We are Now in Our New Quarters.

We are in our new quarters at the same old stand, next to Jenkinson's, where we are prepared to fill all orders for

Groceries.

We will be glad to see you and "figger" on any bill of Groceries you may need, and feel assured we can satisfy you both in quality and price.

The Manning Grocery Co.

SUMMERTON HARDWARE CO.,

SUMMERTON, S. C.

J. C. LANHAM, President. C. M. DAVIS, Vice-President. J. A. JAMES, Sec.-Treas.

OUR MOTTO: 3 L'S.

Live and Let Live.

For dry goods, go to a dry goods store.
For shoes, go to a shoe store.
For groceries, go to a grocery store.
For medicines, go to a medicine store.
For HARDWARE and its kindred articles, go to a HARDWARE STORE.

Paints, Agricultural Implements, Pumps, Pipe, Stoves and Stoveware, Harness and Saddlery, Crockery and Glassware.

We have them all.

Our long residence in the county is our guarantee of fair and honest treatment of our customers.

We have recently associated with us Mr. J. M. Plowden formerly with the Dillon Hardware Company, who thoroughly understands the hardware business and will take pleasure in giving the public the benefit of his experience.

LEVI BROS.,

SUMTER, S. C.

We are giving more attention to the handling of Cotton this season than ever before, which means that while we bought more Cotton than any other firm on the market, it is our purpose to buy a still greater quantity. This we cannot do unless we pay the price, and when you bring or ship to us your Cotton, the VERY HIGHEST PRICE IS ASSURED.

Our General Mercantile Department

has been thoroughly looked after and we invite an inspection of our Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Shoe and Clothing Stocks. Our buyer has devoted much of his experience this season in looking after the Dress Goods selections, and we can assure our Lady friends that we are enabled to please them. not only in styles, but prices. Our General Dry Goods Stock was never more complete and better bought—"GOODS WELL BOUGHT ARE HALF SOLD.

Shoes! Shoes!

There is no need wearing out shoe leather running about for footwear, when we have, direct from the factories, Shoes of the best make, and which we can sell with a guarantee. Then, we carry as nice a line of Gents' Youths' and Boy's Clothing as you will be able to see in any other city. This Department was selected with a view to style, fit and durability.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Cannot be excelled anywhere, and our prices defy competition. We have always enjoyed a fine Clarendon patronage for which we are grateful, and we shall strive to continue to merit the patronage and confidence you give us—come to see us,

Yours, &c,

LEVI BROTHERS,

SUMTER, S. C.

The Substitute

By WILL N. HARBEN,

Author of "Abner Daniel," "The Land of the Changing Sun," "The North Walk Mystery," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVII.

ONE morning about the 1st of December George was alone in the office. He had just finished writing some letters when Jeff Truitt came in and stood near the stove. He was a slender young man, under twenty-five, short and frail looking. His clothing was ragged and his sandy hair unkempt. Buckley looked at him and smiled. "Been getting yourself into no end of rows over home," he remarked. "My mother tells me they sent you a death's head the other night, and your father said somebody shot at you in the field."

"That's all so, George," said Truitt gloomily. "I reckon I've been shootin' off my mouth a little too much."

"I really thought you had more sense than to report that desperate gang over there for moonshining," said George in a kindly tone.

"Wouldn't 'a' done it ef I'd been sober," replied Truitt. "They made me mad when I was full, an' I done 'em all the harm I could."

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Jeff?"

"That's what I come to ax you, George. Ma and pa are mighty nigh crazy about it, an' I give 'em my word I'd come an' ax yore advice. By gum, they think they'll go to you when they die! Ef you was me would you go back over thar today, George? I—I got another warnin' last night; in fact, six or eight of 'em was scattered all about the place. I say warnin', but I reckon they was wuss than that; they was to pa an' ma an' said ef they ketched me they wouldn't do a thing to me."

"Well, there's some consolation in that," said George dryly.

"You know I hain't afeard o' any reasonable number o' men," said Truitt in his whining voice, "but when a whole regiment of 'em comes to drink a feller's blood I jest git rattled an' want to make tracks. Ef I had my way, though, I'd go back home an' defy 'em, but ma's mighty nigh crazy."

"No; you'd better stay in town today anyway, Jeff," said Buckley after a moment's reflection. "Go up to the Johnston House and get your breakfast—take all your meals there while you are in town—I've got an account there; tell them to charge it to me. Stay in town tonight anyway. I'll see you tomorrow. I'm very busy today. Do you think the gang would dare follow you here?"

"They might, George. They raised a rumpus here about a year ago, you know—whippin' niggers in Niggertown."

Later in the morning Buckley met the town marshal, Joe Batey, on the street. The officer wore a broad brimmed hat, a dark blue suit of clothes with brass buttons and carried a policeman's club strapped to his wrist. George gravely explained the situation to him, but the officer refused to concern himself in the matter.

"Look y' here, George Buckley," he said. "Do you reckon I'm paid measly town wages to do both town and county work? Ef the sheriff cayn't keep down them riots over thar in the mountains, I cayn't. Fer $30 a month I'm expected to do police duty in daytime, watchman at night an' act as coroner on special occasions. Besides, Jeff Truitt's gettin' entirely too numerous. Every time he gets full he wants to scratch some o' them daredevils' eyes out. He's a funny chap. They say when he's drunk he'd fight a swarm o' wildcats, but when he's sober he'd scare at the sight of a baby popgun, an', on top o' that, when he sobers up he's so stubborn he'd die 'fore he would apologize fer what he's done. What you goin' to do with a man like that? He's no ornament to the community."

"Well, I only thought I'd let you know the situation," George smiled as he walked on. "All I want to do is to save the fellow's neck."

George saw no more of Jeff Truitt that day. He had some important calculations to make in connection with the sale of certain large quantities of cotton to mills in the east, and he was closely occupied in his office till past midnight. When he had finished he went to the front door of the warehouse to get a breath of fresh air before retiring. He did not feel sleepy. Such work as he had been doing usually had a contrary effect on him. Suddenly he heard a shout up the street in the direction of the Johnston House, a revolver was fired, and a gruff voice cried out, "Thar he goes, boys!"

This was followed by a clatter of many feet on the brick sidewalk, a storm of furious ejaculations and stifled oaths, and then a dark human billow rushed down the street in Buckley's direction. It was a mob pursuing Jeff Truitt.

Hardly knowing why he did it, George ran into his office and secured his big revolver from the drawer of his desk and turned back quickly to the door. He was just in time, for the mob, numbering fifty or more, was not ten yards away. Panting and almost out of breath, Jeff Truitt came bounding along ahead of them and just out of their grasp. He was making for the warehouse with the instinct that there, and there alone, lay some chance for escape. He gasped out something to George and darted past him into the warehouse.

"Halt!" George thundered, his revolver leveled at the man in the lead. "Halt or I'll blow your brains out!"

The man fell back against those behind him, and the surging mass came to a sudden pause.

"Heigh! What's this?" panted a man in the rear. "What's this?"

"It's me," said Buckley calmly. "That boy has come to me for protection, and he shall have it if I have to shoot six of you in your tracks!"

"Oh, thunder! Come off!" sneered a man in the front. "Git out o' the door, Buckley, or we'll mash you flatter'n a flitter."

"The first man that tries to pass this step dies as sure as God's in heaven!"

There was a swerving back from the weapon in Buckley's steady hand. Silence fell—a threatening silence. The cocking of a revolver somewhere in the crowd sounded clearly.

"That's right, shoot at me, you dirty coward," said Buckley defiantly. "Here I stand in the light, and I can't pick you out in the dark. Shoot, you cowardly sneak!"

"Put that gun down," cried a determined voice in the throng. "You harm George Buckley an' I'll put daylight through you."

There was a sound of a struggle, stifled oaths and the clash of a revolver as it struck the pavement. It was followed by grumbling words, hot disputing and—silence.

"You are a set of cowards," said Buckley, "running like a pack of wolves after a poor boy for what he said and did when he was drunk. Now, clear out, the last one of you! You know who I am—and you know if there is any one of you, or any three, that want to hold me responsible for this step I'll be on hand. Has any one here any row to pick with Jeff Truitt, then let him speak up. I'll represent him. I'm in a fighting mood tonight and will satisfy just as many as will apply."

"An' he'll do it, too, boys," said an admiring voice. "Buckley's got the right stuff in 'im! Come on, let's go home. George seems friendly to the cuss, an' any friend o' his is safe as fur as I'm concerned."

"Same here," joined in another voice. "Buck, yo're all right, but that's a dern slack wad yo're takin' up fer, as shore as yo're knee high to a duck."

"Well, he's my friend, and I'm his mother's friend," said Buckley. "A mob like yours shan't send his corpse home to her if I can help it."

"He'd be about as much use to 'er that a-way as in his natural condition," laughed a man near the front. "But ef she hankers after 'im, an' Buckley wants 'im to live on, I'll withdraw my claim. This is the sort of rabbit hunt I don't much like nohow."

A laugh rose and went round. It was a favorable sign. George lowered his revolver. "Go home, boys," he said wearily. "I'm sorry I spoke as I did just now. You are all my friends; I can see that. Good night."

They stood for an instant as if uncertain what step to take, but Buckley's last words had completely disarmed them. Slowly they disbanded and straggled away. When they were all lost in the darkness George closed the door and locked it. Just then Jeff Truitt emerged from the darkness in the interior of the building and, with hanging head and downcast eyes, drew near.

"Oh, George," he faltered, "I wish they had killed me. I'm a coward. I was afeard of 'em—afeard of 'em!"

"It wasn't that, my boy; don't you believe it," said George consolingly. "You were simply stampeded. The best soldiers are that way when they see overwhelming numbers approaching. You've got grit, but they tell me you have to fill up with whisky to float it."

"But you wasn't afeard of 'em," wailed the boy.

"Yes, I was—at first," said Buckley. "I shook all over, and then I got drunk with rage, just like you do on whisky. It's the same thing—just as wide as it's long. Don' you bother; you'll fight, Jeff. If I'd thought you were a coward I'd never been the friend to you I am. My Lord, don't I remember, away back at the log schoolhouse, how Press Tiffton bullied you all day, pinching you, calling you names, and finally, when he began to bump your head against the wall, you turned in and gave him the worst licking he ever had? He had black eyes and puffy jaws for a week. Some men are that way—just don't like trouble and stay away from it till it's shoved on them. How did they happen to come here for you?"

"They went home after me, I reckon," said the boy, "an' when they found out I was here they come on to get liquor an' settle with me. Ef you was me, George, what would you do—go home tonight? You know the folks will be a-worryin'."

"No; you stay here and sleep with me," said George. "I'm not going to risk you anywhere else tonight."

They went back to the bedroom, Buckley carrying the light. As they passed the big fireproof vault in the office Jeff said, "Looks like it would be resky to leave jest one man here with a whole lot o' money in a safe like that, George."

"It has a combination lock," Buckley told him. "It would take an expert burglar several hours to open it, and the noise would wake me. That's why I sleep here. Nearly all the poor people in the mountains and here in town deposit their savings with us. It's a big responsibility, but the safe and vault are the best in the state. They are better than those at the bank uptown, an' that's why the people want to deposit with us. It's a lot of trouble, but Mr. Hillyer likes to accommodate them."

"And thar's always a lots o' money in the safe, I reckon," said Jeff.

"Thousands of dollars, my boy," replied Buckley; "but it's fireproof, and the risk is very little, as I told you. I am in this room every night, and when I go away Kenner sleeps here."

"But thar's another thing you hain't thought of," said Jeff. "Robbers sometimes slip up on a man, git 'im well covered an' then force 'im to open a safe. What would you do in a case like that, George?"

Buckley laughed. "I haven't thought of that, I'll admit," he answered; "but, with the responsibility on me like it is, I believe I'd die fighting rather than voluntarily give in."

"That ud be foolishness," said Jeff. "What's money—even a fortune—to a man's life?"

"It's different with me, my boy." George placed the lamp on the little table. "You could give in and many others could and nothing would be said about it, but if I did it they would say it was—my father's weakness cropping out in another generation. That would be the general verdict, Jeff. Folks are that way."

"Do you reckon so, George?"

"Yes, that's the way of the world. Now git in bed, Jeff."

Truitt hesitated and flushed. "Jest le' me lie on a pile o' sacks on the floor," he said. "I don't want to crowd you, George."

"You think I'd be above sleeping with you, my boy." Buckley laid his hand on his shoulder and turned him forcibly to him. "You've heard all that talk out home about my being stuck up, but it is a lie out of whole cloth. Jeff, Jeff"—Buckley's breast rose high and fell—"I'd give all I have to feel as good in the eyes of the world as you are. There's a stain on me that nothing will remove. Yes, I'd freely give up my life to prove that I am not naturally a thief."

Awed to silence by the strange manner of his friend, Jeff Truitt undressed and got into bed. George turned out the light. Jeff heard him undressing, and then all was still for two or three minutes, after which Buckley rose from his knees and got in the bed.

"Been sayin' yore prayers, George?" Jeff asked in wonder.

"Yes, Jeff; I try not to neglect it once a day. It seems to be about the only thing that keeps me straight. Good night, Jeff."

"Good night, George."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THEY say the old junk shop was turned into a reg'lar fort last night," Kenner jested as he slouched into the office the next morning after breakfast, a bundle of letters in his hands.

George and Hillyer exchanged glances and smiled.

"You'd have thought something was wrong if you'd been here," George answered lightly.

Hanks was at his desk munching a piece of cracker and now and then taking a sip of water from a thick, unclean tumbler. He had no comments to make. If the building had been half demolished during the night he would have inspected the ruin with supreme indifference, for it was not his personal property. Half an hour later a man and a woman came down the street and entered the warehouse. The woman was short and fat, wore a black sunbonnet and a heavy gray shawl. The man carried a worn Confederate flag in his left hand, in his right a battered army bugle.

"Jeff's mammy an' daddy," Kenner said. "My Lord, they got here quick! I reckon somebody must 'a' told 'em the news last night."

"Come on in, old woman," Truitt said to his wife. "Nobody hain't a-goin' to hurt you." He took the chair Kenner was proffering and placed it near the stove. Then he leaned unsteadily on the short staff of the furled flag. The bugle rattled on the brass buttons of his long overcoat as his arm hung down.

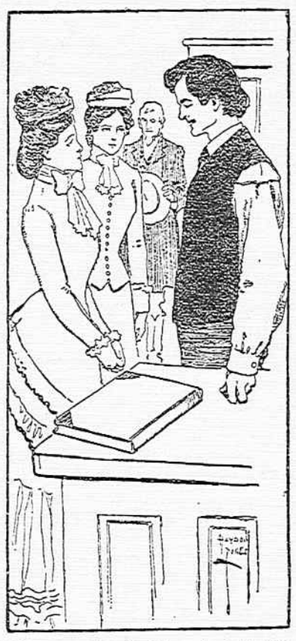
"The camp meets today," he said huskily, "but I hain't blowed a note yit, an' I hain't stuck up the flag. The boys will wait on ol' Bas this mornin'. I wish some o' my tried comrades could be here to listen to what I got to say. George Buckley, I'm goin' to speak to you, sir."

George had flushed all over with embarrassment. His profile was to the door, but out of the corner of his eye he had caught a glimpse of a woman's figure in the main doorway. The thought flashed through his brain that it was Mrs. Hillyer or Hortense Snowden, and he wanted to direct Hillyer's attention thither, but with set, expectant features the merchant was staring at the speaker.

"Jeff told us jest how it happened," Truitt went on, his earnest eyes half full of tears, "an' me an' my old woman felt like we wanted to see, to look at, the man that saved our child. Thar he is, Matilda; thar he is! Thar's the chap that stood up in the teeth o' that ragin' mob an' said ef they got our boy it ud be over his dead body. George Buckley done it. He"—the old man's voice sank so low for a moment that it was scarcely audible—"he done it! I wish God would help me talk, but he won't, an' I cayn't. I had lots to say, but I cayn't talk. I want to show what I feel, but I cayn't. I 'lowed that a—a man that fit fer Jackson an' Lee an' Davis was good enough, but a man blessed by a high place in the world that stoops down an' offers his life fer a pore, weak, scared boy is better'n a soldier. He's more like God than a soldier. He's actuated by love an' pity, while the soldier is fightin' fer spite. I—I jest wish God would give me a chance to show what I feel. Matilda, ef you want to say anything, say it. Yore old man's made a fool of hisself!"

"Oh, don't, don't, Mrs. Truitt!" George protested as the old woman pushed back her bonnet and began to speak, but she went on.

"I cayn't say what I want to, nother," she sobbed, "but I kin pray fer you, George, an' I will. I hope the Master will shower blessings down on yore head. I've knowed 'im, gentlemen, sence he was a little boy, an' he always was one o' the best children that ever lived. God knows he's had trouble, but it jest seems to 'a' sanctified 'im. Folks says he hain't a happy man, that he has lots to contend with here in town an' that it looks like he cayn't git all he wants, but he will, God bless 'im, ef my prayers kin do any good. I'm a-goin' to ask the Lord A'mighty to give 'im peace an' all he wants!" She drew her bonnet over her face and fell to sobbing aloud.



"Show me, Mr. Buckley, where it happened."

Truitt stood his flag in a corner and led her to the door, and, as all eyes followed him, George looked and saw Lydia Cranston and Kitty Cosby standing a few feet from him. They had heard all. In Lydia's eyes great tears stood, and in her face shone a kindling light upon which her very soul seemed to breathe. Covered with embarrassment, Buckley went to them.

"I'm very sorry," he began, but Lydia put up her gloved hand and stopped him.

"Don't, don't!" she said gently, almost reverently, as she looked straight into his eyes. "Don't!"

He had not been introduced to her companion, and the fact seemed to have escaped her. The three walked to the door.

"I am Miss Cosby, Mr. Buckley," Kitty said sweetly. "Lydia has completely forgotten that we don't know each other."

"I am delighted to meet you," he faltered, red in the face. "This is a rather rough and tumble camp meeting reception to offer you the first time you honor the old warehouse with your presence, Miss Cosby," he managed to get out, "but we are an emotional people and"—

"Hush!" suddenly exclaimed Lydia, facing him with her great, wondering eyes. "Don't speak lightly of that." Then her voice sank into ineffable sweetness. "Show me, Mr. Buckley, where it happened. I mean from which direction did the mob come, and is this the door—where the poor boy—where you stood—this here?"

George grew redder; he essayed a light laugh, but she was persistent. She laid her hands on his arm. "Tell me," she urged, "is this the very spot?"

"That's right, miss," said Truitt, coming up. "The gang come runnin' right down that walk after Jeff. He hain't a plumb coward, but a mob o' fifty bloodthirsty men would rattle any boy that's been made a pet of all his life. They was all right on his heels, an' he seed George Buckley's open door an' made a break fer it. George let 'im in an' then stood right on that sill thar an' dared one of 'em to pass 'im. He had a gun, but they could 'a' ground 'im to sausage meat. One man cocked a revolver, an' George heard it an' yelled out an' dared 'im to shoot 'im while he stood in the light, an' bemeaned 'im fer a coward an' all he could think of. His pure grit, an' the respect they had fer 'im, shamed the gang, an' they left. But thar's a hero, miss. You young ladies study about leaders of great battles that are this an' that, but I'm a old soldier, an' what George Buckley done last night was the bravest thing I ever seed or heard tell of."

"We thought Major Cranston was here," Miss Cosby explained when Truitt had gone. "We have been looking all over town for him."

George accompanied them to the carriage and helped them in. He was still flushed and embarrassed. Lydia was quiet and thoughtful.

"You must come up and see us very soon," she said. "I want you to know Kitty."

Buckley turned back to the office, angry with himself, the Truitts and everything pertaining to the recent happening.

"Oh, what an ass I made of myself," he thought—"what a deplorable, helpless ass!"

He had just seated himself at his desk when Jeff Truitt came in. "George," he said, "Kenner has offered me a job at the compress, and"—

"Well"—George looked up from his work, with a frown—"that's all right, I guess."

Their eyes met, and Truitt's fell to the ground. He turned out of the door, meeting Kenner on the sidewalk.

"I made George mad jest now," he said to Kenner. "I wouldn't 'a' done it fer the world, but"—

"You didn't make me mad, old boy," said George, coming up, with a smile. "I was worried about a calculation I was making. I hardly knew who was speaking to me."

"Well, I'm glad," said Jeff, with a smile of relief. "I wouldn't bother you fer the world."

"I'll bet he was mad," said Kenner to himself as he moved on. "George Buckley's as hard to understand sometimes as a woman. He didn't like the way the Truitts carried on 'fore them young ladies. Lord, he don't know which side his bread's buttered on! Ef I live a hundred years I'll never forget Lydia Cranston's face while old Truitt was a-talkin', an' George is as blind as a bat—kickin' himself right now."

He went into the office a few minutes later. George was at his desk, a dry pen in his hand, the flush still on his face. "I met Bob Hanks uptown awhile ago," Kenner observed.

George did not seem to hear.

"He's put on a new two horse delivery wagon, painted up with his sign on it, jest like city wagons."

Buckley was still inattentive.

"By the way, the little devil told me he was goin' to let up on that schoolgirl racket o' his. He told me of his own accord, so I reckon my talk did some good t'other night."

"I suppose it did," said Buckley, with a start, and he went to work. Kenner stood watching him for several minutes. The flush remained on Buckley's face all that morning, and he seldom answered when spoken to. Even Hillyer remarked upon his strange conduct.

"He's a quar boy," said the old man. "I don't pretend to understand 'im, but I bank on 'im jest the same."

"I think I understand 'im," replied Kenner. "I kin see through a plank, when thar's a knot hole in it." But that was as far as the cotton buyer would commit himself.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON their arrival at home that morning the two girls separated in the hall, Lydia going up to her room with a grave look on her face, and Miss Cosby turning into the parlor to take off her wraps. Mrs. Cranston joined her immediately.

"I was in the summer house and saw you coming," she said eagerly. "I thought I'd give Lydia a chance to go upstairs, for I am crazy to hear what you have to say. Well, did you meet the paragon?"

Miss Cosby rubbed her kid glove down from her wrist toward the tips of her slender fingers. "Meet him?—by a large majority, I assure you. We walked right into his den. Your scheme worked, Mrs. Cranston. As soon as we missed the major uptown I told Lydia that you said he might be down at the grain warehouse, and she ordered the carriage there. I have one thing to ask you, Mrs. Cranston"—Kitty was smiling—"what are the rates of board in this town?"

"Rates of board?" exclaimed Mrs. Cranston. "What on earth do you want to know that for?"

"I'm going to pay my board while I'm with you," said the girl, with mock seriousness. "I know you invited me down here to help you out of your mess, and I have washed my hands of the whole business. I'm out of it from now on—out. Do you understand?"

"Oh, Kitty, do be serious—don't be silly."

"I'm out of it, I tell you," persisted the girl, pulling at the other glove. "I won't work for anybody that don't tote fair. Why didn't you tell me this Buckley was a regular Apollo in a business suit? Why, I never felt in my life as I did with him. I may be romantic, cracked, soft or something, but I simply stood and stared at him, unable to say a thing that was sensible. Besides, we were all upset—excited to death, and"—

"Excited!" gasped Mrs. Cranston. "Why, what about?"

"Oh, about that White Cap affair down there last night. You never heard half of it. The major hinted that it was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.]

Clothing

FOR

FALL AND WINTER.

Our Fall and Winter Garments are now ready, and whatever your needs may be in Men's, Boys' or Children's Clothing, Hats and Furnishing Goods, we would like the pleasure of supplying.

We would certainly like to number you among our regular patrons, and we hope to win you by the excellence of our Clothing and the reasonableness of our prices.

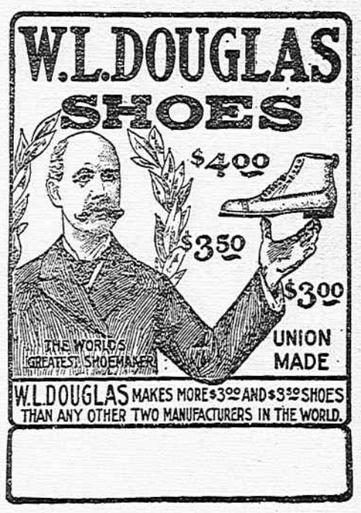
In New Quarters.

We now occupy the Ryttenberg Building, Main and Liberty streets.

THE

D. J. CHANDLER CLOTHING CO.

Sumter, S. C.



THE W. L. DOUGLAS AND ZEIGLER BRO.'S SHOES.

THE W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES for Men and the ZEIGLER BRO.'S SHOES for Women and Children excel in quality, style and fit any other shoe on the market.

Now to more circulate and prove the merit of these Shoes we will, during the month of November, sell shoes less than regular price, on the following conditions:

Any one bringing this advertisement will get our W. L. Douglas $4 Shoes at $3.50; $3.50 Shoes at $3; $3 Shoes at $2.50.

The Zeigler Bro.'s Shoes we will sell accordingly.

Remember,

It is only during this month that we can sell these Shoes for that price. After December 1st regular price will go into effect again.

Now if you want to make 50 cents or as many times 50 cents as you choose, come to the NEW IDEA and get the best Shoes made for yourself, wife and children.

THE NEW IDEA,

M. M. KRASNOFF, Prop.