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PRUDENCE'S DAUGHTER

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SYNOPSIS-PART ONE

CHAPTER I .- At a merry party in the studio apartment of Carter Blake, in New York, Jerry Harmer, Prudence's daughter, meets Duane Allerton, wealthy idler. He becomes slightly intoxicated, and Jerry, resenting his assumption of familiarity, leaves the party abruptly.

CHAPTER II .- The story turns to Jerry's childhood and youth at her home in Den Moines. Only child of a wealthy father, when she is twenty she feels the call of Art, and her parents, with some misgivings, agree to her going to New York to study.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

"It isn't that I resent your authority, not in the least," she assured them, "But I want to be thrown on my own, you know-I want to be free."

She crossed the room to the golden cage where a golden canary sang blithely in the sunshine. She opened the door. Upon the instant the bird leaped out into to brightness of the room, and circled once about it, with a brave flashing of its yellow wings. "Like that," Jerry said. "He wants to be free."

The bird flew contentedly back into its golden cage.

Then Jerrold, the father of Jerry, walked slowly across to the cage, hishand outstretched to close the tiny tune. door. But before he could lay his finger upon it the flashing bit of gold stance, who had astounded them all room, and then back at once into the familiar confines of the cage, still with his sharp eyes on Jerrold's hand, to make a dash for freedom at his slightest movement toward that door. Again and again he reached toward it, and each time the bird leaped out to freedom. And each time returned quickly to the spacious cage.

"It isn't freedom itself that he wants," said Jerry's father gravely. "He doesn't know what freedom is. He likes the cage much better than the open spaces, but he hates that closed door. He is glad to come back to the cage, but he wants to think he is free. Is it the same with you, Jerry?"

"You can be free here, Jerry, if that's all you want," Prudence put in quickly. "Do what you wish, go where you wish, think what-"

Jerry shook her lovely head, smiling. Perhaps you do not do it on purpose," she said. "But you are a closed door, mother, and you can't help it. Prudence either by name or nature is a restraint-no fault of yours, you understand."

Jerry was vastly pleased with her decision to study art. Art seemed of all things in the world the most glamorous avenue to life. She had always | talkers." taken a pleasant interest in pictures, and in college had been quite a favorite in the art department, where her work both in water colors and in oils, with somewhat of judicious oversight by a friendly instructor in the department, had received warm praise.

Perhaps, however, she was a little troubled in the secret places of her own heart, for she reverted to the subject many times every day, although it was already fully settled she should

"One, has to do something, you know," she said. "One isn't born just for the sake of living and dying and getting it over with. One has to dosomething!"

"Of course!" Prudence was very positive in her agreement.

"Give you a job in the plant any time you say," her father offered quickly, who as president of one of the largest motor corporations in the Middle West was in a position to indulge in such largess if he chose.

"You don't understand, father," she said patiently. "Taking a job from a good worker who needs it to give to a poor one who does not need it, will never solve any labor questions. It isn't a matter of physical labor, you know. It's adding to the general richness of the world-it's putting something of yourself into circulation."

"Don't get you." Jerrold was frank-

ly puzzled. "I-I think I know what you mean,"

Prudence said pleasantly. "Oh, no, you don't, mother," Jerry tender eyes not rudely. Jerry was obliged to contradict her mother many, many times, but it was always with laughing tenderness that she did. "You just say so because you think it is your duty, having me for a daughter, to try to account for my foolishness."

Prudence blushed. "Anyhow we have all agreed that I must go to New York to study art." "I never agreed to any such thing,"

said Jerrold flatly. "I-I did," said Prudence weakly. Jerry laughed softly at her mother. "You didn't, either," she denied tento make father ashamed of himself. You think it makes me less ridiculous

when you agree with me." Prudence blushed again.

Prudence, at. forty-four, with daughter twenty years old, was but a deepened, sweetened, softened molding of the Prudence who, at nineteen, had taken such gay and masterful charge of the parsonage, and the houseful of younger girls, and her gentle father. So slender she was now as to appear almost frail, and sne was very pale, with but the slightest hint of rose in her lips, the lips that had the old whimsical, humorous droop of her girlhood days. In spite of the delicate frailty of her face and ngure, and the pallor of her creamy skin, Prudence did not look her years, nor did her appearance in any way suggest the dignity of a grown-up humorous depth of understanding and the warmth of sympathy that showed in every word and gesture. Prudence | busy. at any age would be ageless, old and young, with the youth that has seen both heights and depths, and trembled with great emotions, the age that defles time with a dauntless bravado and a glad acceptance.

To Prudence sometimes, looking backward, it seemed a long way she had come from the cares and the responsibilities of that simple parsonage life. Times had changed, conditions, interests had changed. It seemed to Prudence that she alone remained stendfast and the same. Her father had died ten years before, and after that Aunt Grace, with Carol and Carol's baby, continued on in the home they had chosen in Mount Mark, remaining there to be near Lark and Jim, on their rich, far-reaching farm.

Aunt Grace had lingered but a few years longer, and then slipped on into the shadows, having left the full of her modest means to Carol, the only one of the parsonage girls to be left alone and without resources. Fairy and Gene, the college lover who became her husband, had suffered a long series of financial reverses in their effort to forge to the front, but finally, after so many years, were comfortably settled in Chicago, seeming at last to have exhausted their store of ill for-

The youngest of the sisters. Confame to marry her prince among cowboys, Martin Ingram, had never regretted her judgment. Martin's vast and barren Arizona acres had been found to overlay an inexhaustible treasure house of oil, and Connie and her husband with their two small children were now living in affluence, and better still, in matchless domestic bliss, in Englewood, one of the most charming suburbs of New York.

Jerrold was consoling himself with the knowledge that this level-headed and serene young auntie, supported by an imperturbable husband, would be at hand to see to willful Jerry on her arrival in the terrible city.

"We must write to Connie at once," he said complucently.

Jerry was quick to protest. "Now, father, please! Is that your idea of freedom? Why, if I go to Englewood to settle down with Aunt Connie I might as well move into a parsonage and be done with it! Freedom! Of course I shall visit them very often, but I shall not five with them, by any means. And I think we'd better not tell her I am coming until I am all nicely settled and running on my own. Then she can't talk me out of it, and all those Starr girls are such good

To Jerrold's surprise, Prudence agreed to this drastic inhibition. "I must be independent, you see,"

Jerry explained. "Of course," assented Prudence.

"I think I shall write to Rhoda La Faye, and ask her to get me a little studio apartment near her."

"Rhoda - Rhoda La Faye - who's that?" Jerrold wanted to know.

"Oh, she's a girl I knew in college." "Rhoda- See here, Jerry, you don't mean the girl who-

"Rhoda was a very nice girl if she was expelled," Jerry said. "She-she was a little too-well, emancipated for Iowa, perhaps, but there was nothing in the least bad about her. She was a very talented girl, and now she has a studio in New York, and has illustrations in the very best magazines, and everything. She can help me a great deal, I should imagine."

"Well, I am certainly not in favor-" Jerrold had assumed his most paternally dictatorial voice.

"I am," interrupted Prudence quickly. "I am most heartily in favor of it. Rhoda was not at all an evil-minded person, just mischievous, as I remember it, and her experience will be of

great value to Jerry." "What was she fired for, anyhow?" Jerrold wanted to know, moodfly, feelin the handicap of his position be-

tween the two of them. "Oh, a perfectly ridiculous thing," explained Jerry lightly. "She did some illustrations in the college magazine, and they were a littlecontradicted promptly, with laughing, advanced, you might say, and Rhods said they were artistic, and she wouldn't apologize, and a few other things like that. But, father, no one could say Rhoda La Faye was not a genius!"

"And of course," Prudence went on, as though it were all her own idea to begin with, "no one could expect an artistic, gifted, temperamental girl like that to plod along here in Iowa like the ordinary daughters of farmers and ministers and merchants! And she will be very helpful to Jerry, I

am sure." Jerry looked at her mother keenly,

derly. "You're just siding with me frowning, with questioning eyes. When she was alone with her father she said confidentially:

"I'd better keep my eye on mother. She's had too much experience. After bringing up that whole crowd in the parsonage, how can one lone daughter hope to be a match for her? I seem to be getting my own way, but I think

she's working me, for all that." The letter from Rhoda La Faye, in response to Jerry's query, was warmly satisfying in every particular. She said she would be only too happy to meet Jerry, to assist her in every possible way, and happily she knew just the place for her, right down in Greenwich Village on Rellly's alley with Mimi Delaney, a particular friend of Rhoda's own, who was letting rooms to students. She promised to meet Jerry at the station, and to be entirely her slave and handmaiden until she daughter to her credit, even with the was properly domiciled in the big city. And begged her please to excuse the haste of her note, as she was very

Jerrold was not pleased-he did not like the idea of the Village, he disapproved of Rhoda La Faye, he thought Jerry's plan to study art was 'all piffle." And when he was alone with Prudence at night, and grieving over her restlessness, her sleepless hours, he expressed himself very forcibly on the subject of daughters.

"It's selfishness," he said. Jerry's place is here with you. She has no business going off to New York or any place else. A daughter's place is with her mother."

"Why, Jerrold? Why should we expect her to live our life, just because she is our daughter?"

"Why? Because she is our daughter, that's why! Didn't we bring her mainple thereof. into the world? Didn't we raise her? Didn't-"

"Yes, but we did it to please ourselves, didn't we? Jerry certainly didn't have much to say about it?" "A child." he said didactically,

"owes its parents everything in the

world, owes it-" "Love," said Prudence softly. "Just Nothing else. And that's enough, Jerrold, if we've done our

The great, lovely house was vastly confused in those days, with the packing of Jerry's clothes and books and the thousand pretty, intimate things a young student of art would be sure leaped out into the brightness of the by abandoning her dreams of literary to want in a strange, big city. And 17). there were dressmakers thrumming steadily away on their machines, turning out new gowns, new suits, new wraps, for Jerry to wear in her pursuit of Art.

> "Um, I think you'd better draw it in more about the hips," Jerry's critical young voice floated out to her father, where he sat staring at the newspaper that he did not see. They were going to miss Jerry! After college, he had thought it was all over, that Jerry's future was ended with her education, and they were all to 19-21). settle down to the joy of home, and having a daughter in it. Jerrold sighed.

"Yes, a little more, don't you think, mother? I really am rather properly built, you know, and I've no reason to be ashamed of it. Is that better, mother? You know the men do like-"

York to study art!" her father broke in almost peevishly. "Um, I am," assented Jerry absent-"But mother and I know, whether

"I thought you were going to New

do or not, that the more you know about men the faster you progress in art." "Yes, of course," said Prudence.

That night, when Jerry had gone upstairs, Prudence sat on the arm of her husband's chair, slipping lower and lower beside him, until her face was buried against his shoulder.

"Well, you were all for her going, so I suppose it's settled," he said dully.

"Yes, it's settled.". Prudence's voice was muffled. "Well, you want her to go, 'don't

"Yes, of course, I want her to go." There was a sob in Prudence's throat. "Well, then I suppose you're sat-

isfied." "Y-yes, I'm satisfied." Prudence's shoulders rose and fell, heavily, and she pressed her face more deeply against his shoulder.

Then Jerrold drew her quickly about on his knees, until she was huddled in his arms, heart-broken, sobbing, like a child, although a woman past forty with a grownup daughter going

"Don't cry, Prudence," he said, holding her very close to him, his own

Presently she lifted her face, stained with tears, and laughed at her foolishness, and patted away her tears with a filmy bit of lace and soft linen ridiculously serving as a handkerchief.

After that there was nothing for Jerrold to do but procure the tickets for Jerry, look after the checking of her baggage, and see that she had money enough for her needs. And nothing for Prudence to do but take her daughter in her arms--and let

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Lesson for August 16 TEMPERANCE LESSON

LESSON TEXT-Gal. 6:13-24. GOLDEN TEXT—"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall be also reap." —Gal. 6:7.

PRIMARY TOPIC-A Picture of Good Life. JUNIOR TOPIC-Good and Bad

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOP-C-Drunkenness and Kindred Evils. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOP-IC—The Flesh Against the Spirit. Having shown in chapters 3 and 4

of this epistle that the believer is free from the law as a means of justification, Paul makes practical application of this doctribe.

I. Christian Freedom (vv. 13-15). 1. It is Not an Occasion to the "Flesh" (v. 13).

Liberty is not license. The notion that when one is free from the law he is free from constraint, is wickedly erroneous. License of the flesh means not merely the indulgence of the flesh in actual material sins, but in the expression of a self-centered life in biting and devouring one another (v. 15). Bickering among Christians is an ex-

2. By Love, Serving One Another (v. 13).

Freedom from the Mosaic law means slavery to the law of love. "The emerging from bondage through Christ is the passing into a sphere of life in which all the powers should act under the dominion of the true motive, love."-Morgan.

II. Walking in the Spirit (v. 16-18). This discloses the secret of how a life of service to another can be lived. The governing principle in the life of a believer is the Holy Spirit. Walking in the Spirit results in:

1. Loving Service to Others (v. 13). 2. Victory Over the Flesh (vv. 16-

By the flesh is meant the corrupt nature of man expressing itself in the realm of sense and self. The renewed man becomes two men between whom a mortal conflict is going on. The Christian must choose between good and evil. When he chooses therevil, the Holy Spirit opposes, and when he chooses the good the flesh opposes. Notwithstanding this deadly conflict, victory is sure if one chooses the

III. The Works of the Flesh (vv.

By works of the flesh is meant the operation of the carnal nature. The one who chooses to live according to the impulses and desires of his natural heart will be practicing the following sins.

1. Sensuality (v. 19). The sins enumerated here are practised in the sphere of the body and

(1) Fornication. (The word "adultery" is omitted from the best manuscripts.)

(2) Uncleanness. This includes all sensual sins, open or secret, thought (3) Lasciviousness. This means the

wanton reckless indulgences in the shameful practices of the flesh. 2. Irreligion (v. 20).

These acts take place in the realm of the spirit and are: (1) idolatry, which means the wor-

shiping of idols. (2) Witchcraft or Sorcery. This

means all dealing with the occr't such as magical arts, etc. 3. Sins of the Temper (vv. 20-21. These take place in the sphere of

the mind and are: (1) Hatred.

(2) Variance, which means strife.

(3) Emulations, jealousy. (4) Wrath, bursts of passions. (5) Seditions, factions in the state.

(6) Heresies, factions in the church. (7) Envyings.

(8) Murders. 4. Sins of Excess (v. 21). (1) Drunkenness. This means in-

dulgence in intoxicating liquors. (2) Revelings, acts of dissipation under the influence of intoxicants. IV. The Fruit of the Spirit (v. 22-

This indicates action in the realm of life, the product of the Holy Spirit indwelling the believer.

1. Love, to God and man. 2. Joy, glad-heartedness because of what God has done.

3. Peace with God and fellowman. 4. Longsuffering, taking insult and injury without murmuring.

Gentleness, kindness to others. Goodness, doing good to others, 7. Faith, believing God and commit-

Meekness, submission to God. Temperance, self-control in all things. Against such there is no law.

Man's Sorrows

Man's sorrows are a mystery, but that sinners should not have sorrows were a sadder mystery still. And God pleads with us all not to lose the good of our experiences of the bitterness of sin by our levity or our blindness to their meanings.-Alexander Maclaren.

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- R. A. Easterling, Administrator.

Barnwell, S. C., July 10, 1925. 7-16-4t

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