realize that my conduct was unwarranted, and I beg your pardon. Here are some choice books. Keep them as a nucleus for your library. Keep them, young man, and—keep your temper, too, whatever you do! Good night!"—Christian Endeavor World.

Bicycling Along the Yukon.

The mighty Yukon River has been converted into a winter bicycle path. The most wonderful trip of the arctic cycling season was made in February by Morris Levy between Dawson and Circle City. The distance between the two points is 365 miles. Levy made it in three days and four hours, or at a gain of better than 100 miles a day. Among those starting over the Dawson-Nome trail last month were two women, both riding bicycles. The trail is pronounced excellent for wheeling, the Yukon ice being smooth for long stretches.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Money in Old Plate Glass.

One of the novel business trades of London is that of a dealer in second-hand plate glass. The large plates of this kind of glass are insured when put in a window, and when any of them is broken the owner of the injured glass usually prefers that the insurance company should replace the broken plate rather than he should be paid its price. The dealer in the second-hand glass contrives to utilize what remains of the unbroken parts of the glass, cutting it into panes of smaller size and disposing of them to various firms.

# FOR MALARIA, CHILLS AND FEVER.

## The Best Prescription Is Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

### The Formula Is Plainly Printed on Every Bottle, So That the People May Know Just What They Are Taking.

Imitators do not advertise their formula knowing that you would not buy their medicine if you knew what it contained. Grove's contains Iron and Quinine put up in correct proportions and is in a Tasteless form. The Iron acts as a tonic while the Quinine drives the malaria out of the system. Any reliable druggist will tell you that Grove's is the Original and that all other so-called "Tasteless" chill tonics are imitations. An analysis of other chill tonics shows that Grove's is superior to all others in every respect. You are not experimenting when you take Grove's—its superiority and excellence having long been established. Grove's is the only Chill Cure sold throughout the entire malarial sections of the United States. No Cure, No Pay. Price, 50c

See your Agent for rates, schedule, time and all information concerning the Confederate Reunion at Louisville, May 30th-June 3rd, by the Seaboard Air Line.

We will give \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. F. J. CHESTNUT & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

The hospitable Kentuckians have prepared a thrilling program for the Veterans who go to the Confederate Reunion by the Seaboard Air Line Railway, May 30th-June 3rd.

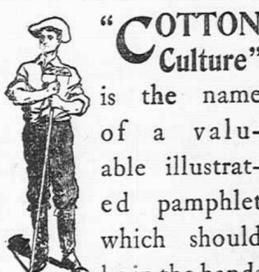
FITS permanently cured. Nerve or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 a bottle and treated free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Old Veterans are dropping off rapidly now and none wants to fail to meet his comrades at the Confederate Reunion at Louisville, May 30th-June 3rd, specially when the Seaboard Air Line Railway.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

The Seaboard is the battlefield route to the Confederate Reunion at Louisville, May 30th-June 3rd.

I ask sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Miss. 1708, Rossmore, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1901.



"COTTON Culture" is the name of a valuable illustrated pamphlet which should be in the hands of every planter who raises Cotton. The book is sent FREE.

Send name and address to

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and write for list of premiums we offer free for them.

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Rootbeer  
The favorite summer drink

**\$3 & 3.50 SHOES** MADE IN U.S.A.  
Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes.

Endorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers. The genuine have W. L. Douglas's name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send a pair on receipt of price and 25c extra for carriage. Size kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Cat. free. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

PREVENTION is facilitated if you mention this paper when writing advertisers. So. 21.

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Would be a dreary place. Music is an inspiration—a tonic. You expect to buy an organ or piano some time. Why not now? An instrument is furniture—it's an investment. If you get one of the Standard makes makes represented by me, age will not affect it. It will be as good five years from now, as the day you bought it. My Price is Right.

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# BILE IN THE BLOOD



No matter how pleasant your surroundings, health, good health, is the foundation for enjoyment. Bowel trouble causes more aches and pains than all other diseases together, and when you get a good dose of bilious bile coursing through the blood life's a hell on earth. Millions of people are doctoring for chronic ailments that started with bad bowels, and they will never get better till the bowels are right. You know how it is—you neglect—get irregular—first suffer with a slight headache—bad taste in the mouth mornings, and general "all gone" feeling during the day—keep on going from bad to worse until the suffering becomes awful, life loses its charms, and there is many a one that has been driven to suicidal relief. Educate your bowels with CASCARETS. Don't neglect the slightest irregularity. See that you have one natural, easy movement each day. CASCARETS tone the bowels—make them strong—and after you have used them once you will wonder why it is that you have ever been without them. You will find all your other disorders commence to get better at once, and soon you will be well by taking—

THE IDEAL LAXATIVE  
**Cascarets**  
CANDY CATHARTIC  
BEST FOR THE BOWELS  
ALL DRUGGISTS  
10c. 25c. 50c.  
To any needy mortal suffering from bowel troubles and too poor to buy CASCARETS we will send a box free. Address: Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York, mentioning advertisement and paper.