

SOUTH CAROLINA STANDS THIRD

North Carolina First, Massachusetts Second in Textiles.

Washington, Aug. 12.—North Carolina has more cotton mills by far than any other State in the Union, and is second in the value of cotton manufactures. Massachusetts alone leads her in the value of output. In part, a census report on textiles says:

"Preliminary statement of the 1920 census of manufactures, with reference to the cotton goods industry, has been prepared by the bureau of the census, department of commerce. It consists of a detailed statement of the quantities and values of the various products manufactured during the year 1919.

"The cotton goods industry, as presented in this report, includes textile mills engaged primarily in the manufacture of woven cloth, yarns, etc., and does not include those reporting cotton small wares or cotton lace as principal products.

"In 1919 the cotton goods industry was represented by 30 States, with an aggregate of 1,290 establishments. Seventeen States contained ten or more establishments, and in the aggregate reported over 98 per cent of the total value of products as shown below in the order of their importance by value of products, with corresponding number of establishments.

Statistical Figures.
The following figures are given, the smaller numbers showing how many establishments are located in each of the States:

States	Value	Plants
Massachusetts	\$596,687,000	191
N. Carolina	318,368,000	311
S. Carolina	238,110,000	115
Georgia	192,188,000	132
Rhode Island	155,188,000	74
Connecticut	101,551,000	47
N. Hampshire	185,986,000	116
Alabama	79,643,000	58
Pennsylvania	66,539,000	119
N. Jersey	58,711,000	53
Maine	56,564,000	14
New York	49,076,000	37
Virginia	32,535,000	10
Tennessee	22,161,000	16
Maryland	18,455,000	14
Texas	13,920,000	15
Mississippi	8,067,000	15

"At the last census nearly three-fourths, or 71.9 per cent, of the total value of products was confined to six States, the products for each being over \$100,000,000, five-eighths, or 62.5 per cent, to three States, and over one-fourth, or 28.1 per cent, to Massachusetts alone.

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Warning: Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin, prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for colds, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, earache, toothache, lumbago and for pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Drugists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monacochestester of Salzebrunn, Germany.

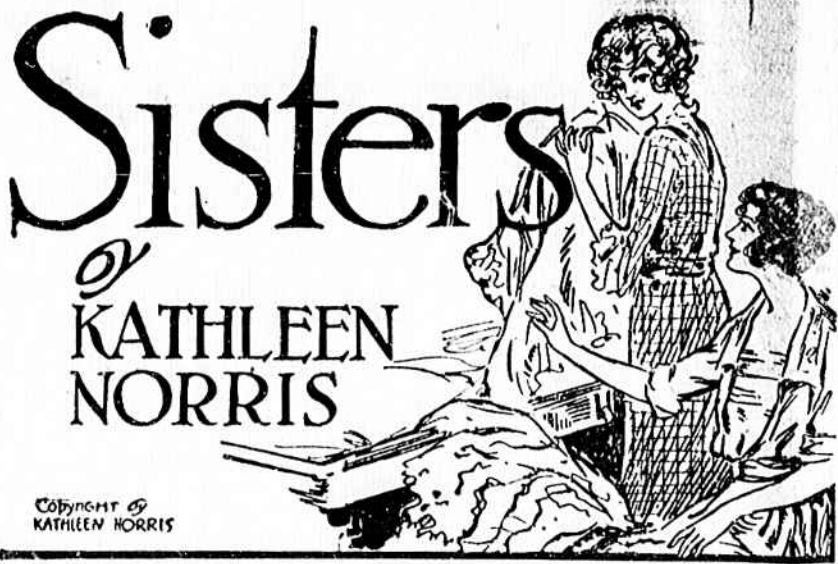
Postage Meter Now Being Used.

New York, Aug. 12. New York was introduced yesterday to the postage meter—a machine which makes every man his own stamp printer and does away with the necessity of sticking them on. The National City Bank has the first one exhibited in this city.

The machine, recently approved by the Postoffice Department, operates on a principle similar to that of the government's automatic cancelling machines. As the letters are run through it, a square about the size of a stamp is printed, in which appears the words U. S. Postage—Paid 2 Cents. The machine is equipped with a register which can be set only by postoffice authorities. When the register shows the user has stamped as many letters as he paid for, the machine stops and has to be taken to the postoffice to be reset.

Habitual Constipation Cured in 14 to 21 Days
"LAX-FOS WITH PEPSIN" is a specially-prepared Syrup Tonic-Laxative for Habitual Constipation. It relieves promptly but should be taken regularly for 14 to 21 days to induce regular action. It Stimulates and Regulates. Very Pleasant to Take. 60c per bottle.

The oldest watch factory in the United States, and the largest in the world, is at Waltham, Mass.



CHAPTER I.

Cherry Strickland came in the door of the Strickland house, and shut it behind her, and stood so, with her hands behind her on the knob, and her slender body leaning forward, and her bosom rising and falling in deep, ecstatic breaths. It was May in California, she was just eighteen, and for twenty-one minutes she had been engaged to be married.

She hardly knew why, after that last farewell to Martin, she had run so swiftly up the path, and why she had dashed into the house, and closed the door with such noiseless haste. There was nothing to run for! But it was as if she feared that the joy within her might escape into the moonlight night that was so perfumed with lilacs and the scent of wet woods. She was afraid that it was all too wonderful to be true, that she would awaken in the morning to find it only a dream, that she would somehow fall short of Martin's ideal—somehow fall him—somehow turn all this magic of moonshine and kisses into ashes and heartbreak.

She was a miser with her treasure, already; she wanted to fly with it, and to hide it away, and to test its reality in secret, alone. She had come reading in from the wonderland down by the gate, just for this, just to prove to herself that it would not vanish in the commonplaceness of the shabby hall, would not disappear before the everyday contact of everyday things.

Dad was in the sitting room, with the girls. The doctor's house was full of girls. Anne, his niece, was twenty-four; Alix, Cherry's sister, three years younger—how staid and unmarried and undressed they seemed tonight to painting and glowing and glorified complexion. Anne, with Alix's creative help, kept house for her uncle, and was supposed to keep a sharp eye on Cherry, too. But she hadn't been sharp enough to keep Martin Lloyd from asking her to marry him, exulted Cherry, as she stood breathless and laughing in the dark hallway.

An older woman might have gone upstairs, to dream alone of her new joy, but Cherry thought that it would be "fun" to join the family, and "act as if nothing had happened!" She was only a child, after all.

Consciously or unconsciously, they had all tried to keep her a child, these three who looked up to smile at her as she came in. One of them, rosy, gray-headed, magnificent at sixty, was her father, whose favorite she knew she was. He held out his hand to her without closing the book that was in the other hand, and drew her to the wide arm of his chair, where she settled herself with her soft young body resting against him, her slim ankles crossed, and her cheek dropped against his thick silver hair.

Alix was reading, and dreamily scratching her ankle as she read; she was a tall, awkward girl, younger far at twenty-one than Cherry was at eighteen, pretty in a gipsyish way, untidy as to hair, with round black eyes, high, thin cheekbones marked with scarlet, and a wide, humorous mouth that was somehow droll in its expression even when she was angry or serious.

Anne, smiling demurely over her white sewing, was a small, prettily made little woman, with silky hair trimly braided, and a rather pale, small face with charming and regular features. Anne had "admirers," too. Cherry reflected, looking at her, to-night, but neither she nor Alix had ever been engaged—engaged—engaged!

"Aren't you home early?" said Dr. Strickland, rubbing his cheek against his youngest daughter's cheek in sleepy content. He was never quite happy unless all three girls were in his sight, but for this girl he had always felt an especial protecting fondness. He had followed her exquisite childhood with more than a father's usual devotion, perhaps because she really had been an exceptionally endearing child, perhaps because she had been given him, a tiny crying thing in a basket, to fill the great gap her mother's going had left in his heart.

"Mr. Lloyd had to take the nine o'clock train," Cherry answered her father dreamily, "and he and Peter walked home with me!" She did not add that Peter had left them at his own turning, a quarter of a mile away.

"I thought he wasn't going to be at Mrs. North's for dinner," Anne observed quietly, in the silence. She had been informally asked to the Norths for dinner that evening herself, and had declined for no other reason than that attractive Martin Lloyd was presumably not to be there.

"He wasn't," Cherry said, "He thought he had to go to town at six. I just stopped in to give them Dad's message, and they teased me to stay.

You knew where I was, didn't you—Dad?" she murmured.

"Mrs. North telephoned about six, and said you were there, but she didn't say that Mr. Lloyd was," Anne said, with a faint hint of discontent in her tone.

Alix fixed her bright, mischievous eyes upon the two, and suspended her reading for a moment. Alix's attitude toward the opposite sex was one of calm contempt, outwardly. But she had made rather an exception of Martin Lloyd, and had recently had a conversation with him on the subject of sensible, platonic friendships between men and women. At the mention of his name she looked up, remembering this talk with a little thrill.

His name had thrilled Anne, too, although she betrayed no sign of it as she sat quietly watching Alix. In fact, all three of the girls were quite ready to fall in love with young Lloyd, if two of them had not actually done so.

Cherry had not been at home when Martin first appeared in Mill Valley, and the older girls had written her, visiting friends in Napa, that she must come and meet the new man.

Martin was a mining engineer; he had been employed in a Nevada mine, but was visiting his cousin in the valley now before going to a new position in June. In its informal fashion, Mill Valley had entertained him; he had tramped to the big forest five miles away with the Stricklands, and there had been a picnic to the mountain-top, everybody making the hard climb except Peter Joyce, who was a "rifle lame, and perhaps a little lazy as well, and who usually rode an old horse, with the lunch in saddle-bags at each side. Alix formulated her theories of platonic friendships on these walks; Anne dreamed a foolish, happy dream. Girls did marry, men did take wives to themselves, dreamed Alix, it would be unacceptably sweet, but it would be no miracle!

It was just after that mountain picnic that Cherry had come home; on a Sunday, as it chanced, that was her eighteenth birthday, and on which Martin and his aunt were coming to dinner. Alix had marked the occasion by wearing a loose velvet gown in which she fancied herself; Anne had conscientiously decorated the table, had seen to it that there was ice cream, and chicken, and all the accessories that make a Sunday dinner in the country a national institution. Cherry had done nothing helpful.

On the contrary, she had disgraced herself and infuriated Hong by deciding to make fudge the last minute. Hong had finally relegated her to the laundry, and it was from this limbo that Martin, laughing joyously, extricated her, when, sticky and repentant, she had called for help. It was Martin who untied the checked brown apron, disentangling from the strings the silky gold tendrils that were blowing over Cherry's white neck, and Martin who opened the door for her sugary fingers, and Martin who



She Found a Silver-Topped Candy Jar and the Card of Mr. John Martin Lloyd.

watched the flying little figure out of sight with a prolonged "Whew-w-w!" of utter astonishment. The child was a beauty.

Her eighteenth birthday! Martin had been shown her birthday gifts; books and a silver belt buckle and a gold pen and stationery and handkerchiefs. A day or two later she had had another gift; had opened the tiny Shire-box with a sudden hammering at her heart, with a presage of delight. She had found a silver-topped candy jar, and the card of Mr. John Martin Lloyd, and under the name, in tiny

letters, the words "Oh, fudge!" The girls laughed over this nonsense appreciatively, but there was more than laughter in Cherry's heart.

From that moment the world was changed. Her father, her sister, her cousin had second place, now. Cherry had put out her innocent little hand, and had opened the gate, and had passed through it into the world. That hour was the beginning, and it had led her surely, steadily, to the other hour tonight when she had been kissed, and had kissed in return.

"So—we walk home with young men?" mused the doctor, smiling. "Look here, girls, this little Miss Muffet will be cutting you both out with that young man, if you're not careful!"

Alix, deep in her story, did not hear him, but Anne smiled faintly, and faintly frowned as she shook her head. She considered Cherry sufficiently precocious without Uncle Lee's ill-considered tolerance.

He would have had them always children, this tender, simple, innocent Dr. Strickland. He was in many ways a child himself. He had never made money in his profession; he and his wife and the two tiny girls had had a hard enough struggle sometimes. Anne and her own father had joined the family eight years ago, in the same year that the Strickland patent fire extinguisher, over which the doctor had been puttering for years, had been sold. It did not sell, as his neighbors believed, for a million dollars, but for perhaps one-tenth of that sum. It was enough, and more than enough, whatever it was. After Anne's father died it meant that the doctor could live on in the brown house under the redwoods, with his girls, reading, fussing with a new invention, walking, consulting with Anne, laughing at Alix, and spoiling his youngest-born.

It was a perfect life for the old man; it was only lately that he begun uneasily to suspect that they would some day want something more, that they would some day tire of empty forest and blowing mountain ridge, and go away from the shadow of Mt. Tamalpais, and into the world.

Anne, now—was she beginning to fancy this young Lloyd? Dr. Strickland was surprised with the fervor with which he repudiated the thought. This young engineer, who had drifted already into a dozen different and distant places, was not the man for staid little Anne.

"What did you want to see Mr. Lloyd about tomorrow, Dad?" Cherry interrupted his thoughts to ask.

"The rose vine. What did he say about coming over, Cherry?"

Cherry remarked, between two rending yawns, that Mr. Lloyd was coming over tomorrow at ten o'clock, and Peter, too—

"Peter won't be much good!" Alix commented. Cherry looked at her reproachfully.

"You're awfully mean to Peter, lately!" she protested. Her father gave her a shrewd look, with his good-night kiss, and immediately afterward both the younger girls dragged their way up to bed.

Alix and Cherry shared a bare, woody-smelling room tucked away under brown eaves. The walls were of raw pine, the latticed windows, in bungalow fashion, opened into the fragrant darkness of the night. The beds were really bunks, and above her bunk each girl had an extra berth, for occasional guests. There was scant prettiness in the room, and yet it was full of purity and charm. The girls, like all their neighbors, were hardy, bred to cold baths, long walks, simple hours, and simple food. In the soft western climate they left their bedroom windows open the year round; they liked to wake to winter damp and fog, and go downstairs with blue finger-tips and chattering teeth, to warm themselves with breakfast and the fire.

Alix rolled herself in a gray army blanket, and was asleep in some sixty seconds. But Cherry felt that she was floating in seas of new joy and utter delight, and that she would never be sleepy again.

Downstairs Anne and the doctor sat staidly on, the man dreaming with a knotted forehead, the girl sewing. Presently she ran a needle through her fine white work with seven, tiny stitches, folded it, and put her thumb into a case that hung from her orderly workbag with a long ribbon.

"Wait a minute, Anne," said the doctor, as she straightened herself to rise. "This young Lloyd, now—what do you think of him?"

She widened demure blue eyes.

"Should you be sorry if I—liked him, Uncle Lee?" she smiled.

The old man ruffled his silver hair restlessly.

"That's the way the wind blows, eh?" he asked kindly.

"Well—you see how much he's here! You see the flowers and books and notes. I'm not the sort of girl to wear my heart on my sleeve," Anne, who was fond of small conversational tags, assured him merrily. "But there must be some fire where there's so much smoke!" she ended.

"You're not sure, my dear?" he asked, after some thought.

"Oh, no!" she answered. "It's just a fancy that persists in coming and going." She got to her feet, saying brightly, "Well! we mustn't take this too gravely—yet. It was only that I wanted to be open and above-board with you, uncle, from the beginning. That's the only honest way."

"That's wise and right!" her uncle answered, in the kindly, absent tone he had used to them as children, a tone he was apt to use to Anne when she was in her highest mood, and one she rather resented.

(Continued on Next Page)

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Extra Ply—Heavy Tread

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Reduction on all styles and sizes

A New Low Price on a Known and Honest Product

THE LATE WILLIAM J. REEDER.
Well Known as a Teacher in Oconee, and Later as Rural Carrier.

The news of the death of William J. Reeder, of West Union, which occurred at his home there on Sunday, Aug. 7th, came as a source of deep sorrow to many friends in all parts of the county. Mr. Reeder was well known in Oconee, having taught in the schools of different sections of the county, though for the past several years he had served the government in the capacity of rural mail carrier on the route originating at West Union.

Mr. Reeder's health had been failing for three years, and for the past year he had been unable to continue his duties in the rural mail service. He went to the Steedly Hospital and for a time seemed to improve to an extent, and later he went to Johns-Hopkins, Baltimore, with the intention of having a very delicate operation performed. After spending several months there he returned home, seemingly very much benefited, and rejoicing that his prayers had been answered and his life spared to be at home with his loved ones once more. But in a short time his health began to fail again, and for more than a year he had been a constant sufferer. For two weeks before his death he sank rapidly. He knew the end was near and was conscious until the end, advising his family in many things concerning the future in anticipation of his early journey to that land from which no traveler returns.

His pastor, Rev. W. H. Hamilton, talked and prayed with him often, and he told his wife and pastor that he was trusting in the Lord, and the way was growing clearer.

A short while before he died his little son, William Doyle, asked that he might come to his bedside and

have prayer with him. Though his suffering was intense he replied, "Yes, son, come and pray." He laid his hand on his child's head, and they prayed together. A few hours before he passed away he said that his time was up and he was going, and he fell asleep, from which he never seemed to awaken.

Mr. Reeder was a son of Lewis C. and Laura Doyle Reeder. He was born Jan. 10th, 1869, and was therefore 52 years of age. On May 10th, 1899, he was happily married to Miss Olive Lee Duncan. To this union four children were born, the oldest son, Schley, having died in infancy. The second child, Lois, preceded him to the grave a few years. He is survived by his wife and two children, Francis Irene and William Doyle; also by two sisters, Mrs. P. A. McAlister, of Kansas City, Mo., and Mrs. T. R. Owens, of Walthalla, and a half brother, W. Doyle Dadd, of Westminster.

Mr. Reeder united with the Presbyterian church in childhood, and he remained a member to the time of his death. He was also a member of Camp No. 839, Woodmen of the World, in which he held the office of clerk for several years.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. H. Hamilton, pastor of the Walthalla Presbyterian church, of which the deceased was a member, at the home in West Union, on Monday, Aug. 8th, at 4 o'clock, the service being attended by a large number of the friends of the deceased and his family. The interment was made in West View cemetery, Walthalla. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness or ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE, 30c.

Officers Seize Drug on Ship.

Charleston, Aug. 11.—Customs officials to-day seized 150 grams of cocaine aboard the S. S. Hutchinson, which brought a part cargo of salt from Hamburg, Germany, for discharge here. The "coke" was in six small bottles and is supposed to have been smuggled aboard by a seaman who left the ship. Nobody on the vessel could give any information concerning its presence and the contraband stuff was not concealed. Its discovery cost the master of the ship a fine of \$150, as he is held responsible under the law for the presence of the cocaine. This drug was sold, it is estimated, for about \$100 in Hamburg, and has a market value here of \$2,200.

Bobbed Hair is Barred.

Chicago, Aug. 12.—Orders were posted by Marshall Field & Co., one of Chicago's largest department stores, to-day that girl clerks with bobbed hair must wear nets until their tresses grow again. A clerk was dismissed for refusing to obey the rule.

The next time you buy calomel ask for

The purified and refined calomel tablets that are nausealess, safe and sure.

Medicinal virtues retained and improved. Sold only in sealed packages. Price 35c.