

BOWSER BUYS AN AUTOMATIC

And His Burglar Calls That Evening.

By M. QUAD

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When Mr. Bowser came home on a recent evening he stopped for a moment at the gate and looked up and down the street and across. When he entered the house he walked through to the sitting room to one of the back windows and peered and peered for a moment before stepping back and exclaiming in a whisper:

"There he is, just as I expected!"

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Bowser, who had followed him.

"A burglar!"

"How do you know?"

"I saw that man on the street car. I saw his hungry look as I took out my wallet to get a bill changed. He got off the car when I did and is now spotting the house to see how he may enter tonight."

"I shouldn't worry about him," replied Mrs. Bowser with a smile to herself.

"I'm not worrying. I'd rather he was a burglar. I hope he will try to get in here tonight. I am fixed for him. See this?"

And he drew forth an automatic pistol, which he had bought an hour before, and exhibited it with great pride and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, we have been at the mercy of burglars for the last year. We are at their mercy no longer. I hold them for them in my hand."

"I haven't read or heard of a burglar for weeks and weeks," said Mrs. Bowser.

"There have been thousands of them and the scoundrels are still at it. Many and many a night I have woken with a



"I WOULD GRAB HIM BY THE HAIR AND PULL HIM OFF."

feeling that an intruder was in the house, but I went to sleep again without alarming you."

There was no more talk on the subject until after dinner and then Mr. Bowser said:

"Mrs. Bowser, we must understand each other about this burglar business. If there is a strange noise in the house, and I think it is a burglar, I will poke you in the ribs with my elbow and gently whisper in your ear. You must remember not to scream out."

"I see," was the reply.

"If you are the first to wake give me a poke and whisper 'b-u-r-g-l-a-r-s'? That will be enough for me. I will spring out of bed, grasp my automatic and fly downstairs and fill somebody with lead. This is the program and we must stick to it and not get things mixed up."

"But do you think I am going to remain up here while you hunt a burglar downstairs?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Of course you are. You wouldn't be idiot enough to follow down."

"I'd follow, of course!"

"But what could you do?"

"If I found that a burglar had you down on the floor and was choking you to death I would grab him by the hair and pull him off."

"Humph! You would stay right up here until I came up and informed you that the burglar was as dead as a door nail. The matter is all settled and we need talk about it no longer."

Mrs. Bowser hadn't been made at all nervous by the talk, and she had no fear as she fell asleep. Soon after midnight, however, she found herself sitting up in bed and listening with all her might to some noise on the next floor down. It came again and again and after two or three minutes she made up her mind that a burglar was prying up a window. She took the end of Mr. Bowser's nose between her thumb and finger and then whispered the magic word in his ear. He granted. She whispered again. He sat up and yawned.

"I think there is a burglar in the house," she whispered.

Mr. Bowser made a move as if he would fall back on his pillow and cover up his head, but checked himself and asked:

"What have you heard?"

"Some one is prying up a window."

"It is probably some noise on the street."

"But you will go down and investigate?"

"I don't see the need of it," said Mr. Bowser after a hesitation lasting thirty seconds. It's probable that you had a touch of nightmare, but if you hear noises again give me another call."

Mrs. Bowser was out of bed in thirty seconds and feeling for the automatic under his pillow.

"Here! What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I am going down and shoot that burglar, if there is one," replied Mrs. Bowser.

He swung his legs off the bed, took the pistol from her hand, and as she turned up the light he started for the door. He passed three times in going ten feet, and as he laid his hand on the doorknob he asked:

"Suppose there is more than one of them?"

"If there are a dozen shoot them all!"

Mrs. Bowser followed him to the head of the stairs, and he did not object in the least. All was silent and darkness below, and the bravest general in the European armies might have hesitated over the situation. The plunge, however, must be taken, and Mr. Bowser took it, fully expecting that he was going to his doom. Mrs. Bowser encouraged him with whispered words, and at length he reached the foot of the stairs. There he turned to enter the sitting room, and just as he reached it there was a bump, bump, bump—a shout—a scream and then the noise of a skirmish line.

Mr. Bowser had turned loose his automatic. Mrs. Bowser had screamed, and the burglar was trying to get out of the window he had entered. In the darkness he could not be seen, but Mr. Bowser was taking no chances of letting him escape. He had the pistol pointed all over the room as it belched forth its bullets.

"Have you killed him?" the voice of Mrs. Bowser asked as the pistol ceased to bang.

"Ten times over," was the reply. "Can you light the gas?"

A gas jet was lighted and at that moment a big black tomcat who had somehow got into the house and wanted to get out again and had been bumping his head against the glass uttered a frightful y-e-o-w-l and streaked it for the basement stairs and disappeared.

Mr. Bowser looked at Mrs. Bowser. Mrs. Bowser looked at Mr. Bowser. Then she exclaimed, "By gosh?"

Then she sat right down on the floor and chuckled, and tittered and giggled and laughed as she had not done since she was a girl of twelve.

"What in the thunder ails you?" growled the burglar killer.

"Oh, it's so funny!" gasped Mrs. Bowser. "It was nothing but the old cat after all!"

"Dura her hide, but how did she get in here?"

"The cook may have left the kitchen door open."

"Then you discharge her in the morning, and if there is any wages coming to her don't pay them. I saw her here, but still I am inclined to believe that there really was a burglar in the house."

Mrs. Bowser stifled her laughs and lighted more gas jets and went to inspecting the room to find where the barrel of bullets which had missed the burglar had found lodgment. The following is a true record:

One bullet through the mantel mirror.

One bullet through the eight day clock, making it a no day clock.

One bullet through a landscape on the wall. It improved the painting, however.

Two bullets through the piano, but not improving its tone.

One bullet through a window pane overlooking the back yard. It was later on ascertained that this chunk of lead entered a barn on the opposite side of the alley and nicked the ear of a hostler sleeping on his innocent bed.

Two bullets through the fatal parts of a Japanese vase. It must have died instantly.

Three or four bullets through a crayon picture of Mrs. Bowser. They destroyed her nose, knocked out her front teeth and carried away both eyebrows, but she was glad of it, as it had always given her a chill to look at it.

With the exception of five or six holes in the ceiling there were no more marks. The other bullets might have been shot into the fireplace and climbed up the chimney.

"Well?" queried Mrs. Bowser after they had got through hunting.

"If it was a burglar," replied Mr. Bowser, "he has been mortally wounded and has crawled away to die."

"Yes, that is the way of it," said the politic wife, and the lights were turned out, and the couple went back to bed. Next morning Mrs. Bowser referred to the matter at the breakfast table, but Mr. Bowser discouraged her by saying:

"You had better get you a tonic of some sort. You had an awful attack of nightmare last night."

And the good little woman, knowing how a modest man feels when he has done a heroic action, didn't say another word—not a word.

Grilled.

She—Haven't I seen you on the grid-iron?

He—So you think I look like a football player, eh?

She—No; I thought you looked like a lobster—Judge.

Were They Clay?

The maiden from Toledo sighed
And murmured, with an air of pride,
"My Pete
Says I'm a poem, all complete."

The maid from Boston raised her eyes
And answered her in some surprise:
"How neat!
Pray, tell me, did he scan your feet?"

—Harvard Lampoon.

SERVING A SUMMONS

By JOHN Y. LARNED

When I was a young man studying law I secured a legal position, the principal duties of which were to serve papers on those who were sued for debt. I had one experience that made me the laughingstock of the town.

Jason Parke as a boy was the daredevil of the place in which he lived. He was up to all sorts of pranks, much to the annoyance of the older citizens, but which amused the youngsters. He was afraid of nothing and had a head capable of enabling him to look down from immense heights. Had he been born in Switzerland he would doubtless have been a mountaineer. As it was, becoming an ironworker, he was often engaged in joining together the steel framework of buildings, and some of them being skyscrapers, he was obliged to work up in the air.

Jason was a favorite among his companions. He was tender hearted, generous to a fault and suffered, as such persons generally do, from spendthrift proclivities. Instead of laying up money for a rainy day he ran into debt. One of his creditors, to whom he owed several hundred dollars, after vainly trying to recover, sued him, and I was directed to serve the summons upon him.

I was told that he was working on a bridge across a river. I went to Archville, where he was engaged, and to the bridge. It was a cantilever structure across a broad river and had not yet met in the center.

Parke had got wind of the suit brought against him, and a lawyer had advised him to keep out of the way so long as possible so that service upon him could not be secured. This I did not know; but, of course, I never gave away for what purpose I wished to see a person on whom I wished to serve a summons.

Inquiring of a workman where I could find Jason Parke, he looked at me suspiciously and asked what I wished of him. I replied that I had a matter of business with him. Looking up at an iron structure extending from the farther shore nearly to the middle of the river and a couple of hundred feet above the surface, he pointed to a man on the outer extremity, saying that he was the person I wanted.

I was young, had a good head for heights and saw an opportunity by climbing out to where the man was to corner him and secure service. Hiring a boat, I pulled myself across the river, climbed the bank and, walking inland till I reached what would eventually be the floor of the bridge, walked to the first pier, then worked my way toward my man.

In the effort I was making, I was glad to crawl along the unroofed steel stringers. He did not apparently notice me, going on with his work, which was riveting. I dared not look down for fear of losing my head and falling into the water, and I kept my eyes fixed steadily on my man. I must get near enough for him to hear my voice while I read the summons, and since if I suspected my purpose he could hammer enough noise out of the steel to drown my voice it was necessary for me to get very close to him.

When I was 100 feet distant he caught sight of me. He seemed surprised to see one not a workman in such a position, but after a glance went on with his work, paying no further attention to me. I was quite assured by this that he did not suspect my purpose and climbed on, though every moment I dreaded dizziness. I had reached a point not twenty feet from him when he stepped off the iron beam on which he was standing and went down feet foremost into the water below.

I had been balked. Quite likely Parke had received a signal from the man of whom I had inquired for him that I was coming and had thus been enabled to give me the slip. I had had enough of the job climbing out to such a place and had no mind for following him down into the river. The moment he jumped a boat put out from the shore, and the moment he rose to the surface he swam toward it, was taken aboard and carried to the opposite shore.

My return to terra firma was even more trying than my outward climb, for I was becoming dizzy every moment. However, I reached the pier without falling, and after that the danger was much less.

On going down to the margin of the river I found that the boat I had come over in was missing. I did not doubt that every workman on the bridge was in league with his fellows to warn Parke and to render my duty as difficult as possible. After much delay I secured ferriage. As I approached the shore I saw my quarry sitting on some ironwork at the base of the pier on that side of the river. He had evidently got on some dry clothing or dried in the sun what he had worn and was looking at me with apparently no concern whatever. I was then a fleet runner, and as soon as my boat's nose touched the shore I sprang out and ran for him. Before I could get within hearing distance he had sprung into the open ironwork of the pier and was climbing upward like a monkey. He did not stop till he had reached a platform a hundred feet above, leaving me below gaping at him and greeted with shouts of derision by every workman employed on the bridge.

I found an excuse to resign my position and seek another home and another occupation. I never returned to the lawyers.

GOSHEN HILL

Goshen Hill, Aug. 21.—Among the hills of Goshen you find saints as well as sinners—projectors and well as destroyers. So therefore I beg to introduce the fact to the Readers of the Union Times, that the great big gasoline engine, and big road scrape has adorned the hills of this township at last, even if it is running late on schedule, but as the old adage goes "Better late than never." To the enterprising Jack Mobley, I accord the right hand of fellowship in carrying out a project for general road improvement, that so many people here have been clamoring for a number of years. We have the material here for good roads sand, clay gravel, etc., but with it all, it don't move about by itself and unite where it should. All of you road growers, get together—pull off your coats, get from under your umbrella and come to the assistance of Jack Mobley and you will have better roads but if you don't, you will have those same mud holes that go down in the ground two feet deep again this winter. Growing about bad roads don't improve them. Jack Mobley can't give you good roads without your assistance for it takes money to make them and he has only an allotted amount for his road and I tell you that pitiful sum will not build paved roads in Goshen Hill. The road growler that sits beside the road and preaches bad roads and never contributes anything for their betterment, is what I style a knocker. It takes more that talk to be a big booster. There are so many ways you can help Mobley so far as Goshen Hill is concerned. One way is to take your wagon and help him to haul gravel to fill the bad places when you can get it so easy. Both are available from the Newberry line to Whitmore, for I am familiar with this stretch of road a distance of 8 or 9 miles. I stand ready to assist in helping to do what any other man will do in road building, if the roads lead to market, and I am already burden with taxation. This part of Union county needs to be regenerated with public spirit and not with the spirit of self. Help Jack Mobley make for himself a record that will fit him for a place higher up the ladder. Boys you can do it if you will, push instead of pull. I know the amount of money allotted to roads in Goshen Hill is not enough to work them, and I further know that a lot of it has been wasted, not from neglect but from erring in judgment, but any way lets all come across and help Mobley make some good roads down here in Goshen Hill. If any good roads are needed it is down here. I have seen them in winter that would take four mules to carry a two horse load.

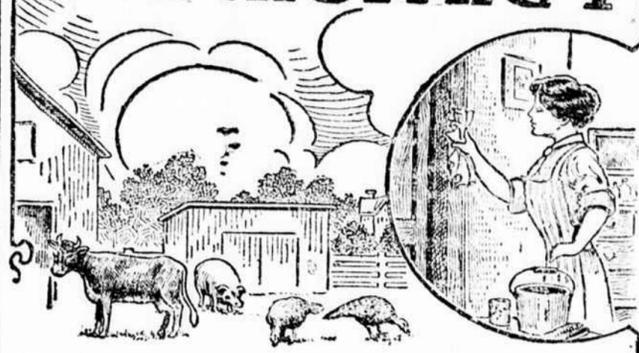
Miss Annie McCarley and Miss Frances Lee Hardy have returned from the Stover reunion in Lancaster. Miss Winona Henderson has returned from a visit in different parts of the State.

Miss Fannie Epps, is away visiting relatives for awhile. Myra Meay is spending the week in Union and Spartanburg with friends.

Mrs. W. D. May, of Atlanta, is visiting relatives here. The picnic at Black Rock was quite a success, being attended by many people from three counties.

B. S. Hardy.

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Tickets on sale each Thursday up to and including September 2, 1915, bearing final limit to reach original starting point, returning prior to midnight of second Monday following date of sale. Extension of final return limit may be had upon payment of difference between the ten day and season rates. Call on nearest Ticket Agent for Pullman reservations, information or

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Sheriff Sales for September, 1915.

By virtue of an execution to me directed, I will sell before the Court House door, in the County of Union, State of South Carolina, on Monday, the 6th day of September, 1915, during the legal hours of sales, the following property to wit:

One track of land lying, being and situate in Union Township, Union County, S. C., containing Forty-eight acres, more or less, and bounded on the North by lands of J. C. Edwards, East by lands of Geo. W. Going, South by lands of F. H. Hawkins, West by lands of Theodore Eison, levied on and to be sold as the property of Mrs. Robert Hawkins at the suit of Wallace Lumber Co., Plaintiffs, against Mrs. Robert H. Hawkins, Defendant.
Union, S. C. J. Hay Fant, August 11, 1915 S. U. C. 33-31.

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OFFICE OVER MUTUAL DRY GOODS COMPANY Union, S. C.

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Notice of Final Discharge.

State of South Carolina—County of Union—Court of Common Pleas.
Notice is hereby given, that on the 13th day of September, 1915, at 11 o'clock a. m. in the Court of Probate for said County, the undersigned will make his final settlement as Executor of the Estate of J. F. Betsill, deceased, and that thereupon he will apply to the Judge of said Court, for his final discharge as such Executor. S.M.Rice.
This 12th day of August, 1915.
Published in The Union Times for 30 days. 33-4t.

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