

Local and Personal
News from Williston

Williston, Dec. 12.—Mr. and Mrs. Q. A. Kennedy, Jr., entertained the Weekly Bridge Club at their home on the Springfield road Tuesday evening.

An enjoyable affair of last week was the bridge party given Friday afternoon by Mrs. J. E. Kennedy in compliment to her sister, Mrs. Walter Cheatham of Blackstone, Va.

Martha Watson chapter, D. A. R., was entertained by Mrs. F. H. Hitt at her country home near Elko.

Mrs. M. A. Smith has returned from a visit to her father, Mr. G. W. Lybrand, at New Holland.

Mrs. Julia Ray of Denmark visited Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Ray last Friday.

Mr. W. E. Prothro and daughter, Miss Louise, and Mr. J. A. Kennedy were business visitors in Columbia Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Ott, Mrs. Ida Ott and Miss Annie Weathersbee of Wagener spent Friday last week with Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Courtney.

Mrs. J. E. Kennedy and daughter, Elizabeth, and Mrs. Walter Cheatham left Monday for Laurens to spend a few days with Mrs. Kennedy's and Mrs. Cheatham's sister, Miss Gertrude Barnette.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Toole spent the past week-end in Augusta with the former's mother, Mrs. Julia Toole.

Mrs. J. A. Kennedy spent Monday and Tuesday in Barnwell with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Ray have moved into the bungalow on the Springfield road, formerly occupied by R. A. McCreary.

Using Fertilizer Properly.

At this season of the year, many farmers are concerning themselves with the business of securing fertilizers for next season's crop.

Farmers of this county have an opportunity to get some timely information concerning proper use of fertilizers by attending the meeting at Allendale next Thursday, December 10th.

Most farmers realize that the home mixing of fertilizers is a good practice and where practical should be done. If material can be bought in sufficiently large lots for minimum cars or bought at the car load rate the practice of home mixing should be followed.

Letters to Santa Claus will be published next week.

IT HAS LASTED

Barnwell People Must Believe Such Convincing Testimony as Mrs. Gignilliat's.

No one in Barnwell who suffers backache, headaches, dizziness, rheumatic pains or distressing urinary ills can afford to ignore this twice-told story of a Barnwell resident.

Mrs. R. C. Gignilliat, Barnwell, says: "I had severe backaches caused from kidney disorder. I had dizzy spells, too, when black specks came before me. I used Doan's Pills and felt great relief."

FOUR YEARS LATER, Mrs. Gignilliat added: "It has been some time since I have had any need for Doan's. The cure they gave me has lasted."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Pills—the same that Mrs. Gignilliat had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mrs. Buffalo, N. Y.

PRUDENCE'S DAUGHTER

By Ethel Hueston

WNU Service

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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, respecting his assumption of familiarity, leaves the party abruptly.

CHAPTER II.—The story turns to Jerry's childhood and youth at her home in Des 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.

CHAPTER III.—In New York Jerry makes her home with a Mrs. Delaney ("Mimi"), an actress, who, with Theresa, a painter, occupies the house. Jerry takes an immediate liking to Theresa, and the two become fast friends.

CHAPTER IV.—The friendship between Jerry and Theresa, who is eccentric but talented, grows. Jerry poses for Theresa's masterpiece, "The Ocean Rider." Allerton calls on Jerry. The girl, recalling his conduct at the studio party, refuses to see him.

CHAPTER V.—At a hotel dinner Jerry sees Duane and is conscious of his admiration but refuses to change her attitude toward him. Jerry becomes convinced she has not the ability to become an artist and offers her expensive painting equipment to an all-around penniless girl student, Greta Val, who cannot understand her generosity. A painful scene results.

CHAPTER VI.—Returning from an evening of gaiety, Jerry is shocked at hearing from Mimi that Theresa has killed herself. She also learns that Mimi is Theresa's mother, and is pained at the seeming frivolousness of the older woman in the face of the tragedy. The "present" Theresa had promised Jerry proves to be her picture, "The Ocean Rider." Jerry is most moved. After the funeral of her friend she decides to go home.

CHAPTER VII.—Jerry, with Theresa's help, convinces Greta of her good intentions, and the two girls "make up." At a party Jerry again sees Duane, and will not recognize him. Theresa hints that Jerry should go home, and promises her a "present."

PART TWO

CHAPTER I.—At home Jerry is enthusiastically welcomed by her adoring parents. She wins their sympathies with the pathetic stories of Theresa and of Greta Val.

CHAPTER II.—Unable to settle into the routine of everyday life in her home city, Jerry is dissatisfied.

CHAPTER III.—The "sameness" of the lack of individuality in the houses in the city, has shocked Jerry's artistic instincts and given her an idea. She determines to create a standard of beauty in house building, borrowing money from her father, Jerrold Harmer, to do it, and incidentally determining that the work shall be her "career." A letter from Rhoda La Faye informs her that Duane Allerton has lost his fortune in Wall Street and is practically destitute. In pity and sympathy she writes Allerton, offering him a position in her father's automobile factory.

CHAPTER IV.—Allerton applies to Jerry's father for a position, partly explaining the situation, which Mr. Harmer, in a measure, understands. He is rather favorably impressed with Allerton, and after a brief interview tells him to go and see "Prudence."

CHAPTER V.—Mrs. Harmer, understanding much more of the situation than Allerton realizes, makes an instinctive liking to the young man.

CHAPTER VI.—Mr. Harmer gives Duane a position in his auto factory. Jerry's business enterprise—making over ugly looking houses into things of beauty and selling them at a profit—is not altogether a success, but she perseveres. Despite her studied aloofness Allerton finds opportunity to assure Jerry of his love and his determination to win her.

CHAPTER VII.—Jerry, with her mother, goes to visit her aunts, Carol and Lark, in a distant part of the state. Jerrold Harmer invites Allerton to stay at the Harmer home while they are away. Duane does so, and Jerrold, after judging him closely, is willing to accept him as a son-in-law.

CHAPTER VIII.—Jerry begins to realize, and in a measure resent, the popularity of Duane Allerton with the younger set of Des Moines. The Harmers are invited to the annual Thanksgiving dinner dance at the club.

CHAPTER IX.—At the dance Duane takes the opportunity of telling Jerry of his love and begs her to overlook his behavior in New York. She refuses to accept his explanations or his declaration of love.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

CHAPTER X

Jerry's Plaything

In the first week of December there was a heavy Middle West blizzard, and for two days the city covered under stinging winds and cutting sleet. After that came a still, biting cold, that warmed gradually to a blanketing snowfall. And on the fifth day when the streets were packed to a slick but solid bottom, Jerry, unable to endure the brooding loneliness of her thoughts any longer, got out the roadster and went for a careful ice-cold ride be-

tween fields of dazzling whiteness, along roadways flanked with snow-bowed trees.

It was late in the afternoon when she turned back. As she drove through town, at the corner of Sixth and Locust streets she was held up by the traffic officer, standing foremost of the cars awaiting his signal. Jerry waited, as always, with alert eyes on the officer's hand, her foot poised for a sharp pressure on the gas throttle to make the quick get-away on which she prided herself, when the tide of the traffic was turned.

"Jerry! You beautiful thing!" The half-tender, half-mocking voice was directly beside her. Jerry caught



"Jerry! You Beautiful Thing."

her breath. She did not turn her head, did not waver her intent gaze upon the detaining officer. She knew without looking that he was close to the car, leaning toward her, his chin grimly set, his eyes unsmiling. Jerry knew she could endure no more.

In that moment she received the signal. She flung the car into gear, pressed hard upon the throttle, and the "Baby" sprang forward like a catapult. Jerry heard a warning whistle from the officer to reprove her for her reckless speed, but she did not pause nor look behind. She drove with rigid, iron-set muscles up the beautiful, glistening avenue, and whirled into the garage behind the house. Jerry had reached the end of her resistance. As in her childish days she had struggled with the broken toy until convinced of her impotency, so now she realized the ineffectiveness of her struggle against the love of this man. She would leave it to Prudence and Jerrold.

She was late and made haste to slip into a fresh dress, brushing her hair, powdering her creamy skin with her usual gentle care. She was very quiet during dinner, and Prudence's eyes rested upon her often with troubled, unobtrusive sympathy. And after dinner, while her father read the evening paper, and while Prudence worked with an absurd bit of lace that was becoming a handkerchief to correspond with Jerry's newest gown, she sat in a great chair under a shaded lamp, a magazine upon her lap, and stared across it to the delicate pattern of the oriental rug. Jerry was considering how to surrender the broken toy.

The sudden ringing of the doorbell caused her to start violently, although she laughed immediately at the absurdity of her nervous tension. And when Katie came into the room and said in an awed voice:

"It's a policeman, and he wants to see Miss Harmer," Jerry was only amused—curious but not concerned.

"You've been speeding, miss, and you pay your own fines," said Jerrold. "Bring him in, Katie."

"Speeding! Good heavens, I crawled at a snail's pace," she denied indignantly. And added slowly, "most of the time," as she remembered the burst of speed with which she left Locust street.

With the usual easy clubbiness of the small town and the Middle West, Jerrold asked the officer, whom he had seen and knew by name, to sit down, and offered him a cigar.

"This is my daughter," he said pleasantly, indicating Jerry in the great chair. "You wanted to see her?" The officer looked in his note-book. "Man run over. A fellow named Grilton drove the car that did the damage; we've got him locked up, waiting to see if the man dies. Now he says he saw you right beside him, a little in front. He says he has seen you often, knows you, knows your car, and—"

"Oh, I assure you I saw nothing," Jerry denied quietly.

"He swears the chap stood beside your car, his foot on the running board, talking to you, and that you started off in a great rush—"

Jerry did not move, did not speak, sat as one turned to ice.

Prudence got up quickly, crossed to her chair, sitting down lightly upon the great arm of it, her firm, soft fingers lying against Jerry's frozen hand. Jerry tried to smile at her, to nod reassurance. The attempt wrung her mother's heart.

The officer, unnoticing, had continued his narrative. "Started off very fast, with a great jerk, and swung the fellow back so he slipped on the ice. And Grilton was right behind you and ran over him before he knew he had fallen. Of course, if the fellow was bothering you, Miss Harmer—" he sug-

gested, with the solicitous interest of an officer in a small city where her father was a man of power.

"He was not bothering my daughter, I assure you," Prudence interrupted softly. "The young man is a great friend of ours, a very particular friend. Nothing he could do would annoy my daughter in any way."

Jerrold came quickly to her assistance, enlightened by Prudence's defense, his less agile imagination having followed through the situation more slowly.

"My daughter drives fast, as you probably know, but she is a good driver and a careful one. She did not know there had been an accident. If she is in any way to blame, you may rest assured we shall not shirk our responsibility."

"Of course, of course; I just wanted to see if she would back up Grilton's story—"

Jerry nodded her head.

"Oh, yes," Jerrold went on quickly. "The man you mention, Mr. Allerton, I believe, did speak to her beside the car, and my daughter, in a great hurry to get home, started off very fast. She did not know he had fallen. She is naturally very much upset over the whole thing. She is simply horrified, as you see. Can't you wait until tomorrow, to give her a chance to— to recover—"

"Oh, my dear sir, we're not blaming Miss Harmer. It was this fellow Grilton did it. And of course the other chap—what's his name?"—he consulted the note-book—"Allerton—he may not die anyhow, and—"

Jerry winced pitifully.

"Tell us—" Prudence hesitated to ask, fearing the effect upon Jerry, who clung to her hand. "He is hurt—how seriously?"

"Oh, you can't tell yet. They've got him up at St. Joseph's. There may be internal injuries, can't tell yet. Now, don't you be upset about it. Miss Harmer, nobody's blaming you. But if he should happen to die, you see, you'll have to testify at the inquest and it'll be up to the state to prosecute."

Jerry was a stony, graven image, and Jerrold hurriedly got the officer out of the room and away, and then came back and stood beside Jerry on the other side from Prudence, two stalwart bulwarks of love and pity. Jerry looked up at them and smiled.

"Mother," she said, "I love him—I loved him all the time."

"Yes, I know, sweetness," Prudence was brooding tenderness itself. "Get the car, Jerrold and ask Katie to bring our coats."

"He—he kissed me, and he was—drunk, mother. I thought he felt—just as I did—and he was only—drunk. I don't even know if he remembers—that he kissed me."

Katie came in with their coats, and at a sign from Prudence went out at once, leaving her alone with her daughter. Jerry stood up, and her mother put the great fur cloak about her shoulders very gently. Jerry did not know that she was trembling.

"You wouldn't feel—nice about it, mother—to know it was only that when you thought it was—something else."

"No, sweetness, I shouldn't like it." Jerrold honked shrilly to them from the car outside the door, and with her hand in Prudence's, Jerry herself led the way. As they drove swiftly along toward the hospital, no word was spoken.

When Jerrold, after first helping Prudence out, telling her to be careful, to mind the ice, not to fall, went back to assist Jerry, he said, a little awkwardly, but determined that she must have his view of things at last:

"Jerry, all men are fools sometimes. You shouldn't expect too much of any of us, you know—not all the time, at least."

Jerry nodded her head trying to smile, her appreciation of his effort to help.

"There are a lot of fine things about him," he went on determinedly. "I had him stay up at the house with me while you were in Mount Mark."

"I know it, father."

Jerrold shook his head, vaguely puzzled. How women got on to things the way they did there was no knowing. He had covered all his tracks so carefully.

"That is why I looked at you that night at the station," she said in a subdued little voice. "To see if you had anything against him."

"Not a thing," he declared, "not a thing in the world. I like him."

"I know it," whispered Jerry.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dr. Harry Clark.

Dr. Harry Clark, of Furman University, who is to address the Allendale-Barnwell Teachers' Study Center, which holds its meeting here on Saturday, will also fill the pulpit of the Barnwell Baptist Church on Sunday morning. He will be in Williston that night.

Supt. J. D. Robison and Prof. H. M. Guyot, of the Abbeville schools, spent the week-end in Barnwell with friends.

Col. and Mrs. N. G. W. Walker left last week to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Wilson in Ocala, Fla.

For Satisfactory Weights and Grades, Ship Your Cotton to MID-LETON and PETERSON, Inc., Savannah, Ga.

TAX NOTICE!

TAX LEVIES BY SCHOOL DISTRICTS FOR THE YEAR 1926

Table with columns for School District, Total No. Mills, 6-0-1 School, No. Mills, Special Local, No. Mills, Constitutional School, No. Mills, Back Indebtedness, No. Mills, Bonds, No. Mills, Local Maintenance, No. Mills, Road Tax, No. Mills, Ordinary County, No. Mills, State, No. Mills. Lists districts like Ashleigh, Barbary Branch, Barnwell, etc.

Books open October 15th, 1925 and close March 15th, 1926. January 1st a penalty of 1 per cent; February, 2 per cent; March, 7 per cent. After March 15th all unpaid taxes will be turned over to the Sheriff for collection. DOG LICENSE \$1.25 payable in January, 1926.

J. B. ARMSTRONG, County Treasurer.

LONG TERM MONEY to LEND

6 per cent. interest on large amounts Private funds for small loans.

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Farm Loans 6 per cent., large amounts. Town property in Barnwell, residential and business, 7 per cent. Loans procured promptly at lowest cost. Allendale, Bamberg and Barnwell Counties.

THOMAS M. BOULWARE

Attorney-at-law Barnwell, S. C.

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To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Dr. H. H. Fletcher. Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

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