

REVIVAL OF ROMANCE.

Too long, too long we keep the level plain,
The tilled, tame fields, the bending orchard
bough.
The byre, the barn, the thrashing floor, the
plow
Too long have been our theme and our re-
frain.
Enough, my brothers, of this Doric strain.
Lift up your spirits and record a vow
To gather laurel from the mountain's brow
And bring the era of rich verse again.
Ye painters, paint great Nature at her height—
Seas, forests, cliffs appeared in liquid air,
And touch with glamour all things rough
and crude.
And ye who fiction weave for our delight,
Give us brave men and women good as fair—
And shame our hollow Saddleucean mood.
—Edith M. Thomas in Century.

LOVE IS EVER YOUNG.

She had not the least shame about
telling her age. On the contrary, she
was rather proud to do so. It was some-
thing to be proud of. Not that she was
64, but that at 64 she looked not a day
over 48, and a blooming 48 at that.
True, her hair was silver, but what a
waving wealth of silver! And it was not
sent to soften wrinkles either. She
wore as many of these ornaments as it
is legitimate to wear at 48, and no
more. Oh, she was certainly a wonder-
ful woman for her age, was Mrs. Joseph
Allestree!

It did not detract from the compara-
tively youthful appearance of Mrs. Al-
lestree that her costumes always repre-
sented the height of the fashion.

Quaint, indeed, she appeared, particu-
larly on a certain evening, standing in
the old square portico, with the sun
shining straight under the trees into
her face.

The house at her back was low and
long. It stood endwise to the lazy little
river that flowed at the foot of the
abruptly sloping lawn. On the other
side, at the end of a long, shady ave-
nue, was a gate with an old fashioned
wooden arch over it, concealed by vines.

It was toward this gate that Mrs. Al-
lestree looked, leaning forward eagerly,
like a girl, one hand shielding her eyes
from the level sunbeams. She wore
white—think of her daring to wear
white! She was watching for Joseph.
He had gone down to Stoneton—only a
mile distant—for the post at 5 o'clock.
That was two hours ago. Joseph did
love dearly to gossip with the old farmers
and shepherds, but he really ought to
remember dinner time.

But Joseph had not forgotten his
dinner. At this very minute the gate
opened and his little gig rolled in, fol-
lowed by three enthusiastic dogs—a St.
Bernard and two red setters.

Mr. Allestree, after embracing his
wife, as if he had just returned from a
year's journey, went in with her to din-
ner, and Mr. Allestree was—but I will
not describe him; simply he was every-
thing that the husband of Mrs. Allestree
should have been. Forty-two years had
gone by since their marriage, and in all
that time they had never been separated
a single day.

"Dearest," said Mr. Allestree as they
sat down, "I owe you an apology for my
tardiness, but it couldn't be helped. I
got a letter calling me away on an im-
portant matter, and I had to stop to at-
tend to some things in the village. I
must go immediately—tomorrow."

"Oh, that Perley affair," she said,
glancing over the page. "But, Joseph,
can't you put it off? Remember the
Kennedys are coming in the morning to
stay over Sunday."

"I cannot, Henrietta. It's got to be
attended to at once."

"But, Joseph, you can't go without
me. You know you never did such a
thing."

"I am afraid I must do it this time,"
he replied mournfully.

They sat in silence for some minutes.
Twice Mrs. Allestree wiped away a sly
tear with her napkin. At length, brave-
ly assuming a cheerful aspect, she asked,
"How long will you be gone?"

"I can't possibly reach London, accom-
plish all I want to and get home
again in less than ten days."

"Joseph, it will kill us both."

"Ah, no, my dear," he laughed; "it
won't quite do that—at least I hope not.
It will be hard, very hard. But think,
my love, we were apart for five long
years once on a time."

"Ah, Joseph," with a sob in her voice,
"that was before we had ever lived to-
gether. We only knew each other by let-
ter, you know."

"And a mighty comfort did we take
out of those same letters. Isn't it strange
that in two and forty years we should
never have had occasion to write to one
another? Not since you were Henrietta
Shower?"

"It is a singular circumstance," she
replied. "Yes, we can write. Do you
know, Joseph, the thought of it already
consoles me a little. It will be such a
delightful novelty."

It was a good thing for Mrs. Al-
lestree that she expected visitors. But
after the guests had departed her condi-
tion was pitiable. Especially as no let-
ter had come.

Mr. Allestree had gone away early on
Saturday. Now it was Tuesday. She
had managed to be patient over the
Sabbath, but on Monday morning, when
Jimmy came up from Stoneton empty
handed, she had refused to believe that
he had not dropped the letter or that
the postmaster had not overlooked it.

There were only two deliveries in the
24 hours, and at evening the same
performance was repeated.

On Tuesday Mrs. Allestree went her-
self to Stoneton and delivered a severe
lecture to the postmaster upon the gen-
eral indifference of government officials.

The deserted, neglected wife must
blame somebody, and she would not
blame her husband. She did not at first
even dream of blaming Joseph.

By the middle of the week her whole
mood changed. She felt hurt, deeply
hurt. There seemed to be no reason, no
excuse for such neglect. To think that
this, their first separation in so many
years, should be unbridged by a word!

She could not have the consolation of
writing to him, for he had left no ad-
dress, there being an uncertainty about
the very part of London in which that
troublesome Perley was living.

It was the way of men, and he, it
seems, was no better than the rest of

them. Once out of her sight she forgot—
forgot all the love and daily devotion of
42 years.

By Saturday morning Mrs. Allestree
was ill—ill enough to go to bed. Jimmy
had to fetch both posts, and, after deliv-
ering in person the first one, which con-
sisted of papers only, he vowed to Molly
that he would not approach Mrs. Al-
lestree again while Mr. Allestree was
away.

All day Sunday Mrs. Allestree lay si-
lent in a dark chamber. Molly could not
get a word from her, nor would she eat.

It was almost despair to be so weak.
True, she was in despair. She had given
up all expectation of seeing Joseph
again; but, compared with the bewil-
dering tossings of vain conjecture, her
present state was one of quietude and
peace.

But by Monday morning she was suffer-
ing torments once more. She felt that
if Jimmy returned without either Joseph
or a letter she would surely die. And
indeed she nearly died as it was.

When the wheels sounded again upon
the gravel, Mrs. Allestree sat up in bed.
She was whiter than her hair. No voices
were heard below. She clutched her
heart and gasped. But presently a door
opened and a step came up the stairs.
It was the step of Joseph. As he entered
the room she fell back among the pil-
lows.

"My dear Henrietta, what's all this?"
He looked round almost accusingly upon
the two frightened women as if he had
caught them in the act of assassinating
their mistress.

"Didn't Jimmy tell you?" she mur-
mured.

"You know Jimmy never tells any-
thing. He did say you weren't well.
But have you been very ill, dear?"

The woman had withdrawn, and he
seated himself if upon the bed.

"Joseph, you might have sent me one
little line!"

"Wh-what? I don't quite comprehend.
A line?"

"Yes; it wouldn't have hurt you to
write a line."

"Henrietta, I wrote to you every day,
and sometimes twice a day."

They stared at each other.

"But I never got a solitary letter,"
she said presently. "I sent to every deliv-
ery—went myself until I became ill.
Mr. Framwell said there was nothing
from you. It nearly killed me, Joseph."

"However," he muttered, "they
couldn't have all miscarried—I—Hen-
rietta! I have it. Wait; I'll be back in
20 minutes," and the gentleman fairly
ran out of the room.

He laughed all the way down stairs,
and she heard his ha, ha's between his
shouts for Jimmy to bring back the trap.
In a few minutes they rattled out of the
grounds, and within the time he men-
tioned they rattled back again.

Mr. Allestree tore breathless up the
stairs, bursting boy fashion into his
wife's room. He carried a package of
letters, which he spread out in a circle
on the bed. There were 14 of them, and
every one was addressed to Miss Henrietta
Shower.

For a short space nothing was said,
and then the two aged lovers began to
laugh, and they laughed until they cried.

"Joseph," she said, "it's very funny,
very, but it was almost the death of me.
How did you come to do it?"

"Why, Henrietta, love, when I once
got out of your dear, familiar presence
the old days came back completely. You
were little Betta Shower, and"—

Mr. Allestree blushed; he did
not often quote poetry—

And our two-and-forty years
Seemed a mist that rolled away.
—Pearson's Weekly.

SHE WANTED TO KICK.

But Somehow the Gentle Clerk Managed
to Balm Her Scheme.

"Is this the water office?" she asked
as she entered, with fire in her eye and
fight in her voice.

"It is, madam," replied the gentle
clerk at the desk. "Is there anything I
can do for you this fine morning?"

"There may be, and there may not
be," she replied, with much asperity,
"but I came in to say that while I was
drawing water to make coffee for break-
fast a great fish came out of the faucet,
and"

"Oh, I see," the clerk interrupted,
with an ingratiating smile. "You
came in to pay the city for the fish.
That was very honest and good of you,
I'm sure, but the city will not accept
any money for a single fish. It is true
the city charges for water only and does
not guarantee to furnish fish as well,
and I'm bound to say that most ladies
would have taken the fish and said noth-
ing about it. However, the city will not
take advantage of your unequalled
generosity. It will make no charge for it."

With a magnanimous wave of his
hand the clerk tried to dismiss the sub-
ject, but the caller resumed:

"But this fish was"—

"Oh, yes, I know what you would
say. The fish was a fine large one and
made an agreeable addition to your
morning meal, but still the city would
not think of charging you for it. If
you are so very conscientious about it,
however, you might keep count of the
fish that the city supplies in that way,
and after you have had, say, a dozen
we may make some sort of a charge,
but we could not think of accepting pay
for one or two, not for a moment."

"Young man," glared the woman,
"do you think it is the proper thing
to get your fish by way of your water
faucets?"

"To be frank with you, madam, I do
not think it is, and for that reason I
would advise you to say nothing about
it, especially among neighbors. If the
people generally got to know that the
city was favoring you by sending you
fresh fish for breakfast in your water
pipes, why, we should have streams of
people coming in here to kick because
the city does not provide them with
fresh fish also. You can easily see that
the city cannot undertake to do that.
Fine morning, but I think we shall have
more rain before night."

The clerk resumed his seat, and the
complainant departed, muttering some-
thing which no one could hear.—Town
Topics.

KLEPTOMANIACS ARE LISTED.

Big Stores Collect the Names of Those
Who Should Be Watched.

It will doubtless be astonishing to
those who have not studied the question
to learn that kleptomania has grown so
much during the last few years that
dry goods merchants have, so to speak,
formed a co-operative union of self pro-
tection against the evil. Shoplifters are
easily dealt with and disposed of, as
they are generally of the class who can
be punished to the full extent of the
law, but the kleptomaniac is usually a
woman of refinement, good family and
possessed of ample means, which per-
mits of the gratification of her most ex-
travagant needs.

Strange as the assertion may seem, it
is so true and has assumed such propor-
tions that in the majority of the stores
there is a book kept in the private office
of the firm in which are written the
names of the women who are known to
be thus afflicted, and when they are
caught in the act a bill for the goods
stolen is sent to the husband, father or
the person who has made himself re-
sponsible for the things taken. It was
found necessary to do this after two or
three arrests had been made and the
culprit found, upon investigation, to be-
long to some well known family. It was
not only necessary for the protection of
the merchants against loss by the theft,
but it was also more imperative from
the fact that these exposures endangered
his business. After such an arrest and
the consequent publicity the family of
the accused were very loath to trade at
that particular store, and the with-
drawal of such patronage meant loss of
thousands of dollars to the proprietor.

This explanation was given me by the
superintendent of one of the largest de-
partment stores, where, after a thorough
canvassing of the principal retail stores
in the city, I found that it was no mere
gossip as to the existence of this book,
and the fact that nine out of ten em-
ployed women detectives, not only for
the conviction of shoplifters and pick-
pockets, but to watch the more wealthy
offenders who were afflicted with what
is called a nervous disease in the medi-
cal books—kleptomania. These women
are obliged to be very clever, bright and
intelligent, as they must learn to dis-
criminate between the professional and
the afflicted if they detect a stranger in
the act of purloining the firm's goods.

—New York Herald.

Birds as Seed Carriers.

Two centuries ago the Dutch destroy-
ed every nutmeg tree in the Moluccas
in order to enjoy a monopoly of the
business, having planted the trees in
their own possessions.

In spite of their most earnest efforts,
however, the islands were being con-
stantly restocked. For a long time the
thing was a mystery, but at length it
was solved.

The doves of that quarter of the world
are of large size and readily swallow
the seed of the nutmeg, with the fruit
of which they traverse wide stretches of
sea and land in a few hours and deposit
the seeds of the nutmeg not only unin-
jured, but better fitted for germination
by the heat and moisture of the bird's
system.

By a similar process thousands of acres
of land have been covered with trees of
different kinds, the birds acting as na-
ture's agents in the dissemination of
plants.

But in quite another manner do they
transport seeds from place to place.
Darwin found in six grains of earth ad-
hering to the feet of a plover three dif-
ferent kinds of seeds, and in mud stick-
ing to the feet of ducks and geese shot
in England he found the seeds of plants
peculiar to the Victoria Nyanza, in
central Africa, thus proving not only
the extent of migration, but also the
possibility of plants appearing in strange
localities through the agency of these
birds.

In the mud sticking to the feet of a
Texas steer the seeds of five different
kinds of weeds and grasses common in
Texas were found by a microscopist
after the arrival of the animal in New
York.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"I wonder why so many telephone
operators are women?" said the man
who cultivates an idle curiosity.

"I don't know," replied the misan-
thrope, "unless it's because the occupa-
tion puts them in a position to have the
last word every time."—Washington
Star.

DICKENS' DUMMY BOOKS.

The Most Delicious Satire Was Inscribed
On Their Covers.

Gad's Hill was a merry house, writes
Stephen Fiske in fondly recalling inci-
dents of his visits to Charles Dickens in
an article telling of the personal side of
the novelist in Ladies' Home Journal.
Dickens was a wellspring of mirth, and
his humor infected the whole party.
Often when I came down from London
he would walk out and lean against the
doorpost while I was at the gate, and
we would shout with laughter over the
fun that we had had and were going to
have. When everything else failed, the
library was an unending amusement.
The room was lined with books from
floor to ceiling, even the backs of doors
being bookcases, but the books on the
doors and along the floor were bogus.
Dummy backs had been lettered with
titles and pasted on the glass, and the
titles had been selected by such wits as
Dickens, Yates, the Collins brothers,
Albert Smith and Mark Lemon of
Punch.

We used to sit on the floor to study
this mock library and roll over with de-
light at some clever satire. I remember
"The Virtues of Our Ancestors," a vol-
ume so thin that the title had to be
printed lengthwise; "Five Minutes In
India, by a British Tourist," in two vol-
umes as large as an unabridged diction-
ary; "Lives of the Poets," a mere pam-
phlet; "Eggs on Bacon," to match
"Coke on Littleton"; "Statutes Directed
to the Duke of Wellington," 15 partly
volumes, and there were dozens of other
quits and cracks. A catalogue of these
bogus books might be preserved, but
money might be made by printing it; it
nobody would believe that Dickens would
ever do

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

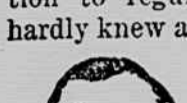
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruise
Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Lint-
"chapped" Chilblains, Corns and all
skin Eruptions, and positively cures Pile-
no pay required. It is guaranteed to give per-
fect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price
25 cents per box. For sale by Dr. J. F. W. De
Lorme.

Electric Bitters.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any
season, but perhaps more generally needed,
when the languid exhausted feeling prevails
when the liver is torpid and sluggish and
the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A
prompt use of this medicine has often averted
long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medi-
cine will act more surely in counteracting and
freeing the system from malarial poison. Head
ache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness yield
to Electric Bitters. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle
at J. F. W. DeLorme's Drug Store.

Over Thirty Years
Without Sickness.

WETTSTEIN, a well-known,
eminent citizen of Byron, Ill.,
writes: "Before I paid much atten-
tion to regulating the bowels, I
hardly knew a well day; but since I
learned the evil re-
sults of constipation,
and the efficacy of



AYER'S

Pills, I have not had
one day's sickness
for over thirty years
—not one attack
that did not readily yield to this
remedy. My wife had been, previ-
ous to our marriage, an invalid for
years. She had a prejudice against
cathartics, but as soon as she began
to use Ayer's Pills her health was
restored."

AYER'S
Cathartic Pills

Medal and Diploma at World's Fair.
To Restore Strength, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

DR. E. ALVA SOLOMONS,

DENTIST.
office
OVER STORE OF SUMNER DRY GOODS COMPANY
Insurance on Main Street,
Between Dry Goods Co. and Durant & Son
OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 1.30; 2 to 5 o'clock.
April 9. 2

SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By J. E. Jervey, Auctioneer.

WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION
in front of the Court House, in the
town of Sumter, County of Sumter, State
of South Carolina, on Monday the 7th day
of December, 1896, at eleven o'clock in the
forenoon to the highest bidder, the following
described property to-wit:

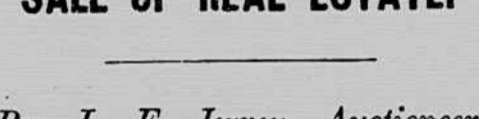
"All that piece, parcel or tract of land sit-
uated in Sumter County, State of South Car-
olina, on the waters of Black River, known as
the Cedar Grove tract, containing eight
hundred and nineteen acres, more or less,
bounded on the north by lands of W. L.
Wilson and W. E. Mills, on the east by lands
now or formerly of D. D. Barber, and on the
west by lands now or formerly of H. W.
Bradley.

Also all that piece, parcel or tract of land
situated in Sumter County, in the State of
South Carolina, on the east side of Black
River, containing seventy acres, more or less,
bounded on the north by lands of W. E.
Mills, on the east by lands of W. L. Wilson,
on the south by lands of A. J. Salinas & Sons,
on the west by lands of Walter L. Wilson.

Both the above described tracts of land to
be sold as one tract.
Terms: One half cash, balance secured by
bond and mortgage of the purchaser, payable
in one year from date of purchase with inter-
est at the rate of seven per cent per annum;
purchaser to have the privilege to pay all
cash; and purchaser to pay \$25 for papers.
Possession to be given purchaser on the first
day of January 1897.
A. J. SALINAS & SONS.

GROVES

MAKES CHILDREN
AS FAT AS
PIGS



TASTELESS
CHILL
TONIC

IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS.
WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts.

GALATIA, ILLS., Nov. 16, 1893.
Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen:—I've sold last year, 600 bottles of
GROVES' TASTELESS CHILL TONIC and have
sold three gross already this year. In all our ex-
perience of 14 years, in the drug business, have
never sold an article that gave such universal satis-
faction as your Tonic. Yours truly,
ANNETT, CARR & CO.

SOLD—No Cure, No Pay, by A. J. China
J. F. W. DeLorme, J. S. Hughson & Co.

We are Ready.

OUR FALL STOCK

Is now complete in every department, and buyers will do themselves an in-
justice, if they fail to see us before making their winter pur-
chases. It is impossible to do justice, in the limited space allowed us, to
the different departments of our store, and we feel that we are
well enough known in the territory tributary to Sumter, not to require us
to enter into a detailed description of it. Our annually in-
creasing business has warranted us in buying

The largest stock we have ever bought,

And should we be so fortunate as to enjoy as liberal a patronage from our
friends this season as we have in the past we will have no reason to regret
our purchases.

Hosiery.

Our buyer paid particular attention to the purchase of
Having bought in all nearly 10,000 Pairs.
In which there are some excellent values.

We would call particular attention to one case, 750 pairs, of
Misses narrow ribbed, full regular made at 10c. per pair.
These are regular 15c. to 20c. goods.

One case, 900 pairs, of Boys' extra long and very heavy woven
seam, at 15c. per pair.
These goods retail everywhere at 25 cents.

One case, 1200 pairs, Ladies' fast black, full regular made
at 10c. per pair.
These goods must be seen to be appreciated.

Our Dry Goods Stock

Is complete in every department.
Our line of Dress Goods at 25c per yard in all wool fabrics, are worthy of
special mention. Will be pleased to send samples on application.

Blankets.

Those who were fortunate enough to secure a pair of our celebrated all-wool
Tarheel's last year will bear testimony as to their worth, but they
are better made this season, and our
large contract for them warrants
us in selling them at \$3.90 pr pair.
If these are too dear we will sell you a pair from 45c. up.

CAPESES.

Well we have a few of them, about 1,000 we should say, and the lady who
buys without seeing our stock will have reason to regret it, for she will pay
more money. We can sell a good Beaver Cloth in Black or Navy neatly
trimmed in fur and braid for One Dollar—goods that sold last season from
\$2 00 to \$2.50.

SHOES.

Our stock in this line is better than ever. We carry no shoddy shoes.
Every pair is warranted solid or money refunded.

CLOTHING.

Judging from the way our tables are piled we must expect to do some
business in this line.
If your boy wants a suit we have them from 65c. up.
If your husband wants a suit we have them from \$2 up.
Our all-wool black Cheviot at \$4 50 cannot be duplicated for less than \$6.50.

HATS.

This is the line we have made our reputation on, and we are bound to
sustain it. Our competitors may advertise sample hats and Job Lots, but
shrewd buyers who want the best goods for the least money seek us.

We will say nothing about our GROCERY STOCK—they are so cheap
they are not worth advertising space.
Every man, woman and child in Sumter County will need something for
the Winter, and we extend to all an invitation to come and see us. Our
salesmen will take pleasure in showing you through our stock, and if they
cannot sell you, they will make it very interesting for those who do.

O'DONNELL & CO.

Sept 23
Hardware. Hardware.

Let us Sell You!

We have had years of experience in the business, and think we can sat-
isfy you in quality and price. For
Table and Pocket Cutlery COME TO US.

For Buggy and Wagon Material WE KEEP IT.
For Best Cook and Heating Stoves OUR STORE IS THE PLACE.

For Engine Supplies, Farm or Shop Tools, House Furnishing Goods, Har-
ness, Razors, Scissors, Guns, Pistols, Cartridges, Etc.,
Come right here.

Rubber and Leather Belting, Paints and Oils are Specialties
CAN'T WE FURNISH YOU WITH SOME?

R. W. DURANT & SON,