

**THE ADVERTISER.**  
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 W. W. BALL,  
 Proprietor.  
 LAURENS, S. C., Nov. 25, 1903.

**Charleston and the Dispensary.**  
 If the bringing of a suit against dispensary constables in the federal courts by a man who claims to be a subject of the German emperor is the cause of the withdrawal of the city's share in the dispensary profits from the city of Charleston, then it is no just cause or excuse. In other words, it is an outrage on the city of Charleston. To blame the city of Charleston because a citizen of another country exercises his legal rights in the United States court is a proposition too ridiculous for discussion among intelligent people. The laws of the United States permit foreigners not naturalized to sue in the United States courts. The only way to evade the law and deprive the foreigners of its benefit is to lynch the foreigners or drive them out of the country.

On the other hand, if the dispensary officers have satisfactory evidence that the municipal authorities of the city of Charleston fail to assist in the enforcement of the dispensary law, another and different proposition is suggested. However, it must be said that Governor Heyward's indiscreet remark about the appeal by the foreigner to the federal courts tends to obscure the real question and to lend color to the charge that the foreigner's suit is the nub of the drastic policy so suddenly adopted.

Without defending any laxity of the enforcement of the law by Charleston juries, it is well enough to call attention to the unhappy truth that the state of South Carolina has itself left undone and an aid nothing to impute the Charleston people against the dispensary law. Before the dispensary law was enacted, general and particular prosecution of Charleston was the habit of successful politicians in this state. Denunciation of the largest town in the state and its people was deliberately made fashionable. When the liquor law had been enacted, the governor instead of tactfully approaching a delicate situation found it good politics to declare in effect that he would run rough shod over Charleston. The metropolitan police law a little later was enacted for Charleston's benefit. At that time Charleston's chief of police was a staunch reformer. The metropolitan system was therefore not put into effect. A year later, after a hard municipal contest, there was a change of mayors. The new mayor naturally appointed one of his own followers as head of the police, the reform incumbent having actively opposed his election. At that moment and not until that moment, when the governor discovered that his friend in the chief of police had been whipped in a fair and square fight and would lose his job, he imposed the metropolitan system. The reform chief of police continued in office as head of the metropolitan police. Under his previous administration, blind tigers had flourished. They continued to flourish. Thus it will be seen that the enforcement of the whiskey law was made purely a matter of politics in the city of Charleston and that the will of the majority in the community was wantonly over-ruled.

The people of Charleston are human. They do not relish being kicked, even if the kicker be the administration in Columbia. For ten years at least the policy of the political powers has been to insult Charleston whenever it was regarded sharp politics, and, meanwhile, there was a hue and cry when a riotous partisan statutes met with opposition. We believe that the dispensary law will never be fully enforced in Charleston. When the law was passed, the patent fact that town and city conditions differ was ignored. The effort to make a law apply to a city merely because it is suited to the country never has succeeded anywhere and it will not succeed in Charleston. There are institutions existing in every large town in open violation of law which do not and could not exist in the country. Yet nobody suggests their forcible extirpation. In New York city the liquor laws have been largely violated for years simply and solely because the New York state legislators have endeavored to force upon that town statutes which white suited to the people in the smaller towns of New York state are intensely irritating to those of the great metropolis. The simple truth is that the liquor question in Charleston has never been approached with skill or tact or ordinary common sense by the liquor authorities of South Carolina and the constant effort has been to unravel a snarl by bulldozing manners and methods. For a long time the administrators of the dispensary law cared more to nourish a row in Charleston and thus preserve for themselves a text upon which to make capital out of abuse of Charleston than they cared for the law's enforcement. We do not believe that Governor Heyward has been moved by such base considerations but we suspect that indiscreet behavior on somebody's part has checked what was at least a steady if slowly improving situation in the state's chief city.

**Build Better Houses.**  
 As one travels through the country one sees here and there large, ugly and inconvenient houses which have never been finished. When a farmer has five hundred dollars to put into a house, he should content himself with a three or four room cottage properly built and finished. To erect a great frame, for seven or eight rooms, and not complete it is waste. A three room cottage well built, of sound planking and timbers, and the cottage painted, is worth more to a two horse farm than a mansion half finished.

**Study the Jewelry Question!**  
 Don't buy jewelry haphazard. Look the ground over thoroughly, and buy when you find the place where you can get the very best, most stylish, most reliable jewelry for your money. Of course, we think this is the place and want to convince you that we are right.

**FIRST-CLASS Watch and Jewelry repairing by an expert workman.**  
**Fleming Bros.**

**Another Side.**  
 Why does not the dispensary law permit the establishment of dispensaries in country districts—outside of the towns? Why not have a dispensary in Jacks or Youngs township? Simply because the conditions are not suitable. A dispensary in the country, where there is no police, would soon become a center of disorder and demoralization. The country people would not submit to having it in their neighborhoods. Therefore the law recognizes the hard facts of the situation and does not attempt to force dispensaries where they are not wanted, so far as the country is concerned.

Now for other and totally different reasons dispensaries are as little suited to city communities as to country communities. Why should the law fail to recognize it? Who lives ten miles from a railway know that if a whiskey shop were located among you, it would demoralize your negro labor and you know that all sorts of trouble would result. To you liquor shops would be a nuisance. The law gratifies your preferences in the matter. It adapts the system to your wishes. If it did not you would probably disregard it. If a liquor shop should be established at Pleasant Mound or Tip Top or Sardis Church, the chances are that the people would tear it down before they would permit it to ruin the community.

The conditions in Charleston are quite as different from the conditions in this town as those of this town are from those of a country post office. City life is one thing, city habit one thing and village and country life one thing and other things. Why should we arrogate to ourselves to say what the people of Charleston must have in the way of liquor shop? They don't like the dispensaries and they violate the law, which is wrong, but the chances are that the critics of Charleston people would violate the law if it were rammed down their throats, no matter how unsuited to their conditions and habits of life.

**Not Rinsinger's?**  
 We note in The Herald that Irving Rinsinger, a member of the jury which tried J. H. Tillman and assisted him in eluding the law, denies the authorship of a letter recently published in Spartanburg papers and reprinted, with comments, in THE ADVERTISER. Rinsinger's denial may be taken as true and THE ADVERTISER withdraws any and all references to Rinsinger. Meanwhile this letter was an accurate response to the only real defence set up in the trial by Tillman. The letter distinctly defended, not a murderer, but murder itself, when done to avenge attacks by a newspaper. The defence itself bottomed its case on the plan, naked, staring proposition that what the law of South Carolina defines to be murder is no crime—under certain conditions. Whether or not Rinsinger wrote the letter it was a strong, clear and logical statement of the attitude of the jury as could have been made. It is the largest conceivable charity to the jury to admit that the reasoning of the alleged Rinsinger letter correctly voiced the jury's view. Any other possible theory would infinitely more discredit the jury's intelligence on the one hand or its integrity on the other. If the jury accepted the self-defence theory it accepted more than was successfully offered in even assumed seriousness.

**What Will The Price Be?**  
 Scores of people ask scores of other people their opinion as to the price of cotton later in the season. One man, woman or child can answer the question with as much wisdom and intelligence as another. Meanwhile the price of cloth has scarcely increased since cotton sold at eight cents the pound. As long as the price of cloth remains at the present figures, the indications are that the cotton spinners believe that the price of the raw material will be lower. By the "cotton spinners" are not here meant the cotton spinners of the South but rather the whole body of cotton spinners, most of whom live in England, New England and other parts of the world. The cotton spinners of the South have little influence in fixing general prices of either the raw or finished products. Relatively, they are a small factor in the cotton spinning world.

**What Is More Appetizing?**  
 What is more appetizing these frosty mornings than light, flaky biscuit for breakfast? We never tire of them, are equally pleased with hot rolls for supper. "Clifton" flour not only makes the best biscuits and rolls, but will furnish excellent cake and pastry for the non-day meal. Order "Clifton" from your grocer.

T. N. Barksdale,  
 M. H. Fowler.

**Build Better Houses.**  
 As one travels through the country one sees here and there large, ugly and inconvenient houses which have never been finished. When a farmer has five hundred dollars to put into a house, he should content himself with a three or four room cottage properly built and finished. To erect a great frame, for seven or eight rooms, and not complete it is waste. A three room cottage well built, of sound planking and timbers, and the cottage painted, is worth more to a two horse farm than a mansion half finished.

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**Fleming Bros.**

**THE GRIP OF HONOR**  
 By Cyrus Townsend Brady.  
 Author of "The Southerner," "In the Wasps' Nest," Etc.  
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By and by Elizabeth slipped down from the thwart and crouched down in the boat at his feet. O'Neill held the tiller with one hand, the other lightly stroked her golden head. She was perfectly content. Everything was out of her heart but he and the present. She was very still. He could see the soft curve of her cheek resting upon her sweet white hand in the moonlight. After one of the little intervals of silence she looked down upon her again. She made no motion, and did not reply to a word he said softly, and he discovered that she was asleep. He did not wonder. The experiences of the past few days would have killed any ordinary woman. How heroic she had been! With what abandon she had put aside every thing for the purpose of saving him! She had hesitated at nothing. His love for her was measured by his honor; hers for him was boundless. "Was ever so, and he had reproached her, spoken harshly to her, upbraided her, turned away from her! How could he have been so cruel! She was so young, his heart yearned over her. He vowed that if God did permit them to escape from the perils which environed them he would make up to her for every unkind word spoken, every reproach, every cutting glance, by an eternity of devotion.

The night, the ocean, the loneliness, impressed him. What had he ever done to be so blessed in the love of this noble woman? His life, as he had said, had been an idle one. In the courts he had played at hearts as he had played at war on the ships—for the fun of the game. With her a serious purpose had entered his life and was before him. The silence of the night was broken only by the soft splash of the waves as the little boat rocked gently through them. The gentle wind grew fainter and fainter. Presently the flap of the idle sail against the mast apprised him that it had gone.

The white Serapis and her consort were far, far ahead, going fast and leaving a long white wake across the sea. They seemed to have kept the breeze which had failed the small boat. Coming up from the southward he could see the black shapes of the Richard and her attendant ships. What would he have given to be upon the deck by the side of that dauntless captain! But even could he approach the two ships that privilege would be denied him. He would have to content himself with the deck of the Serapis without delay. It might be that it would be too late even then to save Coventry, but he would go and do his best. When the boat lost way he sat a moment in indecision. He was so loath to waken the tired girl, but it was necessary. Gently he raised her head.

"Why, my dearest," she said, "was I asleep? What has happened? Oh!—it came back to her—you are going back to the Serapis." Then she looked eagerly forward. The ships were far off now, several miles away, and as the breeze still held with them the distance was increasing with every passing moment.

"We are advancing," she cried, a note of joy in her voice as her ear detected the flapping of the sail. "The wind has died out. She laughed triumphantly. "We shall never reach them."  
 "And poor Coventry?" said O'Neill.  
 "I cannot help it," she answered simply. "I think only of you. Now, if I could go back alone and take his place and let you go free I would cheerfully do that."

"Come alongside, then," said the officer, turning inboard and giving a sharp command. The way of the ship was checked; she was thrown up into the wind, and as her broadside slowly swung opposite O'Neill he saw that her mainmast was gone and that she was rightfully cut up and bore evidence of having participated in a tremendous action. A way off to the northeast a little cluster of ships was seen on the horizon, too far off to distinguish them. There was no sign of the Richard that he could see. In a few seconds the boat was brought alongside the gangway. Elizabeth clattered up the deck, and they stopped upon the decks. A frightful scene presented itself.

Upon one side, amidships, dead men, half naked, covered with coagulated blood, were literally piled up in a great heap. The deck itself was covered with grime and blood, and a handful of men, most of them wounded in some way, were distributed about the ship endeavoring to effect some restoration to order. Guns here and there were dismounted; ropes cut in every direction were lying entangled in wild confusion about the life rails and masts. The broken mainmast thrust its jagged end a few feet into the air above the deck. The rest of it was gone. Spars everywhere were shattered, and great rifts appeared in the flapping canvas. The rail and bulwarks were broken and smashed on every side. There was not a single boat left swinging at the davits. Splintered woodwork showed where numberless shots had taken effect, and charred pieces of timber on every hand added heartbreaking evidence of conflagration's devastating touch. From the depths beneath the deck came low groans and murmurs of pain, accentuated by the sharp rattle of some deeper sufferer or the delirious ravings of some fevered patient. Elizabeth shrank back appalled.

"How horrible!" she murmured. "Take me away. I cannot stand it!" He caught her in his arms. A little more and she would have fainted.  
 "Good heavens!" he said. "In all my battles I never saw such a ship! What a frightful scene! They didn't get off without a fight," he added slowly. An officer, with head bound up in a handkerchief and his arm in a sling, was approaching them.

"Sir," said O'Neill, saluting the while. "I am the officer who escaped last night. I deliver myself up to you. It's Stacey!" he cried in great surprise, recognizing a brother officer of the Richard. "What do you here, man?"  
 "Fore God, it's O'Neill!" cried the other. "Glad are we to see you, man. But this lady—this is no place for her."  
 "She goes with me," said O'Neill briefly. "But you?"  
 "This is where I belong."  
 "And they have captured you, I suppose?"  
 "No; the ship is ours."  
 "And the old Richard?" cried O'Neill.  
 "Abandoned and sunk after the surrender," answered the young officer. "She was cut to pieces by the Serapis' fire, but we have this ship."  
 "Thank God!" answered O'Neill fervently. "And Captain Jones?"  
 "Aft there on the quarter deck."  
 "Come, Elizabeth!" he cried, seizing her by the arm, and he assisting her, they made their way with difficulty in the confusion to the quarter deck.  
 "Ah, O'Neill, thank God I see you alive again!" said Jones, springing forward, his face beaming. "We got there in time, then, I see."  
 "Yes, sir, thanks to this lady," answered O'Neill, pointing to Elizabeth. "Madam, you are fit for a sailor's bride," said the little captain.  
 "This high praise, sir, from Captain Jones, I protest," she answered, rallying herself in the relief of assured safety.

"Would God that I had been with you in this battle!" cried O'Neill gloomily.  
 "We missed you. I wished often for you," answered the captain. "The poor old Richard was torn to pieces under our feet. We could not stay on her longer, so we had to come here."  
 "And I not there! I suppose that I have forgotten everything forever for going up to the castle. Shall you break me, sir?"  
 "Nothing, nothing shall be done, my poor boy," answered the captain kindly. "You have been punished enough by not having been with us in the greatest battle ever fought on the sea. But it seems to me you have not entirely lost the game. You, too, have a prize in tow. How go your love affairs?" he whispered.  
 "Well, indeed, sir. The lady Elizabeth is here, as you see. We are to be married at once, sir."  
 "You may have the chaplain of the Serapis for that purpose."  
 "Yes, sir. When he last officiated for me he was reading my funeral service," replied O'Neill, smiling.  
 "Some people would say it's much the same thing," laughed the captain; "but we know better. Ah, well, that's over now, thank God, and this lady—Madam," he said, turning to her, "I bade you welcome to a ship once before. It is a different ship now, but the welcome is just the same."  
 "Know you aught of Major Edward Coventry, Captain Jones?" cried Elizabeth. "This time it was she who remembered."  
 "Do you know how he was wounded, sir?" he asked.  
 "It was my own hand that struck the blow," answered Jones. "Would it had been otherwise! There was a moment in the action when they sprang to board. He leaped upon the rail, cutlass in hand. He was a fair and easy mark. I met them with a pike, which I hurled in his bosom. He fell back smiling. I remember that I thought it strange to see him smiling at that time, even in the heat of the battle. Too bad—too bad!" he said.  
 "Oh, Edward," cried the girl, tears streaming down her face, "I never thought to see you thus! I never meant to bring you to this! If you could but speak to me—to say that you forgave me for it all! If I could have your blessing before this—" The man started a little and opened his eyes. He looked about him vacantly, but consciousness began to dawn again, and with the dawn came recognition. It was the face of Elizabeth bending over him. She was the woman whom he loved. There, back of her, was O'Neill. He began to comprehend.  
 "Elizabeth," he murmured, "my death is not vain—then."  
 "Forgive me—forgive me!" she cried brokenly. "Oh, forgive me! I did love you."  
 "Yes," he said, faintly smiling, "but not like—"  
 He glanced at O'Neill. "You, too," he murmured. "Fatter—her—happy." His mind wandered a little. "Father," he cried suddenly, "don't look at me in that way! I did it because I loved her; her happiness before mine."  
 "Oh, doctor, can nothing be done?"



She was kneeling by his side.

Is there no hope?" cried O'Neill to the attending surgeon.  
 "Nothing, sir. 'Twill not be long now," answered the surgeon, shaking his head.

**CHAPTER XXIV.**  
**"NOT GUILTY, MY LORD."**  
 HERE'S a boat coming alongside, sir," said a midshipman to Captain Jones, "By'n an admiral's flag."  
 "Ah, that will be our friend Lord Westbrooke," he said, turning toward the gangway. "Show him to me if he comes on board." Elizabeth knelt by the side of the dying man, who had sunk into silence again, and bathed his head with her handkerchief while the doctor applied some simple restorative. In a moment the stately form of the old admiral stepped through the gangway, and he looked about him in astonishment.  
 "God bless me, what a fight! I knew that rebel was a desperate man, but I never imagined anything like this! Captain Pearson?" said he imperiously. "Where is he?"  
 "Here, my lord," said Pearson mournfully, coming out of the cabin, where he had withdrawn a little.  
 "I congratulate you, sir, on—" "Stop," said the captain in great agony. "You do not understand. This ship—we were not successful."  
 "What?" cried the admiral. "Is not this the Serapis?"  
 "Aye, but she belongs—"  
 "To the navy of the United States," said a calm voice at his elbow, which made him start. "And she is now commanded by Captain John Jones, at your service. I shall be glad to supply you with a yardarm, if you have need of one, my lord—"  
 "Good God!" said the old man, turning to Jones and the Richard.  
 "We sunk her, sir," answered Pearson. "It was useless."  
 "You have done well, Captain Pearson," said the admiral. "Here is evidence of the fight you made. Never fear; you shall receive reward. 'Twas a defeat as noble as a capture."  
 "Aye, sir," said Captain Jones. "I can bear witness to the desperate nature of the resistance. 'Twas such as I have never met before in twenty battles on the sea."  
 "No, my—my—son!"—said the admiral huskily. "How did he bear himself in the fight?"  
 "Well and nobly, sir, as I can testify," added Pearson.  
 "I, too," said Jones. "I saw him. 'Twas he who led your boarders, Captain Pearson, when they tried to sweep our decks."  
 "And is he well?" said the old admiral, striving to school himself into composure. "That charge, you know, Pearson, I think we need not press it now," he added.

"No, not now, nor ever, sir," said Pearson mournfully. "Compose yourself, my dear admiral; he—" "I am a veteran," said the admiral. "I have looked death in the face for fifty years. Speak plainly. You would say that he is dead."  
 "Not yet, sir," answered Jones gently.  
 "Where is he? Take me to him!"  
 "He lies aft there on the quarter deck, sir."  
 The little group around the dying man made way for the old admiral. He knelt down on the deck opposite Elizabeth, not heeding the others, and gazed long and earnestly in the face of the dying officer.  
 "The last of his line," he murmured, "and he is gone!" A single tear trickled down the weather beaten cheek and splashed upon the face of the young man. "Will he live to know me, think you?" said the admiral simply to the surgeon.  
 "I think so, yes," replied the physician. As if he had heard the question, Coventry opened his eyes. There was recognition in them.  
 "Father," he murmured faintly.  
 "My boy—my boy!" said the admiral, bowing his head and striving, manlike, but in vain, to conceal his emotion.  
 "You told me—not to see you again. I tried to obey," said Coventry faintly. "The charge—"  
 "It is withdrawn. I dismiss it. You have done nobly, Captain Pearson says, and fought like a hero. You are forgiven. I commend you," said the old man, catching his other hand.  
 "Ah, so," said Coventry, smiling wearily. "Now I must go."  
 "Not yet!" cried the admiral.  
 "I—my lord—" said the young man, wandering again, "may it please the court—may it please the court—" He struggled for breath. "Lift me up," he said.  
 "'Twill be his end," said the doctor,

lifting a warning finger.  
 "Lift me up!" cried the dying man more strongly than before. The admiral nodded. The young Irishman lifted him a little.  
 "Higher!" he cried. O'Neill lifted him to a sitting position.  
 "Not guilty, my lord," said the young man resolutely in a loud, clear voice, throwing his arms out before him and still smiling. The blood gushed from his lips, and when they laid him back his plea was heard in that higher court before which the rich and the poor must all finally appear, before which the admiral and the sailor equally must plead.  
 "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," said the chaplain of the Serapis reverently. The men stood around him in a silence broken only by the woman's sobs.  
 "He has died like a hero, sir," said Jones at last, removing his hat, "and I venture to say that no one of his gallant race in all the years of their history has ever made a better end."  
 "Ah," said the admiral, rising and mournfully regarding the little group, Elizabeth praying by the side of his son and O'Neill still supporting his head, "I made my plans. I tempted this honorable gentleman to do a shameful thing. He refused, and it has all come back upon me. I've wrought my own undoing, gentlemen. The hand of God has worked his will, not mine. I am punished; I am overruled. He has written this old man childless. I go down to my grave alone—forever alone!"  
 "Not so," answered O'Neill, rising. "You have Elizabeth. Let me, too."  
 "Peace, sir," said the old man, wringing him back. "The young cling together—think of each other—there is nothing left for the old. Our ways lie apart. I bear you in no unkindness; I wish you well. Elizabeth, I had hoped to call you daughter. 'Twas my own pride defeated the wish. May you be happy with this honest gentleman! He deserves you even as did this, my son."  
 "My father—my father—" cried the girl, catching his hand.  
 The old man shook his head; his lips trembled. Gray faced and broken, all his years upon him, he turned away unsteadily, as if to go to his barge.  
 "Stop, sir!" cried Pearson. "I forget we are not in possession of the ship. We are prisoners," he whispered.  
 "Ah, yes," said the admiral; "I had forgotten it. Well, it matters little to me. Captain Jones," he continued, turning to the little Scotsman and proffering his sword, with a painful gesture, "I am your prisoner, it seems."  
 "Sir," said the little captain, and twenty generations of gentle blood could not have done it better, "allow me to match the act of an American sailor against the word of an English officer. You are free, my lord. Your boat awaits you. If I can do aught—"  
 "Be it so," said the admiral simply. "Let me have my boy, and we will go away together, and I shall remember you differently in the future. If in England you ever need a friend, remember this moment and call upon me. Farewell!"  
 And two hung over the taffrail and watched the white sails of the little boat bearing away to the vanishing shore, where the old castle still shone in the sunlight—two, sad, yet exultant. Their troubles were over now. They had lost everything else, but had gained each other in the losing.

"We ought to be very good to each other," said the sweet voice of the woman, "to make up to God all that he has preserved us from."  
 "Aye," said O'Neill, "and to give due value to the sacrifice of him who loved you, even as I do myself."  
 THE END.

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 Mrs. Pilmer, of Cordova, Iowa, says: "One of my children was subject to croup of a severe type, and the giving of Chamberlain's Remedy promptly, always brought relief. Many mothers in this neighborhood think the same as I do about this remedy and want no other kind for their children." For sale by Laurens Drug Co.  
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 Read what some prominent persons you know have to say of the merits of the White Stone Lithia Water:  
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 J. T. Harris, Esq.,  
 White Stone Spring, S. C.  
 Dear Sir:—I do unhesitatingly state that the efficacy of White Stone Lithia Water, not from my splendid analytical analysis, but from my own personal observation, is a very valuable agent in eliminating the impurities of the blood through its marked diuretic effects, and in so doing restores the secretory and excretory organs of the body to their normal physiological state. So in this it proves its propriety to be of great value in assisting digestion, assimilation and increasing the appetite. Therefore we can recognize it as a mineral water of powerful tonic properties as should be highly recommended in stomach and liver disorders, blood disturbances, rheumatism, gout, diabetes, Bright's disease, and in all inactive conditions of the kidneys and convalescing diseases.  
 I feel myself, that I am justly due an acknowledgment of the happy effects I derived from its use.  
 B. ELMORE KELL, M. D.  
 Mullins, S. C., April 22, 1903.  
 Mr. J. T. Harris,  
 White Stone Springs, S. C.  
 It is with pleasure that I write of the merits of White Stone Lithia Water. I have several patients using it now with marked benefit in kidney and stomach troubles. I have known a uric acid calculus to pass after using the water for only three days.  
 Respectfully Yours,  
 A. M. Bratton, Jr., M. D.  
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 Spartanburg, May 11th, 1903.  
 J. T. Harris, Proprietor White Stone Springs, Spartanburg Co., S. C.  
 My Dear Sir:—I have used and prescribed the White Stone Lithia water a great deal during the past two years. In all cases requiring renal stimulation I have obtained uniform good results. In lithaemia and kindred affections from uric acid diathesis it meets the indications, and I am sure its free use will prove it the equal of any water on the market.  
 Yours very truly,  
 L. J. Blake, M. D.

We have the largest brick Hotel in the Carolinas or Georgia, with all modern improvements.  
 Electric Car Line runs from Southern Road to Spring.  
 White Stone Spring, S. C.  
**White Stone Lithia Water Co.**

**DR. MOFFETT'S TEETHINA**  
 (TEETHING POWDERS)  
 Cures Cholera-Infantum, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and the Bowel Troubles of Children of Any Age. Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels, Strengthens the Child and Makes TEETHING EASY.  
 Costs Only 25 cents at Druggists.  
 Or mail 25 cents to C. J. MOFFETT, M. D., ST. LOUIS, MO.  
 Cures Eruptions, Sores, Colic, Hives, Thrush. Removes and Prevents Worms. **TEETHINA** COUNTERACTS AND OVERCOMES THE EFFECTS OF THE SUMMER'S HEAT UPON TEETHING CHILDREN.

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 Here are Some Specials at the **CASH BARGAIN STORE.**  
 Treco Flannel 20 cents the yard; Ladies' Ready-to-wear Skirts \$1.00 to \$2.25; Shoes for Everybody; Sicilian Suitings 40 cents the yard; Outings 5 to 10 cents the yard; Franklin Tweeds for Ladies' Heavy Skirts at 23 cts the yard; The slickest line of Hose in town.  
 The only place in town that you can get 6 Plates for 35 cents. TOBACCO: Brown Mule 29 cents the pound by box; Rock and Rye 32 1/2 the pound by the box; Golden Grain 40 cents the pound. Parched Coffee 10 cents the package.  
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 Cheaper than Anybody. Come and See.  
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