

In Paradise

By Charles Frazer Ross

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"Travel," recommended Dr. Lucius Thorpe to Archer Wayne, not professionally consulted, but as an old-time friend and adviser.

"Not for my health, surely," said Wayne. "I never was in better trim in my life."

"Physically, yes," returned the medico. "Mentally and socially—a perverted nondescript."

"Thank you!" observed Wayne dryly.

"Oh, don't get offended. We are real friends. It was a blighting destiny that chained you down to a desk and kept you there, a mere machine, for ten years. It sort of soured the milk of human kindness in your natural makeup. At twenty-five you are suddenly lifted from mediocre subsistence to opulence through an entirely unexpected legacy. You are thrown on the world surfeited with money and as unused to the opportunities for enjoying it as an author. Therefore, I say travel, get acquainted with the world, cultivate friendship, fellowship, and, if the right young lady comes along, be."

The word fell upon dull hearing. It was a word, nothing more to the man to whom all womankind represented mystical, dainty creatures, for whom he had not cultivated even casual regard. He felt this and other deficiencies of knowledge, however, and decided to see the world at large.

Six months later Arthur Wayne had nearly circumnavigated the globe. He had been a lonely tourist, for it was difficult for him to cure his settled



Fascinated Him.

reticence. But he had brushed elbows with new people and had learned to observe their ways, and ever and anon a congenial spirit. It was all in day's companionship, however, and he made only casual acquaintances.

The great modern capitals did not attract him. The historic held all of compelling interest. Egypt, India, the Ganges, the Euphrates, Asia Minor, the romance and reliquaries of olden times held much of fascination for him. One day at an obscure town fringing on a wonderful sketch of greenery and mountain expanse, he left the tourists sojourning at some celebrated medicinal springs, shouldered his traveling pack and strolled forth alone. The natives offered guide and servant assistance, but he wished to be alone. Nature was at its most glorious along the narrow paths. The hum of busy insect life, the soft whisperings of the broad leaves seemed to say: "I am nature—come into my workshop."

Wayne strolled for hours. He had traversed a beautiful valley when he found dusk just approaching. His compass gave him no hint of the proximity of settlement or hamlet. It guided him north, however, and he knew that somewhere in that direction lay Mahdi.

A full, glorious moon lighted his way and enhanced the rare beauty and grandeur of his environment. He had about decided to unpack, eat and spread his blankets for a full night rest, when he noted a flag waving in the near distance. He kept it in sight and came to a board enclosure, when the tinkling of a bell attracted him. Beyond the spiked fence he made out a man. He wore a bell strapped to his knee.

"Can you take me in for the night," asked Wayne across the fence but the man inside waved his arms dissentingly, almost threateningly.

"Do you not see the color of the flag, yellow, the signal of pestilence, and the warning bell? Go—go, there is infection in the very air. This is the pest station."

"How near can I find a habitation?" inquired Wayne.

"None near. You might reach a spring pavilion a league or more down

the road. You could rest there till morning. Go."

Wayne kept on. He was truly weary as at the end of an hour. Finally he crossed a plankway spanning a flow of sparkling surplus water, and, tracing its source, he made out a stone pavilion on a knoll half hidden in a nest of luxuriant flowers and vine growth.

"I shall wait until daylight," he soliloquized, as he ascended the steps of the pavilion, dropped to a bench beside a marble table and gave utterance to a sigh of profound relief. Then with a violent start, almost a thrill, he stared wondering at the end of the long bench. It held another occupant than himself, a woman, fair and comely.

She was asleep, and her face with closed eyes and placid lips was turned towards him. Her silken golden tresses formed a pillow for one arm. The pellucid moonlight clearly outlined the classic features. Archer Wayne sat spellbound. Who could she be—a venturesome tourist, belated, lost, like himself? For the first time in his life he found the opportunity to study, to analyze the face of a woman. The lines of character and loveliness attracted him, the strangeness of the occasion enchained fancy and satisfaction.

Abruptly the fair blunderer sighed, opened her eyes, and then, discovering that she had a companion, arose to her feet in some trepidation. Wayne followed her example, lifting his cap courteously, with the words:

"I fear you, like myself, are a venturesome wanderer, out of your bearings."

His clear voice, his utter manliness reassured the lady. She hastened to smooth her disarranged tresses, she smiled in a pleased way.

"If that is your trouble, like my own," she said sweetly, "I am glad you have come. Yes, I have lost my way, and the pavilion offered shelter, and I shall not feel frightened now."

Wayne bowed in thanks at the expressed confidence in him of the beautiful stranger, and said:

"Perhaps we had better wait for dawn. In the meantime," and he lifted to the stone table his tourist pack and opened it. "If you are half famished as I am, you will enjoy a little luncheon."

Her bright eyes twinkled approvingly as he brought into evidence an electric tube, pressed its button and set it upon the table. Then Wayne produced an appetizing array of food which his precision had secured at the settlement. Even to salt, pepper, vinegar, the materials were at hand to season a most satisfactory cold luncheon.

She joined him, a glad some invited guest, with all the zest and enjoyment of a healthy normal woman. They chatted, the repast concluded. Somehow, her eyes so full of natural interest and sympathy, won him to tell his life story bit by bit. Wayne felt drawn more closely to this companion as she in turn told of lonely orphan years. She was of a party who were at the hotel at the settlement. She had strayed far to gather floral specimens, and he pulsated with new and vivid emotions, as she showed him the books in which she had pressed her collections and her perfumed breath swept his cheek gentle as the fluttering of an angel wing. Then the conversation died down. Her head had dropped to the support of the bench. He sat immovable, scarcely breathing. She seemed so beautiful in sleep. Her head touched his shoulder. A nameless ecstasy possessed his being. Thus passed the sweet night away, and by stages his own senses stole into a slumber, and he awoke to find the rising sun of a new glorious day coming up over the hill tops.

There was enough and to spare for an early morning refection. Hilda Broughton was bright and sparkling under the influence of gratitude for the care and companionship of the true gentleman who had rescued her from the fears and discomfort of a night of loneliness.

"Did you know," she asked as they started on to locate the town, "that these natives about here declare that all this country around here is the original location of the Garden of Eden?"

He had heard of it, and his heart beat fast at the trustful contrast of the small gloved hand on his arm. Not now the time, but later on, he resolved on that, he should tell her that he hoped he had found his Eve.

Comforted Departing Soldier.

He was as straight a young corporal as you ever was in khaki. And he was telling the woman who sat next in the car that he wished the war could be over in time to cut and shock the corn.

"My father is a good farmer, but he is nearly sixty and that's too old for a man to be working when he has a son to do for him. And my mother is so little she can walk under my outstretched arm, but—here's what I keep studying over up here—dad cried and begged me to come home the first chance I got, but mother said: 'Bub, you know how I hate to have you go, but you are fighting our fight for us, and though it is only a day's ride from here to Washington city I want you to come back by way of France.'"

There was nothing to it, of course, except for the comfort it gave the youngster to talk of his mother's bravery and his father's corn.

And comfort means a whole heap—Washington Star.

New Discoveries.

"What new lesson did you learn at school today, son?"

"Found a new way of getting out of school an hour by sneaking out and taking my pass."

SUMMONS FOR RELIEF.

The State of South Carolina,
County of Barnwell.

Court of Common Pleas.

C. C. Spaulding, manager of the North Carolina Mutual and Provident Association, incorporated under the laws of the State of North Carolina,
Plaintiff,

against

William Fogler,
Defendant.

TO THE DEFENDANT, WILLIAM FOGLER:

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED and required to answer the complaint in this action which is now on file in the office of Clerk of Court for Barnwell County and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office over Peoples Drug Store, Beaufort, S. C., within twenty days after the service hereof; exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated October 6th, A. D., 1917.

J. I. WASHINGTON,

Plaintiff's Attorney.

Wm. McNAB.

Representing

Fire, Health and Accident
Insurance Companies.

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BARNWELL, S. C.

Treasurer's Notice.

The tax books will be open for the collection of State, County and School taxes for the fiscal year of 1917 from the 15th day of October, 1917 to the 15th day of March, 1918, inclusive.

January 1, 1918, a penalty of 1 per cent. will be added.

February 1, 1918, a penalty of 1 per cent. will be added, making a total of 2 per cent. for February.

March 1st to the 15th, 1918, inclusive a penalty of 5 per cent. will be added, making a penalty of 7 per cent. to March 15, at which time the tax books will close.

Tax levy will be:

For State purposes, 8 1/2 mills.

For ordinary county purposes, 8 1/2 mills.

For Constitutional school 3 mills.

Total Levy ----- 20 1/4 mills.

Commutation road tax is \$1.50.

Special school levies as follows:

Two Mills—Ashleigh, Baldoke, Bar-

bury Branch, Cedar Grove, Columbia,

Edisto, Ellenton, Friendship, Green's,

Harmony, Long Branch, Meyer's Mill,

Morris, New Forest, Oak Grove,

Riverside, Sand Hill, Seiglingville,

Seven Pines, Tinker's Creek.

Three Mills—Barton, Bloomingdale,

Cave, Hickory Hill, Owens Cross

Road, Red Oak, Shady Grove, Upper

Richland.

Four Mills—Appleton, Big Fork,

Calvary, Double Pond, Healing

Springs, Hercules, Hilda, Lee, Rose-

mary, Reedy Branch, Sycamore.

Five Mills—Elko, 2 mills for ordi-

nary expenses; 3 mills for bonds.

Six Mills—Kline, 2 mills for ordi-

nary expenses; 4 mills for bonds.

Seven Mills—Dunbarton, 4 mills for

ordinary expenses; 3 mills for bonds.

Eight Mills—Blackville, 5 mills for

ordinary expenses; 3 mills for bonds.

Fairfax, 5 1/2 mills for ordinary ex-

penditures; 2 1/2 mills for bonds.

8 1/2 Mills—Allendale—6 for ordi-

nary expenses; 2 1/2 mills for bonds.

Nine Mills—Williston, 5 for ordi-

nary expenses; 4 mills for bonds.

10 1/2 Mills—Barnwell, 6 mills for ordi-

nary expenses; 4 1/2 mills for bonds.

Drafts and checks will not be accep-

ted for taxes except at taxpayers' risk. County and school claims properly approved will be accepted for taxes.

J. B. Armstrong,
County Treasurer.

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to the people of Barnwell County to visit our store and inspect the wonderful bargain values that we are now offering. Our buyer has just returned from the Northern markets, where he bought a complete new line of

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Come in and let us prove to you that our various departments are unsurpassed in this section.

Western Carolina Department Store,

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BARNWELL, S. C.

RED CROSS DAY

Thursday,
NOV.
15th



Thursday,
NOV.
15th

Every man, woman and child in Barnwell County is invited and urged to come to Barnwell on Thursday, Nov. 15th, and enjoy the pleasures of the Carnival and Merchants' Trade Week. That day has been set aside as "Red Cross Day," the city council and the management of the carnival having agreed to give a liberal donation out of Thursday's receipts to the local Red Cross Chapter. Come!

Special Attractions!

This space donated by The Barnwell People.