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To search for our bargains, every department in our store teems with prices such as you have never before seen or heard of.

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And energy to continue paying old time high prices for goods when you can buy them from us at such ridiculously Low Prices.

It is not by accident that our trade has grown to such immense proportion.

Our Constant Endeavor

To give the Greatest Value for the least money is the mainstay of our unprecedented success.

W. T. BEATY & CO.

F. G. Austell, Manager.

MURPHY'S FLATS.

THE GERMAN GROCER HEARS ABOUT MRS. TORRINGTON'S TRIUMPH.

Mrs. O'Sullivan Tried to Down the Other Tenants, but It Took the Barber's Wife to Beat Her at Her Own Game.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.]

The German grocer was busy when the janitor of Murphy's flats slipped quietly in the other day, but after selling a woman two cucumbers and a bar of soap and assuring her that he got his clothespins and washboards fresh from the manufacturer every week he turned to the janitor and asked:

"Well, Mr. Sprocket, what do asthma der same as all der time?"

"It's a trifle better today, Mr. Wasserman, thank you," was the reply.



PARADED AROUND WITH A RAZOR IN HER HAND.

"but I'm not admitting it to anybody else. In fact, over at the flats they thought I was so near done up this morning that the tenants washed their own windows and set out their ash barrels. I've got a pretty good thing in this wheeze, and I propose to work it for all it's worth. McMurphy himself was around last night to see why I didn't sweep the halls at least once a week, but when he found that I could not draw a long breath without tying my legs in a knot he was full of sympathy. I feel that I can talk confidentially with you, you know."

"Of course, Mr. Sprocket—of course. My sympathies vhas always mit der poor man. Vhas dot flat all right now-adays?"

"How could it be, Mr. Wasserman? With an Irishman on the first floor, a dago on the second and a darky on the third there's bound to be friction. I was telling McMurphy last night that I didn't believe we could get a reputation for being high toned, but he said he'd do it even if he had to let the garter to a Turk and the basement to an Eskimo. Did any one tell you about the little affair the other night?"

"Nopody tells me nottings, Mr. Spröcket, but I like to hear all about him."

"Well," said the janitor as he got a brace for the small of his back against

the counter and allowed a sad smile to wrinkle his face. "Mrs. O'Sullivan started the whole thing. She's been determined right along to top it over the dago and the darky, and, although she's got left several times, she's a woman of perseverance. Yesterday afternoon, when all the windows on the block were open and the street full of kids, a red laundry wagon behind a white horse drove up and halted at our door. It was as if a circus had come along."

"It vhas some washings come home, eh?" queried the grocer.

"That's it, and everybody was knocked out. It's only the high toned who patronize laundries, you know, and only the swaggiest sort of a laundry which runs a red wagon. I was thinking the driver had made a mistake when he comes up the steps with a parcel and said:

"Two pairs of cuffs for the Lady O'Sullivan, and they were paid for in advance."

"She had sprung a trick on the dago and the darky and given the O'Sullivans a big summer boom, and the way she sailed around with her nose in the air made me feel like 15 cents. The Countess Divito walked up and down the halls with a banana in her mouth to keep from shouting out, and Mrs. Torrington paraded around with a razor in her hand and talked of carving up white trash. It was up to them, and Mrs. O'Sullivan was happy for the first time in a week."

"Und don't der odder womans do somethings?" asked the grocer in tones betraying considerable anxiety.

"You bet they did," replied the janitor. "Mr. Wasserman, did you ever know a woman to take a snub and not try to get even?"

"Vhell, I vvas in der grocery peesness, you see, und I don't know nooch about snubs."

"Exactly, but you can take my word for it. It wasn't an hour before the Countess Divito put on her hat and went out, and she was hardly home again when a department store steam delivery wagon came sailing up to leave a bundle for her. She'd gone out and bought five yards of calico and a 50 cent rug, and the package was a big one. Lord, Lord, but you ought to have seen the excitement on our block! When the countess appeared at her window, the mob cheered her, and a hundred kids stood on their heads. If McMurphy had been around, I believe I could have got a raise of wages out of him. I got a peep at Mrs. O'Sullivan, and her tears were falling like rain."

"Und she vvas crushed?" queried the grocer, with a note of sympathy.

"Crushed to earth, Mr. Wasserman, beaten at her own game. Yes, the countess was ahead, but she had the darky to reckon with. Mrs. Torrington isn't one of the kind to take a back seat, and I knew by the look on her face that she was figuring on how to even up things. By and by she went

out, and five minutes after her return two district messenger boys called at

the door for her. One had a big bouquet and a bottle of champagne, and the other had a pail of ice cream and an angel cake."

"Und vvas dere some excitement, Mr. Sprocket?"

"I should remark! Why, the street bubbled till two cops had to clear it with their clubs, and somebody turned in a fire alarm and brought out five engines. It was the unanimous opinion of our whole block that the darky had knocked the spots off the sun and was the swaggiest thing in our part of the town. She appeared at her window and bowed and bowed, and if it hadn't been for the police we'd have had a band out. It's the duty of a janitor, especially a janitor with the asthma, to remain neutral when there's a row on between tenants, but I can't help but chuckle over the way she saved the day."

"Und don't nopody do nottings more?"

"That wasn't the end, of course. When Tim O'Sullivan came off his coal cart that evening and heard the story, he put on a plug hat he hadn't worn for ten years and promenade'd up and down and talked of the postoffice box he was going to rent next day, but the crowd was cold hearted. After Count Divito had run his banana cart into the basement and eaten his supper he put on a clean calico shirt and lit a nickel cigar and said he expected an alderman around to see him, but it was no go. That bottle of champagne, to say nothing of the ice cream and the bouquet, had done the business. The darky is away ahead today, but of course Mrs. O'Sullivan and the countess won't let things rest where they are."

"But nopody vill be killed?" solemnly asked the grocer.

"No, it probably won't come to that unless the husbands take a hand in, and they've kept out of the rows thus far. It's my opinion that in a day or two Mrs. O'Sullivan will take her kids for a ride on the street car, but if she does the countess will go on a steamboat excursion, and Mrs. Torrington will buy a pair of roller skates and take to the roof. Human nature is a queer thing, Mr. Wasserman."

"Yes, I peller she vvas, but I don't like some quarrels. Vvas it somethings to me if my neighbor vvas better off ash me? Vvas it somethings to my wife if sompody else has better clothes? Vvas it somethings to nopody vhat anypody does all der times? I like to be in some swim myself, und I like my wife to be some swagger, but do you peller I sell out all my twenty-five cent sardines for twenty cent a box dot we may haf some stule for one day? Of course not. Und now you take a box of strawberries home mit you und speak to dose womans und tell 'em dot wanty vvas wanty und brings sompody to der poorhouse at last."

M. QUAD.

Very Crisp.

"My 'strawberry shortcake' poem was turned down," sighed the young bard.

"Perhaps the editor thought it wasn't well done," smiled the witty friend.

"No," he said I should make it shorter."—Chicago News.

A Grievous Mistake.

"Then what do you think is his chief fault as a singer?"

"He hasn't any idea of proper time. He ought to know the proper time for him to sing is when nobody's around to hear."—Philadelphia Times.

When Doctors Agree.

"He was threatened at one time, as I understand the case, with a complication of disorders."

"Good lands! What saved him?"

"Professional courtesy, they say."—Detroit Journal.

Helpless.



Mosquito—Come on, fellows! Here's a feast without interruption. He dare not slap at us for fear of breaking down the hammock.—Chicago News.

Subscribe for THE TIMES and keep posted.

No Comparison.
Mr. Ferguson was later than usual in coming home, and as his wife met him in the hallway with her usual kiss he said apologetically:
"The train was crowded, Laura, and I had to ride in the smoking car. I suppose I smell like a tobacco factory."
"No, George," said Mrs. Ferguson, "you do not. The smell from a tobacco factory, as I remember it, is not at all offensive."—Chicago Tribune.

Briggs and the Hot Weather.
"Briggs must be getting queer in his top story."

"What's the proof?"
"He had his bare head out of his office window at noon yesterday, and when I asked him what he was doing he said he couldn't afford a regular hair cut and was trying a singe."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Subtle
Foe**

Dyspepsia is unrecognized in half the cases. It deceives the unknowing sufferer. Its many variations work along the weakest lines of the system. To battle against only one of them is vain. Our booklet explains its symptoms. Our Dyspepsia Tablets give complete and lasting relief.

GILES' Dyspepsia Tablets

10c., 25c. AND 50c.

SOLD BY UNION DRUG CO. UNION, S. C.

What presumption it is for the Knights of Labor to try to compel attorney General Knox to execute his own sworn duty and prosecute the Steel Trust! Do not the Knights know that Mr. Knox drew the article under which the Steel Trust was incorporated and that he was chosen for his present post by the influence of the Steel Trust? How can they ask him to prove treacherous to it?

A YOUNG LADY'S LIFE SAVED

At Panama, Colombia, by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Dr. Chas. H. Utter, a prominent physician of Panama, Colombia, in a recent letter states: "Last March I had as a patient a young lady sixteen years of age, who had a very bad attack of dysentery. Everything I prescribed for her proved ineffectual and she was growing worse every hour. Her parents were sure she would die. She had become so weak that she could not turn over in bed. What to do at this critical moment was a study for me, but I thought of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and as a last resort prescribed it. The most wonderful result was effected. Within eight hours she was feeling much better; inside of three days she was upon her feet and at the end of one week was entirely well." For sale by F. C. Duke, Druggist.

Senator Burton says that ninety per cent of the American people have already decided for Schley. Make it ninety-nine, Senator, make it ninety-nine! You will then be nearer the mark.

A Superb Grip Cure.

Johnson's Tonic is a superb Grip cure. It gives every trace of Grip Poison from the system. Does it quick. Within an hour it enters the blood and begins to neutralize the effects of the poison. Within a day it places a Grip victim beyond the point of danger. Within a week, uddy cheeks attest return of perfect health. Price 50 cents if it cures. Ask for Johnson's Chill and Fever Tonic. Take nothing else. 13-ly

ASTHMA CURE FREE!

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.



There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years, despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken, yourself, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler, Rabbi of the Cong. B'nai Israel, New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

Dr. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO. Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful. After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours, REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 19th street, New York. I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease. Yours respectfully, O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

Dr. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO. Feb. 5, 1901. Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have a family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit. Home address, 235 Livingston street, 67 East 125th st., City

TRIAL BOTTLE SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City.

When Writing Mention THE UNION TIMES.

WHAT HE LIVED FOR.

He Saw Fun Ahead and Wanted to Be on Hand.

He sat on a log in front of his shanty, smoking some sort of leaves or weeds in his homemade pipe, and when I rode up to and saluted him I thought him the most melancholy individual I ever saw.

"Down on your luck?" I queried as I offered him some smoking tobacco.

"Waal, no," he slowly replied. "Lost my mawl by snake bite 'other day, but sich things are to be expected."

"You don't look well."

"Guess not. I've bin stek fur about three months, and this is my first day out. We must expect sickness, however."

"I see you have no crops in," I said as I looked over the rank fields.

"Not a crop, and I'm kinder glad on it. I won't hev no lustin to do this fall."

"Haven't you any poultry or live stock?"

"Noap. Had to sell my cow last winter, and the coyotes carried off the chickens. Had two hogs, but they died of cholera. Noap—no live stock to worry about."

"Provisions pretty scarce?" I persisted, seeing he was willing to talk.

"Dunno. All we live on is Johnny-cake and corn coffee. Shouldn't wonder, though, if provisions was kinder scarce."

"And don't you get discouraged?"

"Never."

"But will you tell me what on earth you are living for?"

"I will, stranger, I will," he answered as he got up and threw a piece of sod at a barking pup dog. "This 'ere claim is worth about \$500."

"Yes."

"And she's mortgaged fur \$600."

"Yes."

"And the money is all gone, and the mortgage is to be foreclosed next month."

"I see."

"Waal, I'm livin to see the fun when the fule who lent \$600 on \$500 worth of land gits around 'ere to foreclose on me and take possession. Arter that I'm goin out and let a snake bite me and die."

M. QUAD.

A WORTHY SUCCESSOR.

"Something New Under The Sun."

All doctors have tried to cure CATARRH by the use of powders, acids, gases, inhalers and drugs in paste form. Their powders dry up the mucous membranes causing them to crack open and bleed. The powerful acids used in inhalers have entirely eaten away the same membranes that their makers aimed to cure, while pastes and ointments cannot reach the disease. An old and experienced practitioner who has for many years made a close study and specialty of the treatment of CATARRH, has at last perfected a Treatment which when faithfully used, not only relieves at once, but permanently cures CATARRH, by removing the cause, stopping the discharges, and curing all inflammation. It is the only remedy known to science that actually reaches the afflicted parts. This wonderful remedy is known as "SNUFFLES the GUARANTEED CATARRH CURE," and is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, each package containing internal and external medicine sufficient for a month's treatment and everything necessary to its perfect use.

"SNUFFLES" is the only perfect CATARRH CURE ever made and is now recognized as the only safe and positive cure for that annoying and distressing disease. It cures all inflammation quickly and permanently and is also wonderfully quick to relieve HAY FEVER or COLD in the HEAD.

CATARRH when neglected, often leads to CONSUMPTION—"SNUFFLES" will save you if you use it at once. It is no ordinary remedy, but a complete treatment which is positively guaranteed to cure CATARRH in any form or stage if used according to the directions which accompany each package. Don't delay but send for it at once, and write full particulars as to your condition, and you will receive special advice from the discoverer of this wonderful remedy regarding your case without cost to you beyond the regular price of "SNUFFLES" the "GUARANTEED CATARRH CURE."

Sent prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. 1 EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 2536 and 2532 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 16 ly

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