



HELLO! SANTA CLAUS! Hello! Santa Claus!



Well Myrtle. Uncle Santa, I am a little girl, you know, just eight, and I just want to tell you where you can get everything so cheap for XMAS PRESENTS for all the good little boys and girls and grown up folks—though I know that you know where to go anyway, for I see you there every time I go there just loading up yourself for Xmas. You know the WONDER STORE is the only real Xmas house in town where they keep everything for Xmas, such as Toys, Monkeys, Dogs, Bears, Cows, Goats, Sheep and all kinds of animals, Trains, Wagons, Doll Carriages, Gocarts, all kinds of Chinaware, Albums, Toilet Sets, etc., etc.

Mr. Rice also has a big line of small Musical Goods, Organs and Sewing Machines at special reduced prices for the holidays.

Yes, Myrtle, this is where I always go for I know I can find almost anything I want at the

WONDER STORE.

HANDS WANTED

Excelsior Knitting Mills Of Union, S. C.

FIFTY families or about TWO HUNDRED Toppers, Knitters, Loopers and Finishers, ages from (11) to (35), to make good wages at any and all of the work offered by us, all of which is nice and easy, and the prices we pay are much higher than paid by any other hosiery mill in the South.

We have young men and young ladies who make from \$25.00 to \$35.00 each per month. We also want FIVE HUNDRED (500) good Cedar Posts.

J. H. GAULT, Treas. and Mgr.

GLENN SPRINGS MINERAL WATER

Has a record of over One Hundred years and has been successfully used by the medical profession in the treatment of all diseases of the bladder and kidneys, and in all disorders resulting from malarial infection, with torpid liver, jaundiced skin and general debility. In all forms of dyspepsia it is invaluable.

FOR SALE AT HOLMES' PHARMACY. For rates of board and other particulars we solicit correspondence.

THE GLENN SPRINGS CO.

Die and Save Money. At the Metropolitan club of Washington one evening Justice Harlan of the supreme court had introduced to him a well known New York business man who was given to boasting of the large income he enjoyed.

With the apparent purpose of impressing those about him, the New Yorker remarked that as near as he could tell he supposed his income exceeded \$100,000. "And I simply have to make that amount," he added. "Why, with my expenses it costs me \$80,000 a year to live!"

Rope and Graphite. Graphite is stated to be an excellent preservative for manila rope. One rope manufacturer treats the inner yarns of each strand as well as the core in a bath of lubricant, the ingredients of which are graphite and oil.

Not Just What She Meant. A little community of colored people in Alabama had raised the money to build a new church, and the dedication was to take place the next day. "Where are you going tomorrow?" the school teacher asked one young girl. Smiling radiantly, she answered, "I'm going to the degradation of our church!"

Whistler Was Particular. I saw that marvelous set of etchings printed. In fact, the bulk of them were printed in my own printing room, a room which I had especially arranged for the master, and it was in this little printing room of mine that Whistler taught me the art of printing from the copper plate. This was my first insight into Whistler as a great master, and one of his characteristics as a great master was that he would have perfection. No matter how small the detail it must be perfect. To begin with, he always insisted upon having old paper upon which to print his etchings and preferably Dutch because of a certain golden tone, unobtainable with new paper, which this particular kind gave to a proof. Many a time Whistler and I have spent weeks in Holland poking about dirty little shops in search of old paper, and sometimes, after having discovered a fine collection of 3,000 or 4,000 sheets, I have seen Whistler literally tremble with excitement and scarcely know how to ask the price for joy. Then again he was very particular as to the choice of oil for mixing with the ink; also with regard to the temperature of the plate, the pressure of the press, the condition of the blankets, and, in fact, everything had to be absolutely right.—Mortimer Menpes in Studio.

The Days. The days are ever divine. They come and go like muffled and veiled figures sent from a distant friendly party, but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring they carry them as silently away.—Emerson.

BOWSER'S BARGAIN

He Buys a Horse and Takes Mrs. B. Out For a Drive and Has a Few Adventures on the Way That Bring Him Home on Foot In Utter Dismay.

THE other day at 2 o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Bowser drove up to his gate with a horse and buggy, or, rather, was driven up by a horsey looking man, who said to him as they got out of the vehicle:

"Well, you've picked up the bargain of your life. If it wasn't that I need money worse than at any time in the last ten years I'd not part with this rig at any price. Indeed, I promised my mother, who owned this horse when a young colt and had the greatest affection for him, that he should never pass out of my hands. I don't know how to explain matters to her. Be kind to the horse, Bowser. Be kind to him."

"I assure you that I will," was the reply. "He's got a sensitive nature. If you cuss and swear at him it will hurt his feelings as much as if he were a woman. Should you ever hit him with the whip it would break his heart. I have always made it a point to treat him more like a human being than a horse, and I hope you'll keep it up. I also hope that you'll drive around to the stables every day or two and let me pat his nose and speak to him. I don't want him to quite forget me."

"I appreciate the sentiment and will favor it all I can. What did you say his name was?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? His name is P. D. Q."

"That's an odd name," said Mr. Bowser as he nudged his brain to remember where he had ever heard anything like it before.

"Yes, rather odd. He was named by a cousin of mine who is a leading minister in Pittsburg, and I hope you won't



"His name is P. D. Q." change it. Well, so long, I suppose you are anxious to take your wife out for a spin."

"What is it now?" asked Mrs. Bowser as her lord entered the house with the whip in his hand and a 2:30 clip in his eye.

"I was offered that family rig out there for \$150, and it is worth \$300 at the lowest calculation. I picked it up to save \$250 and get my health back. The doctor was telling me yesterday that what I needed was country air, and I propose to take a ten mile ride every morning before breakfast. I want you to go out with me this afternoon to give the horse a trial. I know you'll be delighted."

"Have you paid for the rig?"

"I have."

"Did you think of having a prescription filled?" asked Mrs. Bowser as she got her breath back and found herself still in the buggy.

"No, I didn't," replied Mr. Bowser as he narrowly missed running down an old woman. "Do you want the horse to walk? Shall I tie him to a post? I never held the reins over a better goer, and yet you are finding fault about everything."

"He's either unsafe or else you don't know how to drive."

"That's it; that's it! By John, but why was I fool enough to bring you, along? That horse vicious? He's like a lamb, and as far as my driving is concerned—"

He was holding the reins loosely in his left hand and flourishing the whip in his right, and all of a sudden the horse swerved and crossed the street and ran up the sidewalk and stopped with his head almost at the doors of a drug store.

"Did you think of having a prescription filled?" asked Mrs. Bowser as she got her breath back and found herself still in the buggy.

"No, I didn't," replied Mr. Bowser as he waked up to the fact that he was no driver and that the old horse had ways of his own which must eventually lead to a smashup. He was looking pale and was all a-tremble as he leaped out and grabbed the beast by the head, and just then a policeman came up and said:

"You'll get fined \$5 for driving on the sidewalk in this way."

"But I didn't drive him up here."

"Then how did he get here?"

"The infernal old beast took a shy."

"Of course. And have you not? You don't seem to be a bit enthusiastic. Perhaps you were expecting me to buy a camel or a yoke of oxen."

"Are—are you sure you know how to drive a horse?" she faltered.

"What in blazes do you mean by that?" he shouted as he cracked the whip and sent the cat bounding out of the room.

As the outfit had been bought and paid for Mrs. Bowser decided to say no more for the moment, and the idea of a ride into the country was not unpleasant. She was ready in ten minutes, and as the front door closed on her she heard the cat wailing in despair and made up her mind there would be a tragedy of some sort before she returned.

She had not fancied the looks of the equine from a window view, and when she came to approach him closer she realized that Mr. Bowser had been taken in and done for. The horse was not only poor in flesh and shaky on his legs, but he looked tricky and vicious. As Mr. Bowser untied the hitching strap his new purchase bit at him in a vengeful way and switched his tail about.

"Did you select him for his playfulness?" queried Mrs. Bowser as she noticed the action.

"Yes, partly," replied Mr. Bowser, whose first impulse was to use the whip. "That is, I didn't want a stone or a wooden horse. That playful spirit is always a good sign in a horse, same as in a human being. Now we are off for a delightful spin, and you can lay back and enjoy yourself. By George, but this beats riding in a palace car all to pieces! Isn't that a splendid gait he's got? Starts right off as if he had twenty pounds of steam on."

Mrs. Bowser didn't lay back and enjoy herself. On the contrary, she sat up and watched the horse closely. There was a slight limp in one hind leg, he pulled to the right as if blind in the left eye, there was a constant click as he overreached and struck a front shoe. Added to these things, his ears were laid back close to his head and held there, and now and then his teeth grated on the bit.

She also saw that Mr. Bowser held the reins with a careless hand and seemed anxious to use the whip. She refrained from saying anything, however, until the buggy had been drawn over a sand pile on one side of the street and a heap of bricks on the other, and then she gently remarked:

"If you intend to bump into any of the shade trees along the street, please give me a few seconds' notice."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Mr. Bowser. "I thought it was about time you got off some mean remark. The horse is going all right, and I'm doing all right, and—"

And the horse suddenly steered out of his course to graze the hind wheel of a peddler's wagon and almost cause a smashup.

Mr. Bowser wasn't going to make any excuse at all at first, but on second thought he concluded to say that it was all the peddler's fault and that there ought to be a law to prevent a cross eyed man from driving anything but a rhinoceros on the public highway.

Mrs. Bowser would have consented to go without hats or shoes for the next year if she could have been safely transported back home, but her only resource was to hang on and depend upon Providence.

Mr. Bowser had driven two blocks farther when the horse bore to the right and took the wheel off a banana push cart and then sauntered across the street and rubbed the nose of a grocer's horse and got the grocer's boy so excited that he indulged in yells and shouts.

"Are you going to get us both killed?" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser as she got her hat straightened again.

"There you go!" replied Mr. Bowser as he narrowly missed running down an old woman. "Do you want the horse to walk? Shall I tie him to a post? I never held the reins over a better goer, and yet you are finding fault about everything."

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"Well, you'd better take a shy yourself. I was watching you as you came down the street, and I saw that you knew nothing about driving. It's a wonder you didn't hit another vehicle or run over somebody. How did you happen to come out with the horse?"

"You talk as if I was a boy three years old!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as his anger began to boil and a crowd began to gather. "My driving was all right, but my wife was nervous and afraid and kept speaking to me."

"I'll bet she can drive better than you can when it comes to that. How are you going to get this old brute home? He's itching to run and kick, and you are not the man to handle him."

"Can't I hire some one to drive him back? The man warranted him to be as gentle as a lamb, and I can't see what's got into him. Whoa, you old villain!"

Half a dozen men stepped forward with offers to drive the vehicle back to the Bowser residence for \$1, and Mr. Bowser was about to close the deal when the policeman backed the rig clear of the walk and handed the reins to Mrs. Bowser and said:

"You'd better walk home, old man, while your wife drives. As a guardian of the peace it is my duty to save your life if I can do it."

A feeling of recklessness seized Mrs. Bowser, and, although she realized that years and centuries and epochs would pass away before Mr. Bowser could forgive or forget, she picked up the reins and drove off, and, though the three cheers and a "tiger" given her by the crowd of men and boys left behind started the horse into his fastest gait, she managed to steer him a straight course and skip all the ice wagons and moving vans.

DR. I. M. HAIR, DENTIST.

Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty. Office Bank Building Union, S. C.

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He footed it home to find P. D. Q. tied to a tree in front of the house and looking as humble as a rabbit, and his first action was to walk up and give him a hearty kick and exclaim:

"Durn your old flea bitten hide, but I'll kill you with a crowbar and sell your body for soap grease!"

Then he followed the one kick with two more and turned and entered the house. Mrs. Bowser and the cat were there and waiting, but it is best to drop the curtain right here. There are some things too strenuous for public print, and Mr. Bowser has shown the public that he can be strenuous on occasions.

M. QUAD.

Master's Sale.

State of South Carolina, Court of Common Pleas.

Dudley C. Beaty, et al, defendant.

In obedience to an order made in above stated case, I will sell at Union, before the Court House door, during the legal hours of salesday, January 4th, 1904, the following lands, viz:

All that tract of land, known as the Bennett and Bogan place in Bogansville Township, containing sixty eight acres, being tract No. 6 in the division of the lands of A. W. Thompson, as will more specifically appear from the record of the deed thereto in the book of Real Estate Records N. 32, page 348.

All that tract in Bogansville Township, containing one hundred and twenty acres, more or less, bounded by Mrs. Medora Duncan's, Jesse Fincher's estate and estate of James H. Gossett, and more particularly described in the deed thereto recorded in Real Estate Book J, 28, page 511.

Tract in Bogansville Township, containing one hundred and thirty five acres, more or less, bounded by the lands of Frank Webber, Migalon Varne and Fair Forest Creek.

Also tract containing thirty eight acres in Pinckney Township, being the lands of A. G. Wood, bounded by and Skull Shoals public road and more Book II, 36, page 796, a deed recorded in the books of the Court of Common Pleas.

One lot in the Town of Union, containing one acre more or less, known as part of the Mullinax or less, known as lots of Miss White, not and bounded by lot of John Rice, Miss Mullinax, of Sam Hampton, her's estate, St. August church and Gr. estate.

One half undivided interest in the fee of a lot in the town of Union, known as of Mose Hughes, in the division of the lands Southern railroad, bounded on East by Miss A. E. Lin, West by lands of Lawson Gossett, and on north by Glenn Spring public road.

One fourth cash advance in three equal annual installments, with interest from day of sale on each installment, and after maturity at the rate of eight per cent per annum, secured by bond of purchaser and mortgage of the premises.

TERMS OF SALE. C. H. PEAKE, Master.

Buy your Goods from THE CASE BARGAIN STORE and save money.

Good heavy plaids, 6c value our price, per yard..... 5c

Good heavy Plaid, big value at 7c, our price, per yd... 6c

Boy's heavy fleeced lined Shirts and Drawers, each 25c

Men's extra heavy Shirts and Drawers, 50c quality, our price, each48c

The next 30 days we will sell our entire lot of men's Pants at actual cost. Come at once while you can get your size.

Mrs. D.N. Wilburn's.

Dr. Alexander S. Foster, Surgeon Dentist, JONESVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Rooms over J. F. Alman's Store. CROWN TORRENCE, M. D.

Office Hours: 8.30 to 9.30 a. m. 2.30 to 3.30 p. m. Special attention to diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. 25-Bm

SCAIFE & HAMBLIN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Foster Building, Union, S. C.

J. CLOUGH WALLACE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Room 12 up stairs Foster Building.

S. MEANS BEATY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 3, Law Range.

Money to Loan. I have money to loan in amounts of \$300 and upwards on improved farms at 7 per cent interest. No commission except a reasonable attorney fee for preparing necessary papers.

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RIPAN'S Tablets doctors find a good prescription for mankind.

The 5-cent packet is enough for usual occasions. The family bottle (30 cents) contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

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AND... MILL SUPPLIES. ... BIRD IRON WORKS & SUPPLY CO.

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to write for our confidential letter before applying for patent; it may be worth money. We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign

PATENTS and TRADE MARKS or return ENTIRE attorney's fee. Send model, sketch or photo and we send an IMMEDIATE FREE report on patentability. We give the best legal service and advice, and our charges are moderate. Try us.

SWIFT & CO., Patent Lawyers, Opp. U.S. Patent Office, Washington, D.C.

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EUREKA Harness Oil

makes a poor looking harness like new. Made of pure, heavy bodied oil, especially prepared to withstand the weather.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

Dr. R. M. Dorsey, Specialist

on diseases of the EYE and EAR

—and— OPTICIAN.

Successor to H. R. Gooden, Alexander's Music Hall, Springfield, S. C. 47-1

Administrator's Sale

We will sell at public auction to the highest bidder on Salesday in January next at Union Court House five (5) shares Peoples Bank stock, belonging to the estate of J. Golden Bentley, deceased. Terms: spot cash.

E. V. GOING, A. G. BENTLEY, Administrators.

RAMON'S LIVER PILLS. A Disordered Stomach ends in a SICK HEADACHE. The root of the trouble is biliousness; the cure, Ramon's Pills. Complete Treatment, perfect cure, 25c.

MRS. CECELIA STOWE, Orator, Entro Nous Club. 176 Warren Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 22, 1902. For nearly four years I suffered from ovarian troubles. The doctor insisted on an operation as the only way to get well. I, however, strongly objected to an operation. My husband felt disheartened as well as I, for home with a sick woman is a disconsolate place at best. A friendly druggist advised him to get a bottle of Wine of Cardui for me to try, and he did so. I began to improve in a few days and my recovery was very rapid. Within eighteen weeks I was another being.

WINE OF GARDUI