This heading means a great deal, for it is no easy task to per fect every department of an establishment like ours, to handle the volume of trade that we have every reason to expect will be tendered to us this season. September so far has shown a very liberal increase over the corresponding period of last year, and if

"Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before"

THIS PROMISES TO BE

OUR BANNER SEASON.

It is indeed gratifying to note the unusual increase in the volume of our business, and to say that we appreciate the confidence after they started and he had a chance reposed in us, gives but a faint idea of our feelings. We regard to look around. "Why, you are com- "They don't mean to be rude, but a the interest of every person that does business with us as ours,

and will do everything in our power to protect them.

We cannot give away gold dollars for ninety cents, no reasonable person expects that, and wherever you find a merchant offering staple merchandise at less than cost, his object is to attract you to his store with a view of selling you something the value of feel as if I was shut in, away from all which you are not familiar with, and make up his loss on the leading article, as well as a comfortable profit on the other items. Nothing of that character will be tolerated in this store; we despise it. Our business is based upon a legitimate percentage of profit, and that figured on as close a basis as is consistent with intelligent merchandising. It is true, we sometimes sell goods at and below cost, but that only occurs at the end of a season, or when we have erred in buying something that did not prove to be as good a seller as we expected, or bought too freely of certain lines, then we make our loss as quickly as possible, for experience has taught us that the first loss is always the lightest. Our ambition ought to be satisfied for we are said, by those who are in a position to know, to be

The Largest Retail Dealers in the State.

And while we might be satisfied to remain just in the position we are, that would be practically impossible, we must go backward or forward, and our mercantile pride will not permit of a backward step, and each year will find us in the front rank, seeking new fields, new customers, and keeping fully in touch with the spirit and progress of the city in which we take such pride.

O'DONNELL & COMPAR

STIMTER S. C.

Uncle Terry

CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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HAVE directed our livery-

CHAPTER XII.

some business matters to attend to." ered with a white fleece of snow, and with her and left Albert chatting with the morning sun added a tiny sparkle a neighbor. to every crystal. A thicket of spruce white cones and an alder swamp to a liked the sermon fantastic fairyland. It was all new to

enjoyed it to the utmost. hemmed in by mountains," he said walking curiosity? pletely shut in, and such grand ones new face at church is a curio. I'll

the White mountains and more grace-"They are all of that," answered Alice, "and yet at times they make me the world. We who see them every day forget their beauty and only feel side the freshly started parlor fire, and

mood. I suppose you have traveled a great deal, Mr. Nason?" "Not nearly as much as I ought to," he answered. "for the reason that I pentant?" can't find any one I like to go with me. My mother and sisters go away to some watering place every summer

I either dawdle around where the folks are summers or stay in town and hate myself, if I can't find some one to go off on my yacht with me. The fact is, Miss Page," he added mournfully, "I have hard work to kill time. I can get a little party to run to Newport or Bar Harbor in the summer, and that is all. I should like to go to Florida or the West Indies in the summers, but I can't find company." Alice was silent for a moment, for

the picture of a young man complaining because he had nothing to do but spend his time and money was new to

"You are to be pitied," she said at last, with a tinge of sarcasm, "but still there are just a few who would envy

He made no reply, for he did not be sarcastic or not. They rode along must go out and see to getting tea." in silence for a time, and then Alice

and said: edge, and it is there I teach school!"

Frank was silent, for this time the pronounced. When they reached it he stopped and said quietly: "Please hold tennis, golf or ride? Where did they the reins. I want to look into the usually go summers, and did he generroom where you spend your days."

know, I've thought of that pretty little of that craft, although as a rowboat touch of feeling a dozen times since you | was the largest vesse' she had ever set told about it, and when I go bome I foot on it is likely she did not gain a shall send; a box of candy to you and ask you to do me the favor of giving it

to that little gtal." It was not what she expected he would say, and it rather pleased her. When they were nearly home, he

"You are not a bit like what I imagined a schoolma'am was like."

"Did you think I wore blue glasses and petted a black cat?" she asked

susceptible young men," he answered, face glowed. "and for that reason I would advise

while you are here?" she queried, with I think it could be managed if I could smile. "I will if you feel in danger." was?" he replied, resolving to stand his us. We would visit the Maine coast re-

ground and looking squarely at her. But that elusive young lady was not

"You remind me of a story Bert told once," she said, "about an Irishman coming if your family had to be coaxed who was called upon to plead guilty or to go, and then it's not likely that Bert not guilty to the charge of drunken- | could find the time." When asked afterward how he pleaded he said, 'Bedad, I give the said, looking serious, "only mother and judge an equivocal answer.' 'And what the girls are afraid of the water, that was that?' said his friend. 'Begorra, is all." whin the judge axed me was I guilty



or not guilty I answered, "Was yer grandfather a monkey?" And then he gave me sixty days."

"Well," replied Frank, "that is a good story, but it doesn't answer my question.'

That afternoon when Alice was alone with her brother he said, "Well, sis, how do you like my friend?" "Oh, he means to be nice," she re-

"On, he means to be nice, she replied, "but he is a little thoughtless,
again."

When the train came in he rather herself on the arm of his chair and. and it would do him good to have to

work for his living a year or two.

The two days intervening before Sunday passed all too quickly for the man to send over his best three young people. When Sunday nag and a cutter this morn- morning came they of course attended ing," said Albert at break- church, and Frank found himself slyly fast the next day to his friend, "and stared at by all the people of Sandyou and Alice can take a sleighride gate. He did not pay much attention and see Sandgate snowclad. I have to the sermon, but a good deal to a certain sweet soprano voice in the It was a delightful day for a sleigh- choir, and when after service Alice ride, for every bush and tree was cov- joined them he boldly walked away

On the way home she, of course, askwas changed to a grove of towering ed the usual question as to how he

"I don't think I heard ten words of Frank, and as he drove away with it." he replied. "I was kept busy that bright and vivacious girl for a counting how many I caught looking at companion it is needless to say he me, and whenever the choir sang I forgot to count. Why was it they stared "I had no idea your town was so at me so much? Is a stranger here a

"In a way, yes," answered Alice. too! They are more beautiful than wager that nine out of ten who were there this morning are at this moment discussing your looks and wondering who and what you are."

A realization of her cool indifference tinged his feelings that evening just at dusk, where he had been left alone betheir desolation, for a great tree-clad when the object of his thought hapmountain is desolate in winter, I pened in he sat staring moodily at the think. At least it is apt to reflect one's flames. She drew a chair opposite and, seating herself, said pleasantly: "Why so pensive, Mr. Nason? Has

going to church made you feel re-

"I don't feel the need of repentance except in one way," he answered, "and that you would not be interested in. and stay there, and father sticks to To be candid, Miss Page, I'm growing ashamed of the useless life I lead, and it's that I feel to repent of. A few things your brother said to me three months ago were the beginning, and a remark you made the day we first went sleighing has served to increase that feeling. Ever since I left college I have led an aimless life, bored to death by ennui and conscious that no one was made any happier by my exwinter, or to Labrador or Greenland istence. What Bert said to me and your remark have only served to make me realize it more fully." "I am very sorry, Mr. Nason," she

said pleasantly, "if any words of mine hurt you even a little. I have forgotwould. The visit which Bert and you are making me is a most delightful break in the monotony of my life, and I shall be very glad to see you again."

ture we are coming to, and do you no be lavished upon Frank instead of her last Journal, that the following met tice its grand columns and lofty dome? brother. It was as if this occult little his eye: If you had been a country boy you lady had come to feel a new and surwould recollect seeing a picture of at in prising curiosity in all that concerned the spelling book. Take a good look the life and amusements of her visitor. at it, for that is the temple of knowl- With true feminine skill, she plied him with all manner of questions and affected the deepest interest in all he had sarcastic tone in her voice was more to say. What were his sisters' amusements? Did they entertain much, play ally go with them? His own comings He took a good long look, and when and goings and where he had been and he returned he said: "So that is what what he saw there were also made a you call a temple, is it? And it was in part of the grist he was encouraged to there the little girl wanted to kiss you grind. She even professed a keen inbecause you looked happy?" And then terest in his yacht and listened paas they drove on he added, "Do you tiently to a most elaborate description

> very clear idea of the Gypsy. "Your yacht has a very suggestive name," she said. "It makes one think of green woods and campfires. I should dearly love to take a sail in her. I have read so much about yachts and yachting that the idea of sailing along the shores in one's own floating house,

> as it were, has a fascination for me." This expression of taste was so much in line with Frank's, and the idea of having this charming girl for a yachting companion so tempting that his

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," he responded, "than to have you for a guest on my boat, Miss Page. only coax my mother and sisters to go, "Would you do it if I admitted I and you and your brother would join sorts and have no end of a good time.' "It's a delightful outing you sug-

gest," she answered, "and I thank you very much, but I wouldn't think of

"Oh, I didn't mean it that way," he

When conversation lagged Frank begged that she would sing for him and suggested selections from Moody and Sankey, and despite her brother's sarcastic remark that it wasn't a revival meeting they were holding she not only played and sang all those time worn melodies, but a lot of others from older collections. When retiring time came Frank asked that she conclude with "Ben Bolt."

"I shall not need to recall that song to remind me of you," he said in a low voice as he spread it on the music rack in front of her, "but I shall always feel its mood when I think of

"Does that mean that you will think of me as sleeping 'in a corner obscure and alone' in some churchyard?" she responded archly.

"By no means," he said, "only I may perhaps have a little of the same mood at times that Ben Bolt had when he heard of the fate of his sweet Alice." It was a pretty speech, and Frank usual pathos into the song after it, but then no doubt his imagination was blased by his feelings.

said quietly: "May I send you a few books and Page? I want to show you how much day ye came to us." I have enjoyed this visit."

"It is very nice of you to say so," remembered and hope you will visit us

CHAPTER XIII. summer Southport island, as yet untainted by the tide of

to her leave taking from her brother.

outing travel, was a spot to inspire dreams, poetry and canvases covered with ocean lore. Its many coves and inlets where the tides ebbed and flowed among the weed covered rocks, its bold cliffs, sea washed, and above which the white gulls and fishhawks circled: the deep thickets of spruce through which the ocean winds rourmured and where great beds of ferns and clusters of red bunch berries grew were one and all left undisturbed veek in, week out.

At the Cape, where Uncle Terry, Aunt Lissy and Telly lived their simple home life, and Bascom, the storekeeper and postmaster, talked unceasingly when he could find a listener, and Deacon Oaks wondered why "the grace o' God hadn't freed the land leaning against his shoulder, passed one from stuns," no one ever came to dis- arm caressingly around his neck and turb its quietude. Every morning Uncle Terry, often accompanied by Telly in a calico dress and sunbonnet, rowed two little garments, once whitest musout to pull his lobster traps, and after | lin, but now yellow with age, and then dinner harnessed and drove to the head another smaller one of flannel. Pinned of the island to meet the mail boat; to this were two tiny shoes of knitted then at eventide, after lighting his pipe and the lighthouse lamp at about the small wooden shoe, and though clumsy same time, generally strolled over to in comparison, yet evidently fashioned Bascom's to have a chat, while Telly to fit a lady's foot. Tucked in this was made a call on the "Widder Leach," a a little box tied with faded ribbon, and misanthropic but pious protegee of in this were a locket and chain, two

Oaks and Bascom, and which plied be- marked features, the other girlish with tween the Cape and Boston. Once in big eyes and hair in curls. two weeks services were held, as usual, they repeated fifty-two times each year, the Cape worked hard, lived frugally her birth might reach her! and were unconscious that all around

scenery. This was Southport in summer, but chucks then the residents kept within doors or only stirred out to cut wood, fodder the stock and shovel paths so that the children could go to school. And then, rising, she added, "If I hurt | The days were short and the evenings quite understand whether she meant to you, please say you forgive me, for I long, and to get together and spend jest go out an' take a look off'n the hours in labored conversation the only | p'int, and then it'll be time to turn in.' The last evening was passed much pastime. It was one of those long evenpointed to a small square brown build- like the first, except that now the ings and when Aunt Lissy and Telly ing just ahead, almost hid in bushes, elusive Alice seemed to be transformed were at a neighbor's and Uncle Terry, into a far more gracious hostess, and left to himself, was reading every line, "Do you see that magnificent struc- all her smiles and interest seemed to including the advertisements, in the

> WANTED .- Information that will lead to the discovery of an heir to the estate of one Eric Peterson, a landowner and shipbullder of Stockholm, Sweden, whose son, with his wife, child and crew, was known to have been wrecked on the coast of Maine in March, 187—. Nothing has ever been heard of said Peterson or his wife, but the child may have been saved. Any one having information that will lead to the discovery of this child will be amply rewarded by communicating with NICHOLAS FRYE, Attorney at Law, -Pemberton Square, Boston.

"Waal I'll be everlastin'ly gol darndon't beat all natur I'm a goat."

gave him time to think the matter ishment he decided to say nothing to cite a small tempest of curious gossip his wife or Telly.

"I'll jist breathe easy an' sag up," he said to himself, "same as though I and went to the bank and drew a sum was crossin' thin ice, an' if nothin' of money from his small savings. comes on't nobody 'll be the worse for

worrvin'." Then he cut the slip out and hid it in

out the entire page and burned it. "Wimmin are sich curis creeters they'd be sure to want to know what I'd cut out o' that page," he said to himself, "an' never rest till I told 'em." When Aunt Lissy and Telly came nome Uncle Terry was as composed as a rock and sat quietly puffing his against the expected meeting with this give up them trinkets 'thout 'lowin' pipe, with his feet on top of a chair

and pointing toward the fire. "Were you lonesome, father?" asked the Terry home. "We stopped at Bascom's, and you know he never stops

away from," answered Uncle Terry. "an' ye can't be perlite ter him unless ye want t' spend the rest o' yer life listenin'. His tongue allus seemed ter a curis errand." And, taking out the be hung in the middle an' wag both slip he had a few days before placed ways. I wasn't lonesome," he continued, rising and adding a few sticks to the fire as the two women laid aside their wraps and drew chairs up. "I've read the paper purty well through an' had a spell o' livin' over bygones," and together. "If you have any facts in then, turning to Telly and smiling, he your possession that will aid us in the added: "I got thinkin' o' the day ye search for an heir to this estate we came ashore, an' mother she got that | shall be glad to pay you for them, proexcited she sot the box ye was in on vided they are facts. Now, sir, what is the stove an' then put more wood in. | your story?" It's a wonder she didn't put ye in the stove instead o' the wood!"

As this joke was not new to the listeners no notice was taken of it, and the fust go off," he said. "I know all the three lapsed into silence. bout this shipwreck an' a good deal more that'll consarn ye, but fust I

Outside the steady boom of the surf beating on the rocks came with monotonous regularity, and inside the clock ticked. For a long time Uncle Terry on't." sat and smoked on in silence, resuming, perhaps, his bygones, and then said: "By the way, Telly, what's become o' them trinkets o' yourn ye had on that day? It's been so long now, 'most twenty years, I 'bout forgot 'em. I s'pose ye hain't lost 'em, hev ye?" "Why, no, father," she answered, a

little surprised. "I hope not. They ample reward." imagined she threw a little more than are all in a box in my bureau, and no one ever disturbs them." "Ye wouldn't mind fetchin' 'em now,

would ye, Telly?" he continued after drawing a long whiff of smoke and as had rights got thar dues." When they stood on the platform the next morning awaiting the train he slowly emitting it in rings. "It's been so many years, an' since I got thinkin' 'bout it I'd like to take a look at 'em, some new songs when I get home, Miss jest to remind me o' that fortunate

The girl arose and, going upstairs, returned with a small tin box shaped like claimant must establish his or her she replied, "and I shall be glad to be . trunk and, drawing the table up in identity beyond the shadow of a doubt cont of Uncle Terry, set the box down in order, as you must see, that justice apen it. As he opened it she perched | may be done." "Waal," replied Uncle Terry, stroking



She watched him take out the contents.

watched him take out the contents. First came a soft, fleecy blanket, then wool. In the bottom of the box was a

hers, and Aunt Lissy read the paper. rings and a scrap of paper. The writ-Once in about three weeks, according | ing on the paper, once hastily scrawled to weather, the monotony of the village by a despairing mothers' hand, had alwas disturbed by the arrival of a small most faded, and inside the locket were schooner owned jointly by Uncle Terry, two faces, one a man's with strongly

These were all the heritage of this in the little brown church, and as often | waif of the sea who now, a fair girl the lighthouse tender called and left with eyes and face like the woman's coal and oil for Uncle Terry. Regu- picture, was leaning on the shoulder larly on Thursday evenings the few of her foster father, and they told a piously inclined, led by Deacon Oaks, pathetic tale of life and death; of rogathered in the church to sing hymns | mance and mystery not yet unwoven. How many times that orphan gir ten to a prayer by Oaks that seldom | had imagined what that tale might be; ried in a single sentence, and heard how often before she had examined untic Leach thank the Lord for his every one of those mute tokens; how many mercies," though what they many times gazed with mute eyes at were in her case it would be hard to the faces in the locket; and how, as tell, unless being permitted to live the years bearing her onward toward alone and work hard to live at all was maturity passed, had she hoped and a mercy. The scattered islanders and waited, hoping ever that some word, the handful whose dwellings comprised some whisper from that faroff land of

And as she looked at those mute relthem was a rocky shore whose cliffs ics which told so little and yet so much and inlets and beaches were so many of her history, while the old man who poems of picturesque and charming had been all that a kind father could be to her took them out one by one, she realized more than ever what a in winter, when the little harbor at debt of gratitude she owed to him. the Cape was icebound, the winding When he had looked them over and road to the head of the island buried put them back in the exact order in beneath drifts and the people often for which they had been packed, he closed weeks at a time absolutely cut off the box and, taking the little hand that from communication with the rest of had been caressing his face in his own the world, it was a place cheerless in wrinkled and bony one, held it for a ten what they were and wish you its desolation. Like so many wood- moment. When he released it the girl stooped and, pressing her lips to his weather browned cheek, arose and resumed her seat.

"Waal, ye better put the box away now," said Uncle Terry at last. "I'll

CHAPTER XIV.

'VE got ter go ter Boston.' said Uncle Terry to his wife a few days later. "Thar's some money due us that we ain't sartin we'll git. You an' Telly can tend the lights for a couple o' nights, can't ye? I won't be gone more'n that Bascom's to take me up to the head, an' if the boat's runnin'

I'll be all right." This plan had cost Uncle Terry good deal of diplomacy. Not only did he have to invent a reasonable excuse for going by exciting the fears of both Bascom and Oaks regarding money really due them, but he had to allay the curiosity of his wife and Telly as well. ed!" Uncle Terry exclaimed after he In a small village like the Cape every had read it for the third time. "If this one's movements were well known to all and commented on, and no one was It was fortunate he was alone, for it better aware of it than Uncle Terry. But go to Boston he must, and to do so over, and after half an hour of aston- right in the dead of winter and not ex-

> taxed his Yankee wit. At Bath he had a few hours' wait

"Lawyers are sech sharps, consarn 'em!" he said to himself. "I'd better go loaded. Most likely I'll come back his black leather wallet, and then cut skinned. I never did tackle a lawyer

thout losin' my shirt." When, after an all night ride, during which he sat in the smoking car with his pipe and thoughts for company, he arrived in Boston, he felt, as he would phrase it, like a cat in a strange gar- don't know 'nuff to go in when it rains! ret. He had tried to fortify himself How I'm goin' to git the wimmin to

Frye, who, he felt sure, would make I've lost my senses is one too many him pay dearly for any service. When fur me!" he entered the rather untidy office of Telly, who usually led conversation in | that legal light Uncle Terry looked suspiciously at its occupant.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" asked Frye after his visitor had introduced himself.

"Waal," answered Uncle Terry, taking a seat and laying his hat on the floor beside him, "I've come on rather in his wallet, he handed it to Frye with the remark, "That's my errand." Frye's face brightened.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Terry," he said, beginning to rub his hands

Uncle Terry looked at the lawyer a moment before answering. "I didn't come here to tell all I know

want to know who is lookin' for the information an' what's likely to cum It was Frye's turn to stare now. "This man won't be any easy wit ness," he thought, and then he said, "That I am not at liberty to disclose until I know what facts you can es-

tablish, but rest assured that any information you may have, if it be proved of real value, will entitle you to an "I reckon ye don't quite ketch on to my drift," replied Uncle Terry. "I

didn't cum here lookin' fer pay, but to see that justice was sarved an' them "Well, sir," said Frye in a suave his family. voice, "we, too, are looking to see the

ends of justice served, but you must understand that in a matter of this importance we must make no mistakes. An estate awaits a claimant, but that officerfor archat

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.]

while he deliberated, "I s'pose I may as well tell ye fust as last. I cum here for that purpose, an' all I want to fix is, if thar's nothin' in it-ye'd keep it a secret an' not raise any false:hopes

dear to me." "It's a lawyer's professional duty never to disclose any business confidence that a client may confide to him." answered Frve, with dignity, "and in this matter I infer you wish to become my client. Am I right, Mr.

in the minds o' them as is near and

Terry? "I didn't cum here exactly purposin' to hire ye," answered Uncle Terry. "I cum to find what's in the wind, an' if 'twas likely to 'mount to anything to tell all I knew an' see that them as had rights got justice. As I told ye in the fust on't, I'm keeper o' the light at the end o' Southport island, an' have been for thirty year. "One night in March, just nineteen

year ago comin' this spring, thar was a small bark got a-foul o' White Hoss ledge right off'n the p'int and stayed thar hard an' fast. I seen her soon as 'twas light, but thar was nothin' that could be done but build a fire an' stand an' watch the poor critters go down. Long toward noon I spied a bundle workin' in, an' when it struck I made fast to it with a boat hook an' found a baby inside an' alive. My wife an' I took care on't and have land situated in the fork of Black River, been doing so ever since. It was a gal baby, and she growed up into a don, and State of South Carolina, conyoung lady. 'Bout ten years ago we taining four hundred and fifty-one took out papers legally adoptin' her, acres, bounded on the North and an' so she's ourn. From a paper we found pinned to her clothes we learned her name was Etelka Peterson, an' that her mother, an' we supposed her father, went down that day right in sight o' us. Thar was a locket round the child's neck an' a couple o' rings in

since. That's the hull story." "How did this child live to get ashore?" asked Frye, keenly interest-

papers an' all her baby clothes ever

"That's the curis part," replied Uncle Terry. "She was put in a box an' to T. T. Hodge. respectively, and tied 'tween two feather beds an' cum bounded on the North-West by lands ashore dry as a duck."

Frye stroked his nose reflectively, stooping over as he did and watching his visitor with hawk-like eyes.

"A very well told tale, Mr. Terry," he said at last. "A very well told tale indeed! Of course you have retained all the articles you say were found on the child?" "Yes, we've kept 'em all, you may

be sure," replied Uncle Terry. "And why did you never make any official report of this wreck and of the

facts you state?" asked Frye. "I did at the time." answered Uncle Terry, "but nothin' cum on't. I guess my report is thar in Washington now, if it ain't lost."

retain me as your counsel in this matter and lay claim to this estate, Mr. Terry?" continued Frye. "Waal, I've told ye the facts," replied Uncle Terry, "an' if the gal's got

"And do I understand you wish to

money comin' I'd like to see her git it. What's goin' to be the cost o' doin the business?" "The matter of expense is hard to state in such a case as this," answered Frye cautiously. "The estate is a large one. There may be, and no doubt will be, other claimants. Litigation may follow, and so the cost is an uncertain

this matter and will do so if you re tain me." It is said that those who hesitate are

one. I shall be glad to act for you in

lost, and at this critical moment Uncle Terry hesitated. He did not like the looks of Frye He suspected him to be what he wasa shrewd, smooth, plausible villain. Had he obeyed his first impulse he would have picked up his hat and left Frye to wash his hands with invisible soap, and laid his case before some other lawyer, but he hesitated. Frye, he knew, had the matter in his hands and might make the claim that his story was false and fight it with all the legal weapons Uncle Terry so much

dreaded. In the end he decided to put the matter in Frye's hands and hope for the best. "I shall want you to send me a de tailed story of this wreck, sworn to by yourself and wife," said Frye; "also the articles found on this child, and I will lay your affidavits before the attorneys for this estate and report

progress to you later on." When Uncle Terry turned his face toward home his pocket was lighter by \$200.

"I s'posed I'd git skinned," he muttered to himself after he was well on his way home, "an' I reckon I have A lawyer knows a farmer at sight, an' when he ketches one he takes his hay! and other Candies. Remember. He's taken mine fur sartin, an' I begin to think I'm a consarned old fool, that

HE effect of Albert Page's vigorous efforts to attain was not lost upon his friend Frank.

After their Christmas visit to Sandgate Albert had applied himself diligently to the care of Mr. Nason's legal needs. This brought him into contact with other business men, and the fact that John Nason employed him easily secured for him other clients. In two months he not only had Mr. Nason's affairs to look after, but all his remaining time was taken up by others'. He had spent several evenings at the Nasons' home and found the family a much more agreeable one than Frank had led him to expect. Both that store and look at my line of young man's sisters were bright and agreeable young ladies, and though a little affected, they treated him with charming courtesy and extended to him a cordial invitation to have his

Since the day he had shaken his fist at the closed door of Mr. Frye's law office Albert had met that hawk nosed lawyer twice and received only a chilling bow. The memory of that con temtible contractahe had tacitly allow ed Frye to consider as made brought a blusheto his face every time he though of it, but he kept his own counsel. Once or twice he had been on the point of telling Frank the whole story, but had refrained.

sister make them a visit.

In his intimate relations with John Nason-he-saw enough to satisfy himself that Frye's insinuation against that busy man's character was entirely false. Mr. Nason seldom spent an evening away from his home, and when healid it was to attend the theater with

After their visit tos Sandgate Frank and himself naturally drifted into more intimate relations, and a day seldom passed that Frankidid not step into his

"Don't mind inc. Bert," that uneasy man would say when he saw that Page was busy, and you don't want | ronage.

his chin with his thumb and finger STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Clarendon County.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Arthur Hodge, Vermelle E. Jervey, Eugenia Rhame, Kate McFaddin, Allen C. Harvin, James C. Broughton, Lillie Davis, Sallie Hodge, James Thorton Harvin, by his guardian ad litem E. G. Flowers, Plaintiffs.

against Sarah Nelson, Fannie J. McFaddin, Susan Brock, Clara Bates, Charles R. Harvin, Hattie Kaminer, W. Scott Harvin, Charles E. Broughton, Jackson E. Broughton, William S. Broughton, Leo Melle Nelson, Mary Cantey Weeks, Naomi Clara Broughton, Napoleon L. Broughton, John J. Broughton, Kathleen C. Fletcher, Elizabeth B. Fletcher. Sarah Harvin, James Harvin, May G. Harvin, Matne Harvin, and Edward D. Harvin, Defendants.

NOTICE OF SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A DEREE BEARing date June 7th A. D. 1905 rendered in the above entitled action by the said Court I will sell at the Court House at Manning in the said County, on the (the same being the 6th day of said month) within the legal hours of sale, at Public Auction, to the highest bid der for cash.

All that certain parcel or tract of in the district, (now) County of Claren-North East, formerly by lands of M. H. Plowden and now of Mrs. Annie D. Ingram: bounded on the East and South-East by lands formerly of William E. Plowden, later of Samuel Plowden, and now of or claimed by D. Alderman; bounded on the South by lands formerly of Colonel Thomas Sum the box, an' we have kept 'em an' the ter, and said lately to have been papers an' all her baby clothes ever claimed by R. W. Fann, and now said to be claimed by T. E. Smith; bounded on the South and South-West by lands formerly of John M. Hodge and now said to belong to James Montgomery and to the children or heirs at law of W. B. Plowden, or to his Estate, and formerly of John M. Hodge and now of Ben H. Harvin, and land formerly of M. H. Plowden, now of Mrs. Annie D. Ingram. A plat of the said premises being on file in the records of the above stated action.

In case the person or persons to whom the said premises at the said sale, may be struck off shall for the space of thirty minutes thereafter fail or refuse to comply with his, her, or their bid, then under the terms of said decree, said premises shall forthwith be resold at the risk of the former purchaser or purchasers.

The purchaser on said sale will be required to pay for the sheriff's con-

veyance of the property. 7
E. B. GAMBLE, Sheriff of Clarendon County.

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Nimmer,

FRUITER

I desire to call attention to the public that my store is headquarters for all kinds of seasonable Fruits, which I sell at wholesale and retail. My stock

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that besides an immense stock of

Chocolates

and Tobacco

Jewelry and Fancy Goods, I handle the best of Family

Groceries store can always be found a full

supply of those things that are

needed for a good dinner.

I want the public to visit my

Novelties, and as to prices and quality of goods, I boldly declare I defy

Thomas Nimmer.

HOLLISTER'S **Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets** A Busy Medicine for Basy People. A Bury medicine for Basy Feople.

Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.

A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Live at Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure ood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache d Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tabt form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by DLUSTER DATO COMPANY, Madison, Wis.

GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE THE SUMMERTON HOTEL.

Having made special preparations, I am now better prepared to entertain the traveling public than ever before.

I especially invite the transient pat-H. A. TISDALE,