about.

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. N. 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 dry goods store.

For groceries, go to a grocery store.

For medicines, go to a grocery store.

For medicines, go to a medicine store.

For HARDWARE and its 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 us 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 a bonnet or shawl in this wind. I'll go to us your Cotton, the VERY HIGHEST PRICE IS AS. an' ease 'er up. I know yo're eechin' SURED.

## 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 the cotton buyer as he wiped a smile Stock was never more complete and better bought—"GOODS from his facile mouth with his long WELL BOUGHT ARE HALF SOLD.

### Shoes! Shoes!

There is no need wearing out shoe leather running about for right." He was staring accusingly at footwear, when we have, direct from the factories, Shoes of the best make, and which we can sell with a guarantee. Then, we carry as nice a 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 dura-

### 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 his father's face. to merit the patronage and confidence you give us-come

Yours, &c,

# LEVI BROTTERS,

### By WILL N. HARBEN,

Author of "Abner Dan-Land of the Changing North Walk Mystery," Etc.

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Substitute

CHAPTER XX.

lage near the warehouse and "The only trouble is that you are too my death." backward to help. I serve you up with different gravy at every meal an' keep you on the sideboard to eat cold 'twixt meals, but ef you don't come up some time an' take a hand she'il want a!

Kenner's honest face reddened. "I'm afeard I'm gittin' too old. Mrs. Hillyer," 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 gits 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 feller that worries about anything unless it's fer the lack o' some devilment. Mr. Hillyer'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 fer the old man, or, rather, he'll have it in fer you all, beca'se Mr. Hillyer says Hanks predicted from the first that Bob ud come to no good. I hain't seed Mr. Hillyer 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 donejest when folks was braggin' on 'im,

"Why, Mrs. Hillyer"-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 gossiper in Darley, don't know what Bob Hanks has gone and done?" "I'm at the fust of it, Mrs. Hillyer."

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

"That's what he done," went on Mrz. Hillyer. "They spent the night at the preacher's house, tuck breakfast, an' driv back to Darley. They've put up permanent at the Johnston House. Mrs. Dugan went up and seed whar Bob had registered 'R. O. Hanks and Lady,' bless you! An' that chit of a gal in short dresses hardly below the knee! Mrs. Dugan says while she was thar a-lookin' old Hanks come in as yallar as a squash an' axed if they had riz yet. The clerk told 'im no-that the was not at home to any callers, an' ef Styles' school and they all seemed bent it was about business they wanted to man at the store. Did you ever? Is it any 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 family. Bob couldn't stand prosperity, I reckon. Mrs. Dugan says Mrs. Styles has dismissed school fer the rest o' the week an' 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 to do about it. Thar's some secret about who an' what the gal is anyway. Mrs. Styles is afeard it will bust up the institution. Mrs. Dugan says it will help the schoolthat folks will send the'r scrub gals

thar to git 'em married off. Hain't they "They hadn't when I left about twen-

ty minutes ago, Mrs. Hillyer." "Well, I won't stop you. I see Mrs. Stillman leanin' over the fence without to tell it to yore gang."

A few minutes after Kenner had exploded his information at the office old Hanks came in. He was pale, and his skin looked as dry as old parchment, but he was eating roasted peanuts, breaking the husks with steady, pronglike finger nails. He sat down without a word and dropped a handful of hulls into the stove.

"Jim," he said suddenly to Kenner, what did you ever do about that account Bill Haskill was a-owin' you?" "I got it yet." said Kenner, throwing knowing smile around the room.

"Well, ef you'll discount it enough to make it interesting, I'll buy it. I've got 'im tied up with a piece o' land o' his'n, an' I want the land."

"I reckon we kin make a deal," said

had taken to hisself a helpmeet?" The group hung on the old man's reply. Hanks crushed another peanut in his hand and raised the best part of it

"I don't care what he does," he said. "I told you all you'd make a fool of 'im, an' now I reckon you see I was "You started it," he blurted out. "Thar ain't one boy in forty million that kin keep from gittin' the big head with sech responsibilities put on 'im all of a sudden, but I hain't a-carin.' I reckon you know how to git yore money back."

"Oh, I don't know that this means absolute ruin," said Hillyer in his own "Somehow I've got faith in Bob yet. A boy full o' puppy love will

At this juncture Bob Hanks himself came in. He wore his best clothes, and his boots had been freshly polished. His glance, a rather frank one, Kenner thought, rested dubiously on

"They told me at the hotel-that you wanted to see me, father," he said. "If I'd known you"-

"Yes, I called an' left my cyard," answered Hanks, with a sneer, "but I wasn't in no hurry. I jest called on a little matter o' business. You scrter got me to promise a week ago that I'd he'p you put in that stock o' dry-goods, but I find out that my present intentions won't permit of it. When I thought favorably of it, you was a unmarried man, with jest yoreself to look after an' yore board paid by another party, but now you've tuck the best quarters

yore wife's skirts to kiver up yore folly, an' it's different. No; I won't put a NE morning shortly after this cent in that business o' yore'n, an' Mrs. Hillyer met Jim Kenner moreover. I want to say right now on the main street of the vil- | that as soon as Mr. Trabue gits back from the country he'll stick a clause paused to that with him. "I'm still in my private papers that'll keep you workin' on yore case." she told him. an' that schoolgal from benefitin' by

> "Oh. I knew all this would come," Bob said in a regretful tone to George, who was eying him in slow wonder, "but I hain't the fool I look, George. Make Jake go out o' 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 hurrled out into the warehouse. "You could be a big enough fool fer

any use an' not be as big a one as you look," said old Hanks, with a sneer. "Look y' here, young man," demanded Kenner, "didn't you tell me t'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 "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 strangely 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." snarled Hanks.

Thar's business men o' yore grade in

every pore house an' asylum in Amer-

"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 in my sign. You've always been afraid of hig deals. 'Go slow' has been your motto, an' it's hunting you to your

to marry, and that girl"-"Old enough the devil!" broke in Manks. "You look like you are with

grave. Now, this is the way the whole

blamed thing come up. I'm old enough

that fuzz on yore lip.' "I reckon a man ought to be his own judge as to whether he is old enough for a step o' that kind," Bob said, with sudden dignity. "It begun this way. There was three sophomores at Mrs. ike 'em the most. They was all pretty enough an' sharp enough, an' I reckon it was just human nature for me to carry on with 'em a little. I don't know as I liked one better than another at first. It was just the fun of seeing 'em wrangle." Bob laughed out impulsively. "They pretended to be as thick as molasses in the winter, but they hated one another like snakes. Then they got to telling lies on each other. I knew they were lies because I caught up with 'em. Finally I saw that Dora

"Do you mean Mrs. Hanks?" asked Kenner, with mock solemnity. "Yes, my wife," replied Bob.

say, I finally saw she was just the girl I was looking for, and I made up my mind to get married and be done with it. Thinking about her and trying to see her took up too much time. told her my folks would object to it, but she advised me to go ahead. She's as independent as a hog on ice, an' she can afford to be." Bob paused for a moment, twirling his fingers between his knees and then he went on: "I reckon I'll have to tell you all something. I don't know as I'd tell it now, but father is raisin' such a row over my marryin' that it puts me in a bad light and hurts my business. My credit won't be worth shucks if it gets out that my daddy has gone clean back on me-that is, until they know about my wife's connections. The truth is, Dora May's got plenty of money."

"Money?" echoed Kenner and Hillyer "That's what I said," answered Bob

"Then you married her fer that," said Kenner sternly.

"No, I didn't," replied Bob. truth is, I liked her before I knew about it. She suits me tiptop, and I can't help it if she is well off. She's what would be called big rich in this part of the country. Her father left her several blocks of business houses in Louisville. The rent on one batch alone is something over five thousand a year and will all come to her when she's of age. Her guard didn't



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 afterward that it was all true. I know a tobacco drammer from up that way. He gets 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

"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 her any good. Oh, you needn't worry about me an' her! I tell vou 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 marry ing 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 if he'd 'a' had 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 mought give 'im a job collectin' Dora May's rent," said Kenner, who was bubbling over with enjoyment.

Then silence fell. They were 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 learning. She's been so much interested lately in my business that she wasn't studying good at school any-

way. She's give me a great many pointers, I tell you. She helped me write all them ads. that folks said was so good, especially them with the poetry in 'em. I'm a bad speller, and she corrected all of 'em before they was print-

"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 diner he saw old Hanks leaning on the fence of a vacant lot waiting for him. George paused. "That ground ud make good turnips," said Hanks, spitting over the fence. "I believe I'll make

Trotter an offer for it. I could pasture ny 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 "Oh, you did?" "Yes. Found 'er with 'er head all

store. At fust she kept up sech a screechin' she wouldn't let me say a word, but she quieted down after awhile, an' me 'n' her sorter come to a understandin'."

"An understanding? That's good," said George "Yes. We both sorter come to the

conclusion that if she'd write to that guardeen that Bob was an only child an' could naturally expect something at my demise that, maybe, he would not raise a row." "Then the girl really is rich," said

The old man spat over the fence again. He avoided George's glance. she's pretty well heeled," 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 She talked pretty straight-didn't intend to have nobody meddlin' 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 'cr. Somehow I always wanted a gai in the family, an' one with plenty o' scads is about as ecceptable as any other sort-safer in the long run.'

"When Mrs. Hillyer was told at the dinner table that day of the outcome of Bob's marriage, she said: "Well, I don't know as Bob Hanks is sech a hard case after all. The highest in the land is a-doin' jest what he done-marryin' with the'r eyes open. The only difference is Bob don't make no bones over it. He admits he's struck a good thing an' has too much business pride

to underrate his investment." "Nevertheless, Martha," said Hillyer over his poised coffee cup, "I'd a little rather see Bob make more over the girl than he does."

"Oh, I don't know why the boy should go about 'fore that gang down thar with his feelin's on exhibition, an' even ef it's jest a cut an' dried business deal on his part it will end a sigh better, I bound you, than a lots o' slobberin' leve affairs that run dry a month after the knot's tried. But I don' somehow think Bob an' his gal will end up bad. Thar's a sunny, cheerful way o' lookin' out fer yourself, an' them two young uns may jest laugh the'r way into happiness an' tote with 'em through a long, successful life. I hope so. I don't begrudge 'em anything they've got or may accumulate. I met that gal once at the school exhibition an' tuck a likin' to her. She looks like she's been well raised. I drapped my handkerchief, and she scrambled to pick it up, an' when I said, 'Thank you,' she said, 'Yo're welcome, ma'am,' an' didn't giggle like some do when they say anything un-

CHAPTER XXI.

EORGE was now Hillyer's partner in business. The winter passed, and a bright spring dawned. The Cranstons had spent the Christmas bolidays in Virginia visiting relatives; and were back again at Darley that the major might superintend the planting on his farms in the vicinity and recuperate his fail-

It was the first Sunday morning aft er their return. Hillyer was having a confidential talk with his wife in the sitting room; George was smoking on the veranda.

"Yes, I seed he was bothered." the

old man was saying, "an' havin' heard the governor was expected on the 6 think it would be best for it to get out o'clock train this evenin', an' knowin' down here before she was done school, George had an engagement to call on SUMTER, S. C. but now: you've tuck the best quarters down here before she was done school, deeper and an engagement to can be at the hotekan' got a high priced dress an' so he got Mrs. Styles not to mental the hotekan' got a high priced dress and so he got Mrs. Styles not to mental to got her an' got at the hotekan' got a high priced dress. maker runnin' round-to put hems on I tion it an' made Dora May promise I together an' got at what ailed 'im. Me I

an' him talks pretty confidential sometimes, an' I axed 'im ef that wasn't what he was thinkin' about, an' he admitted that it was an' openly axed my advice as to what he ort to do under the circumstances. I told 'im I'd study

over it an' let 'im know later." "Why, tell the boy to go on, governor or no governor," said Mrs. Hillyer. "He's got as much right to call tonight as any night. Huh, I say!"

"That's about the way I put it up," said the merchant in a tone expressive of considerable relief, and he went out

"I look at it this a-way. George," he began, leaning on the banisters and crossing his fat feet. "Thar railly hain't but one way a gentleman could act under them circumstances. You see, she hain't never released you from yore engagement, an' fer you to presume that you was out of the game jest beca'se you'd heard from Mrs. Dugan an' her kind that another feller was due would make you seem sorter green. No; as long as Miss Lydia hain't axed you to excuse 'er thar hain't but one thing fer you to do, an' that is to go, an' when you git thar don't you let Telfare root you out, noth-

er. Ef he is the governor, I'd have my "Oh, I had decided to go," George returned quietly, "but I feel that it may be unpleasant. I met him once since I was introduced to him, and he looked mad enough to bite my head off. I happened to be leaving the major's just as he was coming in, and we passed on the walk. He scarcely nodded."

"Well, you bet I'd go," said Hillyer, and he went to his room to prepare for

The following evening was a pleasant one, and as George entered the gate at the Cranstons' and started up the walk he saw Governor Telfare walking to and fro on the grass near the house smoking a cigar. Hearing the latch of the gate click as George closed it, Telfare paused, stared at George for an instant and then came toward him, meeting him when he was half way between the gate and the steps of the veranda.

"I want to speak to you, Buckley," he said coldly. "Let's walk over to that summer house."

"Very well," and George and he moved across the grass and entered the nearest compartment of the vine grown building. The governor seated himself on one of the benches and nervously paffed at his cigar, round flashes of red light showing intermittent glimpses of his dark, cruel face. George read it intuitively and was prepared for what was coming. His young blood was already at a boiling point. Indeed, the governor's insolent manner of addressing him had been in itself an insult.

"I simply want to say to you, Buckley," Telfare said, with a sneer, "that you and I cannot visit under the same roof."

"Ah, that's bad!" retorted the younger man, his fierce stare bearing down defiantly on his antagonist through the half darkness. "I'm sure I shall miss you. Going abroad?"

Telfare looked at him in astonishment. It was as if he had not dreamed that Buckley would dare to make anything but the most civil, even a humble, reply, considering his power and what he intended to propose. "You know what I mean," said the

governor, waxing more angry. "You know well enough why I will not sit as an equal in the same drawing room with you. You know what you are." "My knowledge also extends to some most contemptible creatures, ernor Telfare-to an occasional meet-

ing, at least, with one man, whom I

certainly would consider beneath no-tice if I did not meet him under the roof of most respectable, if blind, peo-Telfare smothered an oath and stood up, his short figure appearing dwarfed

beside the athletic young giant. "You say this to me?" he gasped. "To

"Oh, no; I didn't intend it for you," said George. "How could I say such a

thing to his excellency the governor of In the deep silence that followed

George could distinctly hear Telfare's violent panting. "I've got a proposition to make to

you," the governor gasped in a 🗞 :a) effort at calmness, as he sank to his seat. "I'm in the position to do you a favor-to grant something that any man, situated as you are, would be glad to accept. But we have begun wrong. Perhaps I ought not to have been so outspoken, but seeing you here suddenly provoked me. Sit down a minute and let's plainly understand

"I think, myself, that we have begun wrong," said Buckley, who remained standing. He placed one of his feet on the bench beside the governor and leaned over him. "At any rate, I am wrong now, for I ought to slap your face. And I want to say to you I would do it but for the respect I have for the people you are visiting; that's all that saves you, sir. I've met contemptible, cowardly curs before, but

"You can say what you wish to me," Telfare panted. "I shall not resent it. Men of my class do not fight men of yours. You can't insult me, Buckley. What you say does not affect me in the slightest. Men of honor"-

"You have no honor to lean on," burst from Buckley's lips. "No man has honor who deliberately insults a man who is as helpless to resent it as I am in this case. You would strike a woman. You are a cur, Telfare!"

Telfare was panting again, but his eyes fell beneath George's fierce stare. It looked as if he were actually afraid Buckley might suddenly strike him in "You have not heard what I intend

to propose," he faltered. "I have it in my power to pardon your father, who is now at the coal mines. I can do this simply by signing my name to a paper, and if you"-"That is what you want to propose?"

George shrank back in bewilderment. The awful significance of the proposal stunned him, drove his rage momentarily from his brain, set him quivering from head to foot. He sat down on the bench opposite Telfare and lowered his face to his hands. His father's liberty was within his reach. Telfare chuckled contemptuously.

'Ab, I see I hit you between the eyes! I reckon you are sorry now that you didn't wait till I had finished before you dared to-but that may pass. I simply will not degrade myself, Buckley, by visiting a lady who is receiving a man of your standing-even if she is led only by her sympathies, and if you will give up all claim to her and agree never to approach her on an equal footing again, I will liberate your father. Of course, you understand, I'd want some sort of petition to come to meonly a few names of his neighbors will

do-but"-"And your object?" George asked.

"Well, that's a private matter," an-[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.]

# Clothing

FOR 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

In New Quarters.

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

Sumter, S. C.

W.L.DOUGLAS V.L.DOUGLAS MAKES MORE \$3 22 AND \$3 22 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER TWO MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

#### 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

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

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.

7.....

## THE NEW IDEA,

M. M. KRASNOFF, Prop.