

We are Now in Our New Quarters.

We are in our new quarters at the same old stand, next to Jenkinson's, where we are prepared to fill all orders for

Groceries.

We will be glad to see you and "figger" on any bill of Groceries you may need, and feel assured we can satisfy you both in quality and price.

The Manning Grocery Co.

SUMMERTON HARDWARE CO.,

SUMMERTON, S. C.

J. C. LANHAM, C. H. DAVIS, J. A. JAMES, President, Vice-President, Sec.-Treas.

OUR MOTTO: 3 L'S.

Live and Let Live.

For dry goods, go to a dry goods store. For shoes, go to a shoe store. For groceries, go to a grocery store. For medicines, go to a medicine store. For HARDWARE and his kindred articles, go to a HARDWARE STORE.

Paints, Agricultural Implements, Pumps, Pipe, Stoves and Stoveware, Harness and Saddlery, Crockery and Glassware.

We have them all.

Our long residence in the county is our guarantee of fair and honest treatment of our customers.

We have recently associated with Mr. J. M. Plowden formerly with the Dillon Hardware Company, who thoroughly understands the hardware business and will take pleasure in giving the public the benefit of his experience.

LEVI BROS.,

SUMTER, S. C.

We are giving more attention to the handling of Cotton this season than ever before, which means that while we bought more Cotton than any other firm on the market, it is our purpose to buy a still greater quantity. This we cannot do unless we pay the price, and when you bring or ship to us your Cotton, the VERY HIGHEST PRICE IS ASSURED.

Our General Mercantile Department

has been thoroughly looked after and we invite an inspection of our Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Shoe and Clothing Stocks. Our buyer has devoted much of his experience this season in looking after the Dress Goods selections, and we can assure our Lady friends that we are enabled to please them, not only in styles, but prices. Our General Dry Goods Stock was never more complete and better bought—"GOODS WELL BOUGHT ARE HALF SOLD."

Shoes! Shoes!

There is no need wearing out shoe leather running about for footwear, when we have, direct from the factories, Shoes of the best make, and which we can sell with a guarantee. Then, we carry a nice line of Gents' Youths' and Boy's Clothing as you will be able to see in any other city. This Department was selected with a view to style, fit and durability.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Cannot be excelled anywhere, and our prices defy competition. We have always enjoyed a fine Clarendon patronage for which we are grateful, and we shall strive to continue to merit the patronage and confidence you give us—come to see us,

Yours, &c.

LEVI BROTHERS,

SUMTER, S. C.

The Substitute

By WILL N. HARBEN.

Author of "Abner Danie," "The Land of the Changing Sun," "The North Walk Mystery," Etc.

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CHAPTER XX.

ONE MORNING shortly after this Mrs. Hillier met Jim Kenner on the main street of the village near the warehouse and worked on her case. "I'm still the only trouble is that you are too backward to help. I serve you up with different gravy at every meal 'keep you on the sideboard to eat cold 'twixt meals, but if you don't come up some time an' take a hand she'll want a change o' diet."

Kenner's honest face reddened. "I'm afraid I'm gittin' too old, Mrs. Hillier," he laughed in high pleasure. "I give you my word, I worry all the time about my age."

"Worry?" she laughed. "What does age amount to? The older a man gets in this life the younger he is in the next, an' from all accounts, the next is better an' keeps a body at a standstill. Lord, you don't look like a fellow that worries about anything unless it's for the lack o' some devilment. Mr. Hillier's told me how you love to gag old Hanks. I reckon since Bob's done the way he has you'll have it in for the old man, or rather, he'll have it in for you all, because Mr. Hillier says Hanks predicted from the first that Bob ud come to no good. I hain't told Mr. Hillier since Mrs. Dugan said Mr. Hillier since Mrs. Dugan told me about it, but it'll worry 'im like rips, fer, you know, jest day before yesterday he let Bob have another two thousand to enlarge his business on. Enlarge, I say. A boy o' that age ort to be spanked fer what he's done- jest when folks was braggin' on 'im, an'—"

"Why, Mrs. Hillier"—Kenner's eyes were wide open in astonishment—"what are you talkin' about?" "Talkin' about? Jim Kenner, do you mean to tell me that you, the biggest man possiper in Darley, don't know what Bob Hanks has gone and done?" "I'm at the fust of it, Mrs. Hillier."

"Well, he simply got that little orphan gal, Dora May, somen' or other, from Louisville, out o' Mrs. Styles' boardin' school last night 'n' got 'er in a buggy to Springtown 'n' got a country preacher to marry 'em."

"That's what he done," went on Mrs. Hillier. "She spent the night at the preacher's house, took breakfast, an' driv back to Darley. They've put up permanent at the Johnston House. Mrs. Dugan went up and send what Bob had registered 'R. O. Hanks and Lady,' bless you! An' that chit o' gal in short dresses hardly below the knee! Mrs. Dugan says while she was thar a-lookin' old Hanks come in as yellar as a squash an' axed if they had riz yet. The clerk told 'im no—that the bridegroom had told 'im to say that he was not at home to any callers, an' ef it was about business they wanted to see 'im to refer 'em to his head sales-man at the store. Did you ever?"

"I wonder his daddy wouldn't set 'im up in business? The wust big head on earth is the sort that young boys has when they think they can start in to raise a family. Bob couldn't stand prosper, I reckon. Mrs. Dugan says Mrs. Styles has dismissed school fer the rest o' the week 'n' is walkin' about the campus on her hands with 'er feet in the air. It seems that the gal was put in Mrs. Styles' care by some kin o' her'n, an' the old lady don't know what she's do about it. Thar's some secret about who an' what the gal is anyway. Mrs. Styles is afraid it will bust up the institution. Mrs. Dugan says it will help the school—that folks will send the 'er scrub gals thar to git 'em married off. Hain't they heard it at the warehouse?"

"They hain't when I left about twenty minutes ago, Mrs. Hillier."

"Well, I won't stop you. I see Mrs. Stillman leanin' over the fence without a bonnet or shawl in this wind. I'll go an' ease 'er up. I know 'ere echin' to tell it to yore gang."

Yore wife's shirts to kiver up yore folly, an' it's different. No; I won't put a cent in that business o' yore'n, an', moreover, I want to say right now that as soon as Mr. Trabne gets back from the country he'll stick a clause in my private papers that'll keep you an' that school from benefitin' by my death."

"Oh, I knew all this would come," Bob said in a regretful tone to George, who was crying him in slow wonder. "but I hain't the fool I look. George, Make Jake go out of the office, an' I'll tell you folks all about it."

The negro did not have to be informed that he was not wanted, and with a sly laugh, half of apology, he hurried out to the warehouse. "You could be a big enough fool fer any use an' I hain't to be as big as you look," said old Hanks, with a sneer. "Look 'er here, young man," demanded Kenner, "didn't you tell me the other day that you was goin' to let up on that racket?"

"I remember tellin' you I wasn't goin' to steal the girl out fer any more buggy rides," said Bob, with a smile. "There will be no need of that in the future, I hope."

"So that's what you meant?" laughed Kenner. "Yes; that's what I meant." Bob drew one of the high revolving stools up near the stove and got up on it, his heels resting on one of the rungs. His new broadcloth trousers glistened in the light from the window.

"I see I'll have to tell you all about it from the first," he began in a strange-ly confident tone. "I don't ask anybody any odds, an' wouldn't bother to explain to most folks, but I'll acknowledge I want you fellows down here to think well of me, for you are all business men and I'm a business man."

"That you are," smiled Hanks. "Thar's business men o' yore grade in every pore house an' asylum in America."

"Now, you keep quiet if you want me to tell about this thing," said Bob. "I am a business man. I know how to make money. Everything I've put my hand to since I got a start has turned out a fair profit. If I couldn't make money faster than you, father, I'd take it in my sign. You've always been afraid o' big deals. 'Go slow' has been your motto, an' it's hunting you to yore grave. Now, this is the way the whole blamed thing come up. I'm old enough to marry, and that girl—"

"Old enough the devil!" broke in Hanks. "You look like you are with that fuzz on yore lip."

not to tell it. But, of course, when me an' her got engaged, and—" "You let a gal in short frocks tell you a cock an' bull story like that," broke in Hanks, his sallow face working visibly, "an' you swallowed it, like the sucker you are."

"I had no reason to doubt it," retorted Bob, with a flash. "But I found out arterward that it was all true. I know a tobacco drummer from up that way. He sets all my trade in that line. Me an' him are pretty friendly, an' I confided in him. He told me he knew all about the family and substantiated everything Dora May had said an' added a lots more about investments of hers that she didn't even know about."

"But why were you in such a hurry?" asked Kenner, who seemed to be the only one in the group capable of ready expression. "Well," Bob hesitated, and a frank flush spread over his face, "there are some boys in this town that would run after a rich girl, and Dora May would have been entirely too popular to do that any more. Oh, you needn't worry about me an' her. I tell you we know what we are doing. She's business from head to foot an' knows I can manage her affairs all right. There ain't a bit of harm in a fellow carrying money if he loves his wife and has the ability to make some himself. I believe I'm a born money maker. I reckon I got it from father. I believe 'er he'd 'ad a fair chance and not been afraid he'd 'a been the richest man in this state. He married a poor woman and had no start, and yet he's done well—that is, pretty well—for his chances."

"Ef he ever is about to starve you nought give 'im a job collectin' Dora May's rent," said Kenner, who was bubbling over with enjoyment. Then silence fell. They were all waiting for Hanks to speak, but he had nothing to say. He rose and went outdoors, his scrawny hands in the pockets of his trousers.

"The Lord only knows what he'll do," said Bob. "But the die is cast, an' I feel sorter independent of him. Look here, Mr. Kenner," turning back from the door, "you must get the idea out of your head that I did this thing just because Dora May was well fixed. I tell you she's just what I was looking for. She's pretty, not a bit lazy and thinks that what I don't know ain't worth learnin'. She's been so much interested lately in my business that she wasn't studyin' good at school any way. She's give me a great many pointers. I tell you. She helps me write all them letters. She helps me do good, especially them with the poetry in 'em. I'm a bad speller, and she corrected all o' em before they was printed."

"Did you ever?" Kenner said when Bob had gone. "I'll swear I don't know whether to kick or congratulate 'im."

As George was going home to dinner he saw old Hanks leaning on the fence of a vacant lot waiting for him. George paused. "That round ud make good turns," said Hanks, spitting over the fence. "I believe I'll make Trotter an offer for it. I could pasture my cow on it in the spring."

George said nothing. He knew the old man had waited for him to speak of Bob's marriage. "Went up thar to see Mrs. Styles," Hanks nodded in the direction of the schoolhouse. "Oh, you did?"

"Yes, Found 'er with 'er head all tied up in rags an' smellin' like a drug store. At fust she kept up sech a screchin' she wouldn't let me say a word, but she quieted down after awhile, an' me 'n' her sorter come to a understandin'."

"An understandin'? That's good," said George. "Yes, We both sorter come to the conclusion that ef she'd write to that god-damn school, she'd be an only child an' could naturally expect something at my demise that, maybe, he wouldn't raise a row."

"When the girl really is rich," said George. The old man spat over the fence again. He avoided George's glance. "Yes, she's pretty well beel," he said, "an' not a fool by a long shot. She was up at Mrs. Styles' this mornin', the old lady said, with a long dress on. She talked pretty straight—didn't intend to have nobody meddle with her affairs—ef anybody had anything to say agin Bob Hanks to send 'em to her, an' so on. Blamed ef I hain't sorter curis to see 'er. Somehow I ain't wanted a gal in the family, an' one with plenty o' seads is about as acceptable as any other sort—sater in the long run."

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Clothing

FOR FALL AND WINTER.



Our Fall and Winter Garments are now ready, and whatever your needs may be in Men's, Boys' or Children's Clothing, Hats and Furnishing Goods, we would like the pleasure of supplying.

We would certainly like to number you among our regular patrons, and we hope to win you by the excellence of our Clothing and the reasonableness of our prices.

In New Quarters.

We now occupy the Ryttenberg Building, Main and Liberty streets.

THE D. J. CHANDLER CLOTHING CO.

Sumter, S. C.

Advertisement for W.L. Douglas Shoes, featuring an illustration of a man in a suit and a woman in a dress, with text listing shoe prices and quality.

THE W. L. DOUGLAS AND ZEIGLER BRO.'S SHOES.

THE W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES for Men and the ZEIGLER BRO.'S SHOES for Women and Children excel in quality, style and fit any other shoe on the market. Now to more circulate and prove the merit of these Shoes we will, during the month of November, sell shoes less than regular price, on the following conditions:

Any one bringing this advertisement will get our W. L. Douglas \$4 Shoes at \$3.50; \$3.50 Shoes at \$3; \$3 Shoes at \$2.50.

The Zeigler Bro.'s Shoes we will sell accordingly.

Remember, It is only during this month that we can sell these Shoes for that price. After December 1st regular price will go into effect again.

Now if you want to make 50 cents or as many times 50 cents as you choose, come to the NEW IDEA and get the best Shoes made for yourself, wife and children.

THE NEW IDEA,

M. M. KRASNOFF, Prop.