

BOWSER IS HOT.

Makes a Walk and a Run to Cool Off.

CRICKETS REST UNDER A TREE.

His Peaceful Reveries Are Ruthlessly Interrupted, First by a Constable and Then by Two Tramps—He "Beats" It Home.

By M. QUAD.

Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.]

It was hot. Bowser mopped and perspired and wriggled about as they sat on the front steps. Finally he broke out with:

"I don't know why in blazes we are squatted here instead of being at the seashore or mountains!"

"You forget, my dear," replied Mrs. Bowser. "you decided early in May that you could not leave your business this year."

"But we might have run out to some farmhouse for a week."

"Yes, but you showed me figures to prove that it was just about as hot out in the country on a hot day as it was in the city."

"The same old brick and mortar," he said as he looked up and down the street, "the same hot streets by day, the same noises at night. There is no nature in a city. Everything is artificial, even to the trees and grass. If I



THE CRICKETS ARE SINGING THEIR CHEERY SONGS.

could get out somewhere and commune with nature for three or four hours it would seem more like living."

"But you can surely take a day off."

Mr. Bowser reflected for a while and then suddenly exclaimed:

"By the horn spoon, but why haven't I thought of it before?"

"Taking a day off?"

"No; taking a night off. During the day one is full of business and doesn't notice it so much, but when night comes one longs for the peace and quietness of the country. I have seen nights in summer when I'd have given \$5 to hear the voice of a true toad."

"Do you mean that you'd like to go out and stay at some farmhouse overnight?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Farmhouse be hanged! I mean that I'd like to get beyond the sight and sounds of the city and pass the night under a tree. That would be getting close to nature. One could think and ponder and reflect. The soft rustle of the leaves, the chirping of the crickets, the low call of the night birds—all these things would touch a responsive chord in a man's soul. Say, I'm going to try it on this very night."

"You are so easy to take cold in your head, you know."

"Never had a cold in my head in my life, and you know it. It will be useless for you to raise any objections."

"I don't want to. If you want to go out and commune with nature I don't see why you shouldn't. What time will you return?"

"Not till sunrise, anyhow. Think you'll be afraid to stay alone?"

"Not at all. You had better take your revolver along. All is peace and love out in the country, but a pistol is a good thing sometimes."

"I want no weapons. Nature had nothing to do with the making of deadly weapons. I'll take along a half dozen cigars, and while you are sweltering here and being kept awake by whoops, screams and yells I'll be whispering with nature under the stars."

Mr. Bowser Starts.

An hour later Mr. Bowser started. He took a suburban street car and rode four miles beyond the brick and mortar, and after walking along a country highway for forty rods he found a tree and sat down to begin the business of communing. It was a moonlight night, and the feeling was one of peace on earth and good will to men. He had brought along pencil and paper, and as he sat with his back to the tree he wrote:

"This is something like it. I am beyond the rush and roar and wickedness of the city, and the change is wonderful. Just now I wouldn't strike a man if he called me a liar."

"The crickets are singing their cheery songs. They seem to realize what I am out here for, and they welcome me. I don't know whether crickets have souls or not, but I feel in consonance with them."

"Have just heard a tree toad. First I've heard in twenty years, and the sounds carry me back to other days. The song of the tree toad is an innocent one. I believe it would melt the heart of a convict and make a better man of him. I will write a letter to

the governor tomorrow and suggest that tree toads be introduced into state prisons."

"The above line represents a break in Mr. Bowser's notes, caused by two farmers who came along in a wagon. When they saw him sitting under a tree with his hat on and a cigar in his mouth the team was stopped, and one of them called out:

"You feller there, but what are you doing?"

"What is that to you?" demanded Mr. Bowser as the song of the tree toad was forgotten in an instant.

Constable Butts in.

"I'll show you what it is to me! I'm a constable, and it's my business to keep an eye out for such fellers as you. Looking for a chance to rob some hen-roost, I s'pose?"

"You can s'pose any blamed thing you want to."

"Mighty sassy, ain't you? Waal, I'll be back in about an hour, and if you are here I'll make it hot for you!"

For the next fifteen minutes Mr. Bowser was so mad that he paid no attention to tree toads, crickets or rustling leaves, but he finally began to cool off and wrote:

"I have just heard the song of a whippoorwill, and it was not mixed up with the notes of a hand organ or the yells of a street peddler. Mrs. Bowser will be sorry she didn't come."

"The lowing of the kine reaches my ear. I don't know what they want to low at night for, but the sounds are those of pastoral peace. I am an ass that I haven't spent every night this summer out here."

"In the bushes not far away a nightingale has just broken into song. While his notes are beautiful, they are also sad. There is somehow a dreamy sadness about them that touches the heart and reminds one of—

"I!!!-??-??-!!-!-??-??-?"

Tramps Interrupt.

This break in Mr. Bowser's notes was occasioned by two tramps who were "hoofing" it into town, but stopped when they saw him under the tree.

"Hello, cully! What's doin'?" asked one.

"You go on!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he identified them for what they were.

"Eh, cully, what's de matter wid you?" was queried as they both drew nearer. "Say, Jim, de old baldhead is on to something good and don't want to let us in on de ground floor."

"By thunder, but didn't I tell you to go on!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he scrambled up.

"You did, cully, but we are in no hurry about it. Got a couple more smokers? Why don't ye give us de glad hand and make us feel at home?"

Alas for the tree toads and whippoorwills and nightingales! Mr. Bowser salled in. The tramps expected to pick a fuss with him and win an easy victory, but never were men more mistaken. He had them locked and on the run within five minutes. They mused him up some in return, but he sat down and lighted another cigar, and if he had been given half an hour to get over it the songs of the birds and insects might have appealed to his heart again. Only about ten minutes had gone by when the constable returned. He had with him in the wagon six stout yeomen, and as they all leaped to the ground the official said:

"Now, then, you old sheep thief, will you move on or go to the county jail?"

"How dare you apply such a term to me! Do you know whom I am, sir?"

"I don't and I don't care! Come on, fellers!"

He "Beats It" For Home.

There was but one thing for Mr. Bowser to do. He took to his legs and struck a 2:40 gait. The six took after him, but though he was short and fat, the tree toads and whippoorwills were encouraging him to do his best, and after he had been run a while the pursuit was abandoned.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning when Mrs. Bowser heard soft footsteps on the sidewalk. They turned in at the gate and mounted the steps. Some one unlocked the door. Some one came upstairs. Some one undressed without a word, moving around on tiptoes, and some one fell into bed with a grunt, to turn his back and say to himself:

"Thank heaven, she is asleep, and in the morning I will lie to her and tell her I had the best time in my life!"

THE CORNERS OF OUR MEMORY.

THE corners of our memory That we all turn every day— How we come upon them sudden Leading down a pleasant way. Where we see familiar faces And the folks we used to know! Round the corners of our memory Is the long time ago.

Oh, it's pleasure next to heaven Just to leave the path of strife. Just to tread the primrose pathway Leading to the olden life. And to meet the old time neighbors And perhaps again to see A happy barefoot youngster Like the boy we used to be!

Oh, it's joy to last a lifetime When in fancy we may roam And we turn a sudden corner In our memory leading home. Leading onward through the meadows, With the friendly stars above, To the old familiar friendships And the places that we love!

Oh, we're thankful for the pathway That leads on to rest and peace Through the toil and stress of living To the goal where strife shall cease. But we're thankful—oh, so thankful— For the corners that we know In our memory that lead us To the long time ago! —Buffalo News.

Make your arrangements now to meet the editor while he is on the rounds with the county treasurer, during the month of November. See the schedule published elsewhere in this issue.

Buy Your Fall and Winter Clothing From J. B. White & Co.

- BECAUSE:** White's Stocks are larger and finer than can be found elsewhere.
- BECAUSE:** White's goods are guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money back.
- BECAUSE:** White's prices are lower than you can find anywhere in Georgia or South Carolina, for goods of like kind.
- BECAUSE:** White & Co., give Surety Coupons, TWO with every 10c cash purchase before noon and one after noon, thus giving from 2 1-2 to 5 per cent. discount on your purchases.
- BECAUSE:** A book of Surety Coupons can be redeemed for \$2.50 worth of merchandise in any department of this store (except the grocery.)
- BECAUSE:** White's store is your store and you are always made to feel at home here.

SPECIAL SALE

Tailored Linen Waists

Pure Irish Linen Shirt Waists, man tailored crush linen link collars and cuffs, white pearl buttons, one side patch pocket, a regular \$1.50 waist, special at

98c

HER MAJESTY SHOES FOR WOMEN, PAIR \$3.00

Comparable only with these sold at 50c more. The beautiful models, careful finish and fine leathers employed in Her Majesty, make them easily the best \$3 shoes you can buy. Plenty of high arched styles with Cuban heels, in all the good leathers, low heel style also, with good full toes for those seeking comfort.

\$3.00

SPECIAL SALE

\$16.50 Tailored Suits

Guaranteed all wool, chevoit serge and plain storm serge suits, in a complete range of sizes—black and navy. Season's best styles. Straight and cut-a-way coats, satin lined skirts, with or without pleats, for a limited time \$16.50 suits.

\$11.98

TRIMMED HATS \$4.98 ATTRACTIVE FALL AND WINTER SHAPES

All in this season's most popular styles and colorings, Silks, Velvets, Velours, trimmed with fancy feathers, ornaments, etc. Hats easily worth from \$6.00 to \$7.00, your choice of any color or combination, at

\$4.98

Railroad Fares Refunded

On a most liberal basis. Full details at the office, 3rd floor. Come to Augusta at our expense.

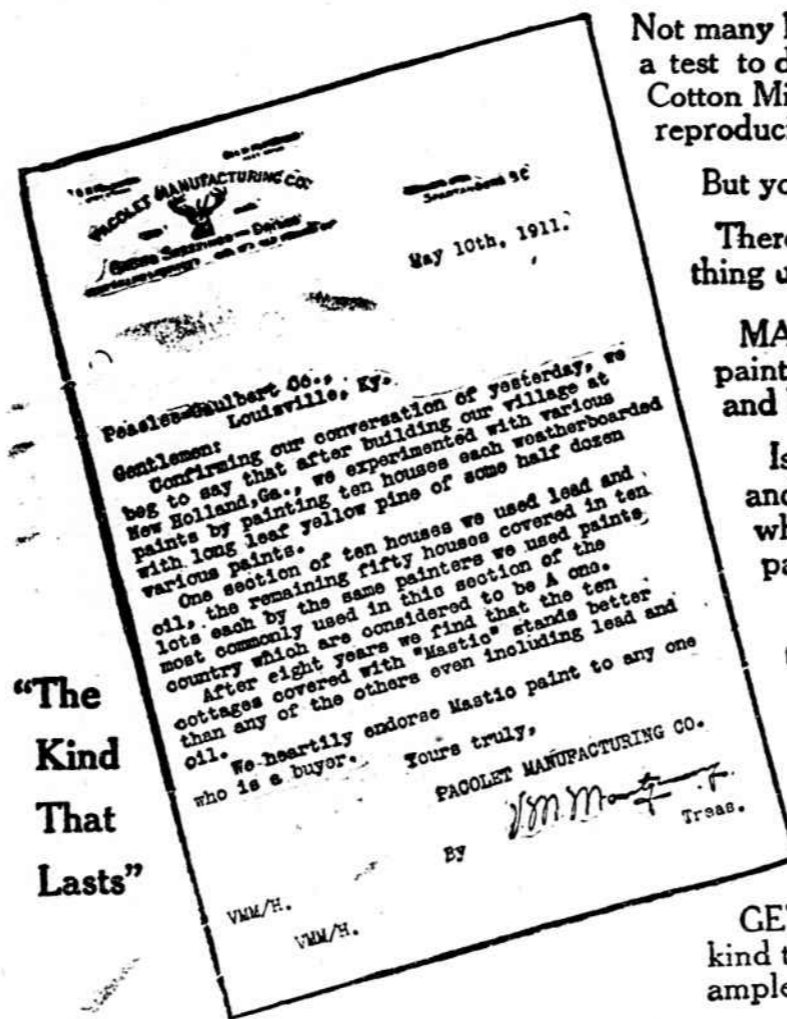
WHITES'

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA

Shop By Mail

We have careful and competent shoppers who give your order intelligent painstaking attention.

A Thorough Test of Mastic Paint



"The Kind That Lasts"

Not many have the opportunity to make as thorough a test to determine paint value as did the Pacolet Cotton Mills, of South Carolina, whose letter we are reproducing.

But you can profit by their experience.

There is an element of chance in buying anything until you know it has stood the test.

MASTIC PAINT is the result of 40 years' paint study, and is the finest paint that money and brains can produce.

Is it any wonder it has always given better and longer service than any other paint, whether machine ground or mixed with a paddle?

When you buy MASTIC PAINT you find the formula on every can. IT'S PURE. It combines the greatest durability with reasonable cost.

If you are a paint user don't experiment with cheap, uncertain paint or hand mixed keg lead, and be disappointed.

GET MASTIC PAINT—the kind that lasts. We will furnish ample evidence of its superiority.



MANUFACTURED BY Peaslee-Gaulbert Co. Enterprise Hardware Co. PAINT GRINDERS VARNISH MAKERS Louisville, Ky.

Edwin G. Dreher

INSURANCE

FIRE LIFE ACCIDENT

AUTOMOBILE PLATE GLASS LIVE STOCK TORNADO HEALTH

I represent only the strongest and best of line Companies and have special facilities for writing fire insurance on country property. If you want insurance of any kind write or call on me at Lexington, S. C.

See our new top buggies at \$10.00 cash. Open buggies \$25.00. We make the price. Gregory-Corder Mule Co.



The Best Man (making arrangements)—And—er—is it kismet to cuss the bride?—Philadelphia Press.

Getting It Exactly Right. Clerk—Your ad reads, "Plain cook wanted." They rather fight shy of that, sir.

Subbubs—How shall I put it, then? Clerk—I should say, "Woman wanted to do plain cooking."

Subbubs—Change it, will you? Glad you mentioned it. And, by the way, instead of "woman" you'd better make it "lady."—Boston Transcript.

Trouble Maker. "A newspaper can make trouble in a home."

"I should say so. What came near causing my first quarrel with my wife was the fact that we had only one newspaper to read, and that had the baseball news on one side of the sheet and the fashion news on the other."—Washington Star.

FOR SALE—A valuable lot on upper Main street. Lovely location for residence. Any one interested, call at The Dispatch office.

The Southern Railway Announces New Train Service Between Columbia and Augusta, Beginning September 15, 1912.

The Southern Railway will inaugurate new local train service between Columbia and Augusta, beginning Sunday, September 15, as follows:

Train No. 19 leaving Columbia 6:40 a. m., Lexington 7:07 a. m., Gilbert 7:31 a. m., Leesville 7:47 a. m., Batesburg 7:55 a. m., Ridge Spring 8:13 a. m., Ward 8:21 a. m., Johnston 8:29 a. m., Trenton 8:44 a. m., Graniteville 9:15 a. m., Warrentonville 9:20 a. m. and arrive Augusta 10 a. m.

Train No. 20, leaving Augusta 4:15 p. m., Warrentonville 4:45 p. m., Graniteville 4:48 p. m., Trenton 5:20 p. m., Johnston 5:35 p. m., Ward 5:45 p. m., Ridge Spring 5:58 p. m., Batesburg 6:15 p. m., Leesville 6:20 p. m., Gilbert 6:35 p. m., Lexington 6:58 p. m., and arrive Columbia 7:30 p. m.

Trains 181 and 182 will not stop at the following stations except to receive and discharge passengers to or from points north of Columbia where number 31 and 32 are scheduled to stop: Cayce, Arthur, Barr, Gilbert, Summit, Summerland, Monetta, Sunny Brook, Vaulause and Rennie, Langley and Bath.

Train No. 209 will leave Edgefield 8:20 a. m., instead of 9:10 a. m., arriving Trenton 8:40 a. m., instead of 6:35 a. m., connecting with new train No. 19 for Augusta.

Train No. 232 will leave Aiken at 3:30 p. m., same as the present, arriving Trenton 4:00 p. m., instead of 4:30 p. m., connecting with train No. 20 from Augusta, arriving Edgefield 5:43 p. m., instead of 4:55 p. m.

No need to order "from off", we have them here. Top buggies \$10.00 cash, open \$25.00. See them, We make the price.

Gregory-Corder Mule Co., Columbia, S. C.

Pay your subscription,

FABLES OF ELI.

From Which Some Modern Morals May Be Drawn.

THREE PROFITABLE STORIES.

How the Shrewd Peasant Saved His Cow's Skin—The Lamb Does a Favor For the Fox and Goat—The Wise King and the Steep Hill.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.]

ONE day the peasant found his cow dead in the field, and his lamentations soon brought the lion, the bear, the wolf, the hyena and the jackal around him to offer consolation. Each one of them had observed that it was too bad, and that he stood ready to render any assistance in his power, when the peasant ceased his wailing and remarked: "Although my cow is dead and the loss is great, I must bestir me to save her hide. By selling that I can somewhat reduce my loss."

The various animals licked their chops and agreed with him, and he looked around and continued:

"I shall have to go to my hut for my knife, and meanwhile which of you shall I leave in charge of the carcass?"

The lion at once called attention to his well known record of honesty and



FOUND HIS COW DEAD IN THE FIELD.

good faith, and he was followed by all the others in turn, and when the last had spoken the peasant said:

"Since you are all so honest it would be invitations to select a single one over the others. I will therefore leave the whole lot of you in charge."

This he did, and upon his return found things as he had left them. Every beast cried out its faithfulness and demanded its recognition, but as the peasant dourished his knife and made ready for work he said:

"Had there been one of you the carcass would have been eaten and the hide rendered worthless before my return. It was in watching each other that you were compelled to be honest and therefore none deserves reward."

Moral.—The peasant might have let them quarrel over the tail and the horns, but it's a sure thing that the man who is watched most closely is the most honest.

Job Work nearly completed here.