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soda crackers rightly made in the first place, rightly protected first, last and all the time.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The Wings of The Morning

By LOUIS TRACY

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Continued from page 3.

existing on the water supply of the pitcher plant—he knelt to peer into the excavation. The well had been properly made. Ten feet down he could see the reflection of his face. Expert hands had tapped the secret reservoir of the island. By stretching to the full extent of his arm he managed to plunge the stick into the water. Tasting the drops, he found that they were quite sweet. The sand and porous rock provided the best of filter beds.

He rose, well pleased, and noted that on the opposite side the appearance of the shrubs and tufts of long grass indicated the existence of a grown over path toward the cliff. He followed it, walking carefully, with eyes seeking the prospect beyond the "well." Looking down, he was horrified to find he was tramping on a skeleton.

Had a venomous snake coiled its glistering folds around his leg he would not have been more startled. But this man of iron nerve soon recovered. He frowned deeply after the first involuntary heart throb.

With the stick he cleared away the undergrowth and revealed the skeleton of a man. The bones were big and strong, but oxidized by the action of the air. Jenks had injured the left tibia by his tread, but three fractured ribs and a smashed shoulder blade told some terrible unwritten story.

Beneath the mournful relics were fragments of decayed cloth. It was blue serge. Lying about were a few blackened objects, brass buttons marked with an anchor. The dead man's boots were in the best state of preservation, but the leather had shrunk, and the nails protruded like fangs.

A rusted pocketknife lay there, and on the left breast of the skeleton rested a round piece of tin, the top of a canister, which might have reposed in a coat pocket. Jenks picked it up. Some curious marks and figures were punched into its surface. After a hasty glance he put it aside for more leisurely examination.

No weapon was visible. He could form no estimate as to the cause of the death of this poor unknown nor the time since the tragedy had occurred.

Jenks must have stood many minutes before he perceived that the skeleton was headless. At first he imagined that in rummaging about with the stick he had disturbed the skull. But the most minute search demonstrated that it had gone—had been taken away, in fact—for the plants which so effectively screened the lighter bones would not permit the skull to vanish.

Then the frown on the sailor's face became threatening, thunderous. He recollected the rusty crescent, indistinct memories of strange tales of the China sea crowded unbidden to his brain.

"Dyaks!" he growled fiercely. "A ship's officer, an Englishman probably, murdered by head hunting Dyak pirates."

If they came once they would come again.

Five hundred yards away Iris Deane was sleeping. He ought not to have left her alone. And then, with the devilish ingenuity of coincidence, a revolver shot awoke the echoes and sent all manner of wild fowl hurrying through the trees with clamorous outcry.

Panting and wild eyed, Jenks was at the girl's side in an inconceivably short space of time. She was not beneath the shelter of the grove, but on the sands, gazing, pallid in cheek and lip, at the group of rocks on the edge of the lagoon.

"What is the matter?" he gasped.

"Oh, I don't know!" she wailed brokenly. "I had a dream, such a horrible dream. You were struggling with some awful thing down there." She pointed to the rocks.

"I was not near the place," he said laboriously. It cost him an effort to breathe. His broad chest expanded inches with each respiration.

"Yes, yes, I understand. But I awoke and ran to save you. When I got here I saw something, a thing with waving arms, and fired. It vanished, and then you came."

The sailor walked slowly to the rocks. A fresh chip out of the stone showed where the bullet struck. One huge boulder was wet, as if water had been splashed over it. He halted and looked intently into the water. Not a fish was to be seen, but small spirals of sand were eddying up from the bottom, where it shelved steeply from the shore.

Iris followed him. "See!" she cried excitedly. "I was not mistaken. There was something here."

A creepy sensation ran up the man's spine and passed behind his ears. At this spot the drowned Lascars were lying. Like an inspiration came the knowledge that the cuttlefish, the dreaded octopus, abounds in the China sea.

His face was livid when he turned to Iris. "You are overwrought by fa-



Revealed the skeleton of a man.

gue, Miss Deane," he said. "What you saw was probably a seal." He knew the ludicrous substitution would not be questioned. "Please go and lie down again."

"I cannot," she protested. "I am too frightened." "Frightened! By a dream! In broad daylight!"

"But why are you so pale? What has alarmed you?" "Can you ask? Did you not give the agreed signal?"

"Yes, but—"

Her inquiring glance fell. He was breathless from agitation rather than running. He was perturbed on her account. For an instant she had looked into his soul.

"I will go back," she said quietly, "though I would rather accompany you. What are you doing?"

"Seeking a place to lay our heads," he answered, with gruff carelessness. "You really must rest, Miss Deane. Otherwise you will be broken up by fatigue and become ill."

So Iris again sought her couch of sand, and the sailor returned to the skeleton. They separated unwillingly, each thinking only of the other's safety and comfort.

CHAPTER IV.

ACROSS the parched bones lay the stick discarded by Jenks in his alarm. He picked it up and resumed his progress along the pathway. So closely did he now examine the ground that he hardly noted his direction. The track led straight toward the wall of rock. The distance was not great—about forty yards. At first the brushwood impeded him, but soon even this hindrance disappeared, and a well defined passage

meandered through a belt of trees, some strong and lofty, others quite immature.

More bushes gathered at the foot of the cliff. Behind them he could see the mouth of a cave. The six months old growth of vegetation about the entrance gave clear indication as to the time which had elapsed since a human foot last disturbed the solitude.

A few vigorous blows with the stick cleared away obstructing plants and leafy branches. The sailor stooped and looked into the cavern, for the opening was barely five feet high. He perceived instantly that the excavation was man's handiwork applied to a fault in the hard rock. A sort of natural shaft existed, and this had been extended by manual labor. Beyond the entrance the cave became more lofty. Owing to its position with reference to the sun at that hour Jenks imagined that sufficient light would be obtainable when the tropical luxuriance of foliage outside was dispensed with.

At present the interior was dark. With the stick he tapped the walls and roof. A startled cluck and the rush of wings heralded the flight of two birds alarmed by the noise. Soon his eyes, more accustomed to the gloom, made out that the place was about thirty feet deep, ten feet wide in the center and seven or eight feet high.

At the farther end was a collection of objects inviting prompt attention. Each moment he could see with greater distinctness. Kneeling on one side of the little pile, he discerned that on a large stone serving as a rude bench were some tin utensils, some knives, a sextant and a quantity of empty cartridge cases. Between the stone and what a miner terms the "face" of the rock was a four foot space. Here, half imbedded in the sand which covered the floor, were two pickaxes, a shovel, a sledge hammer, a fine timber felling ax and three crowbars.

In the darkest corner of the cave's extremity the "wall" appeared to be very smooth. He prodded with the stick, and there was a sharp clang of tin. He discovered six square kerosene oil cases carefully stacked up. Three were empty, one seemed to be half full, and the contents of two were untouched. With almost feverish haste he ascertained that the half filled tin did really contain oil.

"What a find!" he ejaculated aloud.

So far as he could judge, the cave harbored no further surprises. Returning toward the exit, his boots dislodged more empty cartridges from the sand. They were shells adapted to a revolver of heavy caliber. At a short distance from the doorway they were present in dozens.

"The remnants of a fight," he thought. "The man was attacked and defended himself here. Not expecting store of food or water. He was killed while trying to reach the well, probably at night."

He vividly pictured the scene—a brave, hardy European keeping at bay a boat load of Dyak savages, enduring manfully the agonies of hunger, thirst, perhaps wounds; then the siege, followed by a wild effort to gain the life giving well, the hiss of a Malay parang wielded by a lurking foe and the last despairing struggle before death came.

He might be mistaken. Perchance there was a less dramatic explanation. But he could not shake off his first impressions.

"What was the poor devil doing here?" he asked. "Why did he bury himself in this rock, with mining utensils and a few rough stores? He could not be a castaway. There is the indication of purpose, of preparation, of method combined with ignorance, for none who knew the ways of Dyaks and Chinese pirates would venture to live here alone if he could help it, and if he really were alone."

There was relief in hearing his own voice. He could hum and think and act. Arming himself with the ax, he attacked the bushes and branches of trees in front of the cave. He cut a fresh approach to the well and threw the litter over the skeleton. At first he was inclined to bury it where it lay, but he disliked the idea of Iris walking unconsciously over the place. No time could be wasted that day. He would seize an early opportunity to act as gravedigger.

After an absence of little more than an hour he rejoined the girl. She saw him from afar and wondered whence he obtained the ax he shouldered.

"You are a successful explorer," she cried when he drew near.

"Yes, Miss Deane. I have found water, implements, a shelter, even light."

"What sort of light?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

There may be quantities of contentment, but they are usually minus quantities.

It is better to tear out than to be thrust out.

Speak well of your friends. Their enemies will do all the knocking necessary.

Other people's money always seems made for spending.

What ails most people seems to be an excess of appetite.

Don't listen to the voice of trouble, for trouble is apt to be a liar anyhow.

Women's rights may bother men a great deal, but if they are inclined toward athletics their lefts are just as annoying.

The best way to economize is to fix things so you won't need to economize.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

THE SOUTH'S GREATEST SYSTEM.

Unexcelled Dining Car Service. Through Pullman Sleeping Cars on all Through Trains—Convenient Schedule on all Local Trains.

Winter Tourist Rates are now in effect to all Florida points. For full information as to rates, routes, etc., consult nearest Southern Railway Ticket Agent or

BROOKS MORGAN, R. W. HUNT, A. G. P. A., D. P. A., Atlanta, Ga. Charleston, S. C.

Union & Glenn Springs Railroad Co.

Time Table Effective Aug. 1, 1905.

Leave Union 7 a. m. 1.00, 4.00 and 8.10 p. m.
Arrive Buffalo 7.15 a. m. 1.15, 4.15 and 8.05 p. m.
Leave Buffalo 8.15 a. m. 1.45, 5.00 and 8.30 p. m.
Arrive Union 8.30 a. m. 2.00, 5.15 and 8.45 p. m.
Leave Union 9.00 a. m. and 5.25 p. m.
Pass Neal Shoals 9.50 a. m. and 6.10 p. m. Arrive Pride 10.15 a. m. and 6.35 p. m.
Leave Pride 10.35 a. m. and 6.50 p. m.
Pass Neal Shoals 11.00 a. m. and 7.10 p. m. Arrive Union 11.50 a. m. and 8.00 p. m.

All trains daily unless otherwise noted. Week days only.

†Saturdays and Sundays only.

Connection made at Pride with Seaboard Air Line through trains South bound in the morning and North bound in the evening.

Interchangeable mileage sold by the Seaboard Air Line will be honored by the U. & G. S. R. R.

M. B. SUMNER, Gen. Pass. Agent.

FAIR EXCHANGE.

A New Back For an Old One—How it is Done In Union.

The back aches at times with a dull, indescribable feeling, making you weary and restless; piercing pains shoot across the region of the kidneys, and again the loins are so lame to stoop is agony. No use to rub or apply a plaster to the back in this condition. You cannot reach the cause. Exchange the bad back for a new and stronger one. Follow the example of this Union citizen—

R. Porter, printer, employed on Progress, living on South Church St., says: "I have never felt better in my life than I have since I used Doan's Kidney Pills. I was a great sufferer from backache for a number of years. My trouble was right across the small of my back and the pain was sometimes so severe that I thought my back would break in two. I have plastered it, and rubbed it until it was all raw and in mass of blisters, but in spite of all I could do nothing seemed to help me. I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and got them. Half a box relieved me, and the use of two boxes entirely cured me."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Tax Assessment Notice.

The time for taking tax returns begins on the 1st day of January, 1906, and expires on the 20th day of February. All real, as well as personal property, must be returned this time. It is the instruction from the Comptroller-General to positively charge the 50 per cent. penalty to any and all persons who neglect to make their tax returns as required by law. My advice would be that every person who has tenants, see that they make their returns, as I will have to comply with the requirements of the Comptroller General, and add 50 per cent. penalty to all who do not make their returns. I am giving due notice and you have ample time. Therefore, when the penalty is charged to you, do not blame me, but yourself. All returns not made directly to the auditor or his clerk, must be sworn to before some one competent to administer an oath. Wait! everybody to put a value on their lands, and remember land is worth more now than it was four years ago.

Will be in the office at Union from the 1st day of January to the 13th, inclusive, after which time I will go to the following places:

Buffalo.....	January 15
West Springs.....	" 16
Bennett's Store, forenoon	" 17
Harrison's store, afternoon	" 17
Wilburn's Store.....	" 18
Sedalia, forenoon.....	" 19
Black Rock, forenoon...	" 31
Adamsburg, forenoon...	" 22
Lockhart.....	" 23
Kelton.....	" 24
Jonesville.....	" 25
Santue.....	" 26
Carlisle.....	" 27
Monarch Mills, forenoon	" 28
Aetna Mills, afternoon...	" 29

From the 29th of January to the 20th day of February in office.

J. G. FARR, Auditor.

51 96

Only 32 Years Old.

"I am only 32 years old and don't expect even when I get to be real old to feel that way as long as I can get Electric Bitters," says Mrs. E. H. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. "Surely there's nothing else keeps the old as young and makes the weak as strong as this grand tonic medicine. Dyspepsia, torpid liver, inflamed kidneys or chronic constipation are unknown after taking Electric Bitters a reasonable time. Guaranteed by Duke Drug Co. Price 50c."

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DR. J. MONROE WALLACE, DENTIST.

Crown and Bridge Work A Specialty. Phone 117. Offices: Rooms 1 and 2 Nicholson Building.

TO INCREASE CAPITAL STOCK.

Union, S. C., December 24, 1905.

At a meeting of the directors of Bailey Furniture Manufacturing Company held at the office of said company in the town of Union, S. C., on December 28th, 1905, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, First, That the capital stock of the Bailey Furniture Manufacturing Company be increased from \$20,000 to \$30,000, of which increase \$10,000 to be preferred stock, so that the stock of the company shall consist of \$20,000 common stock, divided into two hundred shares of one hundred dollars each, and \$10,000 of preferred stock, divided into one hundred shares of \$100 each.

Resolved, further, That such preferred stock shall be entitled to dividends at the rate of seven per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, that it shall be the duty of the directors after paying the expenses of the said business, to set apart out of the earnings any balance which may remain, for the purpose of paying said dividend of seven per cent on the preferred stock. In no event shall any sum be carried to surplus or any other account until said dividend shall have been paid. In the event the balance so set apart shall not be sufficient to pay the entire seven per cent, at any period of six months herein provided, then and in that event said dividend in arrears shall be a charge upon the profits until the full dividend is paid; the intention being to make the charge of seven per cent on the preferred stock a preferred lien upon the profits until the full dividend is paid; the company to have the option of retiring by lot or otherwise as the directors shall determine, all or any portion of the said stock at par after five years. At the end of the five years any portion of said stock together with the amount of all accumulated unpaid dividends, if any, not retired, shall be converted into First Mortgage Gold Bonds upon the company's property, and in lieu of dividends shall receive interest at the rate of six per cent per annum for a period of five years from said date.

Resolved, further, That during the life of the preferred stock hereby authorized, the common stock shall not receive any dividends in excess of ten per cent per annum, and shall not be entitled to any dividends whatever until the full dividend of seven per cent is paid upon the preferred stock as above provided, and that any and all earnings in excess of such dividend on the preferred and common stock, shall be held as a sinking fund to provide for the retirement of the preferred stock.

Resolved, further, That in order to carry out the terms under which said stock is issued and received by the subscribers, that no encumbrance of any character be placed by the board of directors in the shape of a mortgage or lien on the property of the company unless the same shall provide for the retirement of the preferred stock with accumulated interest as above provided.

Resolved, further, That a meeting of the stockholders of Bailey Furniture Manufacturing Company will be held in the office of said company in the town of Union, S. C., on January 27th, 1906, at 10 o'clock a. m., to act upon the foregoing resolutions.

T. E. BAILEY, F. M. FARR, EMILIE NICHOLSON, JOHN A. FANT, Directors.

State of South Carolina, } Court of
County of Union, } Probate.
IN AID OF ASSETS.
J. G. Going as Administrator of the estate of I. H. Clark, deceased, Plaintiff, against
William Clark, et al, Defendants.

By order of Probate Court for the County of Union and State aforesaid, I will sell to the highest bidder before the Court House door, during legal hours of sale on the first Monday in February, 1906, (it being a holiday) the following described real estate situate and being in Union township, County and State aforesaid, all the right, title and interest in and to all that certain tract of land containing ninety-five acres, more or less, belonging to I. H. Clark, deceased, interest in said tract (7-12) seven-twelfths, bounded by lands of B. B. Going, Joseph Skelton, J. C. Edwards, A. H. Foster, Sarah Brandon and A. H. Foster, Farr & Thomson.

Terms: One-half cash, the balance upon a credit of twelve months, with interest from day of sale secured by bond of purchaser and mortgage of the premises, the purchaser to pay for papers. Purchaser or purchasers have leave to pay all cash.

JASON M. GREER, Judge of Probate.
January 9, 1906. 2-3t

Wood's Seeds.

Second Crop Seed Potatoes

go further in planting than other Seed Potatoes, yield better and more uniform crops, and are in high favor with truckers and potato growers wherever planted.

Our stocks are of superior quality, uniform in size, and sent out in full-size barrels.

Write for prices, and Wood's 1906 Seed Book, giving full and interesting information about Seed Potatoes.

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We carry the largest stock of Potatoes in the South. Maine, Northern-grown and Second Crop Seed. Write for prices.



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ENGINES AND BOILERS

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CLASS OF SERVICE.

ASK FOR OUR ESTIMATE BEFORE

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GIBBES MACHINERY COMPANY

COLUMBIA, S. C.

THE UNION TIMES and METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE for \$1.80 a year.

Master's Sale.

State of South Carolina, } Court of
County of Union, } Probate.
Thomas K. Palmer, plaintiff, vs. Jamison G. Kelly, et al, defendant.

In obedience to an order made in above stated case, I will sell at Union before the Court House door on Saturday, February 5th, 1906, during the legal hours of sale, viz.,

All that certain tract of land, situated in Union County, State aforesaid, bounded by lands of Joseph Kelly on the North, on the East by lands of Thomas J. Gault, on the South by lands of R. N. Gault, and on the West by lands of Willie Hart, containing three hundred and eighteen acres more or less.

TERMS OF SALE.

One half cash, balance on credit of twelve months with interest from day of sale, secured by bond of purchaser and mortgage of premises sold. Purchaser to pay for papers and stamps, with privilege of paying all cash.

2-3t C. H. PEAKE, Master.

Final Discharge.

Notice is hereby given that Thos. E. Bailey, administrator with will annexed of the estate of Leila C. Littlejohn, deceased, has applied to Jason M. Greer, Judge of Probate, in and for the county of Union, for a final discharge as such administrator. It is ordered, That the 17th day of February A. D. 1906, be fixed for hearing of Petition, and a final settlement of said estate.

JASON M. GREER, Probate Judge Union County, S. C.
Published in THE UNION TIMES
January 19, 1906. 3-4t

The Metropolitan magazine ranks among the best published and THE TIMES among the best weekly papers in the state.