

GREAT SACRIFICICE SALE

Commencing SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5th, and lasting for 8 days, I will sell the remainder of the Bankrupt Stock of Goods of T. H. Williams, at prices that cannot be equaled.

There are Plenty of Staple Goods in This Stock. Call Early and get your Pick

KARL F. OSWALD,

LEXINGTON, S. C.

BOWSER ON WORDS.

May Compile a Dictionary That Will O. K. His Pronunciations.

AUTHORITY FOR THE FAMILY.

Resolve Is Made After a Heated Controversy With Mrs. Bowser Over Her Newfangled Twist on Up to Date Way of Speaking.

By M. QUAD.

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MR. BOWSER had smoked and read and pondered for nearly an hour after dinner the other evening when he looked up at Mrs. Bowser and said:

"I don't want to find fault with you except in a good natured way. No husband ever finds fault with his wife but to benefit her."

"I see," replied Mrs. Bowser as she laid down her book.

"The other night, when Green and his wife were over here, you spoke of a certain lady as somewhat deaf. Did you mean that she had cold feet or what?"

"Why, I meant that her hearing had become impaired."

"Then why didn't you say that she had become deaf?"

"I gave the word the proper pronunciation."

"I beg your pardon. Deaf means hard of hearing. Deaf means nothing whatever. I saw both Green and his wife look at you and smile at each other, but of course I couldn't say anything. I hope you will make no more slips of the kind. I explained to Green today that you were brought up in the country."

"What has the country got to do with the proper pronunciation of a word?" rather hotly demanded Mrs.

Bowser. "The word is pronounced def by all educated persons, and I'll prove it by the dictionary."

"Never you mind the dictionary, and never mind throwing out any further hints that I'm lacking in education. If d-e-a-f don't spell deaf, then f-o-o-l don't spell fool. Do you call a sheaf of wheat a 'sheff'? Do you call leaf 'lef'?"

"I'll get the dictionary and show you that!"

"You sit right still and never mind the dictionary. If some jackass has



"WE SHALL HAVE A DICTIONARY. I WILL COMPILE IT."

got up a dictionary telling us to pronounce deaf as def I for one am not going to be guided by it. A few days ago I heard you talking about the sheff of a hotel. How 'sheff'? Do you call a leaf 'lef'?"

"Why, everybody pronounces it that way."

"Excuse me, madam, if I differ with you. A sheff is a sheff or he isn't anything. Half a dozen idiots may

call it sheff 'to be smart, but I want nothing of the sort around this house. I am neither a lulu nor a squirt."

"Well, you can pronounce words your way if you wish," replied Mrs. Bowser as she took up her book again.

According to Mr. Bowser.

"But my way is the way—the common sense way. Right at the table before the cook not long ago you said that something was in-dic-ative of something. Where did you get your authority for pronouncing in-dic-ative that way?"

"I never heard it called your way, and the dictionary gives it!"

"Never you mind about that infernal old dictionary, as I have warned you before. I believe I speak the English language. I believe I know how to pronounce words. Because old Noer Webster or some other ass got up a dictionary must we pronounce after him?"

"His name was No-ah," protested Mrs. Bowser.

"But why does everybody pronounce it No-er, then?"

"Nobody does, at least no one but you."

"Woman, don't lose your temper. It is my duty as your husband to see that you don't humiliate us before company. I have long wanted to speak to you about the way you pronounce the word pi-an-o. You constantly call it pee-an-o. Why do you do such a senseless thing?"

"Because I don't want folks to take me for an idiot. Pee-an-o is correct."

"Never! Never in this world! No person with the brains of a chickadee in his head ever gives it that pronunciation. Why should he? You don't say pees for pies, do you? You don't say peek for pike. You don't say pre-ate for private. Then why should you give your tongue a twist on pi-an-o?"

"Because the dic—"

"Stop!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he pounded on the arm of his chair with his fist. "I'll heave the dictionary into the fire if you mention it again. Two weeks ago you said you'd got to go down to the ki-rop-o-dist's and get your corn attended to. Did you go to a brass foundry or a harness maker's?"

"You know I didn't."

"Then I take it that you went to a chir-op-o-dist, and why didn't you say you were going there? What did you want to twist the word all out of shape for?"

Mrs. Bowser was silent.

"And three or four weeks ago you and another lady attended a matinee at what you called the Beezho theater. I wasn't feeling very well at the time or I should have spoken about it then. You called it a mat-in-ay. Give me your authority for it!"

"The whole world."

"You mean a few tongue tied idiots. A matinee is a matinee, and you can't make anything else out of it. Do you call the Pedee river the Peeday? And the name of the theater—Bijou spells Bijou, and there's no 'zhoor' about it. I am talking for your benefit, understand. It hurts me to hear you make such breaks."

Mrs. Bowser Wins.

"And it hurt me to hear you use the word nashun a few days ago," retorted Mrs. Bowser.

"And nashun is the proper pronunciation."

"I deny it. The dictionary!"

Mr. Bowser sprang to his feet, and his color came and went. For a long minute there was silence. Then he said:

"Woman, don't drive me to the wall!"

"And you called it talte de boty."

"Mrs. Bowser!"

"And you say Nap-oleon for Na-oleon."

Mr. Bowser choked and gasped.

"And you say Chiny for China." More chokes and gasps.

"And you pronounce it Virginy."

"Woman, is it possible that you know who you are talking to?"

"It is, and you say hain't in place of have not."

"Are you through?"

"No, sir. You said the other day of a man that he was blase instead of blawsay. And I've heard you say that a woman was passy instead of passay. And you call it de-trop instead of de-tro. And you call it debut instead of dabue. If you won't go by the dictionary!"

Mr. Bowser's Own Dictionary.

"Silence! The dictionary! The dictionary! Woman, hear me! We shall have a dictionary. I will compile it. It shall be ready by spring. There shall be no jackass business about it. I will use it, and you will use it, and the cook will use it, and by the beard of my father if there is any more tom-fool business around this house I will have a divorce!"

Bowser. "I hope that in your new dictionary you won't divide it gig-antic, as I have heard you, and that the festival bird won't be put down as a turk-ee. You see, Mr. Bowser, I am simply talking for your own good. Green and his wife may drop in any night, and it would hurt me to have you pronounce it cow-cumber."

A minute later Mr. Bowser had donned hat and overcoat and was outdoors. His head swam, and he needed air—lots of air. He was choking and his knees were wabbling when a man selling clothes cleaning soap hailed him from the gate. The incident saved the great pronouncer's life. He uttered one long, loud yell and clattered down the steps and jumped the fence like a steer, and the last seen of the two they were running in the middle of the street and Mr. Bowser was slowly but surely gaining.

Down on Bacon Ridge.

"By crickey," said the old postmaster at Bacon Ridge in solemn tones, "things would be serious in this here town if a fire broke out during the next twenty-four hours!"

"Firemen sick?" queried the soap salesman.

"Worse than that. It's wash day, and every blamed one of their red shirts is hanging out to dry."—Chicago News.

His Limit.

"And do you intend to ride on fast freights the rest of your life?" asked the housewife as she handed out the pumpkin pie.

"Ah, no, mum," responded Gritty George, with a Chesterfield bow. "I am only waiting for de aeroplanes to be built for two, mum."

"Built for two?"

"Yes; 2 cents."—Chicago News.

Got a Good Start.

"To what do you attribute your unvarying success?"

"To being picked for the village fool. Nobody ever tried to get me to indorse a note or go into a scheme."—Washington Herald.

Some Kinds.

She—I thought some of taking up writing as a profession. Do you think there is any money in letters?"

He—Lots, if you can play them up well in breach of promise suits.—Baltimore American.

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ATTENTION, FARMERS

I am offering the following farms in Lexington county for sale, these farms may be had for cash or on easy terms. Consult me for particulars.

- 250 acres, the Luther Wessinger place 3 1/2 miles s w from Chapin (Dutch Fork) 5 room dwelling, barn, 2 tenant houses, well and springs, fine combination farm, 50 acres in pasture.
- 65 acres same tract with or without four room house.
- 100 acres two miles from Brookland on Southern railway, fine for fruit and trucking 3 miles from city.
- 300 acres on Congaree creek, 7 miles from Columbia, on public road, 100 acres cleared, 120 acres wired for pasture, new 7 room dwelling, barn, stables, etc.
- 24 acres, 3 miles from Columbia, adjoining Brookland annex. Suited for subdivision or trucking.
- 9 room residence, large lot, also four room cottage in Brookland. Convenient to church and school.
- 70 acres fine long leaf pine timber, about 40 acres unbled, 7 miles from Southern railroad.
- Several lots and small tracts in and around Brookland.

List your property with me. I sell lots and homes. Farms for sale and rent.

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"The Land Man"

1217 Washington St. Columbia, S. C.
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When I stand square on both feet and tell you I am selling better harness for less money than you ever paid before. I'm telling facts—and I can prove it.

Neighbor, don't buy a thing in the harness line 'till you get my prices. Here are a few:

- PLOW COLLARS at.....30c.
- PLOW BRIDLES at.....75c.
- \$2.50 LEATHER COLLARS at...\$1.50.

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is easier to use than porous plasters, acts quicker and does not clog up the pores of the skin. It is an excellent antiseptic remedy for asthma, bronchitis, and all inflammatory diseases of the throat and chest; will break up the deadly membrane in an attack of croup, and will kill any kind of neuralgia or rheumatic pains.

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To The Public.

I am no longer connected with the firm of F. S. Hutto & Co., Swansoo, S. C., having sold my interest to F. S. Hutto.

I. W. Hutto
Swansoo, S. C.