softly.

one of the pages of the will.

gleam of genuine interest.

him oftener." she said.

split it up?"

ly dumb.

reading said:

ing.

"His estate is valued. approximately,

at some £200.000," replied the lawyer.

smiled a brond, comprehensive smile.

Alaric gave a long, low whistle and

Ethel for the first time showed a

Mrs. Chichester began to cry again.

"Perhaps it was my fault I didn't see

Alaric, unable to curb his curiosity.

burst out with. "How did the old boy

"To his immediate relations he left"-

Mr. Hawkes looked up from the will

and found three pairs of eyes fixed on

much? Don't stop right in the middle

of an important thing like that. You

Mr. Hawkes returned to the will and

after looking at it a moment without

"To his immediate relations Mr.

A momentary silence fell like a pall

"What a shabby old beggar!" com-

over the pages of the document before

tions in his last will and testament:

Kingsnorth family who ever made any

money. All my precious relatives either

"I assure you"- began Mrs. Chiches-

Alaric checked her. "Half a moment,

mater. Let us hear it out to the bitter

end. He must have been an amusing

inherited it or married to get it.'"

him, gave an ejaculation of relief.

since showed a healthy hope.

Kingsnorth left, I regret to say-noth-

make me as nervous as a chicken."

defined interest.



EART

Comedy of Youth Founded by Mr. Manners on His Great Play of the Same Title-Illustrations From Photographs of the Play

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CHAPTER XIV. Peg In England.

OW long have you been here?" again asked Ethel of Peg. "Sure I only came in this

minnit," said Peg innocently mad with a little note of fear. She was not accustomed to fine looking. splendidly dressed young ladies like Ethel.

"What do you want?" demanded the "young lady. "Nothin'," said Peg reassuringly.

"Nothing?" echoed Ethel, growing

mgrier every moment. "Not a thing. I was just told to

wait," said Peg.

"Who told you?"

SIX

"A gentleman." replied Peg. "What gentleman?" asked Ethel

scharply and suspiciously. "Just a gentleman." Peg, after fum-



"Peg Bent Down Over Michael.

the card Mr. Hawkes had given her, which Michael immediately attempted

"The servail's quarters are at the back of the house. "Are they?" asked Peg without moving and not in any way taking the

statement to refer to her. "And I may save you the trouble of waiting by telling you we are quite provided with servants. We do not

need any further assistance." Peg just looked at Ethel and then bent down over Michael. Ethel's last shot had struck home. Poor Peg was cut through to her soul. How she longed at that moment to be back home with her father in New York. Before she could say anything Ethel continued:

"If you insist on waiting, kindly do so there.'

Feg took Michael up in her arms, collected once more her packages and walked to the windows. Again she beard the cold, hard tones of Ethel's voice speaking to her:

"Follow the path to your right until you come to a door. Knock and ask permission to wait there, and for your future guidance go to the back door of a house and ring. Don't walk un announced into a private room." Peg tried to explain:

"Ye see, ma'am. I didn't know. All the gentleman said was. 'Go there an' wait' "-

"That will do."

"I'm sorry I disturbed ye." And she glanced at the embarrassed Brent. "That will do!" said Ethel finally.

Poor Peg nodded and wandered off through the windows sore at heart. She went down the path until she reached the door Ethel mentioned. She knocked at it. While she is waiting for admission we will return to the fortunes of the rudely disturbed low ers (?).

Ethel turned indignantly to Brent as the little figure went off down the path.

"Outrageous!" she cried.

"Poor little wretch!" Brent walked to the windows and looked after her. 'She's quite pretty."

Ethel looked understandingly at him 'Is she?"

"In a shabby sort of way. Didn't you think so?"

Ethel glared coldly at him. "I never notice the lower orders.

You apparently do." "Oh. yes-often. They're very inter-esting-at times." He strained to get

a last glimpse of the intruder. "Do you know, she's the strangest

little apparition"-"She's only a few yards away if you

care to follow her!" Her tone brought Brent up sharply. He turned away from the window and

ataric dashed to the door and opened it as though to speed the visitor on his way. "So sorry I was out when you called,"

lied Alaric nimbly. "Run in any time.



Ethel Turned and Seated Herself.

Always delighted to see you-delighted Is the angel wife all well?"

Brent bowed. "Thank you."

"And the darling child?" Brent frowned. He crossed to the door and turned in the frame and ad-

monished Alaric: "Please give my remembrances to your mother." Then he passed out. As he disappeared the irrepressible Alaric called after him:

"Certainly. She'll be so disappointed not to have seen you. Run in any time -any time at all." Alaric closed the door and saw his mother and Ethel coming down the stairs.

All traces of emotion had disappeared from Ethel's face and manner. She was once again in perfect command of herself. She carried a beauti'ul little French poodle in her arms and was feeding her with sugar.

Alaric fussily brought his mother forward.

gentleman in a rose bed inquiring the way to our lodge. He's come all the way from dear old London just to see you. Mr. Hawkes, my mother."

anxiously.

"You have come to see me?" "On a very important and a very pri-

vate family matter," replied Hawkes gravely. "Important? Private?" asked Mrs

Chichester in surprise. "We're the family, Mr. Hawkes,"

ventured Alaric helpfully.

Mrs. Chichester's forebodings came uppermost. After the news of the bank's failure nothing would surprise her now in the way of calamity. What could this grave, dignified looking man want with them? Her eves tilled.

"Is it bad news?" she faltered. "Oh, dear, no," answered Mr. Hawkes

genially. "Well, is it good news?" queried ly 1 am not going to leave one penny

'With death approaching," resumed tively. "Do you remember, mater, we f met him at Victoria station once when Hawkes, "Mr. Kingsnorth's conscience I was little more than a baby? Yet I began to trouble him, and the remem-

can see him now as plainly as if it brance of his treatment of his unfortuwere yesterday-a portly, sandy haired nate sister distressed him. If the child old buck with three jolly chins." were alive he wanted to see her. I "He was white toward the end and made inquiries and found that the girl very, very thin," said Mr. Hawkes was living with her father in very poor

circumstances in the city of New York. "Was he?" from Alaric. "Fancy that. We sent sufficient funds for the jour-It just shows, mater, doesn't it?" He ney, together with a request to the fabent eagerly over the table as Hawkes ther to allow her to visit Mr. Kingstraced some tigures with a pencil on north in England. The father consented. However, before the young "How much did he leave?" And girl sailed Mr. Kingsnorth died." Alaric's voice rose to a pitch of well

"Oh!" cried Alaric, who had been listening intently. "Died, eh? That was too bad. Died before seeing ber Did you let her sall, Mr. Hawkes?"

"Yes. We thought it best to bring her over here and acquaint her with the sad news after her arrival. Had she known before snilling she might not have taken the journey.'

"But what was the use of bringing her over when Mr. Kingsnorth was dead?" asked Alaric.

"For this reason." replied Hawkes Realizing that he might never see her. Mr. Kingsnorth made the most remark able provision for her in his will." "Provided for her and not for"- be

him. He stopped. It may be that gan Mrs. Chichester. constant association with the law "Here is the provision." continued courts destroys faith in human nature; Mr. Hawkes, again reading from the but, whatever the cause, it seemed to will: "'I hereby direct that the sum Mr. Hawkes in each of those eyes was of £1.000 a year be paid to any respectreflected the one dominant feelingable, well connected woman of breed greed. The expression in the family's ing and family who will undertake the combined eyes was astonishing in its education and upbringing of my niece directness, in its burefacedness. It Margaret O'Connell. in acordance with struck the dignified gentleman suddenthe dignity and tradition of the Kings "Well? Well?" cried Alaric. "How norths.'

"He remembers a niece he never saw and his own sister"- And Mrs. Chichester once more burst into tears.

"It beats cockfighting; that's all can say." cried Alaric. "It simply beats cockfighting."

Mr. Hawkes went on reading: "If 1785 at the expiration of one year my niece is found to be, in the judgment of my executors, unworthy of further interest she is to be returned to her father over the stricken Chichester family. Mrs. Chichester rose., indignation and the sum of £250 a year paid her to provide her with the necessaries of flashing from the eyes that a moment life. If, on the other hand, she proves herself worthy of the best traditions of the Kingsnorth family the course of training is to be continued until she reaches the age of twenty-one, when I hereby bequeath to her the sum of £5.000 a year, to be paid her annually out of my estate during her lifetime and to be continued after her death to any male issue she may have-by marriage.' "

"His own flesh and blood!" cried the Mr. Hawkes stopped and once again 6-2-15 looked at the strange family. Mrs. Chichester was sobbing, "And me-his owu sister"-

Alaric was moving restlessly about. "He was always the most selfish, the "Beats anything I've heard of-posimost"- began Mrs. Chichester, when Mr. Hawkes, who had been turning tively anything.'

Ethel was looking intently at Pet's cont "Ah! Here we have it. This, Mrs.

Hawkes continued: " 'On no account is her father to be permitted to visit Chichester, is how Mr. Kingsnorth exher, and should the course of training pressed his attitude toward his relabe continued after the first year she "'I am the only member of the must not on any account visit her



"Tusn and nonsense: with which Alaric dismissed the whole matter. "Then I may take it you refuse?" queried the astonished lawyer.

"Absolutely!" from Mrs. Chichester. "Entirely!" from Ethel.

"I should say so!" and Alaric brought up the rear.

Mr. Hawkes gathered up his papers and in a tone of regret ventured: "Then there is nothing more to be said. I was only carrying out the dead man's wishes by coming here and making the facts known to you. Mr. Kingsnorth was of the opinion that you were well provided for and that, outside of the sentimental reason that the girl was your own niece, the additional thousand pounds a year might be welcome as, say, pin money for your daughter." Ethel laughed her dry, cheerless lit-

tle laugh. "Ha! Pin money!" Alaric grew suddenly grave and drew his mother and sister out of Mr. Hawkes' vicinity.

"Listen, mater, Ethel. It's a cool thousand, you know! Thousands don't grow on raspberry bushes when your bank's gone up. What do ye think, eh?'

Mrs. Chichester brightened.

"It would keep things together." she said. "The wolf from the door," urged

Alaric.

"No charity," chimed in Ethel.

(To be continued,)

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"Nothing?" she cried incredulously. "Not a penny piece to any one?" ventured Alaric. The faintest suspicion of a smile flitted across Ethel's face. Hawkes looked keenly at them and answered: "I deeply regret to say-nothing." Mrs. Chichester turned to Ethel, who had begun to stroke Pet again.

ter.

old gentleman."

"Mater. dear," he said. "I found this poor lady. mented Alaric indignantly.

Mrs. Chichester looked at Hawkes

to take possession of. Peg snatched it away from the dog and handed it to the young lady.

"He told me to wait there!" Ethel took the card irritably and read:

"'Mrs. Chichester, Regal Villa.' And what do you want with Mrs. Chichester?" she asked Peg, at the same time boking at the shabby clotnes, the hungry looking dog and the soiled parcel.

"I don't want anything with her. I "was just told to wait."

"Who are you?"

Peg was now getting angry too. There was no mistaking the manner of the proud young lady. Peg chafed ander it. She looked up sullenly into Ethel's face and said:

"I was not to say a wurrd, I'm tellin' ye. I was just to wait." Peg settled back in the chair and stroked Michael. This questioning was not at ull to her liking. She wished Mr. Hawkes would come and get her out of a most embarrassing position. But .until he did she was not going to disobey his instructions. He told her to say nothing, so nothing would she say.

Ethel turned abruptly to Brent and found that gentleman looking at the -odd little stranger somewhat admiring-Ly. She gave an impatient ejaculation and turned back to Peg quickly:

"You say you have only been here a minute?"

"That's all," replied Peg-"just a 'minnit."

"Were we talking when you came dn?

"Ye were."

'Ethel could scarcely conceal her rage.

"Did you hear what we said?"

"Some of it-not much," said Peg.

"What did you hear?"

"'Please don't-it's so hot this mornin;" said Peg, with no attempt at imitation, just as If she were stating a simple, ordinary occurrence.

Ethel flushed scarlet. Brent smiled. "You refuse to say why you're here or who you are?" Ethel again asked.

"It isn't me that's refusin'. All the gentleman said to me was: 'Ye go to the place that's written down on the -card an' sit down there an' wait. An' that's all ye do.' "

Ethel again turned to the perplexed Brent "Eh?"

"Extraordinary!" And Brent shook bis head.

The position was unbearable. Ethel decided instantly how to relieve it. She looked freezingly down at the forlorn looking little intruder and said:

found Ethel, arms folded, eyes flashing, waiting for him. Something in her manner alarmed him. He had

gone too far. "Why, Ethel," he said as he came toward her.

"Suppose my mother had walked in here-or Alaric-instead of that creature? Never do such a thing again." "I was carried away," he hastened to explain.

"Kindly exercise a little more restraint. You had better go now." There was a finality of dismissal in her tone as she passed him and crossed to the great staircase. He followed her:

"May I call tomorrow?" "No." she answered decidedly; "not

tomorrow." "The following day, then," he urged.

"Perhaps." "Remember, I build on you."

She looked searchingly at him.

"I suppose we are worthy of each other."

Through the open windows came the sound of voices.

"Go!" she said imperatively. And she passed on up the stairs. Brent went rapidly to the door. Before either be could open it or Ethel go out of sight Alaric burst in through the windows.

"Hello, Brent!" he cried cheerfully. "Disturbin' ye?" And he caught Ethe as she was about to disappear, "Or you, Ethel?"

Ethel turned and seated herself with her little white lap dog clasped in her bands, then answered coolly:

"You've not disturbed me."

"I'm just going," said Brent.

"Well, wait a moment." And Alaric turned to the window and beckoned to some one on the path, and in from the garden came Mr. Montgomery Hawkes. "Come in," said the energetic Alaric, "Come in, Ethel. I want you to meet Mr. Hawkes. Mr. Hawkes-my sister; Mr. Brent-Mr. Hawkes." Having satisfactorily introduced every one, he said to Ethel: "See if the mater's well enough to come down, like a dear, will ye? This gentleman has come from London to see her. D'ye mind? And come back yourself, too, like an angel. He says he has some business that concerns the whole family."

Alaric bustled Hawkes into a chair and then seized the somewhat uncomfortable Brent by an unwilling hand and shook it warmly as he asked: "Must you go?"

"Yes," replied Brent, with a sigh of roliof . .

Alaric.

"In a measure," said the lawyer. "Then, for heaven's sake, get at it You've got me all clammy. We could do with a little good news. Wait a minute! Is it by any chance about the bank?"

"No," replied Mr. Hawkes. He clear ed his throat and said solemnly and impressively to Mrs. Chichester:

"It is about your late brother, Nathaniel Kingsnorth."

"Late!" cried Mrs. Chichester. "Is Nathaniel dead?

"Yes, madam." said Hawkes gravely. "He died ten days ago."

Mrs. Chichester sat down and silently wept. Nathaniel to have died without her being with him to comfort him and arrange things with him! It was most unfortunate.

"Poor old Nat," Alaric said. "Eh Ethel?"

"Never saw him," answered Ethel, her face and voice totally without emotion.

"You say he died ten days ago?" asked Mrs. Chichester.

Mr. Hawkes bowed

"Why was I not informed? The funeral"--

"There was no funeral," replied Mr. Hawkes.

"No funeral?" said Alaric in astonishment

"No," replied the lawyer. "In obedi ence to his written wishes he was cremated, and no one was present except the chief executor and myself."

> CHAPTER XV. The Will.

"N YOW, in Mr. Kingsnorth's will," went on the lawyer, producing a leather pocketbook filled with important looking papers-"in his will"- he repeated. Mrs. Chichester stopped crying. "Eh? A will?"

"What?" said Alaric, beaming. "Did the dear old gentleman leave a will?" Even Ethel stopped playing with Pet and listened languidly to the conversation.

Mr. Hawkes, realizing he had their complete interest, went on importantly: "As Mr. Kingsnorth's legal adviser up to the time of his untimely death I have come here to make you acquainted with some of its contents." He spread a formidable looking document wide open on the table, adjusted his pince nez and prepared to read. | ter. "Dear old Nat!" said Alaric reflec-

to relations who are already well pro vided for.' "

Mr. Hawkes resumed: "'Consequent.

Mrs. Chichester protested vehemently:

"But we are not provided for." "No," added Alaric. "Our bank's busted."

"We're ruined!" sobbed Mrs. Chichester.

"Broke!" said Alaric.

"We've nothing!" wailed the old lady. "Dear, dear!" said the lawyer. "How extremely painful!"

"Painful? That's not the word. Disgusting I call it," corrected Alaric.

Mr. Hawkes thought a moment. Then he said, "Under those circumstances perhaps a clause in the will may have a certain interest and an element of relief."

As two drowning people clinging to the proverbial straws the mother and son waited breathlessly for Mr. Hawkes to go on.

Ethel showed no interest whatever. "When Mr. Kingsnorth realized that he had not very much longer to live he spoke constantly of his other sister Angela," resumed Mr. Hawkes. "Angela." cried Mrs. Chichester in surprise. "Why, she's dead." "That was why he spoke of her." said Hawkes gravely.

"And not a word of me?" asked Mrs Chichester.

"We will come to that a little later." and Mr. Hawkes again referred to the gela, married at the age of twenty a ter, said:

certain Irishman, by name O'Connell, and was cut off by her family"-

a disgrace"-

Alaric checked his mother again. Hawkes resumed: "Was cut off by her family, went to the United States

of America with her husband, where a daughter was born. After going through many conditions of misery

with her husband, who never seemed to prosper, she died shortly after giving birth to the child." He looked up. "Mr. Kingsnorth elsewhere expresses

his lasting regret that in one of his sister's acute stages of distress she wrote to him asking him for the first time to to him asking him for the first time to eminently fitted to undertake such a

That #

your bed. Lie in it.'" was justified," broke in Mrs. Chiches- lady?"

L.2" . d.

father. After she reaches the age of twenty-one she can do as she pleases." Mr. Hawkes folded up the will with the air of a man who had finished an important duty.

Alaric burst out with: "I don't see how that clause interests

us in the least, Mr. Hawkes." The lawyer removed his pince nez will. "It appears that this sister, An. and, looking steadily at Mrs. Chiches-

"Now, my dear Mrs. Chichester, it was Mr. Kingsnorth's wish that the "The man was an agitator-a Fenian first lady to be approached on the matagitator. He hadn't a penny. It was ter of undertaking the training of the young lady should be-you."

Mrs. Chichester rose in astonish ment. "I?"

Alaric arose in anger. "My mother?" Ethel quietly pulled Pet's ear and waited.

Mr. Hawkes went on quietly: "Mr. Kingsnorth said by would be sure at least of his niece having a strict upbringing in the best traditions of the Kingsnorths and that, though his sister Monica was somewhat narrow and conventional in ideas-I use his

assist her. He replied: 'You have made charge. There-you have the whole object of my visit. Now, will you un-"She had disgraced the family. He dertake the training of the young

and pound boxes. Try it. There is nothing like it for the money, at "I never heard of such a thing!" cried Mrs. Chichester furiously. "Ridiculous!" said Ethel.calmly_



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