

On the Wing.

On Monday, November 11, we left the quiet peacefulness of our humble home to resume our visit to our country cousins, who always hold a warm and near place in the deep recesses of our heart.

With thoughts akin to these we travelled on the second section of our tour in the frosty air of that Monday morning, our destination being Gaston, where we arrived on schedule time.

Night found us at the pleasant country home of our old friend, Mr. Joseph W. Reeder, where we are always received with a genial hospitality that makes us feel at home.

After a pleasant drive we arrived at the home of Mr. J. J. Mack. Here some of "the men behind the plow" met the tax gatherer and plucked down their assessment toward the support of the government.

astic pullet going so far as to walk up to the chopping block and stretched her neck across it, offering herself a sacrifice to appease our appetite.

From the time we crossed the threshold of this hospitable home until we took our departure Mrs. Mack did all in her power to make our stay pleasant and comfortable.

Our next appointment was at the historic Red Store. This place occupies a prominent and interesting chapter in the history of Lexington county.

Thursday night we were comfortably taken care of in the palatial home of our old friend, J. Archie Wolfe.

That day about noon found us at the home of Mr. M. N. Martin, one of our warmest friends, seated at the dining table which groaned beneath its substantial viands and dainty relishes prepared and compounded under the skillful hands of Mrs. Martin.

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THE ELEVATOR BOY.

HE RELATES A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE WITH A NEW TENANT.

How He Got Revenge on an Alleged Agent For a Grindstone Quarry Who Refused to Help Him Lift the Mortgage on His Mother's Home.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis] It is but natural that an elevator boy in a skyscraper should seek to size up a new tenant as soon as possible.

"Yes, sir." "And you are trying to pay off a mortgage on your mother's home?" "Yes, sir."

"Well, I don't blame your father for dying, and I hope the mortgage will be foreclosed. I wouldn't give you a ten cent piece to save your neck.

"Boy, I am up to your little game, and it won't work. Better tend right to your own little business."

A week had passed, and I had learned nothing about the grindstone business, when a strange cub made up



I HAD GOT HIM DOWN AND AT MY MERCY, faces at me as I went out to lunch. I sailed in at once, and I had got him down and at my mercy when he offered to betray a secret if I would spare his life.

I had given him a show, and he had refused it. As I smoothed down my hair and got back to my elevator there was no longer an iota of mercy in my heart.

"Saunmis, I see when too late where I made my fatal mistake." "Yes, sir."

have got married again, and we would have been rich and happy. Sammis, let me take your hand while I vow never to snub another elevator boy.

"I'll give you \$50 for that bit of canvas," announced the man of wealth. "Couldn't think of accepting it," answered the poor artist.

"Farmer Swackhammer—I lost my wife yesterday." "Farmer Pildecker—No! Dead?" "Swackhammer—Now! Run away with a lightning rod peddler!"

"A woman who gets married," remarked the man with cold eyes and a square jaw, "should know how to cook."

"How many horsepower is your automobile?" inquired the man in the dogcart. "Ten horse and two men," responded the owner.

"Nothing makes a man feel so small," observed the breakfast cynic, "as when he hears feminine screams emanating from a house, and, rushing forward, determined to rescue her or die in the attempt, he is confronted by the sign, 'Dentist.'"

"Carrie—Tonight would be a good time to speak to papa." "Lindsay—Why do you think so?" "Carrie—He wore a new pair of shoes all day, and his feet are so tender he wouldn't dare do anything to hurt them."

I observed with disquiet that Moradant was about to hang himself. "I have nothing to live for," he explained.

Then the defiant, militant spirit took possession of the devoted missionary. "You think I'm a pudding!" he cried. "I'll show you I am not."

Mr. Fussy (clearing the things in the parlour)—You have wretchedly poor taste, my dear.

"Is the storekeeper honest?" "Honest! Well, rather! Why, he'll let you open either end of an apple barrel before purchasing."

"What is worse than a gruffle with a sore throat?" "A cephalopod with chilblains."

Mrs. Jones—I'm not sure that he said "fair." "Till-Bits.

"Gladys, if you knew how my heart burns for you!" "Try some baking soda. They say that's a splendid cure for heartburn."



AT THE Bee Hive Low Price Store, A GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO BUYERS IN NEED OF HIGH GRADE UNDERWEAR AT LOW PRICES, 1554 MAIN STREET, COLUMBIA.

CHARLESTON DOOR, SASH AND LUMBER CO. MANUFACTURERS OF DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, MILL WORK AND LUMBER.

The Race Issue. Guthrie, O. T., Nov. 20.—Notwithstanding the announcement of United States Attorney Horace Speed that he will have cancelled the homestead entry of every man who makes an attempt to eject a colored homesteader from his claim, complaints of such action against colored men are filed daily with the United States marshal asking protection for negroes who drew claims in the recent government land lottery.

Jonesville Postoffice Robbed. Jonesville, Nov 21—Safe crackers were in our town last night and blew open the safe in the postoffice and made away with about \$175 in money and stamps.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Try them When you feel dull after eating. When you have no appetite. When you have a bad taste in the mouth.

THE 3 SPIRITTINE REMEDIES. Endorsed by some of the Leading Medical Profession. No Quack or Patent Medicine, but NATURE'S PURE REMEDIES.

CAROLINA NATIONAL BANK, COLUMBIA, S. C. STATE, CITY AND COUNTY DEPOSITORY Paid up Capital \$200,000 Surplus Profits 60,000 Savings Department.