

MR. BOWSER'S NATAL DAY

His Fifty-seventh Arrives, but He Insists on Celebrating the Fifty-third—Calls Bible Record False....

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MR. BOWSER figured on giving Mrs. Bowser a little surprise the other morning as he quietly observed:

"Perhaps I've got a birthday as well as other folks, though you don't seem to have remembered it."

"I've had it in mind for a week," replied Mrs. Bowser, "and have been wondering how we could celebrate the day. Yes; you are fifty-seven years old today, and I am!"

"Fifty-seven?" he shouted as he wheeled on her. "Where in thunder did you get your information that I was an antediluvian?"

"But fifty-seven isn't old."

"It's a blamed sight older'n I am! I'm exactly fifty-three years old today



THE GAS METER MAN CAME ALONG WITH HIS BILL.

if I know anything about it. How did you get the idea that I was fifty-seven?"

"I—I don't know, unless it was from the family record in the Bible."

"Does that record say I'm fifty-seven years old?"

"I—I believe so."

"Then it's a blamed old lying record, and it shows what kind of a woman you are that you go snooping around and sticking your nose into other people's business!"

"But even if you are fifty-seven you don't look a day older than forty," she said, hoping to mollify him. "A man at fifty-seven is only middle aged."

"Keep harping on fifty-seven, will you! Didn't I say I was only fifty-three?"

"Well, fifty-three, then, and now let's make a happy day of it. Mrs. Shaw was asking me the other day if you had turned forty-five yet, and she said she had often noticed your spry walk and cheery way."

This was a white lie, of course, but Mr. Bowser chirped up and breakfast was a success. He had decided to make a holiday of it, and the question arose as to where they should go. It had been settled that they would take a trolley ride into the country and chase lambskins—when the gas meter man came along with his bill. If Mrs. Bowser could have got hold of it first,

pay, of course; but I don't expect that you are going to knock in with the gas company to rob me. How much of a whack do they give you out of this bill?"

His query was treated with silent contempt, and for an hour he sat on the doorstep and smoked. Then a better feeling took possession of him and he decided to forgive Mrs. Bowser for her reckless extravagance. It was too late to chase lambskins o'er the dewy fields, as the dew had all been sucked up, but they could ride out to the park and view the gondolas and feed the squirrels.

"That's more like you," replied Mrs. Bowser as he told her to get ready. "I knew you would not blame me about the gas bill."

"I was just put out for a minute," he said with a laugh. "If you hadn't said I was fifty-seven years old!"

"Fifty-three, dear; I mispoke myself. Fifty-three years old, and you didn't look younger at forty."

He kissed her for that, but alas, Nemesis was again at the gate. It was a he Nemesis in the guise of a butcher boy. He had a little bill for a dollar and odd, and he thrust it under Mr. Bowser's nose. Mrs. Bowser gasped and waited. It came:

"By the ears of my grandmother, but what does this mean? I give you money weekly to pay all bills, and yet here is one unpaid!"

"It's made up of trifling balances that have been running for weeks," she replied, "and I have got the money in the house to pay it. Don't let this put you out."

"But it does put me out, and no wonder. We will not go to the park. We will not view the gondolas or any other blamed thing, and we will feed no squirrels."

They returned to the house, and while Mrs. Bowser removed her hat and sat down to a book in the sitting room Mr. Bowser took a seat on the front steps again. After a couple of hours he entered the house, and he announced a trip to the theater for the evening, with a little supper at some restaurant to wind up the entertainment.

"I—I didn't mean to be cross," he said as they returned home. "I expect it was your saying that I was fifty-seven years!"

"I said fifty-three," she interrupted.

"Well, I understood you to say fifty-seven. The idea that you thought me an old mossback rather hurt my feelings. Of course you are not to blame about either the gas or the butcher bill, and if I lost my temper—"

"But you didn't."

"Thanks. You are just the nicest woman on the face of this earth."

"And you are the best man."

Mr. Bowser decided to run down and obtain the tickets before dinner, when Deadwood Dick struck tiber trail again. The cook came upstairs and exultantly announced that there was not enough coal in the house to cook breakfast. If she had made the announcement to Mrs. Bowser, it would have been all right, but she went to the wrong head of the house,



Fantastic stories have been written of magic mirrors in which the future was revealed. If such a thing were possible many a bright-faced bride would shrink from the revelation of herself, stripped of all her loveliness. If there is one thing which would make a woman shrink from marriage it is to see the rapid physical deterioration which comes to so many wives. The cause is generally due to womanly diseases.

Lost health and lost comeliness are restored by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures irregularity and dries weakening drains. It heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I tell you what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery have done for me," writes Mrs. Emma L. Bankes, of 192 North 7th Street, Harrisburg, Pa. "They have done me a world of good. I had female weakness for six years; sometimes would feel so badly I did not know what to do, but I found relief at last, thanks to Dr. Pierce for his kind advice. I have this medicine still in my house and will always keep it."

If you are led to the purchase of "Favorite Prescription" because of its remarkable cures of other women, do not accept a substitute which has none of these cures to its credit.

Free. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Or for cloth-bound volume send 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE MILKY WAY.

A System Which Gives Us a Vague Idea of the Eternity of Space.

The Milky Way, the grandest feature of the "firmament which bends above us," the hazy path which so majestically bands the whole fabric of the skies together, is now known to be composed of a grand aggregation of at least 18,000,000 suns, each as large as or larger than that which makes vegetable and animal life an earthly possibility. "One is apt when allowing the mind to revert to the contemplation of these misty and indistinct astronomical subjects to measure their magnitude or attempt to measure it by making terrestrial comparisons.

It is obvious, however, upon more mature reflection that such comparisons are worse than "odious." The bulk of our sun exceeds that of the earth 1,200,000 times, being 600 times greater than that of the bulk of his whole train of planets taken collectively. This being the case, what basis can we use for calculating the magnitude of 18,000,000 suns, each, as I have said before, probably larger than that which gives us heat and light?

The infinite number of suns which, taken together, make up the Milky Way are not set at a uniform distance from our earth or even from our sun. In fact, they appear to work altogether independently of either this mundane sphere or our "glorious orb of day." The majority of them are planted at a distance too remote to be even imperfectly measured or understood. Some of them are so near (?) that light, which travels at the rate of 185,000 miles per second, would cross the distance between us and them in the period of about an even ten years. Others, however, are so remote that it would take a full thousand years for their light to reach us.

A Fine Liver Cure.

Greenville, Tenn.

I have thoroughly convinced myself that Dr. Baker's Blood and Liver Cure is the finest medicine made for Indigestion and Constipation. (I have tried them all) and was cured by the use of this medicine, after all others had failed. I most cheerfully and unhesitatingly endorse it. Yours truly,

H. N. Baker, Mayor.
For sale at the Bazaar.

The Last Word.



"A woman is never happy unless she gets the last word."
"That's a mistake. A woman always insists on a man's having the last word, but it must come in the form of an apology."

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

AN UNQUIET SPIRIT.

The Mysterious Light That For Years Haunted Cape Noir.

For many years on Cape Noir, the western point of Maria, a strange light was seen, dancing and moving about in the most unaccountable manner. At one moment it would rise like a column of fire into the air, and at another time it would fall like a meteor. Then it would seem to leap over the point and drop into the sea, afterward appearing again in the same spot on the hillside. The habitants tell this story about it:

In the time of the war for the possession of Canada a French vessel, pursued by an English warship, steered its course into the bay at this point for refuge. A boat was lowered from the side of the richly laden merchantman, and in this thirteen men swiftly rowed to the shore. Their object was to secrete a chest of gold which they had brought with them. On reaching the point they drew lots to see which of the men should remain to guard the treasure. The one to whom the lot fell was forced to swear a solemn oath, by land and sea, by night and day, by the ruler of the nether world, that he would be faithful to the trust through life, unless relieved by his returning comrades, and even after death would haunt the spot should no one come to take his place, says a writer in the Era.

To secure the fulfillment of this vow his wicked associates then and there put him to death and buried him with the treasure. The ghostly light was supposed to be the spirit of the murdered man, and many persons who, tempted by the hope of recovering the treasure, ventured into the haunted spot fled in terror and told blood curdling stories of the horrible phantoms and frightful sights which they had witnessed. The light is seen no longer. Perhaps some adventurer bolder than the rest succeeded in discovering the gold, carried it off and thus gave rest to the unquiet spirit.

Ran a Ten Penny Nail Through His Hand.

While opening a box, J. C. Mount, of Three Mile Bay, N. Y., ran a ten penny nail through the fleshy part of his hand. "I thought at once of all the pain and soreness this would cause me," he says, "and immediately applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm and occasionally afterwards. To my surprise it removed all pain and soreness and the injured parts were soon healed." For sale by J. E. Kaufmann.

The German Wife's Vacation.

It is a common practice in Berlin for the wife to stay at home when the husband and family go to the seaside. In this way the wife enjoys her own holiday, for there is no housekeeping to be done. She foregoes with friends—"grass widows," like herself—and they take their meals at restaurants, spend their afternoons and evenings at popular places of entertainment and thoroughly enjoy themselves.—London Express.

Yes, Indeed!

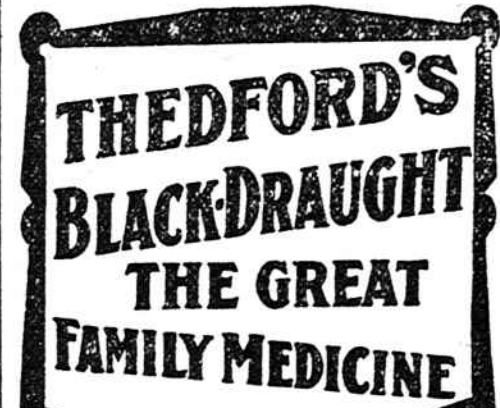
When a man gets tired out and ill, he goes fishing, returning shortly with three wall eyed pike, restored health and a blister on his nose. When a woman feels that way, she hangs around the house and cries if anybody looks at her. It must be lovely to be a man.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wonderful.

He—She holds her age well, doesn't she?
She—Yes. She doesn't look a day older than she says she is.—Philadelphia Record.

Noise and Fury.

"I've observed," said Uncle Ephie, "dat wif er good many men lung power an' brain power am in inverse proportion."—Colorado Springs Gazette.



Theodora's Black-Draught has saved doctors' bills for more than sixty years. For the common family ailments, such as constipation, indigestion, hard colic, bowel complaints, chills and fever, biliousness, headaches and other like complaints no other medicine is necessary. It invigorates and regulates the liver, assists digestion, stimulates action of the kidneys, purifies the blood, and purges the bowels of foul accumulations. It cures liver complaint, indigestion, sour stomach, dizziness, chills, rheumatic pains, sideache, backache, kidney troubles, constipation, diarrhoea, biliousness, piles, hard colic and headache. Every drugist has Theodora's Black-Draught in 25 cent packages and in mammoth size for \$1.00. Never accept a substitute. Insist on having the original made by the Chattanooga Medicine Company.

I believe Theodora's Black-Draught is the best medicine on earth. It is good for any and everything. I have a family of twelve children, and for four years I have kept them on foot and healthy with no doctor but Black-Draught. A. J. GREEN, Ilwaco, La.

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Nice Beds, \$1 40 and up.
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We still have some of those 25c. Shades.
Fine Folding Springs at \$1 90.

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We have some good Second Hand Oak Dressers and Bureaus at
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E. C. COOK & CO.,

September 17-18.

TAX NOTICE.

I WILL ATTEND THE FOLLOWING I mentioned places for the purpose of receiving taxes for the fiscal year 1902:

Lexington C. H., from the 15th of October to the 1st of November, 1902

Edmund, Monday morning, November 3
Gaston, Monday afternoon, November 3
Cross Roads, Tuesday morning, Nov. 4
J. J. Mack's, Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 4
Swansea, Wednesday, all day, Nov. 5
Red Store, Thursday morning, Nov. 6
Archie Wolfe's, Thursday afternoon, Nov. 6
W. N. Martin, Friday morning, Nov. 7
Brookland, Saturday, all day, Nov. 8
Pelton, Monday, all day, November 10
Jacob Williams, Tuesday morning, Nov. 11
Wm. Westmoreland, Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 11
Batesburg, Wednesday, all day, Nov. 12
Leesville, Thursday morning, Nov. 13
Summit, Thursday afternoon, Nov. 13
Crap's Mill, Friday morning, Nov. 14
Kessler's Store, Friday afternoon, Nov. 14
Lewisdale, Saturday morning, Nov. 15
Red Bank, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 15
Irmo, Monday, November 17
White Rock, Tuesday morning, Nov. 18
Hilton, Tuesday afternoon, November 18
Spring Hill, Wednesday morning, Nov. 19
Peak, Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 19
X Roads, Thursday morning, Nov. 20
Chapin, Thursday afternoon, Nov. 20
Chapin, Friday morning, Nov. 21
Josh Shealey's, Friday afternoon, Nov. 21
Crout's Store, Saturday morning, Nov. 22

The balance of the time at Lexington C. H. until December 31st, 1902, after which time the penalty will be added according to law.

The hours for closing the tax book will be at 11 o'clock for the morning and 4 o'clock for the afternoon appointment.

TAX LEVY.

For State Purposes..... 5 Mills
For Ordinary County Purposes..... 34 Mills
For Special County Purposes..... 4 Mill
For Constitutional School Tax..... 3 Mills

Total..... 46 Mills
Special School Levy, District 18 3 Mills
Special School Levy, District 37 2 Mills
Poll Tax..... \$1 00.

Parties owning property in more than one Township will so state to the Treasurer, and when writing for information concerning taxes always give name in full.

FRANK W. SHEALY,
Treasurer Lexington County.
September 24, 1902.

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You feel just right in them. Nearly 500 patterns to select from.

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W. P. ROOF,
LEXINGTON, S. C.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS ARE HEREBY POSITIVELY forbidden to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned by passing through, making roads, hauling wood or straw, hunting, with or without dogs, by day or by night or in any manner whatever as the law will certainly be enforced against all persons caught violating this notice.

B. F. NEESE, H. W. NEESE,
H. W. MARTIN, MRS. M. E. LECKIE,
S. P. P. HARSEY, D. C. AMICK,
MURY L. MARTIN, B. P. NEECE.
October 8, 1902. 4w3l.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

all would have been well, but the man coolly and calmly placed it in Mr. Bowser's hands, and the figures had scarcely been read before there was an explosion.

"By the great horns, but will you tell me what this means?" shouted a hoarse voice.

"Why, it's the gas bill for last month," replied Mrs. Bowser, "and I notice that it is a dollar and a half less than last month."

"But it's for \$2."

"Well, that's very reasonable. Our bills in the winter are always from \$5 to \$8. We needn't pay it for two weeks yet, you know."

"Woman, you can take off that hat!" rumbled Mr. Bowser. "There will be no lambskins chased by us today."

"Can we burn gas without paying for it?" asked Mrs. Bowser with a tinge of defiance in her tones.

"Who said we could? We expect to

and she hadn't got back to her kitchen when a long drawn moan called Mrs. Bowser downstairs to find a bald head and 200 pounds of humanity stretched on his back on the lounge.

"What on earth has happened?" she exclaimed in considerable fright.

"Woman," said the bundle of humanity without opening his eyes or stirring a finger, "I know all, and further deception is useless! If I die, wrap me up in an old bedquilt and chuck me into a hole in the back yard. If I live—"

"What?"

"Telephone your lawyer to meet my lawyer here in the morning to arrange the details."

And as the night came down and the wind sighed and moaned pedestrians passed the gate on tiptoe and instinctively murmured:

"Poor, poor Mr. Bowser!"

M. QUAD.