

# Spring Ready-to-Wear

OUR LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT IS NOW REplete WITH THE SEASON'S MOST UP-TO-DATE APPAREL.

OUR SHOWING OF COATS, COAT SUITS AND DRESSES WOULD MAKE ONE FEEL AS IF FASHION'S CREATIVE GENIUS HAD SPRUNG LIKE A PHOENIX FROM THE EMBERS OF WINTER AND FOUND AN ABIDING PLACE IN OUR STORE.

EVERYTHING IS NEW, STYLISH AND BEAUTIFUL WE INVITE YOU TO CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

**Silverman's Department Store,**  
Kingstree, South Carolina.

## A NOVEL SIGNATURE.

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR.

I envied Rolfe Dysart. I was not covetous of his many diamonds and expensive attire and the free and easy way in which he flung about his money, but I begrudged him the favor and good will he had won from the one family in the world in which I was interested—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brandon and their daughter, Adela.

Dysart had flashed in among our little brokerage group, made up of young fellows who had ventured into independent business with little capital but high hopes. He had appeared with no one knowing anything of his antecedents, claimed to have been with a leading eastern bond house and boasted of wealthy, and even titled relatives in London. He rented an elaborate office, made money from the start and attracted many friends. It was I who, captivated by his friendly ways, introduced him to the Brandons, too late regretting it, for, unconsciously perhaps, he won away from me my lady love.

Not that I had any claim on Adela and not that she seemed particularly taken with him, but his glare and glitter caught the old folks and their manner plainly showed that they favored his pretensions. I bore Dysart no grudge because he had supplanted me, for I doubted if he or anybody else guessed the secret of my preference for Adela. However, as I became better acquainted with him I analyzed his nature more studiously, and I noted half hidden defects and learned that some of his claimed former connections would not bear close scrutiny.

I had practically abandoned the field so far as Adela was concerned, for her father tacitly ignored me when we met and Mrs. Brandon exerted herself to make Dysart welcome. My calls at their home began to be restricted and infrequent, and whenever I met Adela in society she was friendly and indulgent.

I shall never forget the day when a new client entered my office with ballor like gait and outlandishly misfitting garments, although of rich texture. He was swarthy, time beaten, evidently a foreigner, and when he spoke employed a broken, almost unintelligible lingo. However, he ran the tape on the ticker through his fingers in a way that showed he was not unfamiliar with it and propounded the query:

"Market eighty-seven on Union Consolidated?"

"Yes," I assented, "with accrued dividends."

"Buy me one hundred shares," he ordered, and placed a card before me bearing the printed legend: "Zeno Blecha, Hotel Ellinsore." Then he drew out a check book, did some figuring presented the sum of his calculation for the shares and added:

"Fill out the amount, will you?"

"Why, do you not write?" I inquired curiously.

"Oh, I can sign all right," he replied casually, and took back the check when I had done his bidding.

Then this unique client went through an unusual and interesting program. He picked up the pen I had used and laboriously and clumsily spelled out in print letters the name "Zeno Blecha." That done, he produced a small metal box and opened its cover, revealing an ink pad saturated with a dark red liquid. Into this he pressed the thumb of his rather ungainly right hand. As he did so, I caught sight of its surface. Some injury had left a deep criss-cross star on the abraded flesh. He pressed the thumb against the pad, tried an impress on the desk blotter, and then upon the check directly under his signature.

"You see," he explained with a whimsical smile, "anybody could print out the signature of a man who does not understand script, but my thumb mark is an unquestionable identification. I will call for the stock tomorrow," and he strolled to the inner office to look over a financial journal. A moment later Rolfe Dysart appeared, a memorandum slip in his hand.

"Any Commonwealth Preferred?" he asked, and then gave a great start. I saw him pale, shiver, and his eyes bulged as they rested upon the thumb print on the blotter.

"Where did you get that!" he gasped. The man in the other room uttered a guttural cry and dashed into the outer office.

"You scoundrel!" he shouted in wild rage, but Dysart had turned and sprung through the doorway, his pursuer more clumsily following him.

I had not recovered from my amazement when, pale and breathless, Zeno Blecha returned. He asked the use of my telephone. I listened while he called up the police, gave a description of Dysart, who had swindled him out of a large sum in New York, and offered a reward for his apprehension.

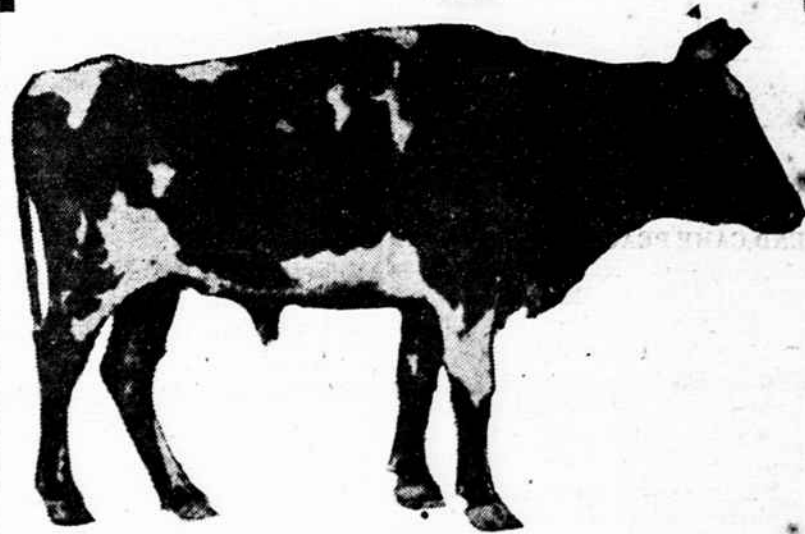
I heard nothing of either my strange client or Dysart for over a month. The latter had mysteriously disappeared from the city, and I doubted not that Blecha was on his trail.

One day I met Adela on the street. She seemed glad to see me. That evening's papers told of the arrest of Dysart in another city, and I called at the Brandon home.

The welcome reception by Mr. and Mrs. Brandon assured me that the spell of the brilliant Dysart was broken. As to Adela, it was when she confided to me the deep aversion that she had from the first felt or Dysart and the sorrowful gloom of the period when I had so mysteriously forgotten her, that I knew that all along I only had possessed her love.

# The People's Market,

H. A. MILLER, Proprietor



FRESH BEEF, PORK AND SAUSAGE  
Highest Cash Prices Paid for Cow Hides  
Leave Orders With Us for Dressed Chicken

## WILL PAY YOU

30 Cents per pound for fat Hens, Roosters, 20 Cents; Half Grown Chickens, 30 Cents per pound. Ship us your chickens. Will send check by return mail.

**H. A. MILLER.**  
KINGSTREE, S. C.



OUR CUSTOMERS ARE OUR FRIENDS TO THE EXTENT THAT WE GUARD THEIR INTERESTS AS ZEALOUSLY AS OUR OWN.

IT IS A TRUST THAT IS PLACED UPON US BY REASON OF OUR RELATIONSHIP WITH THEM.

TO HELP EACH PATRON OR FRIEND CONSTRUCTIVELY IS OUR SPECIAL PRIVILEGE.

WE INVITE YOU TO TEST OUR SERVICE.



## No Man Knows What The Future Has In Store

WHAT THE FUTURE IS GOING TO BE NO ONE KNOWS. BUT THE WISE, THRIFTY MAN IS HEDGING AGAINST POSSIBLE HARD TIMES BY BANKING HIS SURPLUS MONEY, AND ESTABLISHING RELATIONS WITH A STRONG FINANCIAL INSTITUTION.

WE OFFER OUR FACILITIES FOR THE PROTECTION AND PROMOTION OF YOUR BUSINESS. GET ACQUAINTED WITH US IF YOU ARE NOT ALREADY A CUSTOMER OF THIS BANK.

FOUR PER CENT PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

## BANK OF KINGSTREE

OLDEST BANK IN WILLIAMSBURG COUNTY  
D. C. SCOTT, President, R. D. MILLS, Ass't., Cashier.  
JNO. A. KELLEY, Vice-Pres. BOYLE SINGLETON, Bookkeeper.  
F. W. FAIRY, Cashier, MRS. J. C. KELLY, Bookkeeper.



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W. V. Rockington, M. D.

# SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!!

We have just received our line of  
**Howard and Foster Low Shoes**

and owing to the fact that they came in late and we are stocked up on Slippers, we have reduced the price of all Men's Low Shoes.

These Slippers were bought to sell for \$15.50, but having bought others and having too many in stock, we are going to sell them for \$12.75 and \$13.85 the pair.

**CADET**  
TRADE MARK  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
For Boys and Girls  
ORIGINAL QUALITY

**WELT:** Very elastic. Never binds leg.

**HEEL:** Special weave. Very strong and durable. Very elastic. Extra long—always in the right place.

**INSTEP:** Gasket of heel and edge of ribbed leg form a straight line over instep of stocking. Instep of sweater always in elastic ribbed part. No binding—easy off and on.

**TOE:** Hand-finished. Special weave. Very durable and strong.

**RIP-PROOF:** Always comfortable. Always reaches and covers the knee of the wearer.

**HEEL:** Special weave. Very strong and durable. Rip-proof. Rub-proof.

No women to touch any TENNIS part of the shoe.

For School or Dress.  
All weights—all sizes.  
Every pair guaranteed.

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The Quality Store" KINGSTREE, S. C.