SOUTHRON. WATCHMAN-AND THE

Continued from First Page. must not be too sanguine; he may have destroved it."

"No, he has not," she replied; "I am convinced it is there."

"Well," answered Calton, looking at her, "I won't contradict you, for your feminine instincts have done more to discover the truth than my reasonings; but that is often the case with women-they jump in the dark where a man would hesitate, and in nine cases out of ten land safely."

"Alas for the teath!" said Miss Frettlby. "She has to be the one exception to prove the rule."

She had in a great measure recovered her spirits, and seemed confident that she would save her lover. But Mr. Calton saw that her nerves were strung up to the highest pitch, and that it was only her strong will that kept her from breaking down altogether

"By Jove," he muttered, in an admiring tone, as he watched her, "she's a plucky girl, and Fitzgerald is a lucky man to have a woman like that in love with him."

They soon arrived at Brian's lodgings, and the door was opened by Mrs. Sampson, who looked very disconsolate indeed. The poor cricket had been blaming herself severely for the information she had given to the false insurance agent, and the floods of tears which she had wept had apparently had an effect on bor physical condition, for she crackled less loudly than usual, though her voice was as shrill as ever.

"That sich a thing should ave appened to "in," she wailed, in her thin, high voice. "An' me that proud of 'im, not 'avin' any family of my own, except one as died an' went up to 'eaving arter 'is father, which I topes as they both are now angels, an' frienly, as is nature 'ad not developed in this valley of the shadder to determine 'is feelin's towards is father when 'e died, tein' carried off by a chill, caused by the change from 'ot to cold, the weather bein' that coutrary." They had arrived at Brian's sitting room

by this time, and Madge sank into a chair, while Calton, anxious to begin the search, sold rather impatiently, as he opened the door for her: "Leave us for a short time, there's a good soul, Miss Frettlby and I want to have a rest, and we will ring for you when we are going."

"Thank you, sir," said the lachrymose landlady, "an' I 'opes they won't 'ang 'in, which is such a choky way of dyin', but in life we are in death," she went on, rather incoherentiy, "as is well, known to them as 'as diseases, an' may to corpsed at any minute, and as"-

Here Calton, unable to restrain his impaheard Mrs. Sampsor's shrill voice and sub dued cracklings die away in the distance. "Now then," he said, "now that we have are we to begin!"

"The desk," replied Madge, going over to it; "it's the most likely place."

in the desk, nor was it in the sitting room; they tried the bedroom, but with no better ment. "And what's his defense?" result; so Madge was nearly giving up the some unaccountable reason, they had over- in that can go against my evidence." looked in their search. The basket was half full, end, on looking at it, a sudden thought | Kilsip, whose soul was devoured with envy struck the lawyer. He rang the bell, and

ing fellow like Kilsip, whose ears and eyes soomai always on the alert. They each had their followers and admirers, but both men cordially detested one | have to prove an alibi," persisted the other.

smile that was Mr. Gorby's greatest aid in ;

When Gorby, therefore, had the hansom cab murder case put into his hands, the soul of Kilsip was smitten with envy, and when sip of wine, and waited to hear what Mr. Fitzgerald was arrested, and all the evidence collected by Gorby seemed to point so con-

clusively to his guilt. Kilsip writhed in sehe would only have been too glad to have said Gorty had got hold of the wrong man, vet the evidence was so conclusive that such a thought had never entered his head until

murder Kilsip knew that Calton was counsel for the prisoner, and instantly-guessed that a clew had been discovered, which be | swered Calton guickly. "It must have was wanted to follow up, and which taight been something important, for she sent for prove the prisoner's innocence Full of this | him in great haste-and he was by her bedidea, he had determined to devote himself, side between the hours of 1 and 2 on Friheart and soul, to whatever Calton wanted him to do, and if he only could prove Gorby wrong, what a triumph it would be. He was so pleased with the possibility of such a thing

that, accidentally meeting his rival, he asked him to have a glass. As such a thing had not occurred before, Gorby was somewhat suspicious of such sudden hospitality, but as he flattered himself that he was more than a match for Kilsip, both mentally and physically, he accepted the invitation.

"Ah? said Elleip, in his soft, low voice, rubbing his lean, white hands together, as they sat over their drinks, "you are a lucky man to have laid your hands on that hansom cab murderer so quickly."

"Yes, I flatter myself I did manage it pretty well," said Gorby, lighting his pipe. 'I had no idea that it would be so simplethough, mind you, it required a lot of thought before I got a proper start."

"I suppose you're pretty sure he's the man you want?" pursuel Kilsip, softly, with a rilliant flash of his black eyes. "Pretty sure, indeed!" retorted Mr. Gorby,

scornfully, "there ain't no pretty sure about | it. I'd take my Bible oath he's the man. He at Toorak." and Whyte hated one another. He says to Whyte, 'I'll kill you if I've got to do it in the open street. He meets Whyte drunk, a fact which he acknowledges himself; he clears out, and the cabman swears he comes back. then he gets into the cab with a living man, tience any longer, shut the door, and they and when he comes out leaves a dead one, he drives to East Melbourne and gets into the house at a time which his landlady can prove -just the time that cab would take to drive got rid of that woman and her tongue, where from the grammar school on the St. Kilda road. If you ain't a fool, Kilsip, you'll see as there's no doubt about it.

"It looks all square enough," said Eilsip, The letter, however, was not to be found who wondered what evidence Calton could have found to contradict such a plain state

"Mr. Calton is the only man as knows that," search in despair, when suddenly Calton's answered Gorby, finishing his drink, "but, eye tell on the waste paper basket, which, by clever and all as he is, he can't put anything

"Don't you be too sure of that," sneered "Oh, but I am," retorted Gorby, getting as glary took place." suddenly Lirs. Sampson made her appear red as a turkey cock at the sneer. "You're

getting information, as people were more fonse." ready to tell a kindly and apparently stopple "Then he must be guilty," said Kilsip, man like him all they knew than a sharp look promptly "Not necessarily," returned the barrister,

"But if he wants to save his neck, he'll "That's just where the point is," answered another, seldom meeting without a quarrel. Calton. " e doesn't want to save his neck." Kilsip, looking rather bewildered, took a Calton had to say on the subject.

"The fact is," said Calton, lighting a fresh cigar, "he's got some extraordinary idea in cret over the triumph of his enemy Though his head about keeping where he was on that night a secret."

"I understand," said Kilsip, gravely nodding his head. "Women?"

"Nothing of the sort," retorted Carlton. he received a note from Mr. Calton, assing hastily. "That's what I thought at first, him to call at his office that evening at 8 but I was wrong; he went to see a dying woo'clock, with reference to the hansom cab | man who wanted to tell him something." "What about?"

"That's just what I can't tell you," an-

day moraing." "Then he did not return to the cab?" "No, he did not; he went to keep his appointment, but, for some reason or another, won't tell where this appointment was. I went to his rooms today and found this halfburnt letter, asking him to come." Calton handed the letter to Kilsip, who placed it on the table and examined it carefully.

"This was written on Thursday," said the detective.

"Of course-you can see that from the date; and Whyte was murdered on Friday, the 27th

"It was written at something Villa, Toorak," pursued Kilsip, still examining the "Oh! I understand, he went down paper. there. "Hardly," retorted Calton in a sarcastic

tone. "He couldn't very well go down there, have an interview and be back in East Melbourne in one hour-the cabman Royston can prove that he was at Russell street at 1 o'clock, and his landlady that he entered his lodging in East Melbourne at 2-no, he wasn't

"When was this letter delivered?"

"Shortly before 12 o'clock, at the Melbourne club, by a girl, who, from what the waiter saw of her, appears to be a disreputable individual-you will see it says bearer will wait him at Bourke street, and as another street is mentioned, and as Fitzgerald, after leaving Whyte, went down Russell street to keep his appointment, the most logical conclusion is that the bearer of the letter waited for him at the corner of Bourke and Russell streets. Now," went on the lawyer, "I want to find out who the girl that brought the letter is?" "Bat how?"

"God bless my soul, Kilsipi How stupid you are," cried Calton. "Can't you understand-that paper came from one of the back slums-therefore it must have been stolen."

A sudden light flashed into Kilsip's eyes. "Talbet Villa, Toorak," he cried quickly, snatching up the letter again and examining it with great attention, "where that bur-

Mother Gattersnipe's crib, in a lane off Little

Burke street-but, hang it, a swell like Mr.

Fitzgerald, in evening dress, couldn't very

well have gone down there unless"---

"about the slums."

wrote the letter."

Frett:by?"

ceolness.

and her granddaughter Sal."

"Exactly," said Calton, smiling complacently. "Now do you understand what I jealous, you are, because you haven't got a want-you must take me to the crib in the

"Well, he's not going to put in such a do- | by their elfish guide, Calton and the detectiv steeped through the doorway, and a currous scene was presented to their view. It was a smail, sugare room, with a low roof, from which the paper, mildewed and torn, hung in

> atters; on the left hand, at the far end, was a kind of low stretcher, upon which a woman, almost naked, was lying, amid a heap of frowsy, greasy clothes. She appeared to be ill, for she kept her head tossing from side to side restlessly, and every now and then sang snatches of old songs in a shrill, cracked voice. In the center of the room was a rough deal table, upon which stood a gutter ing tallow candle, which but faintly illuminated the scene, and a half empty, square bottle of schapps, with a broken cup beside it. In front of these signs of festivity sat an old woman with a pack of cards spread out before her, and from which she had evideutly been telling the fortune of a villainous looking young man who had opened the door, and who stood looking at the detective with no very friendly expression of countenance. He was dressed in a greasy brown velvet coat, much patched, and a black wide awake hat, which was pulled down over his eyes. He looked like one of those Italians who retail ice cream on the street, or carry

round organs with monkeys on them, and his expression was so scowling and vindictive that the barrister thought it was not very hard to tell his ultimate destiny-Pentridge or the gallows.

As they entered the fortune teller raised her head, and, shading her eve with one skinny hand, looked curiously at the new comers. Calton thought he had never seen such a repulsive looking old crone; and, indeed, she was worthy of the pencil of Dore to depict, such was the grotesque ugliness which she exhibited. Mother Guttersnipe took a drink out of the broken cup, and, gathering all her greasy cards together in a business like way, looked insinuatingly at Calton, with a suggestive leer.

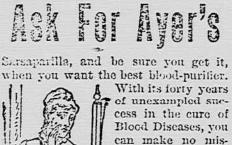
"It's the future ye want unveiled, dearie?" she croaked, rapidly shuffling the cards; "an old mother 'ud tell"-"No, she won't," interrupted the detective,

sharply. "I've come on business." The old woman started at this, and looked

brows.

three or four weeks ago?" asked Kilsip, sharply

Guttersnipe, sullenly. "I didn't kill 'er, did I? It were the brandy sho drank; she was allays drinkin."



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ern blood medicines, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is still the most pop-ular, being in great-er demand than all 主西 others combined. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla is selling faster than ever before. I never hesitate to recommend it."-George W. Whitman, Druggist, Albany Ind.

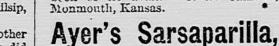
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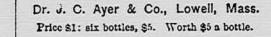
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Our Mr. Bultman and Mr.

Suares have just returned

from the North and

line of the

LATEST TRIMMINGS

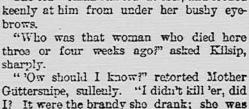
AND

have bought a fine .

engaged the services of

We beg to state that we have

paper



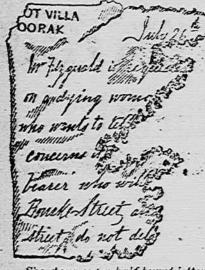
finger in the pie." "How long has that waste paper basket "Ah! but I may have yet." been standing like that?" he asked, pointing to it.

"It bein' the only fault I 'ad to find with "m," said Mrs. Sampson, "'e bein' that un- ing for what-for a man as is already tidy that 'e a never let me clean it out until | caught? 'e told me pussonly. 'E said as 'ow 'e throwed things into it as 'e might 'ave to look up ' remarked Kilsip, deliberately. again; an' I 'aven't touched it for more por six weeks, 'opin' you won't think me a bad pity. "No, of course you don't, just because I've housekeeper, it bein' 'is own wish-bein' fond of litter an' sich like."

"Six weeks," repeated Calton, with a look at Madge. "Ah, and he got the letter four weeks ago. Depend upon it, we shall find it there."

Madge gave a cry, and, falling on her knees, emptied the basket out on the floor, and both she and Caston were soon as busy among the fragments of paper as though they

were rappickers. "'Opin' they ain't orf their 'eads," murmured Mrs. Sampson, as she went to the door, "but it looks like it, they bein"-Suddenly a cry broke from Madge, as she drew out of the mass of paper a half burnt letter, written on thick and creamy looking



She drew out a half burnt letter. "At last," she cried, rising off her knees, and smoothing it out, "I knew he had not destroyed it."

"Pretty nearly, however," said Carlton, as his eye glanced rapidly over it; "it's almost useless as it is, seeing there's no name to it." He took it over to the window and spread it out upon the table. It was dirty, and half burnt, but still it was a clew. The above is a fac-simile of the letter.

"There's not much to be gained from that, I'm afraid," said Madge, sadly. "It shows he had an appointment-but where?"

Carlton did not answer, but, leaning his head on his hands, stared hard at the paper. At last he jumped up with a cry-"I have it," he said in an excited tone. "Look at that paper; see how creamy and white it is, and, above all, look at the printing in the corner-'OT VILLA, OORAE.'" "Then he went down to Toorak?"

"In an hour, and back again-hardly." "Then it was not written f om Toorak?" "No. it was written in one of the Melbourne back slums." "How do you know?"

"Look at the girl who brought it," said everything in his power to belp him. Calton thieves."

Madge said nothing, but her sparkling eves and nervous trembling of the hands showed to bend his best energies to the work he her excitement. "I will see a detective this evening," said sation.

Calton, exultingly, "find out where this let "I suppose," he said, leaning back in "is

back slums where the articles stolen from the house in Toorak were hidden. This paper"-"Going a-gunning yourself, are you?" said pointing to the letter-"is part of the swag Gorby, with an indiguant short. "A-hunt left behind, and must have been used by some one there. Drian Fitzgerald obeyed the directions given in the letter, and he was "I don't believe you've got the right man,"

there at the time of the murder." "I understand," said Kilsip, with a grati-Mr. Gorby looked upon him with a smile of fied purr. "There were four men engaged in that burglary, and they hid the swag at

caught him. Perhaps when you see him hanged you'll believe it then." "You're a smart man, you are," retorted Kilsip; "but you ain't the pope to be infalli-

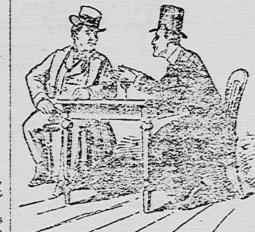
"And what grounds have you for saying he's not the right man?" demanded Gorby. Kilsip similed and stole softly across the room like a cat.

"I'm not going to tell you all I know; but you ain't so safe nor clever as you think," and with another irritating smile he went

Mr. Gorby started after him in indignant sarprise. The fact is, Kilsip had believed firmly that Fitzgerald was the right man, but a doubt having been put into his mind by Cal-

about four weeks ago." ton, he thought he would irritate Gorby by these insinuations, though he himself knew patting on his overcoat. nothing that could justify them. "He's a cat and a snake," said Gorby to

office. "I don't know exactly what she was timself, when the door had closed on his brother detective, "but it's only brag, there -she was called the 'Queen,' and a precious isn't a link missing in the chain of evidence | handsome woman she must have been-came against Fitzgerald, so I defy him to do his | from Sydney about three months ago, and worst."



All" said Kilsip, in his soft, low voice. · At So'clock on that night the soft footed and soft voic-d detective presented himself at Calton's office, and found the lawyer inapatiently waiting for him. Kilsip closed the

door softly, and then taking a seat on site to Calton waited for him to speak. The lawyer, however, first handed bim a cigar, and then producing a bottle of whisky and two glasses from some mysterious recess he filled one and pushed it toward the detective. Kil sip accepted these little attentions with the utmost gravity, yet they were not without their effect on him, as the toen eyed lawyer

Calton was a great believer in diplomacy, and he practiced what he preached, and knowing that Kilsip had that feline nature which likes to be stroked and made much of, be paid him these little attentions, which he knew would make the detective willing to do

Calton, quickly. "A disreputable woman, one also knew the dislike that Kilsip entertained far more likely to come from the back slums | for Gorby, and so, by dexterous managethan Toorak. As to the paper, three months ment, he calculated upon twisting him, ago there was a robbery at Toorak, and this clever as he was, round his finger, and as is some of the paper that was stolen by the subsequent events showed, he had not reckoned wrongly Having thus got into a sympathetic frame of mind and in a humor

wanted him to do, Caiton started the conver-

ter came from and go and see who wrote it. chair and watching the wreaths of blue rotten boards were full of holes, into which We'll save him yet," he said, placing the smoke curling from his eight, "I suppose you one or the other of his feet kept slipping

"I didn't kill 'er, did I?"

"Do you remember the night she died!" "No, I don't," answered the beldame, frankly. "I were drunk-blind, bloomin', blazin' drunk."

"You're always drunk," said Kilsip. "What if I am?" snarled the woman, seizing her bottle. "You don't pay furit. Yes, m drunk. I'm allays drunk.

The detective shrugged his shoulders. "More fool you," he said, briefly. "Come now, on the night the 'Queen,' as you call

"He had some one with him well known in her, died, there was a gentleman came to the locality," finished Calton, rapidly. "Exsee herf actly, that woman who delivered the letter "So she said," retorted Mother Cutter at the club guided him. Judging from the snipe, "but lor', I dunno anythin', I were

waiter's description of her appearance, I drunk." should think she was pretty well known "Who said-the 'Queen?"

"No, my gran'darter Sal. The 'Queen' "Well," said Kilsip, rising and looking at sent 'er to fetch the toff to see 'er cut 'er his watch, "it is now 9 o'clock, so if you like ucky. Wanted 'im to look at 'is work, I we will go to the old hag's place at oucespose, cuss im, and Sal prigged some paper dying Joman," he said, as if struck by a sudfrom my box," she shricked, indignantly; den thought, "there was a woman died there prigged it wien I were too drunk to stop

"Who was she?" asked Calton, who was The detective glanced at Calton, who nodded to him with a gratified expression on "Some relation of Mother Guttersnipe's, I

his face. They were right as to the paper fancy," answered Kilsip, as they left the having been stelen from the villa at Toorak. "You did not see the gentleman who name?' said Kilsip, turning again to the old

"Not I. cuss you," she retorted, politely. from what I can make out, was not long 'E came about 'ari' past 1 in the morning, from England, died of consumption on the an' you don't expects we can stop up all Thursday night before the murder." night, blarst yo." "Then she must have been the woman who

"Half past 1 o'clock," repeated Calton, quickly. "The very time. Is this true?" "No doubt of it," replied Kilsip; "but if "Wish I may die if it ain't," said Mother Fitzgerald was there on that night we can Guttersnipe, graciously. "My gran'darter get plenty of witnesses to prove an alibi. I Sal kin tell ve.

am sure of two at least-Mother Guttersn. "Where is she?" asked Kilstp, sharply. At this the old woman threw back her head But Mr. Calson was not listening. As he and howled in a dismal manner. stepped along beside his companion he was

"She's looked it," she wailed, drumming on the ground with her feet. "Gon' an' left 'er "What on earth could a woman just from pore old gran' an' joined the army, cuss 'em, England, living in a Melbourne buck sluin, have to tell Fitzgerald about Madge a-comin' reund an' a spilin' business." Meanwhile the detective was talking rapidly to Mr. Calton.

"The only person who can prove Mr. Fitz-gerald was here between 1 and 2 o'clock," he

said cuickly, "is Sal Rewlins, as overy one else scems to have been drunk or asleep. As she has joined the Salvation Army, I'll go to the barracks the first thing in the morning and look for ber."

"I hope you'll find her," answered Calton, drawing a long breath. "A man's life hangs on her evidence."

They turned to go, Calton having first given Mother Guttersnipe some loose silver, which she seized on with an avaricious

ciutch. The sight of money had a genial effect on her nature for she held the candle at the Staple they should not break their heads.

The street door was open, and, after groping their way along the dark passage, with its pitfalls, they found themselves in the

øpen street. "Thank heaven," said Calton, taking off At last, to Calton's relief, for he felt somehis hat and drawing a long breath. "Thank what bewildered by the darkness and narheaven we are safely out of that den!" rowness of the lanes through which he had "At all events our journey has not been been taken, the detective stopped before a bor, which he opened, and stepping inside wasted," said the detective, as they walked along. "We've found out where Mr. Fitzchoned to the barrister to follow. Calton gerald was the night of the murder, so he did so and found biniself in a low, dark, ill smelling passage, at the end of which they will be safe." "That depends rpon Sal Rawlins," ansaw a faint light. Kilsip caught his com-

[TO BE CONTINUED.] REPORTS TO A DESCRIPTION OF THE REPORT OF THE

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ghts. Fashion does not come out after dark to walk about the streets, but prefers to roll N ng in her carriage, therefore the ick at Bourke street at night is slightly liferent from that of Collins street in the Turning off Little Bourke street the de-

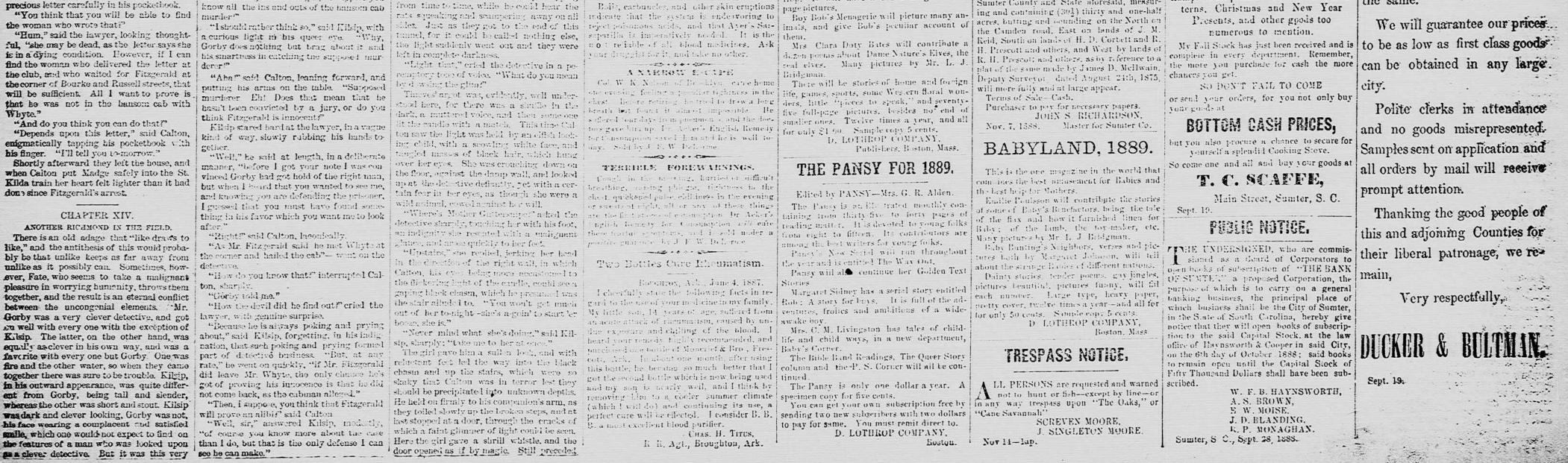
tective led the way down a dark lane, which cintch. felt like a furnace owing to the heat of the light; but on looking up Calton caught a

gluppse of the blue sky far above, glittering with stars, which gave him quite a sensation

"Keep close to me," whispered Kilsip, uching the barrister on the arm; "we may meet some maty customers about here."

swered Calton, gravely; "but come, let us panion by the arm and guided him carefully have a glass of brandy, for I feel quite ill along the passage. There was much need of this caution, for Calton could feel that the after my experience of low life."

CHAPTER XV. A WOMAN OF THE PROPER. Bourhe street is always me b crowded that Collins street, especially at night The thea tres are there, and of course there is invariably a large crowd collected under the electric



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-AND-

MOSES GREEN,

ning to read for themselves.

Oct 17

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