

MISS MINERVA and WILLIAM GREEN HILL

By FRANCES BOYD CALHOUN
(Copyright, by Reilly & Britton Co.)

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

Jimmy seeing no hope of eluding Sarah Jane's vigilance, resorted to strategy and deceit.

"Tain't no fun setting out here," he called to her, "so I'm going in the house and take a nap."

She willingly consented, as she was through with her ironing and thought to snatch a few winks of sleep herself.

The little boy slipped quietly through the house, noiselessly across the back yard and into his father's big garden, which was separated from that of his neighbor by a high board fence. He quickly climbed the fence, flew across Miss Minerva's tomato patch and tipped over her back steps to the back porch, his little bare feet giving no sign of his presence. Hearing curious noises coming from the bath room, where Billy was bumping the chair up and down in his efforts to release his mouth, he made for that spot, promptly unlocked the door and tugging had freed his mouth from the towel that bound it at that moment.

"Hush!" he whispered as Jimmy bravely opened the door, "you'll get eat up alive if you don't look out." His tone was so mysterious and thrilling and he looked so scared tied to the chair that the younger boy's blood almost froze in his veins.

"What you doing all tied up so?" he asked, in low, frightened tones.

"Mr. Algernon Jones done it. I spec' he's a robber an' is jes' a-robberin' right now," answered Billy.

"Til untie you," said his chum.

"Naw; you better not," said Billy bravely. "He might git away. You leave me jes' like he fixed me so's you can try to catch him. I hear him in the dinin' room now. You leave me right here an' step over to yo' house an' phone to some mens to come and git him quick. Shet the do' ag'in an' don't make no noise. Fly, now!"

And Jimmy did fly. He again took the garden route and in a minute was at the telephone with the receiver to his ear.

"Hello! Is that you, Miss Central? This is me. Mr. Algernon Jones done kilt Miss Minerva's beau. He's on her back porch bloody all over. He's 'bout the deadeest man they is. You'd better come terokely you can and bring the hearse, and a coffin and a clean shirt and a tombstone. He's wounded me but I ain't dead yet. Goodby."

Dr. Sanford received Jimmy's crazy message in astonishment. He, too, rang the telephone again and again, but could hear nothing more, so he walked down to Miss Minerva's house and rang the door bell. Jimmy opened the door and led the way to the back porch, where the injured man, who had just recovered consciousness, was sitting limply in a chair.

"What does all this mean? Are you hurt?" asked the doctor as he examined Mr. Jones' victim.

"No, I think I'm all right now," was the reply; "but that scoundrel certainly gave me a severe blow."

Billy, shut up in the bath room and listening to all the noises and confusion, had been scared nearly out of his senses. He had kept still as a mouse till now, when thinking he heard friendly voices he yelled out: "Open the do' an' untie me!"

"We done forgot Billy," said the little rescuer, as he ran to the bath room door and opened it. He was followed by the doctor, who cut the cords that bound the prisoner.

"Now, William," commanded Dr. Sanford, as they grouped themselves around the stout, plump gentleman in the chair, "begin at the beginning, and let us get at the bottom of this."

"Mr. Algernon Jones he come to the gate," explained the little boy, "an' he say he goin' to fix the water pipe an' you a nap is yuh, yuh 'celtful caterpillar. Come on home dis minute."

"Lemme go, Sarah Jane," protested the little boy trying to jerk away from her, "I got to stay here and pertec' Billy and Miss Minerva's beau, 'cause they's a robber might come back and tie 'em up and make 'em bleed if I ain't here."

"Did Mr. Algernon Jones make all that blood?" asked the awe-stricken little boy gazing in admiration at the victim of Mr. Jones' energy. "You sho' is a hero to stan' up an' let him knock you down like he done."

"Yes," cried Jimmy, as the black woman dragged him kicking and struggling through the hall, "we's all heroes, but I bet I bet Miss Minerva's going to be mad 'bout you all spillin' all that blood on her nice clean floor."

"Lemme see yo' big toe what was shot off by all them Yankee and Injuns what you killed in the war," said Billy to Miss Minerva's beau.

The major smiled at the little boy, a man-to-man smile, full of good comradeship, humor and understanding.



The Major Smiled at the Little Boy, a Man-to-Man Smile.

"Landed Upon the Nose of a Plump Gentleman."

childish voice and was willing to humor him, so as she too knew Miss Minerva's beau the connection was quickly made.

"Hello! Is that you, major? This is me. If you don't want Mr. Algernon Jones to be robbing everything Miss Minerva's got you getter get a move on and come right this minute. You got to bustie and bring 'bout a million pistols and guns and swords and tomahawks and all the mens you can find and dogs. He's the fiercest robber ever was, and he's already done tie Billy to the bath room chair and done eat up 'bout a million cold biscuits. I spec'. All of us is 'bout to be stewed. Goodby."

The plump, round gentleman at the other end of the wire heard this amazing message in the utmost confusion and consternation. He frantically rang the telephone again and again but could get no answer from the Gardner's home so he put on his hat and walked the short distance to Miss Minerva's house.

Jimmy was waiting to receive him at the front gate, having again eluded Sarah Jane's vigilance.

"Hush!" he whispered mysteriously, "he's in the dining room. Ain't you brought nobody else? Get your pistol and come on."

Mr. Algernon Jones, feeling safe and secure for the next hour and having partaken of a light lunch, was in the act of transferring some silver

Not Overcome by Sorrow

Young Man's Novel Test of Sweetheart's Affection Satisfied Him on Ore Point.

Alphonse Marron of Paris, a young man of independent means, has found a novel way of testing his fiancée's affection, with the result that the engagement is now broken off.

He called on the girl, Mile. Suzanne

Roix, and after a few minutes' conversation, during which he affected great mental depression, he asked her for a drink of water. As he took the glass from her hand he produced a tiny phial from his pocket, and, emptying the contents into the water, drank it off before she could hinder him. His face then contracted and he sank a helpless mass on the floor. He had only time to beg his sweetheart's forgiveness before he expired, as she thought.

Unfortunately for Suzanne, Alphonse was not even unconscious, and he was able to watch the effect on her of his own death. Without the slightest show of sorrow she hastened to the telephone and rang up the police station to say that a suicide had been committed in her apartments, and begging that the body might be removed as soon as possible.

This was too much for Alphonse, who promptly resurrected himself and

Billy's little major went out to him at once.

"I can't take off my shoes at present," said the veteran. "Well, I must be going; I feel all right now."

Billy looked at him with big, solemn eyes.

"You couldn't never go 'thout yo' pants, could you?" he asked, " 'cause Aunt Minerva jest nacheilly despises pants."

The man eyed him quizzically.

"Well, no; I don't think I could," he replied; "I don't think I'd look any better in a Mother Hubbard or a kimono."

The little boy sighed.

"Which you think is the stiffest name," asked he, "Billy or William?"

"Billy, Billy," enthusiastically came the reply.

"I like mens," said William Green Hill. "I sho' wisht' you could come and live right here with me and Aunt Minerva."

"I wish so, too," said the major.

CHAPTER XV.

Billy, the Credulous.

After the advent and disappearance of the exciting Mr. Jones, Miss Minerva, much to Billy's joy, had a telephone put in the house. He sat in the hall the day it was put in waiting for it to ring.

Jimmy, coming up on the front porch and through the half-open door and seeing him sitting there, rang the door bell just for a joke, ready to burst into a laugh when the other little boy turned around and saw who it was. Billy, however, in his eagerness mistook the ring for the telephone bell and joyfully climbed up on the chair, which he had stationed in readiness. He took down the receiver as he had seen Jimmy do in his home, and, without once seeing that little boy standing a few feet from him, he yelled at the top of his lungs:

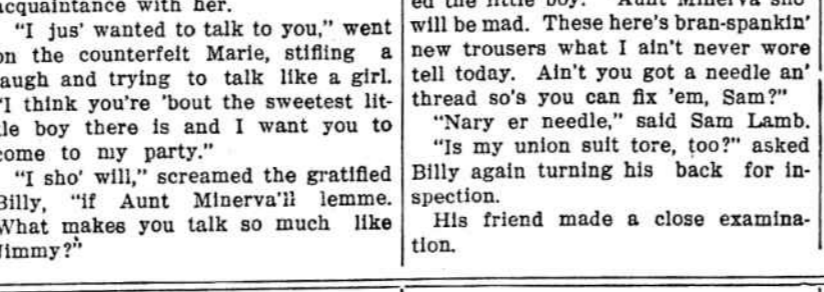
"Hello! Who is that?"

"This is Marie Yarbrough," replied Jimmy from the doorway, instantly recognizing Billy's mistake.

Marie Yarbrough was a little girl much admired by the two boys, as she had a pony and a cart of her very own. However, she lived in a different part of the town and attended another Sunday school, so they had no speaking acquaintance with her.

"I jus' wanted to talk to you," went on the counterfeited Marie, stifling a laugh and trying to talk like a girl. "I think you're 'bout the sweetest little boy there is and I want you to come to my party."

"I sho' will," screamed the gratified Billy, "if Aunt Minerva'll lemme. What makes you talk so much like Jimmy?"



"You Got to Say It," Insisted the Victor.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Humble Petition.

Billy, sitting in an old buggy in front of the livery stable, had just engaged in a long and interesting conversation with Sam Lamb. He was getting out of the vehicle when the sharp wire around the broken rod caught in the back of his trousers and tore a great hole. He felt a tingling pain and looked over his shoulder to investigate. Not being satisfied with the result, he turned his back to the negro and anxiously inquired: "Is my breeches tore, Sam?"

"Dey am dat," was the reply, "dey am busted f'm Dan ter Beersheba."

"What I goin' to do 'bout it?" asked the little boy. "Aunt Minerva sho' will be mad. These here's bran-spankin' new trousers what I ain't never wear tell today. Ain't you got a needle an' thread so's you can fix 'em, Sam?"

"Nary er needle," said Sam Lamb.

"Is my union suit tore, too?" asked Billy again turning his back for inspection.

His friend made a close examination.

"'Yo' unions is injured plum scarious," was his discouraging decision, "and hit 'pears ter me dat yo' hide don't suffer, too; you's got er turrrible scratch."

The child sighed. The injury to the flesh was of small importance—he could hide that from his aunt—but the rent in his trousers was a serious matter.

"I wish I could get 'em mended 'fore I goes home," he said wistfully.

"I tell you what do," suggested Sam. "I 'low Miss Cecilia'll help yeh; jest go by her house an' she'll darn 'em up fer yeh."

Billy hesitated.

"Well, you see, Sam, me an' Miss Cecilia's engaged an' we's fixin' to marry jes' 's soon's I put on long pants, an' I 'shame to ask her. An' I don't believe young 'omans patches the breeches of young mens what they's goin' to marry now. Do you? Aunt Minerva ain't never patched no breeches for the major. And then, with a modest blush, "my unions is tore, too, an' I ain't got on nothin' else to hide my skin."

Again he turned his back to his friend and, his clouded little face looking over his shoulder, he asked: "Do my meat show, Sam?"

"She am visible ter the naked eye," and Sam Lamb laughed loudly at his own wit.

"I don't believe God pays me much attention nobow," said the little boy dolefully; "ev'ry day I gets up to bed 'cause sumpin's all time a-happenin'. If he'd had a eye on me like he oughter they wouldn't a been no snaggin'. Aunt Minerva's goin' to be mad 'thoo an' 'thoo."

"May be my ol' oman can fix 'em, so's dey won't be so turrrible bad," suggested the negro, "taint' fer, so you jes' run down ter my cabin an' tell Sukey I say fix dem breeches."

The child needed no second bidding—he fairly flew. Sam's wife was cooking, but she cheerfully stopped her work to help the little boy. She sewed up the union suit and put a bright blue patch on his brown linen breeches.

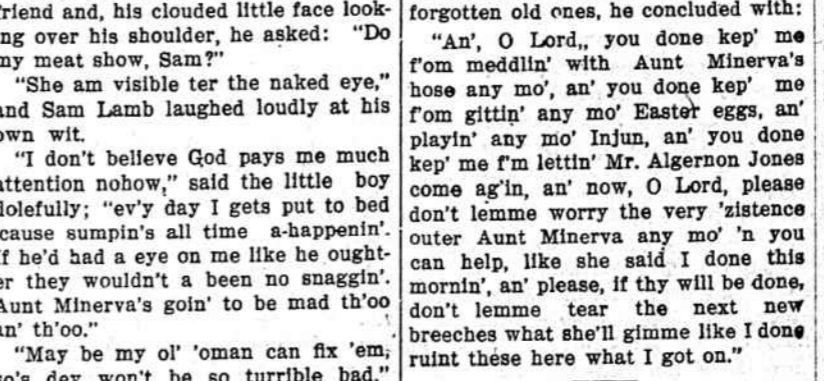
Billy felt a little more cheerful, though he still dreaded confessing to his aunt, and he loitered along the way till it was nearly dark. Supper was ready when he got home and he walked into the dining room with his customary ease and grace. But he took his seat uneasily, and he was so quiet during the meal and ate so little that his aunt asked him if he was sick. He was planning in his mind how to break the news of the day's disaster to her.

"You are improving, William," she remarked presently, "you haven't got into any mischief today. You have been a mighty good little boy now for two days."

Billy flushed at the compliment and shifted uneasily in his seat. That patch seemed to burn him.

"If God'd jest do his part," he said darkly, "I wouldn't never git in no meanness."

After supper Miss Minerva washed the dishes in the kitchen sink and Billy carried them back to the dining room. His aunt caught him several times prancing sideways in the most



The Major Smiled at the Little Boy, a Man-to-Man Smile.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Green-Eyed Billy.

"Have some candy?" said Miss Cecilia, offering a big box of bonbons to Billy, who was visiting her.

"Where'd you git 'em?" he asked, as he helped himself generously.

"Maurice sent them to me this mornin'."

Billy put all his candy back into the box.

"I don't believe I want noner yo' candy," he said, scowling darkly. "I reckon you likes him better 'n me any how, don't you?"

"I love you dearly," she replied.

The child stood in front of her and looked her squarely in the eye. His little form was drawn to its full, proud height, his soft, fair cheeks were flushed, his big, beautiful gray eyes looked somber and sad.

"Is you in love with that red-headed Maurice Richmond, an' jes' a foolin' o' me?" he asked with dignity.

A bright flush dyed crimson the young lady's pretty face.

She put her arm around the childish, graceful figure and drew the little boy to the sofa beside her.

"Now, honey, you musn't be silly," she said, gently, "you are my own, dear, little sweetheart."

"An' I reckon he's yo' own, dear, big sweetheart," said the jealous Billy. "Well, all I got to say is this here: If



"Nary er Needle," Said Sam Lamb.

he's a-goin' to come to see you ev'ry day then I ain't never comin' no mo'. He's been a-carryin' on his foolishness 'bout 's long as I can stand it. You got to choose 'tween us right this minute; he comes down here mos' ev'ry day; he's tuck you drivin' more'n fifty hundred times, an' he's give you all the candy you can stuff."

"He is not the only one who comes to see me," she said smiling down at him. "Jimmy comes often and Len Hamner and Will Reid. Don't you want them to come?"

"Don't nobody pay no 'tention to Jimmy," he replied contemptuously; "he ain't nothin' but a baby, an' them other mens can come if you wants 'em too; but, said Billy, with a lover's unerring intuition, "I ain't a-goin' to stand for that long-legged, sorrel-top Maurice Richmond a-trottin' his great big carkiss down here ev'ry minute. I wish Aunt Minerva'd let me put on long pants tomorrow so's we could git married." He caught sight of a new ring sparkling on her finger.

"On my what?" she asked, looking at him severely over her paper.

"I mean if you're me," he hastily explained. "Don't you think blue patches is the mos' nat'ral lookin'?"

"What are you drivin' at, William?" she asked; but without waiting for his answer she went on with her reading.

CHAPTER XVIII.

dem yore letter. Yores respectful, BEN JACKSON."

Glidey's Generosity.

"Did the Glideys have much trouble in arranging their separation?" "No. At least, not until they reached the child. They have but one child, you know." "How about the dogs?" "That was easy. They had two dogs." "Why, Glidey suddenly developed a streak of generosity. He took the child and let his wife have both dogs."

SESSION HAS ENDED

THE DRUGGISTS OF SOUTH CAROLINA CLOSE MEETING AT ISLE OF PALMS.

TO MEET AT GLENN SPRINGS

Pharmacists' Association Goes on Record as Favoring Two Grades of Licenses Instead of One—Bill Providing Change To Be Drafted.

Charleston.—In a haze of blue smoke and delightful memories of the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the South Carolina Pharmaceutical Association came to a close. The final act of the programme was the smoker at the Seashore Hotel, Isle of Palms, and here the druggists enjoyed one of the most pleasurable events of the entire meeting. The thirty-seventh annual meeting will be held at Glenn Springs, Spartanburg county, according to the decision of the body.

Dr. O. Frank Hart, of Columbia, was elected president of the association for the coming year. Dr. Arthur Irwin, of Spartanburg and Dr. O. A. Matthews, of Bennettsville, were chosen first and second vice presidents, and for the thirteenth consecutive time Dr. Frank M. Smith, of this city, was elected secretary and treasurer of the organization. Dr. T. P. Young, of Greenwood, was elected a member of the state examining board, to fill the vacancy caused by the expiration of the term of Dr. H. E. Heltnish, Jr., of Spartanburg. The board of examiners will hold its next meeting at Chester on November 20.

The South Carolina Pharmaceutical Association opened its annual meeting at the Isle of Palms the Seashore Hotel being headquarters for the convention. Among the features of the first day's meetings was an enjoyable cruise around the harbor in the steamer Sappho, in which a large number of the ladies and gentlemen attending the convention took part. The convention was a great success.

Lexington Fair Association.

Lexington.—The Lexington county fair association will hold its annual fair this year on October 22, 23, 24 and 25. This will be the first year in the history of the association that the fair will be held for four days and it is announced that every day will have a special feature. The Lexington county fair has the reputation of being one of the very best agricultural fairs in the state. It is purely a farmers' fair, and here the products of the Lexington soil are always shown to good effect. C. M. Efrd, secretary of the association, is busy making arrangements for the several attractions, and some good exhibitions will be secured.

Reports on Crops are Varying

Greenville.—Replies to specific inquiries as to the condition of the corn and cotton crop from the widely scattered sections of Greenville county give varying reports. From Simpsonville, Fountain Inn and Fairview reports are encouraging, though some restricted localities complain of lack of rainfall. Chick Springs, Taylors and Greer farmers declare their crops will fall little short of last year's crop. Traveler's Rest and Marietta report fairly encouraging as to corn but not so hopeful as to cotton.

Complete Examination of Rolls.

Charleston.—The sub-committee on club rolls of the Charleston county Democratic executive committee has just completed the examination of the rolls, making up a list of the duplicates in the 39 clubs of the county and with this work completed, the committee will now at once examine the 24 city rolls and 15 county club rolls for inaccuracies and irregularities which may be found. It is not known just when the sub-committee will finish its job for it has no easy task in hand. The enrollment of the city clubs aggregate 8,707 and the rural clubs 1,234, making an aggregate of 9,950. How much these figures will be reduced after the executive committee has made its revision, remains to be seen.

Returned Verdict In Tucker Case.

Laurens.—The jury in second case of Mrs. Nannie Tucker as administratrix against the Clinton cotton mills for \$30,000 for the death by drowning of her little son, Thomas Tucker, in the pond of the defendant company at the same time his brother, Roy Tucker, lost his life rendered a verdict giving the plaintiff \$800. Practically four days were consumed in the trial of the two suits, the first having resulted in a mistrial. A new trial was granted by Judge Gary in the last case.

Two Escaped Convicts Caught.

Columbia.—William Cordova and Jim Kenny, two negroes, who some time back escaped from the Richland county chaingangs, were returned having been apprehended by the police of Hartsville. The men were brought to Columbia by W. R. Black, who was sent for the men by W. F. Muller, county supervisor. Williams was sent to the gang for three years in October, 1909, for carbreaking and larceny, and escaped after serving about one year of the term. He admits that he owes the county two years.

Special Term of Court For Winnsboro

Winnsboro.—A special term of criminal court will be held here beginning August 5 for the purpose of hearing the case of Ed Anderson, a negro who it is alleged attempted a criminal assault on a white woman. The negro was chased for two days and was finally captured on the railroad near Blair's station and brought to Winnsboro. Violence was first feared, but the intense excitement soon subsided after the relatives of the woman stated that they desired that the negro be given a legal trial.