623 cents.

\$1.10.

The Lexington Dispatch.

Wednesday, November 27, 1901.

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. It was among them that we first saw the refulgent beams of the rising sun; it was with them as a barefooted boy we chased the butterflies over the hills and through the valleys carpeted with many hued flowers. We stole fruit from the same orchard and robbed the same man's watermelon patch. We hunted the same woods and fished the same streams. Together we played ball, shinny, leap frog, picked eggs and engaged in other juvenile sports. Studied from the same books, annoyed and teased the same teachers to such an extent that they realized that this world was no flowery bed of ease to help them on to fame. We loved and f-ught, and bled and even died for the same rosy cheeked girls who rewarded our heroic deeds, larcerated feelings and scratched faces by making goo goo eyes at some other feller and smiling on him her sweetest and most bewitching smile. These incidents were in the days of the long ago when happy and innocent childhood played around pleasure's throne. Later when the responsibilities of life faced us with stern and frowing realities, we left father and mother, and brother and sister, we together responded to the tocin of the war god and with martial tread on Virginia's bloody fields hallowed by the crimson dyed blood of our countrymen, offered to sacrifice our live in defense of our countr'y honor. We suffered the same privations, braved the same dangers, fought the same battles, and around the same camp fires we ate our frugal meals when we had them. Now, in these days of the sere and yellow leaf, when the summit of life's hill has been reached and passed and the shadows are lengthening behind, and through rifts of the rays of life's golden sunset we can catch glimpses of the peace and joy and happiness of that beautiful land beyond the great divide, why should it not be an occasion of pleasure to visit one and the other oc-

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. This little town was very quiet, there being but few taxpayers to meet the Treasurer. We sadly missed many familiar faces which were wont to greet us with a welcoming smile in the days gone by. Upon inquiry we learned that some were kept at home for many causes; others had moved to distant lands to build new homes and form new acquaintances, and not a few had paid the last debt due nature and their forms now at rest in the bosom of mother earth to await the dawn of the millennial. No improvement has been made since our last visit but its people are hopeful of better times ahead. We were greatly refreshed after eating a sumptuous dinner which bad been prepared by Mrs. Sphaler, who is a queen among housewives.

casionally during the few remaining

years of our sojourn?

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. Next morning after serving the citizens who usually meet the Treasurer at this point, we headed our horse for our next appointment.

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 planked down their assessment toward the support of the government. Our pocket was weighted down by the addition of a few cart wheels and then we struck a trot for the beautiful and comfortable home of Mr. R. E. Mack. As we approached this pleasant home where plenty abounds in luxurient abundance, even the trees nodded their welcome and the fowls cackled their pleasure-one enthusiastic pullet going so far as to walk up to the chopping block and stretch. ed 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. After a refeshing sleep and a hearty breakfast, we reluctantly took our departure with our face turned toward

This is a buefling and ambitious little town located on the Southbound railroad just far enough from Columbia and Savannah to make it an important and thriving trade centre for the country lying between the two places. The possiblities of Swansea are only limited by the development of the progressive spirit and enterprise of its citizens. We found the business interests of the place in a satisfactory condition. The merchants had full stocks of goods and each of them seemed to be enjoying a liberal share of trade. These people, as a rule, are industrious and frugal in their habit, and have heretofore always met their obligations with promptness that is indeed commendable and worthy of imitation; but this year on account of the unfavorable seasons which had such ruinous effect upon the crops of the entire State, they are little tardy in meeting their guano and other bills. But for this they should not be censured as they can neither make the sun to shine nor cause the rain to fall. Here we found many taxpayers congregated ready with the cash and anxious to turn it over to Treasurer Shealy in return for the privilege of whooping up their favorite candidate during a political election. A few did not forget their obligations to the Dispatch, and we went on our way rejoicing envying not a Vanderbilt in all his lux-

Our next appointment was at the historic Red Store. This place ocpies a prominent and interesting chapter in the history of Lexington county. In its immediate vicinity are the homes of some of the most cultured and refined families of the county, the character and habits of whose founders in times of peace and war have left their impress upon those of their offspring. Many of the good citizens of this progressive and flourishing section met us and balanced accounts with State and county believing that it is the wisest policy to settle early than to wait for the last hour of grace and let the gong of time sound and they not be saved. Mr. Lee Muller, one among the industrious, progressive and enterprising young men of that prosperous community, entertained us at the refined home of his mother and we did full justice to the bouteous and elegantly served meal to which we were

Thursday night we were comfortably taken care of in the palatial home of our old friend, J. Archie Wolfe. Mr. Wolfe is one of the most progressive farmers in the Southern States and is the proprietor of a large plantation which is worked on scientific principles and the latest improved machinery used. He is what might appropriately be termed a close student of agriculture and turns the result of his study and observation into practical use in the cultivation of his crops, the consequence being abundant harvests.

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, who presides over the home and kitchen with equal grace and dignity. She is beyond question one of the best housewives in Lexington and her cooking is famous the county over. Mr. Martin is one of our best and most successful planters and has a large plantation and ideal home. He is an industrious man and one who is not afraid nor ashamed of work. He is deservedly popular in his community and his friendship is to be desired above precious stones for he is true and loyal to all his obligations as man, a citizen and a Christ-

[Continued on Page Four.]

THE ELEVATOR BOY.

HE RELATES A PERSONAL EXPERI-ENCE 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.

[Cepyright, 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, and when Mr. Hagadeen moved in on the ninth floor the other week I got a line on him in twenty-four hours. He claimed to be agent for a grindstone quarry, and he had a gritty way with him. I had scarcely decided that I could never give him my confidence and feel like a son toward him when he called me up to his room and said:

"Sammis, I want to say a word to you. I understand that you are father-

"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. You are one of those fresh kids who are on the spy and gossip, and you expect a quarter every time you carry a tenant up or down. You have run against a snag, Sammis. You have met a man who'll tie you up in knots the first time you open your mouth. Look out for me, Sammis!"

It is needless to say that my feelings were hurt. He had jumped on me with both feet without cause. A bey in a blacksmith shop would have gone away and felt crushed for a year, but I was sad for about ten minutes and then thirsted to get square. I had hardly got down stairs before my mind was made up that I would some day hold Mr. Hagadoon's nose to his own grindstone and hold it hard. He didn't have no boy about his office, and so I tried to make friends with his typewriter. I had no sooner offered her a stick of gum, however, when she turned on me

"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 thought it was about a pot of gold, but it didn't pan out that way. He had been the grindstone man's boy in another skyscraper and had been discharged for falling in love with the stenographer. That grindstone business was all a bluff. Mr. Hagadoon had several little schemes. He was running a matrimonial agency, selling lottery tickets, doing a quiet pool business and repling in suckers on worthless mining stecks. All this the boy told me as I held him down by the hair. and I not only spared his life, but rewarded him with a bag of peanuts. Before taking any steps against the grindstone man I gave him a show. During a lull in business I stopped at his deer and asked him if I could possibly do anything to make his stay in the building more comfortable. He didn't let me into his office; but, coming out into the hall, he grabbed me by the hair and hissed into my ear: "Away with you or I'll dabble my

hands in your heart's blood!" 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 lota of mercy in my heart. The curtain fell next afternoon at 3 o'clock. I had get on to the fact that a lot of fellows were in the daily habit of riding up to the tenth floor and then walking down to the ninth to see Mr. Hagadoon, and the rush was plways greatest about midafternoon. I might have saved the typewriter on account of her sex, but at 2 o'clock, as I hung around to give her a word of warning. she swept past me with her nose up and a cold glare in her eyes, and I hardened my heart. An hour later the officials of the law were in possession. Mr. Hagadoon went down in my elevator, and a policeman was at his elbow. I expected he would cry out against me, but he did not. On the contrary, he looked at me with a sorrowful face, and his voice was full of pathos as he

"Sammis, I see when too late where I made my fatal mistake."

"Yes, sir." "I should have taken you into my confidence at the start and allowed you

"Yes, sir." "Then the mortgage would have been paid, your widowed mother would

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

There was great excitement around the building, with my name being frequently mentioned and witnesses hunted after, and Mr. Rasher, the agent, called me down to the office and asked:

"Sammis, is this another case where a tenant refused your friendship?" "He scorned me, sir," I replied.

"And you brought him low as a consequence. He ought to have known better, and you ought to have remembered that we have a dozen offices vacant. Sammis, I think you had better take a week's vacation, with pay. It will be good for your nervous system."

I took it, and when I returned to the skyscraper all was serene and the goose hung high for Sammis, the Ele-M. QUAD.

A Matter of Pride.

"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. "It is not that I don't need the money, but my professional reputation would suffer if I let anything go at that price."

"Ah," replied the man of wealth. "In that case I will give you \$10 for it and agree to tell all my friends that I paid

"Now you are making a proposition that I can afford to consider." said the artist. "Hand over the ten."-Chicago Post.

Too Much to Expect. Farmer Swackhammer - I lost my

wife yesterday. Farmer Pildecker-No! Dead? Swackhammer - Naw! Run away with a lightnin' rod peddler!

"Waal, Josh, I offer ye my sympathy! I'm mighty sorry fer ye."

"Yes, I never did have any luck a-losin' things. Why, I lost a yaller dog fourteen times before he stayed lost."-San Francisco Bulletin.

Severely Practical. "A woman who gets married," re-

marked the man with cold eyes and a square jaw, "should know how to cook." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "But

I have sometimes questioned whether a woman who knows how to cook ought to marry. She might become more prosperous by opening a restaurant."-Washington Star.

Automobiling Exposed. "How many horsepower is your au-

tomobile?' inquired the man in the "Ten horse and two men," responded the owner. "The ten horsepower runs

it on the level roads, and my chauffeur and I get out and push it up the hills." -Brooklyn Eagle. "Extracting Without Pain."

"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.' "-Chicago News.

Encouraging. Carrie-Toniglit 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.-Chelsea (Mass.)\Gazette.

Futile.

plained.

I observed with disquiet that Mordaunt was about to hang himself. "I have nothing to live for," he ex-

What was I to say? I knew only too well the futility of trying to live for nothing in New York .- New York Sun.

The Proof.

Then the defiant, militant spirit took possession of the devoted missionary. "You think I'm a pudding!" he cried.

'I'll snow you I am not." "The proof of the pudding is in the eating!" rejoined the savages darkly.-Detroit Free Press.

Her Taste.

Mr. Fussy (rearranging the things in the parlor)-You have wretchedly poor taste, my dear. Mrs. Fussy (resignedly)—That's what

everybody said when I married you,

Proof of Square Dealing.

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

Much Worse. "What is worse than a girafic with a

A Conundrum.

sore throat? "A centiped with chilbhains,"—Boston Christian Register.

Exact Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Brown (indignantly)-Is it true that he said I was "fair. fat and forty?"

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

The Cure. "Gladys, if you knew how my heart burns

for you!" "Try some baking soda.

World.

Jimmy-Say, pop, if They say that's I'd been born twins a splendid cure 'stead o' me, what for heartburn." would my other name -New York be :- New York Jour---AT THE-

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4 cases of the regular 50, 60 and 75 cents Heavy Double and Single Breasted Fleece Lined out door Workingman's Comfort, as a flyer, 39 cents, all colors. We make a liberal discount to large purchasers.

Our Clothing Department is second to none. We carry in stock all the high grade and up to date garments of the season. Bring a \$5.00 bill and see what we can give you in return in a nice suit or overcoat.

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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 wno makes an attemyt 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. More than 100 cojored homesteaders have been driven out of that country.

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. When your liver is torpid.

When your bowels are constipated. When you have a headache. When you feel bilious.

They will improve your appetite, cleanse and invigorate your stomoch and regulate your liver and bowels. For sale by J. E. Kaufmann.

That Lovely Age.

"There is an age," said the wise man of Willow Hollow, "when a girl is too old and too young for kissing games. Just at that time in her life she does not need any excuse to get all that she wants."-Chicago Post.

His Devotion.

"When I make a mistake," said Mr. Meekton's wife, "I do not hesitate to

"Yes, Henrietta," was the reply, "you can afford to say that. You never make any."-Washington Star.

Conclusive.

Mand-You think Mr. Blushrose is not as bashful in the presence of girls as he seems to be, do you? How did you get that impression? Mabel-I had it from his own lips,-Chicago Tribune.

Infantile Pride. "Pooh! My papa wears evenin' clothes every time he goes to parties." "That ain't anything. Our minister

wears his night clothes every time he preaches."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. Further Particulars. Miss Saltonstall-Mrs. Smythe tells

me that her father won distinction on the bench. Miss Winthrop-Yes, he was a shee-

maker.-Somerville Journal. Bedtime.

Mamma-Well, did you tell God how naughty you have been? Lily-No. I was ashamed. I thought it had better not get out of the family.

As Usual.

"Ah, well." she sighed, laying away the book, "the romance is ended. They've got married."--Chicago Record-Herald.

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. The postoffice is kept in the store of Williams Bros. The store was robbed of some pistols and other things. Walker Long, the night watchman, was on his rounds and was in about 80 yards of the store when the explosion occurred and he fired his pistol into the store and made an alarm, but the robbers rifled the safe and made good their escape. There were two or three of them, and they went towards Union. The safe was cracked obout 2 o'clock in the night. They broke open a tool box at the new depot and got such tools as they needed and bored through the door and then pulled the handle of the safe door out and set their explosive through the



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STATE, CITY AND COUNTY DEPOSITORY Paid up Capital - - \$200.000

Savings Department. Deposits of \$5.00 and upwards received. Interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. W. A. CLARK, President, WILIE JONES, Cashier. December 4-1y.

Parties desiring the Home and Farm sent with the Dispatch must send 25 cents, cash in advance.