

NEW QUARTERS

We have just moved into our new store on Main Street, and are now in a better position to serve our customers than ever, having added considerably to the size of our building which enables us to carry a large assortment of Hardware, Wagons, Buggies, Harness, Groceries and all kinds of Farming Implements; in fact you can find nearly everything at our place to supply your wants.

WE INVITE EVERYBODY TO COME AND INSPECT OUR STOCK.

THE PEOPLES SUPPLY COMPANY.

Betrayed to The Spanish

By SAMUEL LOVELACE

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Three men had lain down to sleep in a Cuban jungle—three men in ragged uniforms and unkempt in appearance to the last degree. Two of them wore bandages over fresh wounds, and the third looked gaunt and starved and slept as if sleep had not come to them for several nights before. It was 8 o'clock when they threw themselves down among the land crabs, with the evening air swarming with mosquitoes, and it was an hour after midnight when one of them awoke and softly crawled over to another and whispered in his ear:

"Diaz, awake! It is time!"

"Is the Yankee sound asleep?" asked the other as he sat up.

"He sleeps like a pig. Kings could not be better for us."

The two moved away like serpents through the rank grass and jungle until they had covered a hundred feet, and then they stood up and made their way swiftly along in the direction of the Spanish lines.

There were plenty of American adventures in the ranks of the patriots—men whose sympathies were on the right side and who ran the blockade and joined the insurgents to fight for them as they had fought for the Union years before. Such men were at first given the hand of welcome, but when their dash and bravery had earned them promotion there were envy and jealousy to be reckoned with.

The man left lying alone in the jungle was Tom Warner, good natured, reckless and careless. Here, where he had been fighting for six months, nearly always on scout duty, he was called Captain Warner. He had a commission from Garcia, but the title was a barren one. He had furnished his own weapons and clothing and had never drawn a penny from what facetiously might be termed the insurgent treasury. He had won praise and admiration for a time, and then jealousy crept in to make certain men hope in secret that the Spaniards might make him captive. They had heard of the Yankee fighter—aye, and felt his blows—and they had said that they would give him no quarter if they were lucky enough to capture him. He had sent back a message of defiance and gone his way, and it never once entered his mind that some of the men whose battles he was assisting to fight might betray him.

"So you wish to surrender yourselves and at the same time put the Yankee into my hands?" asked the colonel into whose presence they were conducted from the picket post.

"Si, Senor Colonel. We wish to fight against our good friends the Spaniards no longer, and in surrendering we place in your hands one who has killed many of your brave men. The reward shall be what you will."

The colonel looked at them for a moment in contempt. The Spaniard is bloodthirsty and cruel in wartime, but he also has a code of honor. He might condescend to play the spy, but he would not condescend to betray for money.

Each one of the men was handed a five dollar gold piece and ordered to report to the officer of the day, and the colonel wrote a few lines and dispatched them by his orderly and lay down to sleep.

Two hours later he heard the sergeant's squad that had been sent out coming back with their prisoner, but he turned over and slept again. It would be time enough to settle with the Yankee in the morning. The squad had been guided to the place where the captain still slumbered, and he had been made a prisoner without resistance.

"And so, American, you are here, fighting against the rebels against our king?" sneered the colonel when he had eaten his breakfast and the prisoner stood before him.

sign, but I do not recognize it. No rebel dog has authority to issue commissions. You know your fate, senor?"

"I believe you sent me word only a month ago that you would shoot me without trial if I had the misfortune to be captured."

"And rest assured I shall do so. No; I will not shoot you; I will hang you. You are a spy, and you shall die by the rope."

"On what day and hour?" was the calm inquiry.

"Days and hours!" thundered the colonel as he showed his teeth at his prisoner. "I have no days and hours for the hanging of such as you. I string them up at my own convenience. At 10 o'clock—an hour and a half from now—you shall dance on nothing!"

"Very well, colonel," said Tom as he saluted and fell back and was marched away by his guard.

"He is a brave man," mused the colonel later on, "but he defied me. Yes, I will hang him, and I will make him afraid before he is swung off."

When the dogs of renegades hear how he died, begging for his life, it will be a lesson to be heeded. He is hungry and thirsty, but he shall neither eat nor drink before the execution."

The force under the colonel comprised about 400 men. Orders were sent out to parade, all but the sentinels, under arms at 10:15, and a corporal was detailed to see to the erection of a gallows. His work was not arduous or lengthy. A small tree trunk was passed from the crook of one tree to another and a noose of rope tied to its center. The prisoner would be placed on a pork barrel—an American pork barrel for the grim irony—and it would be kicked from under him.

At the hour named by the colonel the troops were under arms and formed a three sided square around the gallows. Then the prisoner was brought out. His elbows were tied behind him, and in his contempt for the Spaniards who had sold their officer the colonel ordered the two men to march with the condemned man and act as his executioners. They had sold a man for money, but when it came to playing the part of hangmen they rebelled. They hung back, but the colonel ordered the lash applied.

When the prisoner was led under the noosed rope the colonel faced him and made him a butt of ridicule. He pointed at his rags, at his starved looks, at his unkempt appearance, and the soldiers in line laughed. From ridicule he turned to sarcasm and thence to abuse and revilement, and during the long half hour the prisoner faced him calmly without a word. There were not ten men in the lines who did not feel a secret admiration for him. The colonel had failed to shake his nerve, and, chagrined and angered, he ordered one of the deserters to place the barrel and the other to assist the prisoner to mount.

Then it was that one of the betrayers felt the stings of conscience. He was the one who was placing the barrel. He knew what he was going to do would bring him perhaps a more cruel death than that designed for his captain, but he did not hesitate. Like a flash he whipped out a knife and cut the prisoner's bonds, and, though taken by surprise, Captain Tom bounded away toward the forest.

In his excitement the colonel called upon the lines to fire and ran after the fleeing man. A volley was let go, and when the smoke cleared away the colonel lay dead on the ground, the victim of twenty bullets.

For a moment every soldier seemed dumb and without power to move. Then there were shouts and yells, and the lines broke and became a mob. When order was restored the renegades were no longer in sight. The jungle sheltered them and the captain they had betrayed.

"Poor devils!" the released man said. "I don't blame you much. It's a hard road to liberty, and a man has to be something more than a fishworm to win it."

American, All Right. A countryman registered at a hotel in Kansas City the other day. He did not explain on what "plan" he purposed to become a guest.

"European or American?" asked the clerk.

The guest looked surprised. "American," he said emphatically. "Born and raised up here in Platte county. I don't look like no foreigner, do I?"

Charming the Ants.

The mistress of a house in India has to deal with strange servants, picturesque creatures whose minds are bent at every point by the traditions of caste or custom. Chota Chankidar was a tiny night watchman employed by Cornelia Sorabji because he had chosen that occupation. But by day he helped her do her gardening and after burying seeds would rush eagerly next morning to see if green leaves were showing.

When the little green things were really up there came white ants to eat them, and it was Chota Chankidar who found a remedy.

"It behooves us to call a magic man," he said. "He will say charms to the white ants, not forgetting to use some black tar and such things which are deadly to the ant people."

"Could not you and I use the black tar and such things, Chota Chankidar?" asked the mistress humbly.

"Maybe. But we could not say the words."

"But we will say words of our own." He thought for a moment and then shook his head with melancholy energy. "No, no, Miss Sahib! The father-grandfather ways are best always, and our father-grandfathers always called the magic men to this like trouble. Besides," he added apologetically, "of course, though we people know better than the magic men, the ant people are senseless and would not understand our language."

So the ant people were exterminated with appropriate ceremonies.

No Twilight in Mexico.

There is almost no twilight in Mexico. You watch the sun, a blazing orb, descending with growing swiftness and wreathed in a yell of fire toward the horizon. Around, the air is amber tinted, glowing. Suddenly it begins to drop behind the distant mountains, and the shadows advance across the plain, swallowing up the landscape in mellow gloom. The shadow draws near and nearer—envelops the town. Behind you the sky is still lit up with the rosy beams. A line of shadow creeps swiftly up the rugged sides of old Popocatepetl, obscuring completely the base of the mountain as it advances. Up, up the snow capped crest, deepening in tint until at last it hangs like a great opal against the darkening sky. A moment it remains so, glowing and quivering as if on fire—grows smaller and is gone. Night has come.

Through the dusky silence you seek your hotel, passing on the roadside silent figures, fagot laden. "Adios, senor." Their soft voiced greeting falls upon your ear like a benediction.—Lee W. Ziegler in Recreation.

Through, but Kept Going.

A long winded member of the Massachusetts legislature was delivering a political address in a town not far from Boston, and the village folk gathered in the town hall to hear it.

He had been speaking quite awhile when finally an old Scotchman arose and walked out of the hall. At the door one of his countrymen was waiting with his back to drive the orator to the station.

"Is he done yet, Sandy?" asked the Scot on the box.

The old man turned about.

"Aye," said he; "he's done lang ago, but he will na stop."

Tides and Storms.

When a tempest is approaching or passing out on the ocean, the tides are noticeably higher than usual, as if the water had been driven in a vast wave before the storm. The influence extends to a great distance from the cyclonic storm center, so that the possibility exists of foretelling the approach of a dangerous hurricane by means of indications furnished by tide gauges situated far away from the place then occupied by the whirling winds. The fact that the tidal wave outstrips the advancing storm shows how extremely sensitive the surface of the sea is to the changes of pressure brought to bear upon it by the never resting atmosphere.

Inherited.

"Your daughter's music is improving," said the professor, "but when she runs the scales I have to watch her pretty closely."

"Just like her father," said Mrs. Nutt; "he made his money in the grocery line."

Green.

Owing to its derivation the word "green" was originally applied to the color of vegetation, but not to the color of the sea. No application of "green" to the color of the sea is quoted before Chaucer, but as early as the year 700 it was used for vegetation. The word is akin to "grass" and "grow," which verb originally belonged to the vegetable world alone. Vegetables "grew," but animals "waxed." "Green" comes from an Aryan root, "ghahr," meaning to be green or yellow, and "yellow," "gold," and "yolk" come from that same root.

Tapoca and Pearl Tapoca.

Tapoca is manufactured from the plant called in Brazil manioc, in Peru yuca, and in the West Indies cassava. When the true starch is separated from the root it is placed on hot plates and while it is heating is stirred with an iron rod. The starch grains burst, and the whole agglomerates into small, irregular masses. Pearl tapoca is not a product of the plant at all, but of potato starch.



Satisfied Customers

are the best kind of advertisement for the grocery business. We try to get grocery customers to satisfy—and then

We satisfy our Customers

We used to find it a hard task—but since it has got abroad that we satisfy our customers, it has been an easy matter to get customers to satisfy. It doesn't make any difference here what nature your purchase may be, we'll see that it gives satisfaction, or if it doesn't, we'll return your money.

Union Grocery Co.,
L. L. Wagnon, Manager.

SOMETHING NEW

Van Camp's
Evaporated
Cream.
10c per can at

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Tanks, Stacks, Stand Pipes, and Sheet Iron Work; Shafting, Pulleys, Gearing, Boxes, Mangers, etc. Mill Castings. Cast every day; work 200 hands.

Lombard Foundry Machine and Boiler Work and Supply Store.
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KEEP THE KIDNEYS WELL.

Health is Worth Saving, and Some Union People Know How to Save it.

Many people take their lives in their hands by neglecting the kidneys when they know these organs need help. Sick kidneys are responsible for a vast amount of suffering and ill-health, but there is no need to suffer nor to remain in danger when all diseases and aches and pains due to weak kidneys can be quickly and permanently cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills.

J. B. Lee, of Chester, S. C., stove and pump repairer, who travels through many counties in South Carolina, and is generally known over the whole state, says: "My back has been so weak at times that I could not attend to business. It pained me all the time right across the small of it, but since using Doan's Kidney Pills my back has been much stronger and has not pained me at all. The pills did me a whole lot of good and I am going to give them the credit for it."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Superb Perfumes!

The making of Perfumes is a fine art. Perfumes vary in their ability as other artists do. Some stand head and shoulders above others and make goods that are marvels of delicacy and refinement. It is worth while to get such goods—inferior ones are apt to cost you just as much. Fine perfumes are a specialty with us. Our assortment includes the latest and best goods of the world's best makers, both bottled and in bulk.

Prices are as reasonable as the goods are fine.

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ICE CREAM

(OUR OWN MAKE.)

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Bring your job work to THE TIMES. We can please you.

Cash Bargain Store

There are always extra values found at the Cash Bargain Store at this season of the year.

Just received a lot of Lawns and Organdies in large figures, price 10c the yard.

Colored Lawns that sold at 7c, 8c, 9c and 10c the yard, now 5c.

White Lawn, 40 inches wide, going at 10c.

Good Bleaching at 5c, 6c, 7c, 8c, and 10c the yard.

Mennen's Talcum Powder at 15c a box.

MRS. D. N. WILBURN.

From Frigid to Torrid

From Coal to Ice you think, one is no more a luxury than the other, both are a necessity.....

I will deliver ICE at your door

Buy your ticket, it is economy and saves you trouble.

Ice house opposite Southern

Passenger Depot.

J. B. RICHARDS.

THEY HAVE COME!

I always made special preparations for the summer months, for I know that almost everybody has to buy hot weather specials this time of the year, so I ask you to come and look through my lines, which are complete.

JUST RECEIVED

lots of real good things in Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, Hats, Clothing, Hosiery, underwear, etc.

All of the above are correct in quality and for trade here, and get a free.

GEO.