It's Impossible

For you to look your best in any dress, coat suit, or gown of any kind or description if you aren't first properly corseted.

This is as certain and unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Don't under any circumstances consider purchasing any Fall costume without first having our expert Corsetiere fit you with the model Redfern that we have here for you.

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D. GEISBERG

Classified Columns

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FOR SALE—Load after load of dry blocks for kindling, $1 per load. Phone 367. Townsend Lumber Co.

FOR RENT—Close in, 1, 2, 3 or 4 room furnished or unfurnished, suitable for light housekeeping, water and lights. Apply 413 N. McDuffie St. 10-3-3t

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FOR SALE—We have a small tract of land formerly part of the Quince Harwood place, which can be bought cheap if you act quick. Frank & DeCamps Realty Company. 9-30-tf

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Office up-stairs in new Watson-Vandiver building and office in front of job department down stairs. Splendid central location. Apply at The Intelligencer Office. 10-2-tf

WANTS

WANTED—The public to know that we have just received a large shipment of hoe flues, and can supply your wants in this line. Anderson Intelligencer, Job Department. tf

WANTED—You to know that we do high class cleaning and pressing. Ladies work especially. Agents Ben Wande Company, the South's largest dyers and dry cleaners. Columbia Tailoring Co.

IT SEEMS TO BE—A special provision that fruit is the most desired and adapted food for warm weather, and you'll find it here—California fruits, oranges, grapes, plums, pears and northern apples—all fresh. Also Sickle pears, and plenty of bananas. J. K. Manos.

HAIR DRESSING—Switches made from your own combings. Same can be found at 105 E. Church street upstairs. Mrs. Locas Arnold.

SEE W. A. Todd, the Monument Man, for anything in the Monumental line. Tombstones of all kinds. W. A. Todd, 1909 South Main street, Anderson, S. C.

A REAL BARGAIN—At the Eagle Barber Shop, all during the month of October for cash only—a hair cut and a postage stamp for a cent and a quarter. Satisfaction guaranteed.

STRAYED OR STOLEN—One Pointer puppy, about ten weeks old, white and liver spots, black leather collar. C. D. Hudson, Eagle Barber Shop.

WHAT'S the use of buying new shoes? Why not let me repair those old ones? Big saving in money to you. Satisfaction guaranteed. G. E. McKee, 128 East Whitner.

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All dinlenquent road tax collectors are provided with an official receipt book with numbes, and stub numbes attached. Pay no money to collectors unless you get the official receipt as above provided or.

J. MACK KING,
County Supervisor.
tf

NOTICE

We are doing superior work at our ginnery. Swap meal and hulls for seed. Also have five hundred bushels of Bancroft Prolific Oats (grades seed) for sale or exchange for cotton seed. Price $1.15 per bushel or one pound oats for four and one-half pounds cotton seed.
9-26-1mo. GLUCK MILLS.

CHARLESTON & WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY
To and from the
NORTH—SOUTH—EAST—WEST

Leaves:
No. 6 ..... 7.30 a. m.
No. 22 ..... 2.50 p. m.

Arrives:
No. 21 ..... 11.35 a. m.
No. 3 ..... 9.10 p. m.

Information, schedules, rates, etc., promptly given.

E WILLIAMS, G. P. A.
Augusta, Ga.
T. B. Curtis, G. A.
Anderson, S. C.
Above figures effective Sunday, Sept. 27th, 1914.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

The MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

By Harold MacGrath

(Copyright 1914, by Harold MacGrath.)

"H'm. Complimentary?"

"No; just ordinary everyday love."

"Ah, Olga, why the deuce must you go and fall in love with a bundle of ashes like myself? Ashes and bitter ashes, too. Sometimes I regret. But the regretting only seems to make me all the more savage. What opium and dope are to other men, danger and excitement are to me. It is not written that I shall die in bed. I have told you that already. There is no other woman—now. And I do love you after a fashion, as a man loves a comrade. Wait till this danger bout is over and I may talk otherwise. And now I am going to a reception, I am going to shake hands and hobnob with the elite—beautiful words! And while I bow and smirk and crack witticisms, and I and the devil will be chuckling in in our sleeves. But this I'll tell you, while there's a drop of blood in my veins, a breath in my body, I'll stick to this fight if only to prove that I'm not a quitter."

He caught her suddenly in his arms, kissed her, ran lightly to the door, and was gone before she could recover from her astonishment.

The affair went smoothly, without a hitch. Norton and his men gained the house through the tunnel without attracting the least attention. The Black Hundred, watching the front and rear of the house, never dreamed that there was a secret cabinet room.

Half an hour later the head of the secret service, accompanied by his men, together with "Spider" Beggs, who was in high feather over his success, arrived, demanded admittance, and went at the fount of the business at once.

"Four name is Jones," began the chief.

The butler nodded though his face evinced no little bewilderment at the appearance of these men:

"What is it you wish, sir?"

"I am from the secret service and I have it from a pretty good source that there is counterfeit money hidden in this house. More than that, I can put my hand on the very place it is hidden."

"That is impossible, sir," declared Jones indignantly.

"I'm an old hand, Mr. Jones. It will not do you a bit of good to put on that bold front."

Beggs smiled. How was he to know that this was a comedy set especially for his benefit.

"I should like to see that money," said Jones, not quite so bravely.

"Come with me," said the secret service man. "Where's the library?"

"Beyond that door, sir."

The chief, beckoning to his men, entered the library, went directly to a certain shelf, extracted three volumes, and there lay the money in three neat packages.

"Good heavens!" gasped Jones.

"I shall have to request you and the family to accompany me to the station'"

"But it is all utterly impossible, sir! I knew nothing of that money, nor how it got there. It's a plot. I declare on my oath, sir, that I am innocent, that Miss Florence and her companion know nothing about it."

"You will have to tell all that to the federal judge, sir. My duty is to take you all to the station. It would be just as well not to say anything more, sir."

"Very well; but some one shall smart for this outrage'"

"That remains to be seen," was the terse command of the secret service man.

He led his prisoners away directly.

Norton and his men had to wait far into the night. The Black Hundred did not intend to make any mistake this time by a hasty move. At quarter after 10 they descended, raine was not with them. This was due to the urgent request of Olga, who still had her doubts. The men rioted about the house, searching nooks and corners, examining floors and walls, opening books, pulling out drawers, but they found nothing. They talked freely, however, and the dictagraph registered every word. The printing plant, which had so long defied discovery, was in the cellar of the house occupied by the Black Hundred. Norton and his men determined to follow and raid the building. And the reporter promised himself a good front page story without in any way conflicting with his promises to Jones.

Events came to pass as they expected. The trailing was not the easiest thing. Norton knew about where the building was, but he could go to it directly. He was quite confident that its entrance was identical with that which had the trap door through which he had been flung that memorable day when he had been shanghaied.

When they reached the building he warned the men to hug the wall to the stairs. The trap yawned, but no one was hurt. They scampered up the stairs like a lot of eager boys; broke the door in—to find the weird executive chamber dark and empty and an acrid smoke in their nostrils. This latter grew stifling as they blundered about in the dark. By luck Norton found the exit and called to the men to follow. They saw Beggs at the top of the stairway and called out to him to surrender. He held up his hands and the stairs collapsed. Real fire burst out and Norton and his companion had a desperate battle with flame and smoke to gain the street.

The fire was put out finally, but there was nothing in the ruins to prove that there had been a counterfeiting den there. There was, however, at least one consoling feature; in the future the Black Hundred would have to hold their star-chambers elsewhere.

It was checkmate; or, rather, it was a draw.

CHAPTER XV.
ANOTHER TRAP SET.

If the truth is to be told, Jones was as deeply chagrined over the outcome of the counterfeit deal as was Braine. They had both failed signally to reach the goal sought. But this time the organization had broken even with Jones and this fact disturbed the butler. It might signify that the turning point had been reached, and that in the future the good luck might swing over to the side of the Black Hundred. Jones redoubled his cautions, reiterated his warnings, and slept less than ever. Indeed, as he went over the ground he conceded a point to the Black Hundred. He would no longer be able to keep tabs on the organization. They had deserted their former quarters absolutely. The agent of whom they had leased the building knew nothing except that he would have to repair the place. The rent had been paid a year in advance, as it has been these last eight years. He had dealt through an attorney who knew no more of his clients than the agent. So it will be seen that Jones had in reality received a check.

"Ah, Miss Florence," and Jones tapped his pocket, "you forget that you cannot dismiss me by word. I am legally in control here. I am sorry that you have made me recall this fact to you."

Florence began to cry softly.

"I am sorry, very sorry," said the butler, torn between the desire to comfort her and the law that he had laid down for himself. "It is very gloomy today, and perhaps we are all a little depressed by it. I am sorry."

"O, I realze, Jones, that all this unending mystery and secrecy have a set purpose at back. Only, it does just seem as if I should go mad sometimes with waiting and wondering."

"And if the truth must be told, it is the same with me. We have to wait for them to strike. Shall I get you something new to read? I am going down to the drug store and they have a circulating library."

"Get me anything you please. But I'd feel better with a little sunshine.'"

"That's universal," replied Jones, going into the hall for his hat.

Had the telephone rung again at that moment it is quite probable the day would have come to a close as the day before had, monotonously. But the ring came five minutes after Jones left the house.

"Is this the Hargreave place?"

"Yes," said Florence. "Who is it?"

"This is Miss Hargreave talking."

"Yes?"

"This is Dr. Morse. I am at the Queen hotel. Mr. Norton has been badly hurt, and he wants you and Mr. Jones to come at once. We cannot tell just now how serious the injury is. He is just conscious. Shall I tell him you will come immediately?"

"Yes, yes!"

Florence snapped the receiver on the hook. She wanted to fly, fly. He was hurt. How, when where?

"Susan, Susan!" she called.

"What is it, Florence?" asked Susan, running into the room.

"Jim is badly hurt. He wants me to come at once. Oh, Susan! I've been dreading something all day long." Florence struck the maid's bell. "My wraps." You will go with me, Susan."

"Where, Miss Florence?" asked the maid, alive to her duty.

"Where? What is that to you?" demanded Florence, who did not know that this maid was a detective.

"Why not wait till Mr. Jones returns?" she suggested patiently.

"And let the man I love die?" vehemently.

"At least you will leave word where you are going, Miss Florence."

"The Queen hotel. And if you say another word I'll discharge you, Come, Susan."

There happened to be a taxicab conveniently near (as Vroon took care there should be), and Florence at once engaged it. She did not see the man hiding in the bushes. The two young women stepped into the taxicab and were driven off. They had been gone less than five minutes when Jones returned with his purchase, to find the house empty of its most valuable asset. He was furious, not only at the maid, who, he realized, was virtually helpless, but at his own negligence.

In the midst of his violent harangue the bell sounded. In his bones he knew what was going to be found there. It was a letter on the back of which was drawn the fatal black mask. With shaking fingers he tore open the envelope and read the contents: "Florence is now in our power. Only the surrender of the million will save her. Our agent will call in an hour for an answer.

"THE BLACK HUNDRED."

As a matter of fact, they had wanted Jones almost as badly as Florence, but herdesire to cook—some popular story of the day, had saved him from the net. The letter had been written against this possibility.

Jones became cool now that he knew just what danger to face. The Queen hotel meant nothing. Florence would not be taken there.

He called up Norton. It took all the butler's patience, however, as it required seven different calls to locate the reporter.

Meantime the taxicab containing Florence and Susan sped madly toward the water front. Here the two were separated by an effective threat. Florence recognized the man Vroon and knew that to plead for mercy would be a waste of time. She permitted herself to be led to a waiting launch. Always when she disobeyed Jones something like this happened. But this time they had cunningly struck at her heart, and all thought of her personal safety became as nothing. For the present she knew that she was in no actual physical danger. She was merely to be held as a hostage. Would Susan have mentality enough to tell Jones where the taxicab had stopped? She doubted. In an emergency Susan had proved herself a nonenity, a bundle of hysterical thrills.

As a matter of fact, for once Florence's deductions were happily wrong. When the chauffeur peremptorily deposited Susan on the lonely country road, several miles from home, she ran hot-foot to the nearest telephone and sent a very concise message home. Susan was becoming acclimated to this stranger, exciting existence.

Norton arrived in due time, and he and Jones were mapping out a plan when Susan's message came.

"Good girl," said Jones. "She's learning. Can you handle this alone, Norton? They want me out of the house again, if I believe they were after me as well as Florence. Half an hour gone!"

"Trust me," cried Norton.

And he ran out to his auto. It was a wild ride. Several policemen shouted after him, but he went on unmindful. They could take his license number a hundred times for all he cared. So they had got her? They could wait till their enemy's vigilance slacked and then would strike? But Susan. The next time he saw Susan he was going to take her in his arms and kiss her. It might be a new sensation to kiss Susan, always so prim and often. Corey street—that had been her direction. They had put Florence in a motor boat at the foot of Corey street. He was perhaps half an hour behind.

Florence never opened her lips. She stared ahead proudly. She would show these scoundrels that she was her father's daughter. They plied her with questions, but she pretended not to hear.

"Well, pretty bird, we'll make you speak when the time comes. We've got you and we're going to keep you."

"Let her be!" said Vroon roughly. "We'll put all the questions we wish when we're at our destination." And he nodded significantly toward the ships riding at anchor.

Florence felt her heart sink in spite of her abundant courage. Were they going to take her to sea again? She had acquired a horror of the sea, so big, so terrible, so strong. She had an experience with its sudden power. They had gone about four miles down when she looked back longingly toward shore. Something white seemed to be spinning over the water far behind. At first she could not discern what it was. As she watched it it grew and grew. It finally emerged from the illusion of a gigantic bird into the actuality of an everyday hydroplane. Her heart gave a great bound. This flying machine was coming directly toward the launch; it did not deviate a hair's breadth from the line. Fortunately the men were looking toward a huge freighter a quarter of a mile farther on and from their talk it was evident that that freighter was to be her prison bound for where? Nearer and nearer came the hydroplane. Was it for her? It was impossible for the men not to take notice of the barking of the engines at last.

"The thing's heading for us!"

Vroon stared under his palm. It was not credible that pursuit had taken place so quickly. To test yonder man-bird he abruptly changed the course of the launch. The hydroplane veered its course to suit.

Florence heard her name called faintly. One of the men drew his revolver, but Vroon knocked it out of his hand.

"There's the police boat, you fool!"

"Jump!" a voice called to Florence. She flung herself into the water without the slightest hesitation.

All this came about something after this fashion, when Norton arrived at the foot of Corey street a boatman informed him that a young woman of his description had gotten into a fast motor boat and had gone down the river.

"Was there any struggle?"

"Struggle! None that I could see. She didn't make no fuss about going."

"Have you a launch?"

"Yes, but the other boat has half a hydroplane a little above here. You might interest the feller that runs it."

"Thanks!"

But the aviator would not listen.

"A life may hang in the balance, man!" expostulated Norton, longing to pommel the stubborn man.

"What proof have I of that?"

Norton showed his card and badge.

"O, I see!" jerred the aviator. "A little newspaper stent in which I am to be the goat. It can't be done, Mr. Norton; it can't be done."

"A hundred dollars!"

"Not for five hundred," and the aviator callously turned away toward the young woman with whom he had been conversing prior to Norton's approach. The two walked a dozen yards away.

Norton had not served twelve years as a metropolitan newspaper man for nothing. He approached the mechanics who were puttering about the machine.

"How about twenty apiece?" he began.

"For what?" the men asked.

"For sending that paddle around a few times."

"Get up into the seat, but don't touch any of those levers," one of them warned. "Twenty is twenty, Jack, and the Boss is a sorehead today anyhow. Give her a shove for the fun of it."

It was a dumfounded aviator who saw his hydroplane skim the water and a moment later sail into the air. A good newspaper reporth of the first caliber is supposed to be able to run railroad engines, submarines, flying machines, walk, run, swim, fight think, go without food like a python, and live without water like a camel.

Norton had flown many times during the last four years. At the moment he called out to Florence to jump he dropped to the water with all the skill of an old timer and took her aboard. And he could not use a line of this exploit for his paper!

Jones heard the hell. It was the agent from the Black Hundred. He smiled jauntily.

"Well, old fox, we've cornered you at last, haven't we? I want that money, or Hargreave's daughter takes another sea voyage, and this time she will not jump overboard. A million and no more nonsense."

"Give me fifteen minutes to decide," begged Jones, hoping against hope for a miracle.

"Fifteen seconds. When we can't do business. What'll you a million, knowing you all to a pack of liars? Bring Miss Florence back and the money is yours. We are tired of fighting," as indeed Jones really was. The strain had been terrific for

"The money first. We don't fit any better than you do. Back over. You'll have to trust us. We have no use for the girl once we get the cash."

"And you'll never touch a penny of it, you blackguard!" cried Norton from the doorway.

The agent turned to behold the reporter and the girl. He did not stop to ask questions, but bolted. He never got beyond the door, however.

"Always the small fry," sighed Jones. "And if I could have put my hands on the money I'd have given it to him! Ah, girl it doesn't do good to talk to you, does it?"

But they told me he was dying!" Jones shrugged.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

You can get the news while its new in The Morning Daily Intelligencer.

A Lame Back Kidney Trouble Causes

It don't take long for kidney and bladder trouble to give you a lame back, and even worse if not checked. Here's a Statesville, Iredell Co., case to prove it. Mrs. Sarah Wilson, Statesville, Iredell Co., N. C., says: "I took Foley Kidney Pills and now my back is stronger than in years and kidney trouble and inflammation of the bladder sensation have entirely gone." Sold and drugists the world over. Foley Kidney Pills contain no habit forming drugs. Refuse substitutes. Sold by all dealers.

NORTH CAROLINA MAN TELLS HOW HE SAVED HIMSELF FROM DEATH.

R. Irwin Says Mayr's Stomach Remedy Brought Him Astonishing Health.

J. R. Irwin of Warrton-Salem, N. C., was for a long time the victim of serious disorders of the stomach. He tried all kinds of treatment and had many doctors.

One day he took a trial dose of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy, and was delighted with the results. The first bottle brought such relief that he bought two more bottles and after using these three bottles was entirely cured. Mr. Irwin has given personal testimony to the saving powers of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy. You can get it from your druggist. Try it. I could have given a dozen cases where it has done wonders in a few weeks time. Had it not been for Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy I would be helpless. I am grateful for what it has done for me and gladly recommend it to all sufferers from stomach and liver troubles. Many people have learned from Mr. Irwin's statement that Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy is now sold by Brogdon Pharmacy (three stores) and druggists everywhere.

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