JAMES LAVER.

[illegible]

"Yes, just 'bout the same as his wife people he was on a long visit to, mayby. Then folks that prance round in fine clothes may be all holler at the core, while an old pair of overalls kin cover the legs o' the best man thet walks.

"What do you think 'bout thet, Jabez?" said he, turning as to address a comely young girl who was in the doorway, cutting pattern for the next day's planting.

"You are always right, Uncle Jabez," answered the girl, tossing her head pleasantly.

"Twon't a very 'stonishin thing ter say, I'll 'low," continued the old man, "but 'tis one people sometimes fergit. I'd some intention of applyin thet remark ter you, sis, but it don't seem just right when I see how purty you be."

Jane laughed merrily, and going to the old man put her arms around his neck and kissed him. "How would you apply it to me, Uncle Jabez?" said she softly.

"Kink, kink!" said Uncle Jabez, "you've tuk me so suddenlike thet I hardly know what to say. Yer what I mean is thet you shouldn't get high notions. I'll 'low you're purty level on most things, but some 'plys ter court n and fellers and pa'ty and sech like. Seems ter me you don't care so much for young Hobbes over there as you used ter, an ole thet city chap come over ter the Rutledges ter waste the summer. Better not judge too much by the outside shell.

"Hobbes ain't so smooth lookin perhaps, but he's got common education and sense. Thet young Rutledge may know how ter say enter things 'cause he's from the city where people's heads is allus full o' trash, and he may hev lots o' money, but for jest them reasons he ain't goin ter marry any girl from the country. Besides them the birds thet roost so high and are so 'fraid o' their feathers ain't worth pickin when they're caught."

Jeannette Clifford lassoed her hold on Uncle Jabez's neck, and the red mounted to her brow as she resumed her seat in the doorway.

Uncle Jabez Whelans was a privileged character in that section of the country, passing as a sort of encyclopedia of information and always ready with good natured advice. He was uncle to everybody and generally loved and respected. His home for many years past had been with the Cliffords, and the family regarded him with even more reverence than if he had been one of its members.

Jeannette worked in silence for some minutes, while Uncle Jabez smoked vigorously at his pipe. "Well," said she, finally drawing a long breath of determination, "Mr. Rutledge seems like a gentleman and is very much more easy mannered than these Hobbes, and if he wants to show me attentions I shall not object until I see somethin really bad in him. If Oscar doesn't like it, he can lump it."

"Jane," said Uncle Jabez, while the expression on his good natured face softened into a sudden seriousness, "I may be a trifle forward, but there's some things I don't like 'bout thet feller thet yeou mayn't hev no thed, and it makes me b'lieve him shaller. The sight o' him o' set me thinkin o' something thet happened a long time ago, afore I knew yeou or your dad or any o' the folks round here, when I lived back east and had a little girl o' my own 'bout your age.

"I've never said much 'bout Sal, but if yeou'll come and sit on this bench I'll tell yeou something I've never told afore."

The old man's voice had grown husky, his face twitched and he seemed to be struggling to keep back the tears from his eyes.

Jeannette forgot her momentary resentment and carried her basket to the little seat close to him. "I will listen," said she.

The old man sat in silence for some moments, looking off into the distance. "Yeou look a good deal like Sal," said he finally, laying down his pipe and looking into her face.

"Seems ter me I never noticed the resemblance so much afore. She had jest sech eyes and hair and was likewise purty, but she died afore she was quite as old as yeou. We used ter live in the country and hev a place something like your dad's, with a great big house and barn, and a lot o' maples down thru the meadow and two big oak trees back o' the house. They seemed ter spread their great umbrellas over the roof protectin like, only thet sometimes winds fell lots o' limbs, fillin the cove tromps full o' leaves and twigs, and pertin the shingles 'cause the shade kept on the sun.

"In front o' the house was flowers and like bushes and a row o' maple trees and a gravel path leadin from the stoneps at the bottom o' the door stepts to the yard gate. Sal tuk care o' the flowers and kept the grass mowed, and everything looked as slick and clean as any o' the fine places in the city, and she was a powerful help to her mother, and sometimes I used ter think her cookin kind her mother's. But 'tain't no use dwellin on sech things now.

"She went ter school winters and allus left off bareheadmost, and her teacher was allus sayin what a scholar she was, till one day Miss Simpson stopped at our house and told as how 'twas no use sendin her, as she couldn't teach her no more.

"Then we sent her to the 'cademy, and at Christmas I bought her an organ, and twan't very long before she was playin in the church at the village and was allus wanted when there was to be concerts and doin's o' any kind.

"Everybody thought her as good as gold, and she never scrouged out o' sorts with anything, but was allus a-smilin and a-sayin happy things.

"She tuk so good tempered and likeable purty, 'twant surprisin that we had lots o' company. She used all the fellers first rate, but Joe Martin allus her favorite, and I kind o' hoped Joe and hoped 'twould make a match, but after she come home from the 'cademy I kind o' thought thet she'd got her mind fixed on something higher than Joe and the rest of us country folks; still she was as good as ever.

"I know she couldn't hev knowed much of the 'cademy chaps, 'cause they was too strict with the rules. But she'd seen 'em an heard 'em recite in the classroom, ministers' sons and lawyers' sons and sech like, an 'twant surprisin if she saw a difference 'twixt them and the fellers 'round home as only went ter school winters.

"I didn't pay much attention ter the change, which wan't really noticeable enough to be wu'th mentionin, fer I thought as how 'twould all wear away, and she'd be willin ter marry Joe or some one what's her equal and settle down on the old farm.

"She was beginnin ter be more like her old self, happylike all the time, when one day a young feller come ter the village, 'fer spend his vacation,' so he said.

"He was tall and handsome and had a mustache thet looked like silk, only I didn't like it 'cause 'twas yeller, and he boarded at the village hotel. Every day he'd git a team from the livery and go cavoortin round the country, spendin lots o' money and a-puttin on all sorts o' airs.

"He told as how his father owned a big lot o' property in Boston and how he was in business with him, but as how his health was kind o' broken down, and the doctors had 'vised him ter go rusticatin. So he rusticated round our neighborhood all summer, and people come ter think him jest wonderful.

"I didn't like him first rate after I saw how ready he was ter squander money, fer when a man finds time ter do nothin three or four months at a stretch and then shows no signs o' stoppin something's allus the matter.

"Well, he got acquainted with our Sal and used ter be 'round our place a good share o' the time, but I said nothin, as I saw thet Sal liked him better than the other fellers, and after all I didn't hev any good reason ter find fault. I kind o' hoped thet something 'ud happen ter tire her of him, but they only got more intimate.

"She finally quit comin and Sal got ter standin at the gate with the city chap 'long inter the evenin's, and he'd take her ridin, and when she'd come back her face 'ud be all aglow, and she'd sing 'round the house all day, but sometimes her mind 'ud kind o' wander 'way from her work, and she'd go about thinkin.

"I 'spected what the matter was, but thought 'twan't no use sayin anything, so I let it run along for a time, but one day I heerd something 'bout the feller I didn't like, so I told Sal and 'vised her ter hev nothin more ter do with him, but she flared up as I never seen her do before and said as how she was a-goin ter marry him. The next minute she begun cryin and had come and kissed me, and said soft and low as how he was a gentleman and so well eddicated, and how he was a-goin ter take her ter a fine place in the city, where I cud come and live, too.

"So we talked a long time, and I begun ter think thet p'haps twas all for the best, still I vowed I'd stay on the farm, where I belonged, and not go ranin off ter the city.

"The young feller stayed all winter; the doctor had 'vised him ter, so he said.

"Long the next spring, in May, when everything was bloomin a-gin and summer was beginnin ter peep out o' the ground, and when everything ought to hev looked happy, I begun ter notice that Sal didn't smile so much as she used ter, and she seemed ter forgit how ter sing, and when the city chap come round she'd git kind o' nervous and seemed allus tryin ter please him, and sometimes I'd see 'em talkin together earnestlike, but he didn't come so often and didn't seem so mighty anxious ter be perlite and nice as afore.

"Still he'd lots ter say 'bout Boston and his father's money and sech like, and 'twas kind o' understood 'mong us thet they'd git married in the fall. Bad time, thought I, fer things's so good as when the flowers and trees are all a-bloom with promise of happiness, but I said nothin and only hoped they'd be happy.

"One day I drove over ter Scottsville 'bout 10 miles away, and while there I heard something surprisin.

"They was tellin at the hotel as how a sheriff was there ter 'rest a feller as had forged a big note out east and was hid somewhere 'round in the country. He'd been caught thet mornin, they said, while out ridin and the sheriff had had a terrible time gettin the handcuffs onto him.

"Everybody was excited and a-talkin, for no such thing had ever been heerd on 'round there afore. I asked no questions, but when I heerd thet the sheriff was comin with the prisoner I went out with the crowd ter see him, and there was the feller as had been spendin his vacation a hull year 'round our neighborhood.

"He grinned and nodded when he seen me, but I was too much tuk back ter say anything.

"I hitched up the horses and drov home, terribly upset and wonderin as how I cud ever tell Sal. I tried ter do it gently, but made blundering work of it. When I got done, she stretched out her arms and grew so pale thet I thought she was dyin.

"I tried ter comfort her, and thought as how now thet the feller had gone thet she'd take up with some one round home, but she only got whiter every day.

"Finally a paper come tellin how the feller had been tried and sent ter the state's prison fer 18 years. I tried ter keep it a secret, but one day Sal heerd of it and she found the paper, and when she read it she jest screamed out loud as if she was crazy.

"Her mother and I did all we cud ter pacify her, but we cudn't do nothin, an she kept moanin all the while: 'I'll go where he is. I must go where he is!'

"She fell sick, she tuk on so, and we sent for the doctor, and when he come and felt her pulse and talked with her, he shook his head and told as how Sal was dyin."

The old man stopped in his talk and fumbled around for his pipe. He finally found it, and after filling the bowl with some rotten oak leaves which he had picked up from the ground and pulled to pieces during his story, tried to smoke, but with a pitiful lack of success. With tears in his eyes he sat for a long interval gazing off into the distance. At last he laid down his pipe, and taking Jeannette's hand in his, went on:

"The doctor tuk me to one side and said as how her mother must never know, but how 'twas better for her ter die now than ter live and hev ter hide her face 'mong her old neighbors. So the doctor and I kept it a secret and she died, moanin his name, and though my heart was broke, I was glad she died, fer 'twas so much better fer her.

"When she was laid out in the coffin Joe come ter see her and he jest broke down and cried like a baby. Joe loved her, he did, and if she had only tuk up with him it might hev been so different.

"Her mother only lived a year longer, and she died, too, and we buried her by the side of Sal, and when I was back there, four years ago come next August, the flowers was a growin over her grave as I'd planted there afore I left.

"I hev never heard anything more 'bout thet city feller, but yeou know now why I feel so much sg'in people as hev lots o' time and money ter waste and nothin ter do."

Jeannette put her arms around Uncle Jabez's neck and kissed him, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. "I am awfully sorry," she sobbed. "Poor Sal, poor Sal."

A month later, while Uncle Jabez was taking another observation of the moon, some one nudged his elbow. He turned, and there stood Oscar Hobbes, his honest, sunburnt face radiant with happiness, and by his side was Jeannette. They said nothing, but Jeannette raised her arms until they encircled Oscar's neck, and Uncle Jabez understood and blessed them on the spot.—Chicago News.

### Another Brute.

Wife—The doctor says I need a change of climate.

Husband—Well, the sky looks as if we'd have it in a few hours.—New York Weekly.

## FOUND DEAD IN A CAVE.

### A Wealthy Farmer Meets Death in a Tragic Manner—Other Notes.

RALEIGH, Dec. 3.—A. C. Downing, a wealthy farmer living on the Coast line, twelve miles from Fayetteville, was found dead in a cave on Cape Fear river. He had been very ill and while delirious escaped from his attendants and met death in this tragic manner.

George W. Blount, a lawyer and editor of the Wilson Mirror, is dead. He was past grand master of Masons and a trustee of Wake Forest college. He was well known in North Carolina and adjoining states.

At Lenoir Samuel Newland went to the store of Frank Steelman and shot him down. Death resulted. Steelman has fled.

This week the publication of The Daily Advertiser, an afternoon paper, begins here.

Many persons are moving from the southeastern counties of this state into South Carolina, to work in the cotton mills. Agents are securing this labor and send 1,500 operatives.

English machinery is now being put in the Lincoln cotton mills, near Lincolnton, which will spin the finest yarns in the south—forties to sixties. Forty carloads for the Rockingham cotton mills have arrived.

The walls of the Proximity cotton mills at Greensboro are completed.

The state's fiscal year has ended. All the sheriffs, save one, completed their state tax settlements.

Michael Pearson of Burke county is dead. He received two government pensions and also one from North Carolina.

## CONFESSED FILIBUSTERERS

### Alvarez and His Fellow Prisoners Admit Their Guilt—Cuban War News.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—A dispatch to The Herald from Havana says: Alvarez, the Venezuelan general, who with four companions was captured recently at Aquadovz, near Santiago de Cuba, has been examined by the Spanish authorities and has confessed that he and his fellow prisoners were filibusterers.

They were part of the Carrillo expedition, Alvarez said, which, he added, came from Florida keys on the Danish steamer Horsa. The party comprised 42 men, who intended to disembark at Cape Moyst. There, however, they sighted a Spanish warship and changed their course. A landing was finally effected between Sigua and Santiago. The heavy arms were not put ashore because of the haste with which the disembarkation was made.

The boat in which the prisoners were when captured, Alvarez said, had drifted and became separated from the others. Two Americans accompanied the expedition, the Venezuelan general stated.

### Gomez and His Army Foiled.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—A special to The Herald from Havana says: Details of the victories of Generals Luque and Oliver on Nov. 29 and subsequent days are now complete. Maximo Gomez and his army have utterly failed in their attempt to reach the villas. His forces sustained great loss, his ranks were broken and his men were dispersed. They abandoned their supplies and fled to the mountains.

### Cold Wave In Missouri.

ST. JOSEPH, Dec. 3.—A cold wave struck this vicinity with a strong northwest wind which increased during the night. Thermometer registered four degrees below zero, unusual at this time of the year. Stock will suffer from the cutting north wind.

### Killed by Falling Slate.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Dec. 3.—Thomas Young, a white miner, was killed in the mines at Coalburg by falling slate.


# WE ARE READY!

## Our Fall Stock Is Now Complete.

**IN DRY GOODS** We are prepared to show the largest and best variety we have ever carried. Our purchases in this line were made on the basis of 5 cent cotton, and will be sold accordingly. Among the bargains in this department will be found:

100 pieces standard prints at 4 cents per yard. 100 pieces zephyr ginghams, equal to toil de nords, at 6 1-4c. One case bleach, 5c, well worth 6c. One case 4-4 bleach, 6c, good value at 8 1-3c.

**CAPES! CAPES! CAPES!** We have a complete line in all the newest styles and colors. We particularly invite your attention to our line at **$2.50** and **$3.00.** These were bought at a sacrifice sale for spot cash, and without doing any injustice to our competitors, feel justified in asserting that they cannot be duplicated for less than fifty per cent in excess of our price.

SEE FOR YOURSELF AND BE CONVINCED!

Our **$1.50** and **$1.75** lines will also bear close inspection.

We are showing some nobby effects at **$5, $7.50** and **$10.**

**Our line of Carpets, Rugs and Mattings** WILL BE FOUND VERY COMPLETE

## CLOTHING

We have made some improvements in our store, which has enabled us to carry a more complete line line in this department than ever before. We will sell you a good **Clay Worsted** at **$5**; an **All-Wool Cheviot,** in round, square-cut or double-breasted, at **$6.50.**

## HATS HATS

We believe we have justly earned the reputation of being **the Cheapest House in this City** in this line, and we are fully prepared to sustain it this season.

## SHOES SHOES

You are doubtless aware of the unprecedented advance in this line. We are pleased to state most of our stock was bought at old prices. Our women's Dongola at $1.50 (every pair warranted) are good value. Our line of men's goods, made by L. M. Reynolds & Co., of Brockton, Mass., will be sold at last year's figures.

**In Our Line of Groceries, Crockery, Glassware and Tinware**

You will find an excellent assortment for household and table use.

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SUMTER, S. C.



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Do not fail to call and look over our stock. To look is to buy.

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PRICES REASONABLE.

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Our endeavor is to keep an

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We carry a complete line of

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Other Trimmings.

We also carry

Notions, Toys,
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GIVE US A CALL.

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DO YOU NEED A CORN MILL?

If so, buy the

**Moore County Grit,** The best stone for grinding corn; requires less dressing; gives less trouble; makes better meal, and cost less money than any mill in the world.

Next is our

**Engleberg Rice Mill.** The only mill in the world that will, in one operation, take rough rice, hull, clean and polish it ready for market or table.

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TINWARE,

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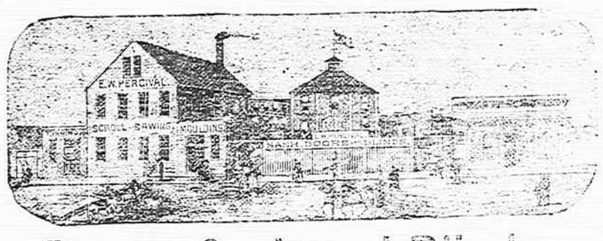


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Investigate the golden opportunity our new stock affords. We simply ask you to come and see our goods, assuring all that they will find the highest grades and uniform prices. Our new goods must be seen to be appreciated. Samples sent on application.

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Shoes for Men. Shoes for Ladies.

Shoes for the Little Ones.

Shoes for Misses. Shoes for Boys.

**Notions.** In this department will be found laces, ladies' and gents' handkerchiefs in lace, silk and cotton, in all sizes, colors and styles, and at the lowest prices; hamburgs, thread, needles, pins, soaps in all the latest styles and fashions; hair-pins (plain and fancy), perfumes, towels, white and colored bed spreads, doylies and hosiery for men, ladies and children, in all styles, colors and sizes, and at prices to suit all; underwear, hats (trimmed and untrimmed) for ladies and misses, all the newest and best designs; velvets, satins, ribbons, and many other notions.

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Best Flour. Best Bacon.

Best and Cheapest Canned Goods.

Tin-ware. Willow-ware.

When you visit Sumter call and see us and make our store your headquarters. Polite and attentive salesmen always in attendance. No trouble to show goods. Call and examine our goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. Come early and avoid the rush.

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Everything fresh and of the very best quality.

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Now you are talking. If we can't fit, and please you in footwear you will have to go barefooted. We've got 'em.

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All right. Then you will want bagging and ties. We have a warehouse full and will make prices right. They must be sold.

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Our scales are at the back door, and we will give you the top figure. Haven't time to write more, but want to see you before you sell your cotton or buy your goods.

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