

OUR BEST

Is your best. If we can't do better by you—clothingly speaking—than others can, then our efforts have been fruitless. For that is the point we have sought to obtain. Maybe it's conceit on our part, but we honestly believe that our Ready Tailored

Suits AND Overcoats

are the best productions in the art of clothes-making that you can find in this or any other city. Why do we believe it? Because we have aimed to make them so; we have personally devoted our time, money and experience to make them all we claim them to be. Read the prices. It helps to confirm our argument.



\$5.00

Will buy an all-wool Suit, nicely made and trimmed, two colors, grey and brown, either round or square cut sack. Ask to see them. Nothing in the city to compare with them at the same price.

\$7.50

Will buy an all-wool Suit, Black, Blue or Brown, cut in every shape, extra long, stout and short and regular cuts, all sizes from 28 to 44. Ours are perfect fitting, fast color linings and sewed with silk; others are selling these same goods, sewed with cotton, and cheap, shoddy linings, at \$8.50 suit and bragging about them being \$10.00 suits. We don't claim ours to be \$10.00 suits, but we do claim them to be the best suits we have ever sold for \$7.50 and as good as some people are selling for \$10.

Will buy an all-wool reversible Overcoat. Nothing like them ever seen in Spartanburg for the price.

35°

Will buy an extra heavy, well made, reinforced, Canton Flannel Drawers. We bought these goods when cotton was selling at 4c. and 5c. lb. The cloth that's in them cost that much to-day.

75°

For an ALL WOOL (not part wool) Undervest. Never sold anything so good for less than \$1.00. Have these goods in either Shirts or Drawers, and all sizes.

Bring this Advertisement with you, and see if we don't fulfill every promise made to you.

FLOYD L. LILES

"JUD BROWNIN."

By D. Baharrie Simpson.

Who, in this land of ours, has not read "Jud Brownin's account of Rubenstein's Playing?" But, how few, of the many who have read it, know who wrote it! The name of the author has traveled neither so fast nor so far as the fame of the piece. It literally teems with sparkling wit and exquisite humor. It is as fine a piece of descriptive humorous writing as is to be found in the literature of any country.

It is unique in its conception and remarkable for power and beauty. It has never been imitated either in spirit or in form. Its author never produced its equal in the same line. It stands alone. But who wrote it? Not one twentieth of those who have read it can answer the question. Possibly one in a hundred will answer, "M. Adams," and the remainder will reply that the author is unknown. Both are wrong. M. Adams was not the author, and yet he is known. The production was originally contributed to the New York Music Trade Review under the nom de plume of Mozis Addams. Thus it got the start, and traveling fast to begin with, it has kept up the pace even until now, and is, today, familiar in all lands where the name of its author, Dr. Geo. W. Bagby, has never been heard. Dr. Bagby was born at Lynchburg, Va. He studied medicine for a time and afterwards took to journalism, which he prosecuted with great energy and suc-

cess. He wrote "Jud" when in the height of his career some fifteen years ago.

Even in his own South Land he is not well known, and it is the object of this article to bring to the notice of Southern readers one whose name and fame should not be allowed to sink into oblivion.

At Lynchburg, Va., as we said, in 1818, Geo. W. Bagby first saw the light. In youth he was sickly, but his bodily weakness seemed to increase the power of his intellect, for even as a boy, he was "quack to learn and wise to know." He was educated at Newark, Delaware, and Princeton, New Jersey, and in his eighteenth year, began the study of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, from which institute he graduated M. D. On graduating he returned to Lynchburg, where his father was a merchant, and hung out his shingle informing the citizens that George W. Bagby was a doctor of medicine and ready for their patronage. His practice was not, by any means, large, and very soon he left the medical, for the journalistic profession. In this he made a success.

In the early fifties he became part proprietor and editor of the Lynchburg Express. The paper did not thrive and very soon collapsed. He then became the Washington correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent. In 1860 he took the editorial chair of the Southern Literary Messenger. In it he defended the rights of the South until the sharp thunder from Fort Sumter proclaimed the war begun. He linked his for-

tunes with the Confederacy, enlisted as a private, and was among the earliest troops that assembled at Manassas. Being unfit, physically, for the hard, rough life of a soldier, he was detailed for clerical work at headquarters. Even this was too much for him and his health gave way, on which account he was given a final discharge.

He at once returned to journalism and the advocacy of Southern Independence. In the next few years many patriotic songs and poems flowed from his pen to cheer the hearts of his countrymen who were bearing the brunt of the battle at the cannon's mouth. One of these became especially popular and is worth quoting here. It is called

THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

Tom, old fellow, I grieve to see
The sleeve hanging loose at your side;
T. e arm you lost was worth to me
Every Yankee that ever died.
But you don't mind it at all,
You swear you've a beautiful stump,
And laugh at that detestable ball;
Tom, I knew you were always a trump.

A good right arm, a nerry hand,
A wrist as strong as a sapling oak,
Buried deep in the Malvern sand—
To laugh at that is a sorry joke,
Never again your iron grip
Shall I feel in my shrinking palm—
Tom, Tom, I see your trembling lip,
How on earth can I be calm.

Well, the arm is gone, it is true;
But the one that is nearest the heart
Is left—and that's as good as two;
Tom, old fellow, what makes you start?
Why man, she thinks that empty sleeve
A badge of honor; so do I,
And all of us—I do believe
The fellow is going to cry.

"She deserves a perfect man" you say;
"You're not worth her in your prime!"
Tom! the arm that has turned to clay,
Your whole body has made sublime.
For you have placed it in the Malvern earth
The proof and pledge of a noble life—
And the rest, hitherward of higher worth,
Will be dearer than all to your wife.

I see the people in the street
Look at your sleeve with kindling eyes;
And you know, Tom, there's naught so sweet
As homage shown in mute surprise,
To see your arm in battle strove,
For freedom's sake, you gave it;
Perished for a nation's love,
A proud remembrance will save it.

When, then, forthwith—
So long;
And when around
Your left is of
Your right will
In its grave, the
As I look the com
I see a one-armed
A little woman with
Is helping as hard
To put on his coat
Tie his cravat and
And I say, as these
"That is Tom and the woman he wooed."

The years roll on, and then I see
A wedding picture bright and fair;
I look closer and it's plain to me
That is Tom with the silver hair,
He gives away the lovely bride,
And the guests linger, loth to leave,
The house of him in whom they pride—
Brave old Tom with the empty sleeve.

In addition to his work on the Messenger Dr. Bagby was, during the war, the Richmond correspondent of every Southern paper that could secure his services. He made friends wherever he went. To know him was to love and esteem him. In 1869 he was appointed Assistant Secretary of State and Custodian of the State Library.—A public lecturer he was well and very favorably known. He died in 1883. His wife edited and collected his writings, the freshness, variety, and novelty of which make them interesting and instructive reading.

"The Old Virginia Gentleman" and "Bacon and Greens" were prepared originally for the lecture platform. All his work is truly American—American subjects, American wit, American humor, by a thoroughly American author. We would like to give several extracts from Dr. Bagby's writings, but lack of space forbids and we will close this article by quoting Mozis's Essay on "Eliza" which is not unworthy the great and good "Josh Billings." Says Mozis: "I hate a fl. A fl. has got no manners. He aint no gentleman. He's an introoder, don't send in no card, nor ax an introduction, nor don't nook at the front door, and nuver, nuver thinks of takin' off his hat. Fust thing you kno he's in bed with you and up your nose—the what he wants up thar is a mistry—and he invites himself to breakfast, and sits down in the butter without brushing his pants. He helps himself to sugar, and meat, and molasses, and bread, and preserves, and everything—don't wait for no invitation. He's got a good appetite and just as soon eat one thing as another. 'Taint no use to challenge him for taking liberties, he keeps up a nostile correspondence with you, whether or not and shoots hisself at you like a bullet, and he never misses—nuver. He'll kiss your

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Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

wife twenty times a day, and zizz and zoo, and ridikule you if you say a word. He'd rather you'd slap at him than not, cause he's a dodger of the dogonest kind. Every time you slap you don't slap him, but slap yourself, and he zzzes and pints the hind leg of scorn at you till he aggravates you to distraction. He glories in lighting every pop on the exact spot where you druv him from, which proves the intention to tease you. Don't tell me he haint got no mind. He knows what he's after. He's got sense and too much of it, tho he never went to school a day in his life except in the sugar dish. He's a mean, malignant, owdshus, premeditated cuss. His mother never paddled him with a slipper in her life. His morals was neglected, and he lacks a good deal of humillity mightily. He aint beautiful a bit, and I doubt if he blushes oftin. In fact he was nuver fetched up at all. He was born full grown. He don't get old nuther. Things gits old, but he nuver gits old—and he's impident and mischievous to the day of his death. I hate a fl. Durn a fl!"
Reidville, S. C.

EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

The Dickson Family. Terrapins and Their Great Age.

By Major William Hoy.

MR. EDITOR.—The last addition to the Scotch-Irish community of Nazareth had from the

When I arrived in this country, but by industry and integrity he acquired a good competence and gave all his children a fair education. All made first-class citizens. One of his descendants, Rev. Robert Smith, is a Presbyterian preacher. At least two of his children were born in Ireland. James, his oldest son was long a school master and surveyor. Forty-five years ago he was appointed in connection with Josiah Kilgore to survey the streets of Greenville. Kilgore, after that time, quit the business and recommended Mr. Dickson as a safe business man. William, his second son is still alive, an octogenarian, in the Greer section. He is a good citizen and successful farmer. Robert, his third son settled as merchant at Alexandria, Alabama, and was a successful business man before the Confederate war. Michael, his bachelor son, lives at the same place a successful merchant. He heard the first and last gun of the war. I saw him on his way home. He said the war had made him penniless, but he was proud of having done his duty. His son John died young. Robert learned the carriage business with Cox & Gower and made quite a success of it at Pontotoc, Miss., before the war. His extensive establishment was turned into the support of the war. He lost everything but I am told that he has recuperated. He raised one daughter, the mother of Rev. Robert Smith. She has been dead several years.

All your readers, Mr. Editor, have heard what was called a joke about the Irishman finding the terrapin in his corn field and was found with a gap down trying to drive it out saying in his true Irish brogue that the beast was tearing down his corn. Mr. Dickson was the man on whom that joke was fastened. The first year Mr. Dickson farmed in this county, just eighty

years ago, Jack Patton and Jim Miller were hunting squirrels round his field. They came across a terrapin, threw it into Dickson's cornfield, pushed down two or three stalks of corn, tore up a roasting ear, pulled down the fence and went off and told they had found Dickson trying to drive a terrapin out of his field. Dickson laughed at the attempted joke and said they would have showed more wit if they had got Asa Mitchell to have told it. Asa was a half witted fellow and would have been more likely to have been believed.

I will mention one case of wonderful memory in connection with the terrapin matter. Uncle Tommy Christopher came to this country the same time the Dicksons did, just eighty years ago. He was in his eleventh year. He came from North Carolina. It was said of him for more than three quarters of a century, that if he died suddenly he would die telling or trying to tell a joke. It came near being realized. Uncle Tommy was afflicted with heart trouble. He never lay down for seven weeks before his death. When some of his friends were around him and he recovered from one of his fainting spells, he amused them by telling them of the terrapin incident, just eighty years ago. The only mistake that he made in relating it was that Tyger Jim Anderson was the man that tried to drive the animal from the field. Uncle Tommy was a strict member of the Methodist church. If Tyger Jim had found a dozen terrapins in his field, he would have encouraged them

to stay as long as they could. He had a good deal of common sense and was a very intelligent man. He was a member of the Nazareth community and was a very successful business man. He was a very good citizen and a very successful farmer. He was a very good citizen and a very successful farmer. He was a very good citizen and a very successful farmer.

This is not the first time Mr. Editor, that the terrapin has been introduced in the SPARTAN. Some writer tried to get information from the late Simpson Bobo, with regard to the great age the animal is said to reach. Some one found one in Fair Forest, with figures to show that they had been made just fifty years, and the letters S. B. marked below the figures. The writer said that Mr. Bobo had married just fifty years before the date on the terrapin. As far as I know they got no answer. I think Mr. Editor, that scientists should give us some information on what the terrapin subsists, and what causes its dreadful dread of fire. I have read of poets speaking of the terrapin trotting, but I have seen them gallop. I have heard people that never had the character of Munchausen assert that by certain marks and dates found on them, that they lived to be several hundred years old. I once saw in an almanac a debate with regard to the age of a tarrapin that some Junior Munchausen got into. One said that his father had found out the date on it made it 200 years old. One's grandfather found one whose date made it 600 years. The third one capped the climax by asserting that his great-grandfather had found one dated the year of the world 1. I once knew a man, Mr. Editor, who had by the most felicitous observation when he was approaching fifty got his christian name changed to Terrapin, and he forever afterwards went by that just the same as if he had been baptised in Jordan. Let your readers look for how he got the name in the next SPARTAN.

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