

Everything Ready For Fall Business.

This heading means a great deal, for it is no easy task to perfect every department of an establishment like ours...

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 reposed in us...

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...

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...

O'DONNELL & COMPANY, SUMTER, S. C.

SEE J.W. M'LEOD ABOUT IT

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Uncle Terry CHARLES CLARK MUNN Copyright, 1900, by LEE & SHEPARD

CHAPTER XX.

THE appealing yet wondering glance that Albert gave meant as he bowed to the girl standing beside the table that evening...

"Waal, ye didn't miss anything," responded his host. "None of 'em houses are much for style, an' mebbe it's lucky they're hid behind the rocks."

"I thought them quaint and comfortable," observed Albert, "but what an odd name you have for the place! Why do you call it Saint's Rest?"

"The moon that Frank had planned to use was wearing its full and overhead, and as the two men sought congeniality in tobacco out on that lonesome point Albert could not curb his admiration for the scene."

"This experience has been a surprise to me from the moment I met you. I had an ugly hour's scramble over the rocks and through a tangle of scrub spruce and briars until I was utterly exhausted."

"I saw a lot of pictures there," answered Albert, "but it was too dark to see them well. I should like to look at them in the morning."

"Ye'll hev plenty of 'em," was the reply. "I'll put in the lobster traps first, an' after that I'll take ye in my dory an' we'll go an' find yer boat."

"And so your daughter is an artist, is she?" asked Albert, indifferent now as to where the Gypsy was or when he was likely to return to her.

"No, it comes nat'ral to her," replied Uncle Terry. "She showed the bent of her mind 'fore she was ten years old, an' she's pestered me ever since ter git her canvas an' paints an' stich. But then, I'm willin' ter," he added in a tender tone.

"Uncle Terry made no reply, but seemed lost in a reverie, and Albert slowly puffed his cigar and looked out on the ocean along the ever widening path of moonlight."

"I believe ye called yerself a lawyer, Mr. Page, an' from Boston. Do ye happen to know a lawyer that has got eyes like a cat an' rubs his hands as if he was washin' 'em while he's talkin'?"

Albert gave a start. "I do, Mr. Terry," he answered. "I know him well. His name is Frye, Nicholas Frye."

"An' as ye're a lawyer, an' one that looks to me as honest," continued Uncle Terry, "what is yer honest opinion of this Mr. Frye?"

"That is a question I would rather not answer," replied Albert, "until I know why you ask it and what your opinion of Mr. Frye is. Mine might not flatter him, and I do not believe in speaking ill of anybody unless forced to."

Uncle Terry was silent, evidently revolving a serious problem in his mind. "I am goin' to beg yer pardon, Mr. Page," he said at last, "fer speakin' the way I did regardin' lawyers in general. My 'sp'rence with 'em has been bad, an' naturally I don't trust 'em much. I've had some de-uh's with this 'ere Frye 'bout a matter: I don't want to tell 'bout an' the way things is workin' 'bout as they should be. I believe I'm robbed right along, an' if ye're willin' to help me I shall be most t'ar'nally grateful an' will give ye my word I'll never let on to anybody what ye say—an' Silas Terry never yit broke his promise."

Albert silently offered his hand to Uncle Terry, who grasped it cordially. "I will tell you, Mr. Terry," he said after the handshake, "all I know about Mr. Frye and what my opinion is of him. What your business with him is,

matters not. I am certain you will keep your word. I recently worked for Mr. Frye six months and left him to open an office for myself. In that six months I became satisfied Nicholas Frye was the most unprincipled villain ever masked under the name of lawyer. If all those you have had business with were like him, I don't wonder at your remark today."

Uncle Terry leaned forward, with elbows on his knees, resting his face on his hands, and ejaculated: "I know it! I know it! I'm a blamed old fool an' ought to hev a keeper put over me!" Then turning to Albert he added, "I've paid that thief over \$400 this year an' ain't got a scrap of paper to show fer it, an' nothin's been done so fer as I kin see 'bout the business."

"I suppose fishing is your principal occupation here," continued Albert, seeing that sentiment was not considered by Uncle Terry. "Your land does not seem adapted for cultivation."

"There ain't much chance for tillin'," he replied. "The land's wuss'n whar I was brung up, down in Connecticut, an' thar we had ter turn on the sheep once a week an' sharpen their noses on the grain'stun! We manage ter raise 'nough ter eat, though."

"When the meal was over Uncle Terry said: "It's nice an' cool out on the rocks, an' thar's some seats out thar. If ye enjoy smokin' we best go out while the wimmin are doin' the dishes."

The moon that Frank had planned to use was wearing its full and overhead, and as the two men sought congeniality in tobacco out on that lonesome point Albert could not curb his admiration for the scene. His offer of a cigar to his host had been accepted, and as that quaint man sat quietly enjoying an odor and flavor he was unaccustomed to Albert said:

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added, "I can then feel easy in my mind and shall enjoy looking over your paintings."

"Won't ye stop to dinner with us?" asked Aunt Lissy as Albert thanked her for her hospitality. "We'll be glad to have ye."

"I will, thank you," replied Albert. "This point and in fact this village, was such a surprise to me and is so charming I am going to devote all my day to it." Then, bidding the ladies good morning, he followed Uncle Terry over to the cove, where they boarded his dory and started out to find the Gypsy.

"And she has the soul of an artist in her," Albert said to himself, as Uncle Terry pulled the dory out of the harbor and up the coast toward where he had been left stranded. "And what eyes, and what a perfect form!"

As good luck would have it, when they rounded a point, there was the Gypsy following the island shore down to meet them. Albert stood up and waved his cap. He was answered by the whistle and in an instant every one on board of her, even the crew, were out on her bows and waving caps lustily. The skipper kept the whistle blowing, and as the yacht slowed down and Uncle Terry pulled alongside, Albert was seized and almost dragged on board. Frank was so overjoyed he hugged him and then gave vent to a war whoop that might have been heard the entire length of Southport island.

"We guessed what had happened to you," he said, "when we picked up your boat. It was almost dark when one of the crew saw an empty boat floating up the bay. We were all down in the cabin at that time and had not noticed how late it was, when he called us. Two of the crew lowered the other boat and when they got back with yours we nearly had a fit. The missing cushions and loop on the painter gave us a clue and we half expected you would find your way back to the Gypsy by land."

"I guess you're not much acquainted with the interior of Southport island," put in Albert, and then going forward he brought back Uncle Terry and introduced him to the crew. By this time the Gypsy was almost down to the Cape and under one bell and in the direction of Uncle Terry, she slowly steamed in. That worthy man had been looking over her and his admiration was evident.

"A purty slick craft, boys," he said to the party as the Gypsy's anchor ceased rattling out of the hawsehole—"a purty slick craft, an' must 'a' cost a heap o' money."

Then as he pulled his own weather beaten dory that had been towing astern along to the gangway, Albert stepped up to him and said in a low voice:

"Will you excuse me a little while, Mr. Terry? I want to change my clothes and in an hour or so I will come ashore and not only thank you for all your kindness, but make you a visit."

When Uncle Terry had gone Albert related his experiences for the past eighteen hours to the party—that is, all but one incident, or rather surprise. The nothing would do but they must all go ashore and look the quaint little village over.

"I wish you would keep away from the lighthouse, boys," Albert said, as they were getting into their boat. "Mr. Terry's family are rather sensitive people and may not like to have a lot of us trooping around their place. I am going over there this afternoon to make a sketch, and then I'll ask permission and we'll all go there some other day."

He had whispered to Frank to remain on the yacht, and when the rest were gone he said to him: "Frank, I am going to confide something to you. The fact is, Frank, I've tumbled into an adventure and fallen in love with a girl on sight and without having exchanged ten words with her! She is Mr. Terry's daughter, and has eyes that take yer breath away and a form like the Venus of Milo. She paints pictures that are a wonder, consistent with a face more bewitching than any woman's ever saw. It is like a painter's dream."

"Well, you have gone daft, old man," replied the astonished Frank. "But you haven't heard it all yet. This unique old man, who saved me from sleeping all night in a thicket of briars and who has opened his heart and home to me, has fallen into the clutches of—Nicholas Frye!"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Frank. "And how on earth did he ever find Frye, or Frye find him? Was your old man of the island hunting around Boston for some one to rob him?"

"That I do not know yet," replied Albert. "All I know is that Mr. Terry has paid Frye about \$400, and, as he says, so far has nothing to show for it. What the business was I expect to learn later. Now, what I am coming at is this: Can't you manage to leave me here for the rest of the day, or, better still, make it two days? I'll tell the boys I've tumbled into a bit of law business, which is what I think will come out of it, and you can run down to Bar Harbor and back here to-morrow night."

"Well, I'll do that gladly," replied Frank, and then he added with a droll smile, "It will give you a chance to say a few sweet things to this girl with the wondrous eyes, eh, Bert?"

CHAPTER XXII.

IT was nearly noon when Albert left the yacht. He had exchanged his bedraggled yachting suit for a neat gray one, and with a small satchel, his sketch-book and a box of choice Havanas for Uncle Terry he rowed ashore. For three hours the Gypsy had been the cynosure of all the Cape eyes, old or young, for a handsome 200-ton yacht,

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Frank and Mary had always been friends. Their parents had been neighbors before they were born. In early childhood they were playmates, and in school days they had done their lessons together. Now that they had grown into young man and womanhood they were true, steadfast and particular friends.

The autumnal sunset had died the western sky with rose and gold, the birds chirped as they fluttered home to sleep. A wind was blowing with just enough frostiness in it to be refreshing so soon after the oppressive heat of summer. Mary Cameron sat on the doorsteps of her home to arrange the beautiful collection of golden rods, asters and wild sunflowers she had gathered while walking home from the village.

There was the sound of footsteps on the walk. Mary raised her head. "Why it is Frank," she exclaimed, really Frank! "Yes, and you are really Mary," he said, taking the extended hand. "I am very glad to see you, a year is a long time. I wonder if you have changed much?" he continued, looking at her steadily.

"I don't think I've changed much," she replied, "only I'm a year older you know. Won't you come in and have a seat?" "No, thank you, I'd rather sit out here with you and the flowers," Mary made room and Frank sat on the steps beside her, while she worked with the flowers he watched her, and they both talked of what they had done within the last year. The twilight faded into darkness. A crescent moon gave a pale, silvery light. Mary finished with flowers and leaned over against post with a sigh that had a touch of weariness in it. Frank looked at her wistfully.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Conducted by Paxville W. C. T. U.

National Motto—"For God, Home and Native Land." State Motto—"Be Strong and of Good Courage." Watchword—"Aetate, Educate, Organize, Meditate." Goal—"I will give up wine, I promise not to buy, drink or give." Intoxication—"I'll give up while I live; From here on I'll refrain; And never take God's name in vain."

The Christian Temperance Union.

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"I believe you are changed, Mary," he said, "I don't think I am as welcome tonight as I have been," with sadness.

"Oh, yes, you are welcome, Frank," she said eagerly. Don't think I've changed that way. I'm tired, you know I walked to the village and back this afternoon. The temperance society met and I wanted to go; it was not convenient for me to ride, so I walked. I didn't think I'd mind it at all, but I found it right warm and tiresome."

After a short silence Frank said, almost crossly, "It's no use to ask you if you have joined that society for I know you have. Miss Morton persuaded you in it, eh?"

"Oh! Frank," replied the girl with a laugh, "you are not fair, for you know I needed no persuasion. I always was a strong believer in temperance when I was a little child I thought the meanest, lowest and most dangerous things on earth was a drunk man."

"Yes, I think I have a right to know that you always believed in temperance," said Frank, and he laughed in spite of himself, for he thought of the many arguments he and Mary had had on the subject. It had always been a point of disagreement with them. Frank was a smart and good boy, everybody liked him, but in Mary's estimation he had one great fault, without it he would have been perfect. He had said there was no harm in taking a social drink now and then. He was firm in his belief and practised his doctrine. As he sat there by her in the moonlight he wondered that she was silent, for she had always been very different to speak. This was so different, he thought, to the last talk, they had about it. Then they were coming home from school, he had her books, he remembered, a mile from the school house, their paths divided. They were in the midst of the conversation when the time came to part, neither would give up, so they sat down by the roadside and talked until the sun went down and gathering darkness compelled them to go home.

Mary's words came back to him as clear as ever. "I know it is wrong to drink, it's wrong to touch a drop, for we are all weak and easily led astray. One drink calls for another. It's a powerful wicked thing and once it gets one under its influence, he is helpless. When I see a real drunkard, cursing and raging I don't blame him one bit, I just pity him. But the time I do blame him is when he took the first, second and third drink, and formed the habit. That's the sin he is responsible for."

They had talked on and on. He remembered still better some more of her conversation. "If I were to love one ever so much and were engaged to him and in one hour—one minute—of the marriage I should find out that he was a temperate drinker I would not marry him, for the very first time he should come into my presence I would lose all the respect and love I had for him and would hate him." He had been cross there and told her she was unreasonable, and that her love was not worth having if it could die for such a trifle. Then they arose and went home, she in tears and he heated and angry. The next morn-

ing they made friends and promised to be more careful when they talked about it again. Mary keeping her promise.

"I reckon you are worse than ever now since you joined that society," said Frank.

Mary knew what he meant. "No," she said, "it's different with me now, you know it's the Christian Temperance Union and Christians believe more in kindness and gentleness than in trying to force people into measures."

"And Mary, do you still think you would hate one that you loved for taking one drink?" he asked earnestly.

"No," said Mary.

"Oh! I am only so glad," exclaimed Frank, "I thought you would be changed some day."

"But Frank, you didn't let me finish," continued Mary, "while I wouldn't hate one for drinking temperately, I still think it's very wrong and dangerous, and don't think I could love one long if he didn't give it up after I had done all I could to show him how wrong it is. Let me tell you what I would do. I'd tell him how I think it's wrong, and where, and why, and the danger is, and I would use just the best, gentlest influence possible; and I would pray for him. Ah! Frank, that's what I'd do. I would pray for him, and ask God to help me to help him, and He would help him, and if he had any true love for me or one spark of Christianity in his heart I just have faith enough to believe he would stop drinking."

Frank sat perfectly still a few moments, then rose, took Mary's hand and pressed it gently and without a word went away.

The young moon had dropped nearly out of sight behind the pine tops. The strong, vigorous young man who had always considered signing a temperance pledge an act of cowardice, and looked upon a temperance society as a perfect nuisance, walked home by its last dim rays with a heart that had been changed. "The Christian Temperance Union." That shot went home. B. C.

How to Avoid Pneumonia.

We have never heard of a single instance of a cold resulting in pneumonia or other lung trouble when Foley's Honey and Tar has been taken. It not only stops the cough but heals and strengthens the lungs. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered. Dr. C. J. Bishop, of Azle, Mich., writes: "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar in three very severe cases of pneumonia with good results in every case." The E. B. Loring Drug Store, Isaac M. Loring, Prop.

Men In Petticoats.

One of the medical papers has been discussing the Connamara custom of dressing grown up boys in petticoats and it does not seem to be aware that it is merely a survival of what was once the general practice in Ireland. Half a century ago young men of nineteen might be seen—and were seen—within thirty miles of Dublin courting in petticoats in the country lanes. These were worn with high waists and long skirts reaching almost to the ankles, and a Holland overall resembling an English countryman's smock completed the costume, but there was no difficulty in distinguishing the sexes by their dress. The man's waist was right under his armpits, while the woman's was in the usual place. When they walked out together they resembled a couple of figures from the Noah's ark of the toy shop, a proof of the real antiquity of the costume.—London Tatler.

Chinese Porcelain.

China men have been exporting their porcelain to the west for at least a thousand years and probably longer. Mediaeval Europe could make nothing like porcelain and therefore regarded it as a magical product endowed with uncanny powers. It was said, for instance, that a porcelain cup would break if poison were poured into it. Travelers declared that porcelain was composed of various substances, which, after being tempered, were hidden in the ground for ages before being fit for use. Even so credit a man as Sir Thomas Browne, writing in the not thoroughly resolved, concerning porcelain or china dishes, that according to common belief they are made of earth. The secret of the true Chinese porcelain was first discovered in Europe a generation later by the German chemist Bottger, the inventor of what is now known as Dresden china.

Reason For Anxiety.

A large pawnbroker's shop was on fire, and the firemen were busy trying to prevent the conflagration spreading. Among the large crowd of onlookers was one woman who was evidently in an agony of excitement. Every now and again she would urge the firemen to more strenuous efforts, and as the flames leaped higher her grief became violent.

"What's wrong, missus?" said a sympathetic bystander. "Don't you sympathize yourself. There ain't no one in there. What's the row?"

"Row!" exclaimed the lady through her tears. "There ain't no row at all present, but there will be if they don't get that fire out soon. My old man's Sunday suit 's' up that spout, and he don't know it!"—London Ansvers.

Words That Have No Rhyme.

There are about sixty words in English that have no rhyme. As given in "The Rhymers' Lexicon," by Andrew Lang, they are as follows: Aitch, abith, amongst, avege, blige, bourn, breadth, brusque, bulb, coil, conch, culm, cusp, depth, doth, eighth, fifth, film, forge, forth, fuge, gulf, hemp, lounge, mauve, month, morgue, mourned, mouth, ninth, oblige, of, peart, pint, porch, pork, pouf, prestige, puss, reconv, sauce, scarce, scarf, sixth, spollit, swain, sylvh, tenth, torsk, twelfth, unplugged, voit, warmth, wasp, wharves, width, with, wolf, wroth. As given in "The Rhymers' Lexicon," by Andrew Lang, they are as follows: Aitch, abith, amongst, avege, blige, bourn, breadth, brusque, bulb, coil, conch, culm, cusp, depth, doth, eighth, fifth, film, forge, forth, fuge, gulf, hemp, lounge, mauve, month, morgue, mourned, mouth, ninth, oblige, of, peart, pint, porch, pork, pouf, prestige, puss, reconv, sauce, scarce, scarf, sixth, spollit, swain, sylvh, tenth, torsk, twelfth, unplugged, voit, warmth, wasp, wharves, width, with, wolf, wroth. As given in "The Rhymers' Lexicon," by Andrew Lang, they are as follows: Aitch, abith, amongst, avege, blige, bourn, breadth, brusque, bulb, coil, conch, culm, cusp, depth, doth, eighth, fifth, film, forge, forth, fuge, gulf, hemp, lounge, mauve, month, morgue, mourned, mouth, ninth, oblige, of, peart, pint, porch, pork, pouf, prestige, puss, reconv, sauce, scarce, scarf, sixth, spollit, swain, sylvh, tenth, torsk, twelfth, unplugged, voit, warmth, wasp, wharves, width, with, wolf, wroth. As given in "The Rhymers' Lexicon," by Andrew Lang, they are as follows: Aitch, abith, amongst, avege, blige, bourn, breadth, brusque, bulb, coil, conch, culm, cusp, depth, doth, eighth, fifth, film, forge, forth, fuge, gulf, hemp, lounge, mauve, month, morgue, mourned, mouth, ninth, oblige, of, peart, pint, porch, pork, pouf, prestige, puss, reconv, sauce, scarce, scarf, sixth, spollit, swain, sylvh, tenth, torsk, twelfth, unplugged, voit, warmth, wasp, wharves, width, with, wolf, wroth. As given in "The Rhymers' Lexicon," by Andrew Lang, they are as follows: Aitch, abith, amongst, avege, blige, bourn, breadth, brusque, bulb, coil, conch, culm, cusp, depth, doth, eighth, fifth, film, forge, forth, fuge, gulf, hemp, lounge, mauve, month, morgue, mourned, mouth, ninth, oblige, of, peart, pint, porch