

FITZMAURICE'S THREE-ARCH STORE

1704 and 1706 MAIN ST. COLUMBIA, S. C.

Fall and Winter Wear

Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing for Men, Youths and Boys, Ladies' Tailored Suits, Millinery, Art Squares and Rugs.

We invite our friends and patrons from Lexington and the surrounding counties when in Columbia to see us for your wants before buying. We are prepared to save you money from this big stock. We never had a better stock to show you or cheaper.

Notice we prepay all orders from \$4.00 and upwards to your nearest express office. Also we will pay half your railroad fare within a distance of 50 miles, providing your purchase amounts to \$30.00, and at the same time buying at the lowest price. Call to see us for your wants.

Ladies' Suits from \$10.00 to \$27.50. A grand display of Millinery this fall. Grand values in Men's Clothing, \$5.00 to \$18.00. A big assortment of Boys' Suits, \$1.50 to \$5.00.

We guarantee everything we sell to be GOOD and at the LOWEST PRICE.



MR. BOWSER IN WASTE

Rushes Home and Hurries Wife to Station For Train.

GOES TO INSPECT COTTAGE.

Finds He Will Have to Ride Three Miles Into Country and Prefers to Take Driver's Word—Speaks of Divorce Proceedings Again.

By M. QUAD.
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It was 11 o'clock the other forenoon when the telephone rang and Mrs. Bowser belieled in return, to hear the voice of Mr. Bowser saying:

"That you, Mrs. Bowser? Yes? Well, I want you to have lunch at sharp 12. I shall be home. Have some clothes on and have your hat ready to put on. There's something doing."

"But what's happened?" she asked. "I can't go into any long explanations over the wire, but we are going out into the country for a few miles as soon as lunch is over."

"To pick flowers?" "Flowers be hanged! I am offered the greatest bargain of my life if the deal is closed within twenty-four hours. That's enough until I get home. Don't say anything to the cook or the neighbors, but wait for me."

At five minutes to 12 he came dashing up in a hansom, the first ride he had ever taken in one in his life. He had the fare in his hand, and he reached it to the driver and made a rush for the house and was hardly at the top of the steps when he exclaimed:

"If lunch isn't ready we must go without it!" "But it's all ready. Why, I haven't seen you so excited in years before. Is it a case of life or death?"

"About the same thing. You know it has always been our dream to have a cottage on the water."

"No, I didn't know it. But go on." "Don't talk that way to me, Mrs. Bowser. You've been pegging at me for years to get a cottage somewhere where we can spend the summer. I



"We don't sell any to that point now," have tried and failed. There was always something wrong with all of 'em."

"But this time you have found the place?" "I have or else the owner lies like a son of a gun. It's a man named Bartlett, who has failed in business and is giving all up to his creditors. He surrenders this cottage and has offered it to me at about half its value if I close the deal right away. There are four or five other men after it, you see."

"Is it on the seashore?" "Not directly. It is back about half a mile and on a river. It commands a splendid view of the ocean, however. Don't sit there with your mouth open, but eat away. I'm already done."

"But I don't think you ought to rush things this way," protested Mrs. Bowser. "We ought to have time to look the house over and know what we are buying."

"I wish the sooner we are at Violet Hill the sooner we can look to look. It's twelve miles, and we've got to take a train."

"Has the cottage a name?" "Yes, it is called Ocean Blue. We can change it to Ocean Red, Green or White if we want to. Now, on with your hat and we'll be off. By John, but you beat the best for daylight! If your father around causes us to lose this sale I'll never forgive you!"

Mrs. Bowser was ready while he was talking, and they took a trolley car to the depot. There were two or three delays en route, and Mr. Bowser told the conductor and motorman what he thought of them and carefully took their numbers in his little book, but of course they were at the depot a full half hour before train time.

Mrs. Bowser spent this interval sitting on a hard bench and watching the people who visited the water cooler, while Mr. Bowser walked to and fro and made threats of suing the road. When he came to inquire for tickets to Violet Hill the agent smiled and replied:

"We don't sell any to that point now. You'll have to buy to White Rose and walk back, or perhaps you can hire a vehicle there."

"But why in blazes don't you stop at Violet Hill?" "Because we don't. Don't block the way."

"By thunder, but this thing has got to be and will be looked into!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he was crowded back. "Not stop at Violet Hill! Why, the man doesn't know what he is talking about. I'd like to have him out of that cubby hole for about two minutes!"

"But the conductor will know all about it," consoled Mrs. Bowser. "If he don't I'll punch his head!"

The official's head was safe. When asked to explain he said:

"The station at Violet Hill was closed for lack of business. A contractor was going to build fifty villas there, but he went broke."

"But there are villas there." "Perhaps. I never looked out to see. You'll have to get off at White Rose, but there's always a man there with a wagon. You can get a good view of the country as you ride with him."

Mrs. Bowser was not in the least disappointed. She had her mind made up to failure right away after the telephone message. She sat and looked from the car window at the landscape, and Mr. Bowser sat and grumbled and swore. A feeling was coming over him that he was going to be done up.

Offers Some Consolation. "It may turn out all right," said Mrs. Bowser as he grumbled away. "A man who was surrendering everything to his creditors wouldn't deceive you. Perhaps the railroad people shut up the station to spite him or something of the sort."

Violet Hill was passed without any one seeming to know it. The depot building might have been taken for a fisherman's shanty. White Rose was all right, though. There were seven houses there, and two cows were lying asleep on the track, and the train had to stop whether or no. The Bowsers found a wagon and two mules loading around, and when a boy had found the owner and driver Mr. Bowser said to him:

"How much will you charge to drive us over to Violet Hill and back?" "Any waitin' over there?" queried the man.

"Perhaps an hour." "Let's see. There are two persons of you, a man and a woman. It's three miles there and back, and the roads ain't a bit good. You'll ask questions all the way out and swear all the way back. We'll say \$6 for the trip."

"Why, man, you are a robber!" shouted Mr. Bowser.

A Cheaper Arrangement. "Waal, s'pose you don't go over? S'pose you gimme a dollar to hear all about it instead? Some prefers that way. It saves your being bounced around in a wagon."

"Do you mean that any one has wanted to go over to Violet Hill this summer?" "Bout a hundred."

"For why?" "To see Ocean Blue and then come back."

"Um! Here's your dollar. What sort of a villa or mansion or cottage is Ocean Blue?" "It's kinder farmbousy."

"And what river is it on?" "It's on Jim Crow creek when there's any water."

"And what about the grounds around the house?" "That's where the old owner used to raise frogs."

"Why don't the trains stop there now?" "No steady man to git on or off. The railroad makes all the suckers come here first."

"And what do the folks say whom you drive over to Violet Hill?" "They make things look mighty violet coming back, and most of them pick a fight here at White Rose and git licked before they take the train. Is that all?"

That was all. There was two hours to wait in the depot, and the Bowsers waited. It was twelve miles back to town, but they spoke no word on the journey. Mrs. Bowser was almost gone in her efforts to prevent her lips from saying, "Sold again," and Mr. Bowser was figuring on the number of murders he would commit on the morrow. He strode into the house ahead of her, but turned in the hall to say in a low, tense voice:

"Madam, you have driven me to the dead line at last. Tomorrow morning you can go to your mother's and wait the divorce proceedings. You have shown your fine Italian hand once too often."

JONES' CASH DRY GOODS STORE

Next Door to Copeland Co. 1554 MAIN STREET COLUMBIA, S. C.



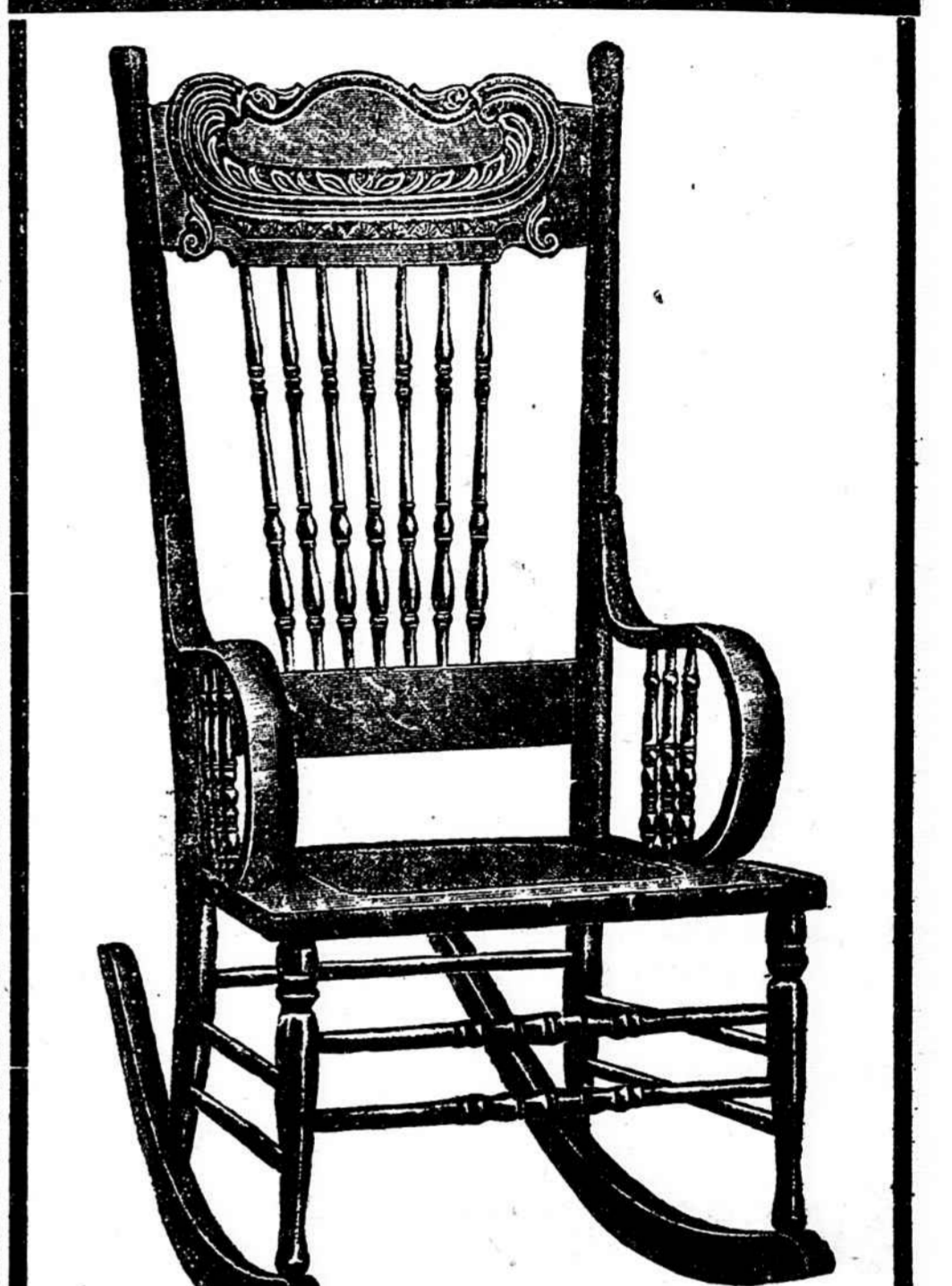
AMERICAN BEAUTY Style 387 Kalamazoo Corset Co. Makers

Not the last chance—but a good chance to buy your Fall and Winter Dry Goods, Shoes, Underwear, Gents' Furnishings, etc., at the lowest prices to be found in Columbia.

Doing a strictly cash business, we are not taxed with the heavy expense which is necessary in conducting a credit business. Neither do we have any losses on bad accounts, and for these reasons, we are able to sell you at least 10 per cent. less than other merchants.

By helping us, you will help yourselves, for if our business continues to grow as it has in the past three months, you will soon find our prices even lower than they are at present. Come and see if our statement is not correct.

L. A. JONES, "The Cash Dry Goods Store."



This beautiful solid Oak Rocker made for service, looks well. To our Lexington friends..... \$1.98
The Lion Furniture Co.
Ask for Catalogue . Columbia, S. C.

TOOL TALK

Some Witty Remarks Overheard in a Machine Shop.

It was midnight in the machine shop and all was silent until the rasping voice of the file was heard to say "I have rubbed up against lots of hard things in my life, but this harveyizee steel job has completely worn me out."

"Well," said the lathe sympathetic ly, "I have done many a hard turn myself."

"Life is a great bore," supplemented the gimlet.

"A continual grind," put in the emery wheel roughly.

"With many a broken thread," added the steam pipe in hollow accents.

"Calm yourselves," advised the damaged flywheel; "there may be a revolution soon."

"Don't mind him," said the soldering fluid acidly. "Every one knows he is cracked."

And in the confusion that followed the gas escaped.—Judge.

Fishing Yarn.

During the salmon fishing season an Englishman was the guest of a highland laird, and one day he hooked a fine salmon. Being inexperienced as a fisherman, he became excited and in the struggle with the fish fell into the river. The keeper, seeing that he was no swimmer, looked him with the gaff and started to drag him ashore.

"What are ye about, Donald?" cried the laird. "Get haud o' the rod and look tae the fush. Ma friend can bide a wee, but the fush winna!"—Independent.

The Rub.

"You bought me," declared the bride. "Well, you knew it at the time," retorted the groom.

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Good From Evil.

"The voice of envy is sure to be provoked by success," said the sensitive person.

She Found Out.

Bess (yearningly)—Tell me, Frank, do you really and truly love me, darling?

No Need of a Home.

Tom—Well, darling, I have seen your father, and he has given his consent. Grace—He approves of love in a cottage, then?

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