

# 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. F. 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 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 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 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 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 Daniel," "The Land of the Changing Sun," "The North Walk Mystery," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXII.  
THE next morning, after breakfast, Mrs. Hillier called her husband aside. He followed her into the parlor, where she led him to get beyond the hearing of the negroes in the dining room. "What's the matter with George?" she asked him.

"Why, nothin' as I know of," he replied. "I haven't seen him this mornin'. Is anything wrong?" "Looks like he hasn't slept a wink all night," said the woman. "He didn't touch a thing on the table, and his hands shook awful. Do you know, somehow, I believe him an' Governor Telfare quarreled up at Cranston's last night. I never saw him look like that before. He's up in the company bedroom. I passed through the hall just now an' seed 'im settin' at the window lookin' out. Mr. Hillier, go up an' see what the matter with 'im. He'll talk to you."

With his heart in his mouth, Hillier went up the stairs, sliding his hand on the banister railing. George turned his head as he entered the open door, and rose quickly, as if ashamed to be seen there without a reason for it.

"George, what's the matter with you? Ain't you well this mornin'?" the old man questioned gently.

"Not very, Mr. Hillier," George said, dropping his eyes, "but I'll feel better when I get to work. I'm going down pretty soon."

"That's all right, my boy—that hasn't it," said Hillier, his sympathetic eyes resting on the troubled face before him. "Some'n has gone wrong, George, an' I wish you'd tell me about it. I'd take it as a favor—so I would. I—I—feel a big interest in you. I don't know as I could ever explain how big it is. Tell me, George."

"It wouldn't do any good," the young man replied slowly, "and might disturb you a little—you are so kind hearted."

"I want to know, George," Mr. Hillier said. "Well, I will tell you, Mr. Hillier. Do you know what is the hardest thing on earth to bear? It is to be insulted, grossly insulted, by a man whom you can't strike." Buckley then told all that had taken place between him and Telfare.

"He said that to you?" cried the old man. "Yes, I know what it would mean to a proud spirit like yore'n, my boy, an' it's simply awful-awful! He's a cowardly dog, but that don't make you feel any better. Men in the northern states don't understand how we kin feel as we do on that line, but it's bred in the bone with us."

Hillier suddenly turned from the room and went downstairs. His wife heard him going out at the gate and called to him from the veranda, but he walked on without heeding her. At the street corner he quickened his step, going faster and faster till he reached the warehouse. He saw Kenner and Hanks in the office, but he passed on to George's room in the rear. There on the table lay Buckley's revolver. Thrusting it into the pocket of his short coat he hurried out at the side door and went up the railroad to the Johnston House. Going into the office he approached the desk and asked the clerk for Governor Telfare.

"He left on the 8 o'clock train this morning, Mr. Hillier," said the clerk. "He had us call him at 7."

"Gone?" The old man stared blankly.

"Yes, he got off, but he'll be back next Sunday. He engaged the best room in the house and gave orders that it was not to be used by any one else."

"Gone?" Hillier turned and started away aimlessly. In the hall leading to the street he was met by Bascom Truitt, who stopped him.

"Say, old man, what's the matter? Sick?" Hillier stared at him, but made no reply. "Look 'y here, but make no answer." The old soldier placed his hand on the merchant's shoulder and turned him into a vacant room on the side of the hall, a room used by commercial travelers for displaying their wares to the village storekeepers. Hillier sank into a chair and groaned. Truitt heard some one passing in the hall and closed the door.

"I know some'n's wrong," he said. "Some'n's wrong when a deacon in the church an' a man o' yore stamp goes round white as a grave rock with a 44 caliber gun in his pocket an' his teeth chatterin' on as warm a day as this is."

Hillier told him what had happened to George and his own failure to meet Telfare. He told it in an unsteady voice, his lips quivering as he spoke. Then, with his head down, he added: "Bas, you know I split human blood thirty year ago. I've prayed all them years to get God to blot out the crime, an' yet, after all that, if I'd 'a' met Telfare just now, I—I reckon, ef he hadn't apologized to that pore boy I'd 'a' shot 'im dead in his tracks. I'm all upset about it. Oh, my God, I'm as bad as I was away back when I was young an' hot blooded!"

Truitt shrugged his shoulders. "Then I reckon it's better fer all concerned that Telfare went off when he did. Now, look here, old man," Truitt bent and put it into his own pocket. "You're entirely unfitted to run round with a loaded gun in yore pocket. You take my advice an' go 'back to yore store. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll study over this an' try to come to some conclusion what's best, then I'll come down an' see you. I'm interested in George Buckley, an' don't you let that slide out o' yore mind in yore excitement. He's been a friend true an' tried to me an' mine, an' I'll stand to 'im or die. Now, you go on to the warehouse."

"And when will you be down?" asked the merchant.

"Just as soon as I can see some way out o' the difficulty," said Truitt evasively. "I tell you, you are too excited—you go off half cocked. That's what got you in the trouble that you say has worried you so much. Why, even ef you had shot the scawlaw just now, you'd 'a' done it too quick to 've had any fun watchin' 'im squirm. I'd rather see a dern coward that's wronged me or mine beg fer life 'an to see 'im die. We all die—that's common as pig tracks in wet weather, but only the dicky, sneakin' cowards is afeard of it. You go on now, we are afeard of it. I'll come down—I'll come down! I ain't no anarchist, got' round killin' big men in office, but that feller's got to be tended to, an' I'll study up some'n."

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second Georgia, under Colonel H. F. Pierson. My record's all right. At least ef it ain't, you kin show why it ain't. Yes, I've come here fer some sort o' settlement, an' I'm goin' to have it, or I'll turn the governor o' Georgia across my knee an' spank 'im black an' blue. No dern, fluted shirred skunk kin insult a brave, pure hearted friend o' mine an' leave 'im writin' under it, an' go off an' chuckle, jest because of a flimsy excuse like you put up to him. No, sircer, you're not to get a move on you. What I would advise is a gentlemanly apology."

"Apology? You must be out of your mind, sir," said Telfare angrily. "I can't send an apology to that man."

"You say you can't, you pup," thundered Truitt. "Stand up! What you settin' down fer?" And Truitt actually took the governor by the ear and twisted it as he raised him, squirming like an eel, to his feet. "How do you like that, curse you?"

Telfare, beside himself with fear and excitement, tore Truitt's hand from his smattering ear and furiously rang the silver bell on his desk. The servant in the hall quickly appeared.

"Call a policeman!" Telfare panted. "There's one on the corner."

"By gum I hadn't calculated on that move o' yore'n," said Truitt coolly. "I reckon the cop 'll slap me in jail, but I've always heard they feed jury well thar, an' I'm as hungry as a bear."

Telfare made no reply. Truitt was between him and the door or he would undoubtedly have made his escape. As it was, he only stood at his desk, white as death and quivering from head to foot.

There was a clatter of feet in the hall, and a policeman, rather slight of build and a head shorter than the mountaineer, entered hastily.

"What's the trouble, governor?" he asked.

Telfare swallowed and was about to speak when Truitt broke in. "Oh, it ain't nothin'," young feller, but a little 'lection dispute me 'n Telfare had. He fell agin that bell accidentally jest now, an' that fat nose o' a-rabb' jowed he was bein' assassinated an' run fer you. Do you reckon you're big enough to keep anybody in yore beat from bein' injured?"

The officer looked up at the gaunt mountaineer towering over him and then at Telfare, who seemed unable to speak.

"That—that nigger said Governor Telfare wanted me," the policeman stammered.

"Well, he's got dern bad judgment ef he'd want you in a time o' need. Are you a married man?"

"Yes."

"Carry any life insurance?"

"No, I don't, but what's that got to—"

"Well"—Truitt stroked his beard—"I believe I'll take pity on yore widow. I

thought at fust I'd mash you 'twixt my thumb an' forefinger, but I won't. Git out o' here. I've got some'n private to say to Telfare."

The officer, with a flushed face, looked from one to the other of the two men, his inquiring glance resting last on the white, rigid countenance of Telfare. But the governor seemed to have actually lost his presence of mind and could only stare blankly.

"I jest wanted to ax you, Telfare, how you felt about havin' the whole thing writ up in the newspapers," Truitt said in the pause. "I know mighty nigh ever newspaper reporter in the state an' some ad'imin's states. They will print anything I give 'em. We got sorter chummy at our last reunion. Yes, they will publish my side of this, an' of course you'll have a chance to have yore say. As far as I'm concerned, I'd rally like to have it git around to all the veteran camps in the state. Most o' 'em know Bas Truitt by reputation, an' when they hear about this they will jest break the necks to vote fer you next election. You barely got fer you a squeeze last time, but they'll in by a squeeze in like the woods afore when this tale gits out."

"Governor, I'm waiting your orders," said the policeman, who seemed to feel that a mistake had been made and that he was overbearing private matters.

"Wait in the hall," Telfare said. "I'll ring if I need you. This man's been drinking."

"Huh!" sneered Truitt as the door closed after the policeman. "I'm dry as a chip, an' I reckon you got some o' the best settin' round, an' yet you ain't offered a feller a drop."

"Now, what do you want?" Telfare asked, dazedly miserable, defeat written all over him.

"Nothin' now," answered Truitt. "I'm goin' back an' tell George Buckley that I pulled yore year fer you. He's felt this thing purty bad—a proud man naturally would—but when I tell 'im what I done an' that you tuck it like a dunce at school, why, it's my opinion he'll jest feel sorry fer you. I do, I know, an' I'm free to confess I feel a little grain ashamed myself, but that will wear off, I reckon. God Almighty ort to provide a different way o' pullin' skunks down from the'r perch, but it seems he ain't. That's all I have to say. Good day, yore excellency."

Truitt left Telfare sitting at his desk, suddenly, desperately silent, and went out. Through it all the mountaineer had not removed his hat, and his chew of tobacco was still in his mouth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Frank Tribute.

"She is beautiful," said the studious girl, "but she is not accomplished."

"My dear," answered Miss Cayenne, "there is no accomplishment more difficult than being beautiful."—Washington Star.

### A TRIPPLE TRAGEDY IN LUNATICS HOME.

Madison James Kills Wife and Brother-in-law. Hartsville, Dec. 3.—Madison James a farmer living about five miles from this place in the Kelletown section, shot and killed his wife last night, murdered his brother-in-law, Mr. Sid Kelley, this morning about 9 o'clock and was himself shot to death about 4 o'clock this afternoon after an all day fight by a sheriff's posse. James is a man about 50 years of age and heretofore a peaceable, inoffensive man.

Two years ago he was sent to the asylum at Columbia and had been discharged and returned home only about seven weeks ago.

Nothing is known of the events leading up to the killing of his wife last night, except that James had threatened to kill his wife's mother yesterday afternoon. When this threat did not impress her son, Mr. Sid Kelley, who is a very fearless and careful man, is not known. At all events he shot his wife to death in the early part of last night and the other inmates of the house, his wife's mother and his two half grown children, fled at once.

Called to Window. Last night Mr. Kelley went to the house and called James to the window and said to him that he was not ardent and to shoot him. He then asked James if he realized what he had done and when James replied yes, that he had killed Queen, Mr. Kelley told him that he was coming into the house.

James warned him that if he came in he would be shot. All night Mr. Kelley tried to induce James to come out and surrender and guaranteed him protection. To all of these efforts James replied that he would not come and said he would shoot any one who attempted to come in.

Early this morning Mr. Kelley sent word to Hartsville for several of his friends to come up and advise and aid him and went again to induce James to come out. He went up to a window with his gun over his shoulder and smoking pipe and engaged James in conversation and finally induced him to hand him out a \$10 bill he had gotten from Mrs. Kelley Friday. He hoped to grab his hand when he handed out the money and hold him but failed to do so. Kelley finally told James he was coming into the house anyhow, and turned to step down backwards off a box on which he was standing. As he turned off James shot him in the neck, tearing out large part of the side of the neck and killing him instantly. Mr. Kelley was smoking at the time and his body fell backward, his gun across it.

Acted with Coolness. James would allow no one to approach the place at all and acted with the utmost deliberation and judgment in defending himself and waging his unequal battle for the next eight hours. He was armed with a shot gun and plenty of shells, but fortunately with nothing but small shot ammunition. Sheriff Scarborough and a large posse soon surrounded the house and tried in every way to get possession of James. He would listen to no overtures for surrender and shot all who came near, wounding Mr. W. A. Sumner and young Mr. Seegars of this place and another young man whose name is not known. Sheriff Scarborough narrowly escaped being killed for James shot at him twice as he shot off Kelley's front door and only missed him a few inches. Sheriff Scarborough went in the house twice and to the door of the room James was in and begged him to surrender and promised to protect him with his own life if necessary. He got no answer except a volley through the door and the sheriff had to go about getting his man in a more careful manner. It was thought that the man might be wounded and induced to surrender but he fought with such coolness and daring that it was soon seen he would have to be shot to death to capture him. This even took some time for James was secreted in the chimney place where he emerged at intervals to shoot at anyone who approached within range. The whole end of the house in which the desperate man was barricaded was shot to pieces by the posse of 300 or more men present and James was wounded many times before he was at last killed.

Secured Krag Guns. Deputies came to Hartsville and secured some of the Krag guns from the local military company to help shell him out and firearms of every description were in constant use at the place all day. A perfect fusillade was kept up at all times till he was finally killed. The wounded men of the posse are not all seriously hurt.

Mr. Kelley was one of the most prosperous men of his neighborhood and a man who exerted among his people a most excellent influence for good.

Everyone here feels it a loss to the section that he has been killed, for a bigger hearted, more honest man it would be hard to find.

Neighbors insist that James was not crazy when he murdered his wife and her brother. They say that he was angry with Kelley for sending him to the asylum and that the murders followed as a result of this.

His actions today from all accounts were remarkably deliberate and his fight for eight hours remarkably well conducted for a man who was temporarily bereft of mind.

No one will ever know, of course, what the true state of affairs was, but the more charitably inclined are disposed naturally to believe that he was madly insane through it all.

There can be no doubt, however, that Mr. Kelley believed his insane when he approached him this morning or else he would not have acted in a way so foreign to his usually careful, if fearless disposition.

There was much excitement today and men came from miles around to participate in the battle at the house. The coroner is now holding the inquest.

Mr. Kelley leaves a mother, wife and seven children. W. E. in Sunday Star.

A Pleasant Pill.

No pill is as pleasant and positive as DeWitt's Little Early Risers. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are so mild and effective that children, delicate ladies and weak people enjoy their cleansing effect, while strong people say they are the best liver pills sold. Sold by The R. B. Loryea Drug Store.

Relieved.

"Ah!" she said, with a sigh of relief, as the flames licked up the last bit of that had once been her happy home, "that old Bible with the date of my birth in it is gone, anyway."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Grip Quickly Knocked Out.

Some weeks ago during the severe winter weather both my wife and I were speedily developed into the worst kind of a gripper with all its miserable symptoms," says Mr. J. S. Egleston of Maple Landing, Iowa. "Knees and joints aching, muscles sore, head stooped up, eyes and nose running, with alternate spells of chills and fever. We began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, aiding the same with a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and by its liberal use soon completely knocked out the grip."

These Tablets promote a healthy action of the bowels, liver and kidneys which is always beneficial when the system is congested by a cold or attack of the grip. For sale by The R. B. Loryea Drug Store.

# 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.

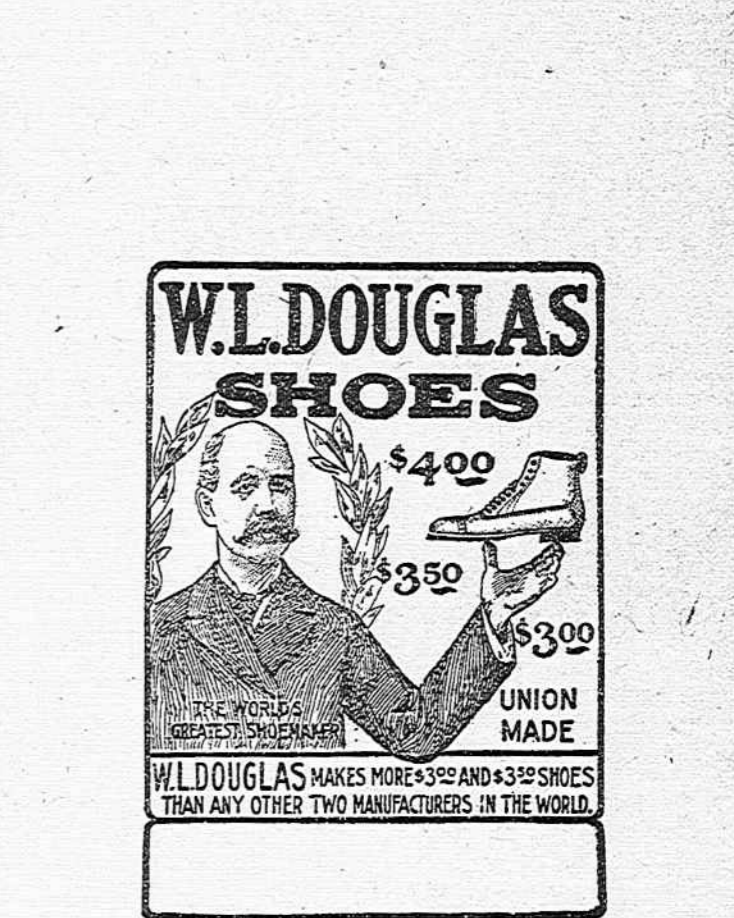
We would certainly like to number you among our regular patrons, and we hope to win you by the excellence of our Clothing and the reasonableness of our prices.

In New Quarters. We now occupy the Rytenberg Building, Main and Liberty streets.

# THE D. J. CHANDLER CLOTHING CO.

Sumter, S. C.

# W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES



## 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.