

W. M. U. Will Meet.

The W. M. U. of the Abbeville Baptist Association will meet with Midway Baptist Church the 9th and 10th of July.

Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. McMahan, Miss Alma Hall, Committee.

Engraved cards and wedding invitations at Press and Banner Co.

GREEN FANCY By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON Author of "GRAUSTARK," "THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND," "THE PRINCE OF GRAUSTARK," ETC.

"Don't move!" came from the darkness outside. "I have me gun leveled. I heard me name taken in vain.



"Don't Move!" Came From the Darkness Outside.

Thanks for the blessing. I was wondering whether you would say something pleasant about me—and, thank the good Lord, I was patient.

A chuckle rounded out the gentle admonition of the invisible Irishman.

CHAPTER XV.

Large Bodies Move Slowly—But Mr. Sprouse Was Smaller Than the Average.

There was not a sound for many seconds. She was the first to speak. "I am ready to return with you, Mr. O'Dowd," she said distinctly.

O'Dowd spoke out of the darkness: "You forget that I have your own word for it that you'll be a dead woman before the day is over.

A little cry of relief greeted this quaint sally. "You have my word that I will return with you quietly if—"

"Thunderation!" exclaimed Barnes wrathfully. "What do you think I am? A worm that—"

"Easy, easy, me dear man," cautioned O'Dowd. "Keep your seat. Don't be deceived by my infernal Irish humor.

"O'Dowd, you haven't the heart to drag her back to that beast of a—"

"Hold hard! We'll come to the point without further palavering. Where are ye dragging her yourself, ye rascal!"

"To a place where she will be safe from insult, injury, degradation—"

"Well, I have no fault to find with ye for that," said O'Dowd. "Bedad, I didn't believe you had the nerve to tackle the job.

"Are you disposed to be friendly, O'Dowd?" demanded Barnes. "If you are not, we may just as well fight it out now as later on."

"You are not to fight!" she cried in great agitation. "What are you doing? Put it away! Don't shoot!"

"Is it a gun he is pulling?" inquired O'Dowd calmly. "And what the deuce are you going to aim at, me hearty? I have a bull's-eye lantern with me.

"We have no box of any description, Mr. O'Dowd," cried she triumphantly. "Thank heaven, he got safely away!"

"Do you mean to tell me you came away without the—your belongings, Miss Cameron?" exclaimed O'Dowd.

"They are not with me," she replied. Her grasp on Barnes' arm tightened.

"Oh, isn't it splendid? They did not catch him. He—"

"Will you both swear on your sacred honor that ye haven't the jewels if your possession?"

"Unhesitatingly," said Barnes.

"I swear, Mr. O'Dowd."

"Then," said he, "I have no time to waste here. I am looking for a tin box. I beg your pardon for disturbing you."

"Oh, Mr. O'Dowd, I shall never forget all that you have—"

"Whist, now! There is one thing I must insist on your forgetting completely: all that has happened in the last five minutes. What I am doing, Mr. Barnes, would be my death sentence if it ever became known."

"It shall never be known through me, O'Dowd. I'd like to shake your hand, old man."

"God bless you, Mr. O'Dowd," said the girl in a low, small voice, singularly suggestive of tears. "Some day I may be in a position to—"

"Don't say it! You'll spoil everything if you let me think you are in my debt. Bedad, don't be so sure I sha'n't see you again, and soon."

"Tell me how to find Hart's Tavern, old man. I'll—"

"No, I'm dashed if I do. You ought to be grateful to me for not stopping you entirely, without asking me to give you a helping hand. Good-by, and God bless you. I'm praying that ye get away safely, Miss Cameron. So long, Barnes. If you were a crow and wanted to roost on that big tree in front of Hart's Tavern, I dare say you'd take the shortest way there by flying as straight as a bullet from the mouth of this pit, following your extremely good-looking nose."

They did not wait for the break of day. Taking O'Dowd's hint, Barnes directed his steps straight out from the mouth of the quarry and pressed confidently onward.

"I cannot, for the life of me, see why they took chances on inviting me to the house, Miss Cameron."

She was silent for a moment, and when she spoke it was with great intensity. "Mr. Barnes, I had your life in my hands all the time you were at Green Fancy. I shudder now when I think of what might have happened.

Before you were asked to the house, I was coolly informed that you would not leave it alive if I so much as breathed a word to you concerning my unhappy plight.

"I cannot, for the life of me, see why they took chances on inviting me to the house, Miss Cameron."

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"I cannot, for the life of me, see why they took chances on inviting me to the house, Miss Cameron."

There, there, now!" he cried, consolingly, as she put her hands to her face and gave way to sobs.

"Forgive me," she murmured. "I didn't mean to be so silly."

"It helps, to cry sometimes," he said lamely.

The first faint signs of day were struggling out of the night when they stole across the road above Hart's Tavern and made their way through the stable yard to the rear of the house.

The door was locked. He delivered a series of resounding kicks upon its stout face. Revolver in hand, he faced about and waited for the assault of the men who, he was sure, would come plunging around the corner of the building in response to the racket.

At last there were sounds from within. A key grated in the lock and a bolt was shot. The door flew open. Mr. Clarence Dillingford appeared in the opening, partially dressed, his hair sadly tumbled, his eyes blinking in the light of the lantern he held aloft.

"Well, what the—?" Then his gaze alighted on the lady. "For the love of—!" began the embarrassed Dillingford. "What the de— I say, can't you see that I'm not dressed? What the—?"

"Give me that lantern," said Barnes, and snatched the article out of the unresisting hand. "Show me the way to Miss Thackeray's room, Dillingford. No time for explanations."

"Well, for the love of—?" "I will take you to Miss Thackeray's room," said Barnes, leading her swiftly through the narrow passage.

"I have a friend here—a lady. Will you dress as quickly as possible and take her in with you for a little while?"

There was no immediate response from the inside. Then Miss Thackeray observed, quite coldly: "I think I'd like to hear the lady's voice, if you don't mind. I recognize yours perfectly, Mr. Barnes, but I am not in the habit of opening my—"

"I guess I don't need to dress," said Miss Thackeray, and opened her door. "Come in, please. I don't know who you are or what you've been up to, but there are times when women ought to stand together. And what's more, I sha'n't ask any questions."

She closed the door behind the unexpected guest, and Barnes gave a great sigh of relief.

"Say, Mr. Barnes," said Miss Thackeray, several hours later, coming upon him in the hall, "I guess I'll have to ask you to explain a little. She's a nice, pretty girl, and all that, but she

won't open her lips about anything.



"How is she? Is she resting? Does she seem—"

She says you will do the talking. I'm a good sport, you know, and not especially finicky, but I'd hate to—"

"How is she? Is she resting? Does she seem—"

"Well, she's stretched out on my bed with my best nightie on, and she seems to be doing as well as could be expected," said Miss Thackeray dryly.

"Has she had coffee and—?" "I am going after it now. It seems that she is in the habit of having it in bed. I wish I had her imagination. It would be great to imagine that all you have to do is to say, 'I think I'll have coffee and rolls and one egg' sent up, and then go on believing your wish would come true. Still, I don't mind. She seems so nice and pathetic, and in trouble, and I—"

"Thank you, Miss Thackeray. If you will see that she has her coffee I'll—I'll wait for you here in the hall and try to explain. I can't tell you everything at present—not without her consent—but what I do tell will be sufficient to make you think you are listening to a chapter of a dime novel."

He had already taken Putnam Jones into his confidence. He saw no other way out of the new and somewhat extraordinary situation.

His uneasiness increased to consternation when he discovered that Sprouse had not yet put in an appearance. What had become of the man? He could not help feeling, however, that somehow the little agent would suddenly pop out of the chimney in his room, or sneak in through a crack under the door—and laugh at his fears.

Shortly before the noon hour, Peter Ames halted the old automobile from Green Fancy in front of the Tavern and out stepped O'Dowd, followed by no less a personage than the pseudo Mr. Loeb. There were a number of traveling bags in the tonneau of the car.

Catching sight of Barnes, the Irishman shouted a genial greeting. "The top of the morning to ye. You remember Mr. Loeb, don't you? Mr. Curtis' secretary. Mr. Loeb is leaving us for a few days on business. Good morning, Mr. Boneface," he called out to Putnam Jones who approached at that juncture. "We are sadly in want of gasoline."

Barnes caught the look that the Irishman shot at him out of the corner of his eye.

"Perhaps you'd better see that the scoundrels don't give us short measure, Mr. Loeb," said O'Dowd. Loeb hesitated for a second, and then, evidently in obedience to a command from the speaker's eye, moved off to where Peter was opening the intake. O'Dowd lowered his voice. "Barnes, I let you off last night, and I let her off as well. In return, I ask you to hold your tongue until the man down there gets a fair start. A day's start and—"

"Are you in danger, too, O'Dowd?" "To be sure—but I love it. I can always squirm out of tight places."

"I would not deliberately put you in jeopardy, O'Dowd."

"See here, I am going back to that house up yonder. There is still work for me there. What I'm after now is to get him on the train at Hornville. I'll be here again at four o'clock, on my word of honor. Trust me, Barnes."

"Do you mean to say that you are coming back here to run the risk of being—"

"We've had word that the government has men on the way. Why, hang it all, Barnes, don't you know who it was that engineered that whole business last night?"

Barnes smiled. "I do. He is a secret agent from the embassy—"

"Secret granny!" almost shouted O'Dowd. "He is the slickest, cleverest crook that ever drew the breath of life. And he's got away with the jewels, for which you can whistle in vain, I'm thinking."

"For heaven's sake, O'Dowd—!" began Barnes, his blood like ice in his veins.

"But don't take my word for it. Ask her—upstairs there, God bless her—ask her if she knows Chester Nalmsmith. She'll tell ye, my bucko. He's been standing guard outside her window for the past three nights.

REQUEEN TH EBES IN JULY.

Clemson College, July 1.—The extension Service beekeeping specialist is yutting on a requeening campaign for the month of July. The purpose of requeening have been discussed in previous articles. Those who are interested in further information are requested to write the division of entomology. It is desirable that those who wish to requeen should state the number of queens wanted, and an effort will be made to obtain a reduction in price by ordering in quantities lots.

Much care should be taken in ordering queens. They should of course, be pure, and preferably the three-banded Italian, and should always be ordered from breeders of undoubted reputation who are sure to have their yards and stocks free from the efoul brood diseases. A circular giving full information about requeening is now in preparation. Engraved cards and wedding invitations at Press and Banner Co.



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100 ACRE TRACT—Six and one-half miles from Abbeville in Sharon neighborhood; close to school and church. Three-room house and barn. Price per acre \$32.50.

82 ACRE TRACT OF LAND—4 miles south of Abbeville. Tenant house, barn, 8 or 10 acres of fine branch bottoms, 35 acres in cultivation, balance in woods both pine and ash. Rented for this year. Near school house. Price per acre \$20.00

LOT—on South side of town, 150x150 feet. Price, \$150.00

156 ACRE TRACT—Located 4 miles Southeast of Abbeville S. C. Six room-dwelling, 3-room tenant house, barn. About 2-hour farm rented for this year. Good bottom land, plenty ash wood and timber. Price \$4,400.

TWO STORY DWELLING—6-room, hall, electric lights and sewerage, 5 minutes walk from square. Bargain at \$1,250.00

166 ACRES—6 miles from Abbeville. Good dwelling, barn, tenant house, located in Lebanon section, close to school and church. Price per acre \$30.00

5-ROOM DWELLING—On South Main Street, at Cotton Mill. Price, \$1,100.00

5-ROOM COTTAGE—Right at High School, on Parker St. Lot 80x198. Price, \$1,600.00.

36 ACRE—Tract of land, 3 1-2 miles from Hodges, 8 miles from Abbeville, good dwelling, barn and outhouses. Price, \$1,650.00

43 ACRE TRACT—2 1-2 miles from town, 1-horse farm open, dwelling, barn, good well, good bottom and pasture lands. Party that buys gets 2 bales cotton rent. Price, per acre, \$35.00

JNO. F. SUTHERLAND REAL ESTATE ABBEVILLE, S. C.