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LEVI BROS.

Next To Court House.

LAZARRE

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

(Based Upon the Mystery Surrounding the Fate of the Dauphin, Son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette)

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CHAPTER XIV.

ENTER the prince of a fairy tale," said the Marquis du Plessy when the lackey ushered me into the garden.

It was a nest of amber at that time of sunset, and he waited for me at a table laid for supper under a flat canopy of trees which had their tops trained and woven into a mat.

I took his hand to kiss, but he rose up and magnificently placed me in a chair opposite himself.

"Your benefits are heavy, monsieur," I said. "How shall I acknowledge them?"

"You owe me nothing at all," he answered, "as you will see when I have told you a true story. It would sound like a lie if anything were incredible in these fabulous times."

"But you do not know anything about me."

"I am well instructed in your history by that charming attendant in fringed leather breeches, who has been acquainted with you much longer than you have been acquainted with yourself."

"Yet I am not sure of deservng the marquis's interest."

"Has the marquis admitted that he feels any interest in you? Though this I will own: Few experiences have affected me like your living eyes started out of the face of my dead king!"

We met each other again with a steady gaze like that in the mortuary chapel.

"Do you believe I am?"

"Do I believe you are—Who said there was such a person in existence?"

"Louis Philippe."

"The Duke of Orleans? Eh, bien! What does he know of the royal family?"

"But he told me the princess, the daughter's sister, believes that the dauphin was taken alive from the Temple and sent to America."

"My dear Lazarre, I do not say the Duke of Orleans would lie—far be it from me—though these are times in which we courageously attack our betters. But he would not object to seeing the present pretender ousted. Why, since his father voted for the death of Louis XVI. and his are almost outlawed by the older branch, Mme. Royal, the Duchess of Angouleme, cannot endure him. I do not think she would speak to him."

"He is my friend," I said stoutly. "Remember you are another pretender, and he has espoused your cause. I think him decent myself, though there used to be some pretty stories told about him and the fair sentimentalists who educated him, Mme. de Genlis. But I am an old man; I forget gossip."

My host gave lively and delicate attention to his food as it was brought, and permitted nothing to be overheard by his lackeys.

The evening was warm and fresh with the breath of June, and the garden by a contrivance of lamps around its walls turned into a dream world after sunset faded.

"My dear boy, I do not say that I believe in you. I do not observe etiquette with you. But I am going to tell you a little story about the Tuilleries. You have never seen the palace of the Tuilleries?"

I said I had not.

"It has been restored for the use of these Bonapartes. When I say these Bonapartes, Lazarre, I am not speaking against the empire. The empire gave me back my estates. I was not one of the stringent emigres. My estates are mine wherever rules in France. You may consider me a betwixt and between. Do so. My dear boy, I am. My heart is with my dead king. My carcass is very comfortable both in Paris and on my ancestral lands. Napoleon likes me as an ornament to his bourgeois court. I keep my opinion of him to myself. Do you like garlic, my boy?"

I told him I was not addicted to the use of it.

"Garlic is divine. God gave it to man. A hint of it in the appropriate dish makes life endurable. I carry a piece in a gold box at the bottom of my vest pocket, that I may occasionally take it out and experience a sense of gratitude for divine benefits."

He took out his pet lump, rubbed it on the outside of his wine bottle, poured out a glassful and drained it, smiling adorably at me in ecstasy.

"We were speaking of the Tuilleries. You should have seen the place when it was sacked after the flight of the royal family. No, you should not have seen it. I am glad you were gone."

"Did you see the Tuilleries at that time, monsieur?"

"I did. I put on the clothes of one of my peasants, slumped in Jaquet's wooden shoes and kept my mouth open as well as I could for the dust. The fantastic was yet in my blood. Exile takes that out of everybody except your royal uncle of Provence. But I knew in my heart what I would help do with that mob if our turn ever came again."

"His dark eye rested on the red wine as on a pool of blood."

"Sick of the ruin, I leaned out to look in the garden from a window in the queen's own apartment. I stepped on a shelf, which appeared fixed under the window, but it moved, and I found that it could be pushed on grooves into the wall. There was a cavity made to hold it. It had concealed two archbishops placed opposite each other so cunningly that their paneled sides yet looked a part of the thick wall. I sat down in one of them, and though the cushion was stiff, I felt something hard under it."

M. du Plessy glanced around in every direction to satisfy himself that no ears lurked within hearing.

"Eh, bien! Under the cushion I found the queen's jewel case! Diamonds—bags of gold coin—a half-crown of gems! Since the great necklace was lost such an array had not been the light in France. The value must be far above a million francs."

The marquis fixed his eyes on me and said:

"What should I have done with it, Lazarre?"

"It belonged to the royal family," I answered.

"But everything which belonged to the royal family had been confiscated to the state. I had just seen the belongings of the royal family trampled as by cattle. First one tyrant and then another rose up to tell us what we should do to batten himself off the

wretched commowants, and then go to the guillotine before his successor. As a good citizen I should have turned these jewels and stones and coins over to the state. But I was acting the part of Jaquet, and as an honest peasant I whipped them under my blouse and carried them away. In my straits of exile I never decreased them. And you may take inventory of your property and claim it when we rise from the table."

My heart came up in my throat. I reached across and caught his hands.

"You believe in me—you believe in me!"

"Do I observe any etiquette with you, Lazarre? This is the second time I have brought the fact to your notice. I particularly wish you to note that I do not observe any etiquette with you."

"What does a boy who has been brought up among Indians know about etiquette? But you accept me or you could not put the property you have looted and at such risk saved for my family into my hands."

"I don't accept even your uncle of Provence. The king of Spain and I prefer to call him by that modest title. Since you died or were removed from the Temple he has taken the name of Louis XVIII. and maintained a court at the expense of the czar of Russia and the king of Spain. He is a fine Latinist, quotes Latin verse and keeps the mass bells everlastingly ringing. The Russians laugh at his royal messengers! But in my opinion the sacred gentleman is either moral slush or a very deep quacksand. It astonishes me that the Marquis du Plessy, 'to find how many people I do disapprove of I really require very little of the people I am obliged to meet!'"

He snatched my hands, which were holding his, and exploded:

"The Count of Provence is an old turtle! Not exactly a reptile, for there is food in him. But of a devilish fat head and cruel snap of the jaws!"

"How can that be," I argued, "when his niece loves him so? And even I in the American woods, with mind eclipsed, was not forgotten. He sent me of the money that he was obliged to receive in charity."

"It is easy to dole out charity money. You are squeezing other people's purses, not your own. What I most object to in the Count of Provence is that assumption of air, provided the story is true which leaked secretly among the emigres. The story which I heard was that the dauphin had not died, but was an idiot in America. An idiot cannot reign. But the throne of France is not clamoring so loud for a Bourbon candidate that the idiot's substitute must be proclaimed and hold a beggar's court. There are mad loyalists who swear by this eighteenth Louis. I am not one of them. In fact, Lazarre, I was rather out of tune with your house."

"Not you!" I said.

"I do not fit in these times. I ought to have gone with my king and my friends under the knife. Often I am ashamed of myself for slipping away. I should like to see disgusting fools in the streets of Paris after the Terror was over, young men affecting the Greek and Roman manner, greeting one another by wagging of the head! They wore gray coats with black collars, gray or green cravats, carried cutdags and decreed that all men should have the hair platted, powdered and fastened up with a comb like themselves. The wearer of a cue was likely to be knocked on the head. These creatures used to congregate at the old Feytaud theater or meet around the entrance of the Louvre to talk classical jargon and waste!"

The Marquis du Plessy drew himself together, with a strong slumber. I had the desire to stand between him and the shocks of an alien world. Yet there

was about him a tenacious masculine strength, an adroitness of self protection, which needed no champion.

"Did the Indian tell you about a man named Belleger?" I inquired.

"Belleger is part of the old story about the dauphin's removal. I heard of him first at Coblenz. And I understand now that he is following you with another dauphin and objecting to you in various delicate ways. Napoleon Bonaparte is master of France, and in the way to be master of Europe, because he has a nice sense of the values of men and the best head for detail that was ever formed in human shape. There is something almost supernatural in his grasp of affairs. He lets nothing escape him. The only mistake he ever made was butchering the young Duke d'Enghien; the courage and clearness of the man wavered that one instant, and, by the way, he borrowed my name for the duke's incognito during the journey under arrest. England, Russia, Austria and Sweden are combining against Napoleon. He will beat them; for while other men sleep or amuse themselves or let circumstances drive them to his planning success and providing for all possible contingencies. Take a leaf out of the general's book, my boy. No enemy is contemptible. If you want to force the hand of fortune, scheme, scheme all the time—outscheme the other fellow!"

The marquis rose from the table.

"I am long winded," he said, "than a man named De Chaulmont, who has been importuning Bonaparte in season and out of season to reinstate an American emigre, a Mme. de Ferrier."

"Will Bonaparte restore her lands?"

I asked, feeling my voice like a rope in my throat.

"Do you know her family?"

"I know Mme. de Ferrier in America."

"Their estate lies next to mine. And what is the little De Ferrier like since she is grown?"

"A beautiful woman."

"Ah, ah! Bonaparte's plan will then be easy of execution. You may see her this evening here in the Faubourg St. Germain. I believe she is to appear at Mme. de Permon's, where Bonaparte may look in."

My host boiled the doors of his private cabinet and took from the secret part of a wall cupboard the queen's jewel case. We opened it between us.

The first thing I noticed was a gold snuffbox set with portraits of the king, the queen and their two children.

How I knew them I cannot tell. Their pictured faces had never been put before my conscious eyes until that moment. Other portraits might have been there. I had no doubt, no hesitation.

I was on my knees before the face I had seen in spasms of remembrance, with oval cheeks and fair hair rolled high, and open neck—my royal mother!

Next I looked at the king, heavier of feature, honest and straight going, his chin held upward, at the little sister, a smaller miniature of the queen; at the softly molded curves of the child that was myself!

The marquis turned his back.

Before I could speak I rose and put my arms around him. He wheeled, took my hand, stood at a little distance and kissed it.

We said not one word about the portraits, but sat down, with the jewel case again between us.

"These stones and coins are also my sister's, monsieur the marquis?"

"I lifted his eyebrows."

"I had ample opportunity, my dear boy, to turn them into the exchequer of the Count of Provence. Before his quarrel with the late czar of Russia he maintained a dozen gentlemen in waiting and perhaps as many ladies, to say nothing of priests, servants, attendants of attendants and guards. This treasure might last him two years. If the king of Spain and his majesty of Russia got wind of it and shut off their pensions it would not last so long. I am too thrifty a Frenchman to dissipate the boards of the state in foreign parts. Yet if you question my taste, I will not say my honesty, Lazarre!"

"I question nothing, monsieur. I ask advice."

"Eh, bien! Then do not be quite as punctilious as the antiquarian who got turned out of the father side of Ste. Pelagie into an alley. 'This will not do,' says he. So around he posts to the entrance and asks for admittance again."

"Catch me knocking at Ste. Pelagie for admittance again!"

"Then my advice is to pay your tailor, if he has done his work acceptably."

"He has done it marvelously, especially in the fitting."

"A Parisian workman finds it no miracle to fit a man from his old clothes. I took the liberty of sending your orders. Having heard my little story, you understand that you owe me nothing, but your society and a careful inventory of this trust."

We were a long time examining the contents of the case. There were six bags of coin, all gold louis; many unset gems, rings for the hand and clusters of various sorts which I knew not how to name, that blazed with a kind of white fire very dazzling. The halfpenny crown was crusted thick with colored stones the like of which I could not have imagined in my dreams. Their names, the marquis told me, were sapphires, emeralds, rubies and large clear diamonds like beads of rain. When everything was carefully returned to place he asked:

"Shall I still act as your banker?"

I begged him to hide the jewel box again, and he concealed it in the wall.

"We go to the Rue Ste. Croix, Lazarre, which is an impossible place for your friend Belleger at this time. Do you dance a gavot?"

I told him I could dance the Indian corn dance, and he advised me to reserve this accomplishment.

"Bonaparte's police are keen on any scent, especially the scent of a prince. His practical mind would reject the Temple story, if he ever heard it, and there are enough live Bourbons for him to watch."

"But there is the Count de Chaulmont," I suggested.

"He is not a man that would put faith in the Temple story, either, and I understand he is kindly disposed toward you."

"I lived in his house nearly a year."

"He is not a bad fellow for the new sort. I feel certain of him. He is coaxing my friendship because of ancient amity between the houses of Du Plessy and De Ferrier."

"Did you say, monsieur, that Bonaparte intends to restore Mme. de Ferrier's lands?"

"They have been given to one of his rising officers."

"Then he will not restore them?"

"Oh, yes, with interest! His plan is to give her the officer for a husband."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Lawyer's Rule.

"Ever since beginning the practice of law," said a Detroit lawyer, who begged that his name be suppressed, "I have made it a rule not to take cases in which I could not promise my client a percentage of gain over my fees. One day not long ago a business man came to me with a request to sue a debtor. I found it would cost far more than could be recovered and told him so. He was indignant and left vowing to get a lawyer to press the case regardless of expenses."

"A few weeks later he came to me again. 'Well,' said he, 'I took your advice and saved \$250 by it. Now, I want you to take charge of all legal matters affecting the Blank corporation. Your retainer will be \$2,000 per year.' I took it. It is needless to say."—Detroit News.

Toad and Not a Toad.

One of the queerest reptiles in the world is the horned toad of Arizona. In the first place, though it looks like a toad and is so called, it isn't a toad at all, but a lizard. It lives nowhere save in the desert and feeds on hard shelled beetles and other insects.

One of the oddest things about the creature is its way of fighting. Two horned toads will meet and fight like bulls by butting, not apparently with any notion of killing each other, but each trying to turn its adversary over. The toad that is finally pushed goes away humiliated and hides himself.

Consolatory, but Not Helpful.

"De rich will have a hard time gittin' inter heaven."

"Yes," said Brother Williams, "dat's a comfortin' thought; but it don't help de po' man when rent's due!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Only Makes a Bad Matter Worse.

Perhaps you have never thought of it but the fact must be apparent to every one that constipation is caused by a lack of water in the system, and the use of drastic cathartics like the old-fashioned pills only makes a bad matter worse. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are much more mild and gentle in their effect, and when the proper dose is so natural that one can hardly realize it is the effect of a medicine. Try a 25 cent bottle of them. For sale by The R. B. Loryea, Isaac M. Loryea, Prop.

VICTIMS OF VESUVIUS.

Pompeii and Herculaneum Not the Only Cities It Has Buried.

The road out of Naples toward Vesuvius is the same route that one follows to reach Pompeii. When intending to go up the mountain the tourist leaves the Pompeii road at Resina, the modern city which overlies Herculaneum.

Apposites of these two ancient towns, it is remarkable how many people speak of them as the only buried cities in the vicinity. In fact, there are many, and it may not be uninteresting to mention them. Next to the two familiar ones, the one whose name is most frequently heard is Stabia. Then there are Cumae, the oldest Greek colony in Italy; Baiae, a watering place, resort of the Roman aristocracy in the first year of our Lord; Parthenope, Paesopolis and Neapolis, three buried cities lying under modern Naples, from the last of which it took its name; Dikearchia (later called Puteoli, now Pozzuoli), another Greek city of large wealth and with much commerce; Capua, one of the great military posts of ancient Rome, now covered by a modern city, and a garrison; and Suesola, whose medicinal springs held high repute among the stout epicures of the Roman time.

Cataclysm have been the earth's throes around that laboring monster Vesuvius, for some of these buried cities, which were great seaports 2,000 years ago, are now far inland. On the other hand, offshore at Baiae you may look down from a boat when in smooth water and discover ancient houses and streets far below you at the bottom of the sea. Some of these buried cities were much larger and more important places than either Pompeii or Herculaneum, yet to many travelers their names seem unfamiliar.—Argonaut.

EDUCATING OYSTERS.

Training Schools in Which the Bivalves Are Taught Some Sense.

"A school for oysters," said a dealer in fish, "is an institution that you would swear could not exist, for oysters are notorious for their stupidity. It is, however, a fact that there are many oyster schools. I will explain them to you in such a way that you will believe in them. An oyster's intelligence is limited, but still it has intelligence. Years ago certain wise fish dealers discovered that if you take an oyster suddenly from its subaqueous bed it opens its shell, whereupon the life giving water inside it all escapes and the oyster dies. But if you expose an oyster to the air gradually, lifting it out of the water for a few minutes and then returning it again, it gradually learns that to keep its shell closed when out of the water is the best thing for its health. These investigators found that they could take two oysters, one trained and one untrained, and the trained oyster, keeping its shell closed while out of the water, would live a long time, while the untrained one, opening its shell, would die in a few hours. Therefore training schools for oysters were established. The schools are in appearance nothing more than reservoirs full of water. Oysters are put in them, and the water is drained off and then returned again. It is kept off for a few minutes at first, then for ten minutes, then for half an hour and so on. Oysters in these schools learn that they will live longest and keep healthiest out of water if they hold their shells tight shut. As soon as they learn this they are graduated and go out into the world."—Philadelphia Record.

A Quick Witted Partridge.

Nesting upon the ground, the partridge is likely to be disturbed. A bird of this species was once startled by a plow passing within a yard or so of its nest. Destruction was almost a certainty, as the plow must pass entirely over it in the next round, and the laborer wondered how the partridge would act. The time necessary for going around the field was about twenty minutes, yet in that almost incredible period the parent bird had effected the removal of some twenty-five eggs to a safe spot.

Careful search led to the discovery of the bird calmly seated upon her treasures in the bottom of the hedge out of reach of the plow. Nine teen partridge chicks were eventually hatched and duly escaped unmolested.—London Tit-Bits.

The Ingenious Magpie.

The magpie is nothing if not ingenious. He always barricades his bulky nest with thorn branches, so that to plunder it is by no means an easy matter, but when circumstances oblige the "pie" to build in a low bush or hedge—an absence of lofty trees being a marked feature of some northern localities—he not only barricades his home, but also constructs a gate over his nest. To "make assurance double sure" he fashions a means of exit as well as entrance to the castle, so that if disturbed he can slip out by his back door, as it were.

A Trying Position.

Clutterly—What's the matter? Is that widow I've seen you with troubling you?

Castleton—Yes, on my nerves. I can't make up my mind whether she is going to marry me or not.—Detroit Free Press.

Hard to Head Off.

Wantanno—I wonder if Gabsky will recte for me at my little party this evening?

Dunno—He will unless you know some as yet undiscovered way to prevent him.—Baltimore American.

Good Natured.

"What would you do if I were to offer you work?"

"It 'd be all right, mister," answered Meandering Mike. "I kin take a joke as well as anybody."—Washington Star.

A Startling Test.

To save a life, Dr. T. G. Merritt, of No. 4600 Broadway, made a startling test resulting in a wonderful cure. He writes, "a patient was attacked with violent hemorrhages, caused by ulceration of the stomach. I had often found Electric Bitters excellent for acute stomach and liver troubles so prescribed them. The patient gained from the first, and has not had an attack in 14 months." Electric Bitters are positively guaranteed for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and Kidney troubles. Try them. Only 50c at The R. B. Loryea Drug Store.



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Rheumatism Is Not a Skin Disease.

Most people have an idea that rheumatism is contracted like a cold, that the damp, chilly air penetrates the muscles and joints and causes the terrible aches and pains, or that it is something like a skin disease to be rubbed away with liniment or drawn out with plasters, but Rheumatism originates in the blood and is caused by Urea, or Uric Acid, an irritating, corroding poison that settles in muscles, joints and nerves, producing inflammation and soreness and the sharp, cutting pains peculiar to this distressing disease.

Exposure to bad weather or sudden chilling of the body will hasten an attack of Rheumatism after the blood and system are in the right condition for it to develop, but have nothing to do with the real true causes of Rheumatism, which are internal and not external.

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