THE UNION TIMES, UNION, S. C., MAY 2, 1902.

si t' itala anis

OH! HOW CHEAP.

That is the expression of every lady that enters our store and takes a look at our

WHITE GOODS, LACES. EDGINGS, ETC.

Now we don't claim to have more goods, or even as many goods, as some people BUT WE DO KNOW that what we have

IS CHEAPER THAN MOST PEOPLES.

We do our own work, sweep our own floor, no army of salesmen to pay,

THEREFORE WE CAN AFFORD TO SELL CHEAPER

A visit to our store will convince you. Special for next week, "Printed Lawns" 21/2c a yard.

L. N. "MCNEACE,

The Quoter of Low Prices.



As 1 sat thinking over the words he had spoken and feeling deeply the power of them he came back to the thread of our converse and said:

"And, Gillicuddy, I would say to ye that what are mysteries to some men are plain to others; so while the deid may no' come to life and the body perisheth, yet the spirit lives wi' unaye, Gillicuddy, lives amang men, and, mair than that, it comes as an individual to men and speaks to them face to face frae an invisible world."

I was at a loss what to say. What voices were whispering to him I knew



spoken to me and called me frae oot o' the grave!"

I was completely in terror at his words, but I had sense to hide the thought that was in me that he was past the bounds of reason and gone mad with his trouble, and I was sorely anxious to pacify him by seeming to side with him and accept in some way his mad fancy as rational, so I said, "Eh, my laird, it's a strange thing ye tell and micht weel be past common belief; but, tell me, where did ye hear it and when?"

"Ah, Gillicuddy," he answered me, and there was a tone of quiet drollery In his voice for all the seriousness of our talk, "I'm no' so daft as ye think me, and if kenned na' that ye are a true man and wi' a heart warm to me I wad say ye were trifling wi' me, but 'deed we hae cracked lang enough, and we'll hae baith need o' sleep, so get ye to yer bed, and a guid nicht to ye, and here, man, let me hae a grip o' yer hand, for, Gillieuddy, for a' yer doots o' my sanity, I ken ye hae nae doots o' my love for ye.

He grasped my hand warmly and held it in his. I looked up into his face and put my hand upon his shoulder. Neither of us said more. His face was peaceful and strong, but there were tears glistening in my eyes as I passed out of his room and went slowly to my own apartment.

slipped out at the back of the house and made across the fields at an angle that would bring me out, I thought, well up the glen and in time to inter-cept my laird if he wandered that far. When I had got into the glen, I sat down behind a fallen tree and looked down through the rocky chasm, and there was my laird toiling up toward me on the opposite bank.

I got up from my concealment and began again to ascend the glen, which grew wilder and more fearsome in its solitude as I climbed higher. Far away among the ruins of nature's conflict I could see at last the figure of the laird, his form coming in sight for a moment of time and lost again for longer space.

What brought him here was the question on my mind, and like a riddle I was repeating it, searching for an answer, but the more I puzzled over it the more unaccountable it all was and the more there was growing upon me the awful conviction that around us all there was some unholy mystery hovering and that not only my master's reason was inthralled with some strange spell, but that my own spirit was feeling the influence of unnatural and awesome surroundings. While there was a great din and confused rumble of sounds about me, yet I was somehow only conscious of a silence deep and overwhelming, and when a stick broke under my foot with a snap or a stone loosened from the path fell rattling from a ledge the sound gave me a shock like that of terror, so solitary and deadly lone was the place.

I was crouching near St. Cuthbert's cairn, which I could see dimly rearing its vine grown pile of stones to the stature of a man. Under this monument long years since the bones of St. Cuthbert, borne by his pious brethren in cloak and cowl, had been buried, and there the waters below had sung ever since a wild requiem for his soul's repose

The place of the cairn was ever a grewsome one, and now in the shadows of approaching night, stealing out from bush and tree and lurking behind the deep, tangled clumps of forest growth, it seemed a throne where polemnity might sit brooding undisturbed for eternal years. I could see the laird, who had come out upon a piece of shelving rock and was standing looking down into the gorge as though musing. Ah, but it was strange to see him there! There in solitude, enshrouded in this deep, lonely glade, amid the gurgle of falling waters and the roar and tumble of the torrents, was my master, his soul troubled with wild emotions, wandered from his own fireside, to stand there filled with such strange thoughts and mad fancies as God only knew and which I could but magine were neither human nor wholesome

It was growing dark now, and as the shadows grew thicker my laird's form was dim and uncertain against the black background of the wild growth behind him, but I saw him turn toward the head of the glen again and come on. Soon 1 lost him entirely for a time, but when I next caught sight of his moving figure he was almost opposite to me, so that I might have called to him, but in the roar of the water I could not have been heard by him, for indeed no sound of human voice could have been heard there, and, though I listened with an overstrained sense, I could not hear his step nor the rattling of the loose stones which I knew his feet set a-rolling. Not three rods from me did he pass on the opposite side of the gien. I could see his features dimly, and there was, I thought, nothing uncommon in them. He seemed as one in deep thought and yet as one alive to his surroundings and listening to the sounds about him.



I saw a thing that struck terror into me appalled with the sound of my own voice, and listened with my ears strained to catch a response. As I listened I thought my cries were at times answered by unearthly and eldritch voices that came out of the blackness about me, whispering close to my ear and calling out of the distance far up and down the glen.

I was filled with dread unspeakable now and in such a state of mind that I was fain to bethink myself of but one thing, and that was to flee from the horrors of this place and cease crying where crying was vain, so I began to grope my way with many pains and many an ugly bruise out from the spot where I had crouched, creeping upon my hands and knees much of the time and stretching my arms before me to guide and protect me.

Gradually and with great labor and horrid fears I got so far to the right of the glen and its dense growth that I could see at times above me a bit of sky and a star blinking faintly in the zenith. When I had come out where the fields lay and the path was fairly clear, I had little difficulty in my progress, though the memory of the things I had felt was still strong upon me and the road before me lonely enough. I had reached that place where there was a footpath which I well knew led through the fields toward the highroad and where at a distance of 200 yards I knew old Tibbie's hut to be when I heard the crackling of twigs. 1 stopped to listen, when I made out distinctly a footstep on the path before me. It was a slow, shufling step and drawing near me. With my heart starting anew to beating 1 fell back into the shadow of a bush about ten feet from the path and, getting down on my knees, bent forward and watched.

Dimly at last I saw a blacker shadow in the dark. As it passed me slowly I knew the figure, bent and double and wrapped in its long cloak, to be no other than old Tibbie wandering in the night, on what errand I knew not. I watched her as she vanished in the dark, with her back to her own cot and going toward Glenhaugh. When she passed me, I still stood where I was until I could hear no more the sound of her feet in the stillness.

When I arose from my hiding place and had come opposite to Tibbie's col,

The place has an excellent nine room dwelling with eight tenant houses and all the conveniences of a country home. FOUR PASTURES. One of 140 acres with a bull and pig tight tence. The place is four miles east of town on the road to Lockhart Shoals between the Little and Big Brown's creek. For terms apply to

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Schedule in effect Dec. 29th, 1901.	IN EFFECT MARCH 2nd, 1902.
Leave Augusta	SOUTHWARD. Daily No. 31 Daily No. 21 Lv. New York, P R R 12 55 pm 12 10 a n Lv. Philadelphia, P R R 545 pm 93 a n Lv. Baltimore, 545 pm 934 an Lv. Washington, W.S.Ry 700 pm 10 40 am Lv. Retunned, S. A. L. Ry 10 37 pm 220 pn Lv. Petersburg, 11 20 pm 300 pm
Leave Asheville	Lv. Norlina, " #1 42 am 5 25 pm Lv. Henderson " 2 09 am 5 53 pm Lv. Raleigh " 3 21 am 7 27 pm Lv. Raleigh " 3 21 am 9 27 pm Lv. Hamlet, S A L., 6 40 am 10 35 pm Lv. Columbia f " 8 40 am 1 055 am
Leave Columbia 11 20 am Newberry 12 42 pm Olinton 1 25 pm Arrive Greenville 3 25 pm Spartanburg 3 30 pm	Ar. St. Augustine 5 10 pm 9 05 a m Ar. Tampa 5 09 am 5 40 pm No. 22 5 09 am 5 40 pm
Leave Spartanburg: 12 15 pm Greenville 12 22 pm Arrive Clinton 2 22 pm Newberry 3 06 pm Columbia 4 30 pm	Lv. New York, NY P&N + 755 am 855 pm Lv. Philadelphia 1016 am 1126 pm Lv. New York, OD SS Co, + 300 pm Lv. Baltimore, BS P Co
Festest and Best Line between Newberry and Greenville, Spartanburg and Glenn Springs. Connection from Newberry via Columbia Newberry and Laurens Railway. For any information write W. J. CIKAIG, Gen. Pass, Agt., W. J. CIKAIG, Gen. Pass, Agt., Augusta, Ga. T. M. EMMERSON. Traffic Manager.	Mass ton, N & W S B 6 30 pm 6 30 pm Der Fortsmouth, S A L By 8 30 pm 9 25 an Lv, Weldon 11 35 pm 11 55 an Lv, Norlina 12 55 am 140 pm Lv, Rederson 12 25 am 2 10 pm Lv, Raleigh 2 52 am 3 55 pm Lv, Raleigh 505 am 6 18 pm Lv, Hamlet 6 35 am 10 35 pm Lv, Hamlet 3 6 5 am 6 35 am Lv, Wilmington
UNION AND GLENN SPRINGS RAILROAD COMPANY	Lv. Chester 9 93 am 10 32 pm Lv. Carlisle 9 943 am 1 35 am Lv. Carcenwood 10 15 am 1 34 am Lv. Greenwood 11 56 am 3 43 am Lv. Athens 2 21 pm 6 13 am
Schednle Effective Nov. 12, 1900.	Ar. Augusta, c & W c 5 40 p m 7 50 a n Ar. Macon, c of Ga 7 20 p m 11 35 a n Ar. Macon, c of Ga 7 20 p m 11 35 a n
Train No. 15 leaves	Ar. Mohtgomery A & W P 9 20 p m 6 25 p n Ar. Mohle, L & N 2 55 a m

"Gillicuddy, I swear to ye I hav heard her voice

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not, for that every man hears a speech within him unheard by other men 1 cannot doubt. I wanted to be circumspect and considerate, feeling that I might readily blunder in further discussion of such mysteries, inasmuch as it was plain that neither of us could have a perfect understanding of the other, so I thought I was safe in saying:

"Aye, my laird, what ye say I hae no' a mind to doot, for o' a verity there is aye a still sma' voice o' the Spirit within us, and it is deep that answereth unto deep."

He gave close heed to me while I spoke and then shook his head slowly and almost despondently. "Gilleuddy, said he after a pause, "ye dinna understand me, an' I canua blame ye, for ye are just ae man and I am just anither, but this I have to say, and ye may understand me or no', and ye may think me daft or no', but before God I say that the Spirif has a voice that ca's to the car o' sense and has a tongue that is audible to man's earthly sense."

I forgot myself for an instant when I heard him utter such words, and before I could restrain myself I cried, with some vehemence:

"Lord bless me, man, I wonder to hear ye talk sic clavers?

I could have bitten my tongue off for my hasty words, for in an instant my master was roused far beyond his usual and, getting to his feet, came close to me, with his finger on his lips in a most mysterious and secret manner and, leaning his body forward to me so that his face came near to mine, said in a voice half a whisper, as though he feared it being heard:

"Gillicuddy, I swear to ye, by the God that sits there among thouder stars, by the love I bore to her who is lost to me, that I have heard wi' this ear o' mine the sound o' her voice, aye, and the words o' her mouth. Aye, she has

CHAPTER X. COULD not but think that at last

my master's troubles and miseries of mind were bringing him grievously enough to loss of reason, and it was with an anxious mind and f sad heart that I contemplated his present condition and looked forward with forebodings of worse to come. Since he had sworn to me of hearing the voice of my lady with the ears of sense he had not by word or act approached the matter again, and, as for myself, I had kept carefully from naming it to him, for I was never a man to come to a matter of that kind unbidden, more especially with such a self

sincere man as my master, whose thoughts were not to be made the common property of every meddler. There was one thing, and that an es-

sential one, that I had not learned and which I fain would have known. It was the matter of my hard's wandering at night, as Geordie Gillespie had avouched with so much carnestness and suggered evil of sorcery, and which had a n continued since my return from Abbeyfout now three days gone by. I was of a mind to seek Geordie again and get from him more than he had told me, but I knew him to be such a blethering body and so keen to mix liction with fact that I could not but feel myself belittled in having speech with him on a matter of serious import where exact truth was of paramonnt consideration, and so I put aside speaking to him and sought alone by myself to learn more of my master's strange habit of leaving the house at night and coming back when all of us were in our beds.

I kept a close watch, and at last on the third night after my speech with him I did that which I would have been truly ashamed to confess to the laird, which was to follow him in secret, a thing that I was loath to do, it not being wholesome to my stomach to play the spy.

On this day the laird had been about as usual, and late in the afternoon I saw him leave the house and stroll down the highroad. I saw him turn from the road and walk along the hollow upward toward the glen, and when he had got thus far and was beginning to be lost at times among the trees I

Upward he went, and I saw him pass the cairn and stand a moment on a ledge of rock. I saw him pause there with his face toward me, and then down he sat on the edge of the rock and leaned his head on his hands.

For a long space, it seemed to me, 1 saw him sit, never moving or changing his position, as though charmed with the spell of this dread sanctuary of solitude, removed from men and men's ways, a fit spot for spirits to dwell. Here amid the strange voices of nature, whispering and moaning, he sat alone, and so he was still sitting when the darkness of night came down, as it were, all in a moment upon the glen, black and impenetrable, burying him and all other things in the thick murk of midnight.

My mind had been in no state of comfort before, and now it was fast bringing me to the verge of terror, for as I looked about me, trying to penetrate the darkness, shapes were beginning to loom before me, and at length the whole eeric solitude became phantom haunted. I could have sworn that I saw a great figure of a man rise out of the chasm dressed in a monkish garb of cloak and cowl-and come toward me as I crouched in fear, and more than once I thought I saw a grisly wraith flit by so close to me that I felt a rush of air and the touch of its fluttering shroud. All about me the place seemed haunted with forms and voices, as if I had wandered into the land of spirits, so that deep in my soul I was in such a state of dismay and awful terror that I was seized with a great trembling, the sweat starting on my forehead and trickling cold on my face.

I could restrain my pent up feelings no longer and just lifted up my voice and called to the laird, and, though I called loudly, the sound of my voice was as naught in that bewildering solitude, and it seemed to me as if it never left my lips, but was smothered within me. I called again and again,

Severely III.

"It's sick you've been, Mrs. McGinnisay?"

"Sick, is it? I was that sick that I'd be a dead woman now if I hadn't 'a' Ived."-Indianapolis News.

I saw a light flickering sharply in the window. I thought it strange that TP bie's hearth should glow and Tibble

traveling from it, and a strange desire came upon me to take a peep in at Tibble's hearth, deserted and lonely, with the fagots burning and warming the house for her return.

When I stepped aside from the path toward the light, I confess I felt ill at ease, being not only filled with fancies uncanny, but having a sense of doing a stealthy thing reproachful to my self respect. I had half a mind to turn back, but I resolved at last to take one glance through the little end window at least and be off again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

More Than Tragic. "You played nothing but tragedies," said the friend.

"They were worse than tragedies," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes as he stopped figuring his expense account. "They were financial catastrophes."- Washington Star.



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Union Mill Station 6:15 a. m Acrives Buffalo 6:27 a. m Frain No. 17 leaves Union Mill Station 4:30 p. m. Arrives Buffal 4:42 p. m

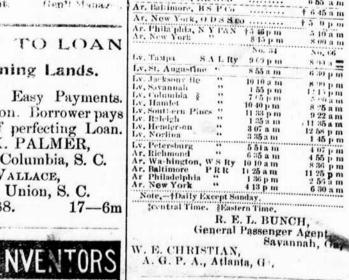
Urain No. 16 leaves Builalo 12:15 p. m Arrive: Union Mill Station 12:27 p.m.

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NORTHWARD

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