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head of the stairs, as though on guard. "Be sure and leave quite a few stitches in, Lark," she whispered once. "We want it to hang together until Babbie gets here."

That was all. Presently Lark emerged, and their own door closed behind them.

"It's a good thing father has to go to the trustees' meeting tonight, isn't it?" asked Carol. And Lark agreed, absently. She was thinking of the oysters.

As soon as they finished supper Lark said, "Don't you think we'd better go right to bed, Prue? We don't want to taint the atmosphere of the parsonage. Of course Fairy will want to wash the dishes herself to make sure they are clean and shining."

"Oh, no," disclaimed Fairy, good-naturedly. "I can give an extra rub to the ones we want to use—that is enough. I do appreciate the thought, though, thanks very much."

So the twins plunged in, carefully keeping Connie beside them. Connie had a dismal propensity for discoveries—the twins had often suffered from it.

Then they all three went to bed. To be sure it was ridiculously early, but they were all determined.

"You keep your eyes open, Fairy," Prudence whispered melodramatically. "These girls do not look right." And she added anxiously, "Oh, I'll be so disappointed if things go badly."

Fairy was a little late getting up-stairs to dress, but she took time to drop into her sisters' room. They were all in bed, breathing heavily. She walked from one to another, and stood above them majestically.

"Asleep!" she cried. "Ah, fortune is kind. They are asleep. How I love these darling little twinnies—in their sleep!"

An audible sniff from beneath the covers, and Fairy, smiling mischievously, went into the front room to prepare for her caller.

The bell rang as she was dressing. Prudence went to the door, preternaturally ceremonious, and ushered Mr. Babber into the front room. She did not observe that the young man saffled in a peculiar manner as he entered the room.

"I'll call Fairy," she said demurely. "Tell her she needn't primp for me," he answered, laughing. "I know just how she looks already."

But Prudence was too heavily burdened to laugh. She smiled hospitably, and closed the door upon him. Fairy was tripping down the stairs, very tall, very handsome, very gay. She pinched her sister's arm as she passed, and the front room door swung behind. But she did not greet her friend. She stood erect by the door, her head tilted on one side, sniffing, sniffing.

"What in the world?" she wondered. Eugene Babber was strangely quiet. He looked about the room in a peculiar, questioning way.

"Shall I raise a window?" he suggested finally. "It's rather—er—hot in here."

"Yes, do," she urged. "Raise all of them. It's—do you—do you notice a— a funny smell in here? Or am I imagining it? It—it almost makes me sick!"

"Yes, there is a smell," he said, in evident relief. "I thought maybe



"Yes, There Is a Smell," He Said.

you'd been cleaning the carpet with something. It's ghastly. Can't we go somewhere else?"

"Come on." She opened the door into the sitting room. "We're coming out here if you do not mind, Prue." And Fairy explained the difficulty.

"Why, that's very strange," said Prudence, knitting her brows. "I was in there right after supper, and I didn't notice anything. What does it smell like?"

"It's a new smell to me," laughed Fairy, "but something about it is strangely suggestive of our angel twins."

Prudence went to investigate, and Fairy shoved a big chair near the table, waving her hand toward it lightly with a smile at Babbie. Then she sank into a low rocker, and leaned one arm on the table. She wrinkled her forehead thoughtfully.

"That smell," she began. "I am very suspicious about it. It was not at all natural—"

"Excuse me, Fairy," he said, ill at ease for the first time in her knowl-

edge of him. "Did you know your sleeve was coming out?"

Fairy gasped and raised her arm. "Both arms, apparently," he continued, smiling, but his face was flushed.

"Excuse me just a minute, will you?" Fairy was unruffled. She sought her sister. "Look here, Prue—what do you make of this? I'm coming to pieces! I'm hanging by a single thread, as it were."

Her sleeves were undoubtedly ready to drop off at a second's notice! Prudence was shocked. She grew positively white in the face.

"Oh, Fairy," she wailed. "We are disgraced."

"Not a bit of it," said Fairy coolly. "I remember now that Lark was looking for the scissors before supper. Aren't those twins unique? This is almost bordering on talent, isn't it? Don't look so distressed, Prue. Etiquette itself must be subservient to twins, it seems. Don't forget to bring in the steaks at a quarter past nine, and have it as good as possible—please, dear."

"I will," vowed Prudence. "I'll use cream. Oh, those horrible twins!"

"Go in and entertain Babbie till I come down, won't you?" And Fairy ran lightly up the stairs, humming a snatch of song.

But Prudence did a poor job of entertaining Babbie during her sister's absence. She felt really dizzy! Such a way to introduce Etiquette into the parsonage life. She was glad to make her escape from the room when Fairy returned, a graceful figure in fine blue silk!

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(Continued next week.)

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SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

State of South Carolina, County of Laurens.

Pursuant to the terms of the Last Will and Testament of Thos. B. Craig, the undersigned will expose to public outcry, to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described real estate:

All that tract of land, in the county and State aforesaid, containing 199 acres, and bounded by the lands of the Rev. S. C. Byrd, J. S. Craig, Niles A. Craig and possibly others.

The property is to be sold before the Court House on the 3rd day of December, 1917, between the usual hours of sale.

MARGARET A. CRAIG, Executor.

FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Take notice that on the 26th day of November, 1917, we will render a final account of our acts and doings as Executors of the estate of William P. Patterson, deceased, in the office of the Judge of Probate of Laurens county, at 11 o'clock, a. m. and on the same day will apply for a final discharge from our trust as Executors.

Any person indebted to said estate is notified and required to make payment on that date; and all persons having claims against said estate will present them on or before said date, duly proven or be forever barred.

M. G. PATTERSON, M. L. PATTERSON, Executors.

Oct. 24, 1917.—1 mo.

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"To be sure I like him. He's great fun. He's always joking and never has a sensible thought, and hates study. The only reason he came here instead of going to a big college in the East is because his father is a trustee."

"Well, we'll serve oyster stew then. Now, will you twins run downtown for the oysters?" asked Prudence briskly.

"Who? Us?" demanded Lark, indignantly and ungrammatically. "Do you think we can carry home oysters for this babbling young prince? Not so! Let Fairy go after the oysters!"

"Oh, yes, twinnies, I think you'll go, all right. Run along, and be quick."

For a few seconds the twins gazed at each other studiously. Neither spoke. Without a word, they went upstairs to prepare for their errand.

They whispered softly going through the upper hall.

"Twins! You must hurry!" This was Prudence at the bottom of the stairs. And the twins set off quite hurriedly. Their first call was at the meat market.

"A pint of oysters," said Lark briefly.

When he brought them to her, she smelled them suspiciously. Then Carol smiled.

"Have you got any rotten ones?" she demanded.

"No," he answered, laughing. "We don't keep that kind."

The twins sighed and hurried next door to the grocer's.

"A nickel's worth of pepper—the strongest you have."

This was quickly settled—and the grave-faced twins betook themselves to the corner drug store.

"We—we want something with a perfectly awful smell," Lark explained soberly.

"What kind of a smell?"

"We don't care what kind, but it must be like something rotten or dead, if you have it."

"What do you want it for?"

"We want to put it in a room to give it a horrible smell for an hour or so," Lark winked at him solemnly.

"It's a joke," she further elucidated.

"I see." His eyes twinkled. "I think I can fix you up." A moment later he handed her a small bottle.



"A Nickel's Worth of Pepper."

"Just sprinkle this over the carpet. It won't do any harm, and it smells like thunder. It costs a quarter."

Carol frowned. "I suppose we'll have to take it," she said, "but it's pretty expensive. I hate to have druggists get such a lot of money."

He laughed aloud. "I hate to have you get a good licking tomorrow, too—but you'll get it just the same, or I miss my guess."

When the twins arrived home Fairy was just cutting the candy she had made. "It's delicious," she said to Prudence. "Here's a nice dish for you and the girls. Pitch in twins, and help yourselves. It's very nice."

The twins waved her haughtily away. "No, thank you," they said. "We couldn't eat that candy with relish. We are unworthy."

Then they went upstairs, but not to their own room at once. Instead they slipped poisslessly into the front bedroom, and a little later Carol came out into the hall and stood listening at the

<p>LADIES' DRESSES</p> <p>Serges and Silks</p> <p>\$15.00 to \$25.00</p>		<p>LADIES' COATS AND SUITS</p> <p>Special Values</p> <p>\$15.00 to \$25.00</p>
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Ladies' Blouses

Crepe de Chine, Georgette Crepes and Voiles; white, black, flesh, navy, grey, and brown, at Clardy & Wilson's for this week's selling.

<p>Crepe de Chine Blouses</p> <p>\$5.95</p> <p>Newest styles Crepe de Chine Blouses, in all colors, at \$5.95 each.</p>	<p>Georgette Crepe Blouses</p> <p>\$5.95</p> <p>Georgette Blouses, best quality Georgette, nicely trimmed, in all shades, at \$5.95 each.</p>	<p>Crepe de Chine Blouses</p> <p>\$5.00 and \$3.50</p> <p>Special good numbers of ladies' Crepe de Chine Blouses, in white and flesh, \$5.00 and \$3.50 each.</p>
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<p>Ladies' Voile Blouses, \$2.00</p> <p>Five dozen ladies' white Voile Blouses, well made and nicely trimmed. All sizes, \$2.00 each.</p>	<p>Ladies' Poplin Blouses, \$1.00</p> <p>Five dozen ladies' striped Poplin Blouses, sizes 40's to 48's while they last, \$1.00 each.</p>
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Underwear for Ladies and Children

<p>Ladies' Outing Gowns</p> <p>Ten dozen ladies' Outing Gowns, "Dove Brand," made of very heavy quality outing in white and stripes, all sizes. Price \$1.25 and \$1.50 the garment.</p> <p>Ladies' heavy ribbed bleached Union Suits, all sizes. \$1.50 the garment.</p> <p>Ladies' heavy ribbed Vests and Pants. 50c and 75c the garment.</p>	<p>Children's Underwear</p> <p>Boys and girls E-Z Union Suits, sizes 6's to 13's, price 75c the garment.</p> <p>Children's ribbed bleached Vests and Pants. Price 50c the garment.</p> <p>Children's Ruben Shirts, sizes 3's to 5's. Price 50c each.</p> <p>Infant's fleeced Wrappers, sizes 2's to 6's. Price 50c and 75c each.</p>
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<p>Knitting Yarns</p> <p>Tan, grey and plum on two ounce balls. Price 50c ball.</p> <p>Knitting Needles, fourteen inch, 35c set.</p>	<p>Millinery</p> <p>About one hundred trimmed hats, this season's styles.</p> <p>Special values at \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.00 and \$6.50.</p>	<p>Royal Society Stamped Goods</p> <p>Center pieces, scarfs, pillows, laundry bags, luncheon sets, towels, table mats, gowns and corset covers now on sale.</p> <p>Royal Society Embroidery and Crochet Cottons in stock.</p>
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