50 Per Cent of the Cotton Brought to the Sumter Market is Bought By the

Levi Bros.

Because we are in touch with those who make advance contracts, and who are able to put us in position to pay more to the surface saying, "He loves me!" for cotton than any other buyers in our city.

But our cotton business is only an addition to our GEN-ERAL MERCANTILE Business. We have by our dilli-days, finished and perfect, and this is gence made ourselves leaders in trade, not by waiting for the best of them all. God forever bless in trade to come to us, but by our reaching out and coming in paradise your mother for bearing your trade to come to us, but by our reaching out and coming in If you never had come to the world I touch with the farmers of the country, and selling them should not have waked to life myself. Goods as cheap as the lowest, and giving to them for their And why this is I cannot tell. The first products as much or more than the highest.

These are facts that have been demonstrated by our continued increase of business.

We want our friends to come to Sumter and look through king to me. our immense stock of

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions, Clothing, Shoes, Hats and the best line of Plantation and Family Groceries in the City.

To meet the demands of our trade everything is bought people invisibly. My father told me by us from first hands, and our patrons get the profit which father who could put others to sleep other dealers need pay middlemen. We can and will save by a waving of his hands. I am not you money, both in what you buy of us, and what we buy of comparing you to this charlatan, yet eu. Come to see us.

Next To Court House.

SCROFULA A DISEASE WE INHERIT

neck and throat, Catarrh, weak eyes, white swelling, offensive sores and abscesses, skin eruptions, loss of strength and weakness in muscles and joints. It is a miserable disease and traceable in almost every instance to some

family blood taint. Scrofula is bred in the bone, is transmitted from parent to child, the seeds are planted in infancy and unless the blood is purged and purified and every atom of the taint removed Scrofula is sure to develop at

Scrofula appeared on the head of my little grandchild when only 18 months old, and spread rapidly over her body. The disease next attacked the eyes and we feared she would lose her sight. Eminent physicians were consulted, but could do nothing to relieve the little innocent. It was then that we decided to try S. S. S. That medicine at once made a speedy and complete cure. She is now a young lady, and has never had a sign of the disease to return.

MRS. RUTH BERKLY, to the Street.

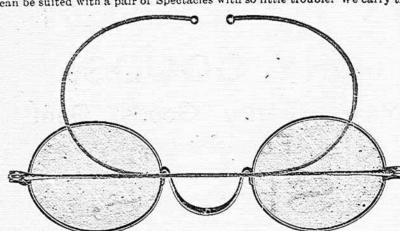
150 South 5th Street. some periodin your life. No remedy equals S. S. S. as a cure for Scrofula. It cleanses and builds up the blood, makes it rich and pure, and under the tonic effects of this great Blood Remedy, the general health improves, the digestive organs are strengthened, and there is a gradual but sure return to health. The deposit of tubercular matter in the joints and glands is carried off as soon as the blood is restored to a normal condition, and the sores, erup-

tions, and other symptoms of Scrofula disappear. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable and harmless; an ideal blood purifier and tonic that removes all blood taint and builds up weak constitutions. Our physicians will advise without charge, all who write us about their case. Book mailed free.

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ook to Your Interest.

Here we are, still in the lead, and why suffer with your eyes when you can be suited with a pair of Spectacles with so little trouble? We carry the



Celebrated HAWKES Spectacles and Glasses,

Which we are offering very cheap, from 25c to \$2.50 and Gold Frames at \$3 W. M. BROCKINTON.

S. R. VENNING, Jeweler. WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE CLASSES AND

ALL KINDS OF FANCY NOVELTIES. I make a specialty of WEDDING and HOLIDAY PRES-ENTS and always carry a handsome line of

Silverware, Hand-Painted China, Glassware

ed numerous other articles suitable for Gifts of all kind.

COME AND SEE THEM. All Watch. Clock and Jewelry Repairing done promptly and

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ob. Work TO THE TIMES OFFICE.

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

(Based Upon the Mystery Surrounding the Fate of the Dauphin. Son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette)

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CHAPTER XXVII. HE Padlocked Book.-In this book I am going to write you, Louis, a letter which will never be delivered, because I shall burn it when it is finished. Yet that will not prevent my tantalizing you about it. To the padlocked book I can say what I want to say. To you I must say what is expedient.

That is a foolish woman who does violence to love by inordinate loving. Yet first I will tell you that I sink to sleep saying, "He loves me!" and rise and sink again saying, "He loves me!"

all night long. The days when I see you are real tawny eyes, though you did not notice me, I said, "Whether he is the king or not would make no difference." Because I knew you were more than the

Sire, you told me once you could not understand why people took kindly to you. There is in you a gentle dignity and manhood most royal. As you come into a room you cast your eyes about unfearing. Your head and shoulders are erect. You are like a lion in suppleness and tawny color, which influences me against my will. You inspire confidence. Even girls like Annabel, who feel merely at their finger ends and are as well satisfied with one husband as another, know you to be solid man, not the mere image of a man. Besides these traits there is a power going out from you that takes hold of current runs through me.

When we were in Paris I used to dress myself every morning like a priestess going to serve in a temple. And what was it for? To worship one dear head for half an hour perhaps. You robbed me of the sight of you for two months.

Sophie Saint-Michel told me to beware of loving a man. Today he says: "I love you! I need you! I shall go to the devil without you!" Tomorrow he turns to his affairs. In six months he says, "I was a fool!" Next year he says: "Who was it that drove me wild for a time last year? What was her

Is love a game where men and wo-"She loves me"-not

You are two persons. Lazarre beabout me. He used to slip past my eyes up at the panes. But Louis is acts without me, and his lot is apart from mine.

We are in a ship going to the side of the world where you are. Except that | yours, not love's." we are going toward you it is like being pushed off a cliff. All my faith in the appearances of things is at an end. I have been juggled with. I have mis-

I could have insisted that we hold Mont-Louis as tenants. The count is our friend. It is not a strong man's fault that a weak man is weak and unfortunate. Yet, seeing Cousin Philippe wince, I could not put the daily humiliation upon him. He is like my

and Paris. I like easy living, car- martyrdom of the "Fire Fig." This riages, long tailed gowns, jewels, trained servants, music and spectacles talk, I have been doomed to repeat unon the stage, a park and wide lands til I dread the shades of evening. all my own, seclusion from people who do not interest me, idleness in enjoy-

I am the devil of vanity. Annabel has not half the points I have. When the men are around her I laugh to think I shall be fine and firm as a statue when she is a mass of wrinkles and a wisp of fuzz. When she is a mass of wrinkles and a wisp of fuzz she will be riper and tenderer inside. But will the men see that? No. They will be off after a fresher Annabel. So much for men. On the other hand, I had but a few months of luxury, and may count on the hardness that comes of endurance, for I was an exile from childhood. There is strength in doing the right thing. If there were no God, if Christ had never died on the cross, I should have to do the right thing be-

cause it is right. Why should we lay up grievances against one another? They must disappear, and they only burn our hearts. Sometimes I put my arms around Ernestine and rest her old head against me. She revolts. People incline to doubt the superiority of a person who will associate with them. But the closer our poverty rubs us the more Ernestine insists upon class differ-

There should be a colossal mother going about the world to turn men over her lap and give them the slipper. They pine for it.

Am I helping forward the general good, or am I only suffering nature's nunishment?

A woman can fasten the bonds of habit on a man, giving him food from her table, hourly strengthening his care for her. By merely putting herself before him every day she makes him think of her. What chance has an exiled woman against the fearful odds of daily life?

Yet sometimes I think I can wait a thousand years. In sun and snow, in wind and dust, a woman waits. If she stretched her hand and said 'Come," who could despise her so much as she would despise herself? What is so cruel as a man? Hour after hour, day after day, year after year, he presses the iron spike of si-

Coward to let me suffer such an-

Is it because I kissed you? That was the highest act of my life! I groped told him to go down in the field, where down the black stairs of the Tuileries the snake came gliding at night with blinded by light. Why are the natural its head reared high in air. The pig things called wrong and the unnatural ones just?

is it because I said I would come to you some time? This is what I meantthat it should give me no jealous pang to think of another woman's head on your breast; that there is a wedlock which appearances cannot touch.

No. I never would-I never would seek you, though sometimes the horror of doing without you turns into reproach. What is he doing? He may need me, and I am letting his life slip away. Am I cheating us both of what could have harmed no one?

It is not that usage is broken off. Yet if you were to come I would

ounish you for coming! Fine, heroic days I tell myself we are marching to meet each other. If the day has been particularly hard I say, Perhaps I have carried his load, too, and he marches lighter."

You have faults, no doubt, but the only one I could not pardon would be your saying "I repent!"

The instinct to conceal defeat and pain is so strong in me that I would have my heart cut out rather than own it ached. Yet many women carry all before them by a little judicious whining and rebellion.

I never believe in your unfaith. If you brought a wife and showed her to me I should be sorry for her and still not believe in your unfaith. Louis, I have been falling down flat

and crawling the ground. Now I am up again. It didn't hurt. It is the old German fairy story. Every day gold must be spun out of straw. How big the pile of straw

looks every morning, and how little the handful of gold every night! This prairie in the Indiana territory that I dreaded as a black gulf is a grassy valley.

I love the garden and I love to hoe the Indian corn. It springs so clean from the sod and is a miracle of growth. After the stalks are around my knees they are soon around my shoulders. The broad leaves have a fragrance and the silk is sweet as vio-

We wash our clothes in the river. Women who hoe corn, dig in a garden and wash clothes earn the wholesome bread of life.

Today Paul brought the first bluebells of spring and put them in water for me. They were buds, and when they bloomed out he said, "God has blessed these flowers." We have to nurse the sick. The

goodness of these pioneer women is unfailing. It is like the great and kind friendship of the De Chaumonts. They help me take care of Cousin Paul meditated today: "I don't want

to hurt the Father's feelings. I don't want to say he was greedy and made nen try to outwit each other, and man a better place for himself in heaven than he made for us down here. it nicer just because he is there?" His prayer: "God bless my father

longs to me. He follows, he thinks and mother and Ernesting God keep my father and mother and Ernestine. windows at Lake George and cast his | And keep my mother with me day and night, dressed and undressed! God my sovereign. He sees and thinks and keep together all that love each other." When he is a man I am going to tell

him, and say: "But I have built my house, not wrecked it. I have been He tells me such stories as this: "Once upon a time there was such a

loving angel came down. And they ran a string through his stomach and hung him on the wall. He never whined a bit." The people in this country, which is

called free, are nearly all bound. Those who lack money, as we do, cannot go where they please or live as they would live. Is that freedom?

On a cool autumn night, when the father come back, broken, helpless, fire crackles, the ten children of the And Paul and I, who are young, must settlement, fighting or agreeing, come take care of him where he will be running from their houses like hens. We sit on the floor in front of the I was overpampered in Mont-Louis hearth, and I suffer the often repeatedtale, invented once as fast as I could The children bunch their heads to-

gether; their lips part as soon as I begin to say: Do you see that glowing spot in the heart of the coals? That is the house

of the Fire Pig. One day the Fire Pig found he had no more corn, and he was very hungry. So he jumped out of his house and ran down the road till he came to a farmer's field. "Good morning, Mr. Farmer," said the little pig. "Have you any corn

for me today?" "Why, who are you?" said the

"I'm a little Fire Pig." "No, I haven't any corn for a Fire The pig ran on till he came to an-

other farmer's field. "Good morning, Mr. Farmer. Have you any corn for me today?" "Who are you?" said the farmer.

"Oh, I'm the little Fire Pig." "I don't know," said the farmer. would give you a great bagful if you could kill the snake which comes ev-

ery night and steals my cattle." The pig thought, "How can I kill that snake?" But he was so hungry



Do you see that glowing spot in the heart of the coals?

he knew he would starve without corn. so he said he would try. The farmer mont down in the meadow and the

first creature he saw was a sneep. way of saying "How do you do?

Who are you? "I'm the little Fire Fig." "What are you doing here?" "I've come to kill the great snake that eats the farmer's cattle." "I'm very glad," said the sheep, "for it takes my lambs. How are you go-

ing to kill it?" "I don't know," said the pig. you help me?" "I'll give you some of my wool."

The pig thanked the sheep and went a little farther and met a horse. "Heee-ee!" said the horse. That was his way of saying "How do you do? Who are you?"

"I'm the little Fire Pig." "What are you doing here?" "I've come to kill the great snake

that eats the farmer's cattle." "I'm glad of that," said the horse, for it steals my colts. How are you going to do it?" "I don't know," said the pig.

rou help me?"

from my tail," said the horse. The pig took them and thanked the horse. And when he went a little farther he met a cow.

"I'll give you some of the long hairs

"Moo!" said the cow. That was her way of saying "How do you do? Who are you?"

"I'm the little Fire Pig." "What are you doing here?"

"I've come to kill the great snake that eats the farmer's cattle." "I am glad of that, for it steals my calves. How are you going to do it?" "I don't know. Can't you help me?" "I'll give you one of my sharp horns,"

So the pig took it and thanked her, Then he spun and he twisted, and he spun and he twisted, and made a strong woolen cord of the sheep's wool. And he wove and he braided, and he wove and he braided, and made a cunning snare of the horse's tail. And he whetted and sharpened, and he whetted and sharpened, and made-a keen

dart of the cow's horn. Now, when the little pig has all his materials ready and sees the great snake come gliding, gliding-I turn the situation over to the children. What did he do with the rope, the snare and the horn? They work it out each in his own way. There is a mighty wrangling all around the hearth. One day is never really like another,

though it seems so. Perhaps being used to the sight of the Iroquois at Lake George makes it impossible for me to imagine what the settlers dread, and that is an attack. We are shut around by forests. In primitive life so much time and strength go to the getting of food that

we can think of little else. It is as bad to slave at work as to slave at pleasure. But God may forgive what people cannot help.

There is a very old woman among the settlers whom they call Granny, We often sit together. She cannot get a gourd edge betwixt her nose and chin when she drinks, and has forgotten she ever had teeth. She does not expect much, but there is one right she contends for, and that is the right of ironing her cap by stretching it over her knee. When I have lived in this settlement long enough my nose and chin may come tegether and I shall forget my teeth. But this much I will exact of fate-my cap shall be ironed. I will not—I will not iron it by ing it over my knee.

Count de Chaumont would be angry if he saw me learning to weave, for instance. You would not be angry. That makes a difference between you as men which I feel, but cannot explain. We speak English with our neigh-

bors. Paul, who is to be an American, must learn his language well. I have taught him to read and write. I have taught him the history of his family and of his father's country. His head is as high as my breast. When will my head be as high as his breast?

Skenedonk loves you as a young superior brother. I have often wondered what he thought about when he went quietly around at your beels. You told me he had killed and scalped, and in spite of education was as ready to kill and scalp again as any white man is for war.

I dread him like a toad, and wish him to keep on his side of the walk. He is always with you, and no doubt silently urges, "Come back to the wigwams that pourished you!" Am I mistaken? Are we moving farther and farilier apart instead of

each cher? Oh. Louis. does this real lead to nothing? I am that I may you that key. It was given thoughtiessly, when I was in a bubble of joy. But if you have kept it, it speaks to you every day. Sophie Saint-Michel told me man ometimes piles all his tokens in a retrospective heap and says, "Who the

deuce gave me this or that?" Sophie's father used to be so enraged at his wife and daughter because he could not restore their lost comforts. But this is really a better disposition than a mean subservience

to misfortune.

ble with my scissors.

The children love to have me dance gavots for them. Some of their mothers consider it levity. Still they feel the need of a little levity themselves. We had a great festival when the wild roses were fully in bloom. The prairie is called a mile square, and wherever a plow has not struck, acres of wild roses grow. They hedge us from the woods like a parapet edging a court. These volunteers are very thorny, bearing tender claws to protect themselves with. But I am nim-

We took the Jordan oxen, a meek

pair that have broken sod for the colony, and twined them with garlands of wild roses. Around and around their horns and around and around their bodies the long ropes were wound, their master standing by with his goad. That we wound also, and covered his hat with roses. The huge oxen swayed aside, looking ashamed of themselves. And when their tails were ornamented with a bunch at the tip they switched these pathetically. Still even an ox loves festivity, whether he owns to it or not. We made a procession, child behind child, each bearing on his head all the roses be could carry, the two oxen walking tandem, led by their master in front. Everybody came out and laughed. It was a beautiful sight, and cheered us, though we gave it no name except the procession of roses. Often when I open my eyes at dawn

hear music far off that makes my heart swell. It is the waking dream of a king marching with drums and bugles. While I am dressing I hum, "Oh, Richard; oh, my king!" Louis! Louis! Louis! I cannot-I cannot keep it down!

How can I hold still that righteousness may be done through me, when I love-love-when I clinch my fists and walk on my knees-I am a wicked woman! What is all this sweet pretense of duty! It covers the hypocrite that loves-that starves-

Strike me! Drive me within bounds! "Baa!" said the sheep. That was its This long repression-years, years of waiting-for what? For more weiting! It is driving me mad!

You have the key. I have nothing!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Y God! What had she seen in me to love? I sat up and held the book against my bosom. Its cry out of her past filled the world from horizon to horizon. I could not see her again until I had command of myself.

So I dressed and went silently downstairs. The Pawnees were stirring in the kitchen. I got some bread and meat from them and also some grain for the horse, then mounted and rode to the river.

The ferryman lived near the old stockade. Some time always passed after he saw the signals before the deiberate Frenchman responded. I led my horse upon the unwieldy craft propelled by two huge oars which the ferryman managed, running from one to another according to the swing of the current. It was broad day when we reached the other shore, one of those days, gray overhead, when moisture breaks upward through the ground instead of descending. Many light clouds flitted under the grayness. The grass showed with a kind of green

blush through its old brown fleece. The trail along the Fox river led over rolling land, dipping into coves and rising over hills. The prospect was so large, with a ridge running along in the distance and open country spreading away on the other side, that I often turned in my saddle and looked back over the half wooded trail. I thought I saw a figure walking a long way behind me and, being alone, tried to discerr what it was. But under that gray sky nothing was sharply defined. I rode on thinking of the book in the breast of my coat.

It was certain I was not to marry. And being without breakfast and unstimulated by the sky, I began to think also what unstable material I had taken in hand when I undertook to work with Indians. Instinctively I knew then what a young southern statesman named Jefferson Davis, whom I first met as a commandant of the fort at Green Bay, afterward told me in Washington, "No commonwealth in a republic will stand with interests apart from the federated whole." White men who have exclaimed from the beginning against the injustice done the red man, and who keep on pitying and exterminating him, made a federated whole with interests apart from his.

Again when I looked back I saw the figure, but it was afoot and I soon lost it in a cove.

My house had been left undisturbed by hunters and Indians through the winter. I tied the horse to a gallery post and unfastened the door. A pile of refuse timbers offered wood for a fire, and I carried in several loads of it and lighted the virgin chimney.



I thought I saw a figure walking a long way behind.

Then I brought water from the spring and ate breakfast, sitting before the fire and thinking a little wearily and bitterly of my prospect in life. Having fed my horse, I covered the

fire, leaving a good store of fuel by the hearth, and rode away toward the Menominee and Winnebago lands. The day was a hard one, and when I came back toward nightfall I was glad to stop with the officers of the stockade and share their mess.

"You look fagged," said one of them. "The horse paths are heavy." I answered, "and I have been as far as the Indian lands."

I had been as far as that remote time when Eagle was not a cloud mother. To cross the river and see her smiling in meaningless happiness seemed more than I could do. Yet she might notice my absence.

We had been housed together ever since she had discovered me. Our walks and rides, our fireside talks and evening diversions were never separate. At Pierre Grignon's the family flocked in companies. When the padlocked book sent me out of the house I forgot that she was used to my presence and might be disturbed by an absence no one could explain.

"The first sailing vessel is in from the straits." said the lieutenant. "Yes, I saw her come to anchor as I rode out this morning."

"She brought a passenger." "Anybody of importance?" "At first blush, no. At second blush,

"Why 'no' at first blush?" "Because he is only a priest." "Only a priest, haughty officer! Are civilians and churchmen dirt under army feet?" The lieutenant grinned.

"When you see a missionary priest landing to confess a lot of Canadians he doesn't seem quite so important as a prelate from Ghent, for instance." "Is this passenger a prelate from Ghent?" "That is where the second blush

comes in. He is." "How do you know?" "I saw him and talked with him." "What is he doing in Green Bay?"-"Looking at the country. He was inquiring for you."

"Yes." "What could a prelate from Ghent want with me?" "Says he wants to make inquiries

"For me!"

about the native tribes." "Oh! Did you recommend me as an expert in native tribes?" "Naturally. But not until he asked me if you were here." "He mentioned my name?"

"Yes. He wanted to see you. You'll

not have to step out of your way to

gratify him." "From that I infer there is a new face at Pierre Grignon's."

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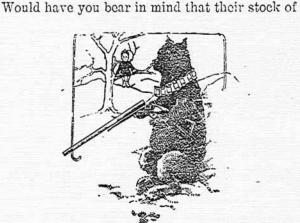
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