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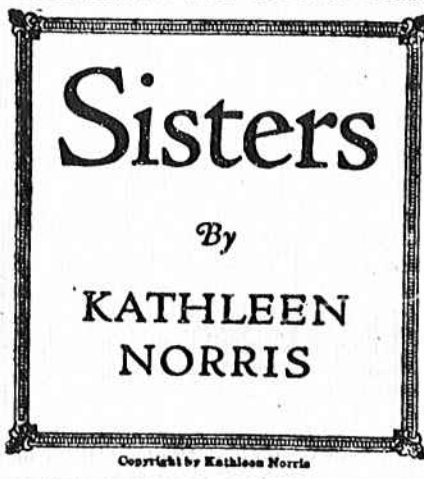


Prince Albert is sold in tippy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors and in the pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top.

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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



unhappy, neglected; she had developed through suffering a certain timidity that was almost a shrinking, a certain shy clinging to what was kind and good.

Her happiness here was an hourly delight to both Alix and himself. She seemed to flower softly; every day of the simple forest life brought her new interest, new energy, new bloom.

One evening, when in the sitting room there was no other light than that of the fire that a damp July evening made pleasant, about a week after her arrival, Cherry spoke for the first time of Martin. She had had a long letter from him that day, ten pages written in a flowing hand on ten pages of the lined paper of a cheap hotel, with a little cut of the building standing boldly against a mackerel sky at the top of each page.

Peter had been playing the piano lazily when the letter was tossed to Cherry by Alix, who usually drove into the village every morning after breakfast for marketing and the mail. He had seen Cherry glance through it, seen the little distasteful movement of the muscles about her nose, and seen her put it carelessly under a candlestick on the mantel for later consideration. At luncheon she had referred to it, and now it evidently had caused her to be thoughtful and a little troubled.

"Mart may go to Mexico!" she said, presently, with a sigh.

"To stay?" Peter asked, quickly. Cherry shrugged.

"As much as he stays anywhere!" she answered, drily.

dollars—yes, at five per cent you could live on that. Especially if you lived here in the valley," Peter answered, after some thought.

"Then I want you to know," Cherry went on quietly, with sudden scarlet in her cheeks, "that I'm going to tell Martin I think we have tried it long enough!"

Peter looked gravely at her, soberly nodded, and resumed his study of the fire. But Alix spoke in brisk protest.

"Tried it! You mean tried marriage! But one doesn't try marriage! It's a fact. It's like the color of your eyes."

"Alix," the little sister pleaded eagerly, "you don't know what it is—you don't know what it is! Always meeting people I don't like; always living in places I hate; always feeling that my own self is being smothered and lost and shrunk; always listening to Mart complaining and criticizing people—"

Peter interrupted seriously: "I'll go this far, Cherry. Lloyd married you too young."

"Oh, far too young!" she agreed quickly. "The thing I—I can't think of," she said, "is how young I was—only a little girl. I knew nothing; I wasn't ready to be anybody's wife!"

Something in the poignant sorrow of her tone went straight to their hearts, and for the first time Peter had an idea of the real suffering she had borne.

"If I had a child, even, or if Martin needed me," Cherry said, "then it might be different! But I'm only a burden to him—"

"His letter doesn't sound as if he thought of you as a burden," Alix suggested mildly.

"Ah, well, the minute I leave him he has a different tone," Cherry explained, and Peter said, with a glance almost of surprise at his wife:

"It's an awful difficult position for a woman of any pride, dear!"

Alix, kneeling to adjust the fire, as she was constantly tempted to do, met his look and laid a soot-streaked hand on his knee.

"Pete, dearest, of course it is! But—" and Alix looked doubtfully from one to the other—"but divorce is a hateful thing!" she added, shaking her head. "It—it never seems to me justifiable!"

"Divorce is an institution," Peter said. "You may not like it any more than you like prisons or madhouses; it has its uses."

"People get divorces every day!" Cherry added. "Isn't divorce better than living along in marriage—without love?"

"Oh, love!" Alix said scornfully. "Love is just another name for passion and selfishness and laziness, half the time!"

"You can say that, because you're"

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Instead of Calomel. Calomel is quicksilver. It attacks the bones and paralyzes the liver. Your dealer sells each bottle of pleasant, harmless "Dodson's Liver Tone" under an ironclad, money-back guarantee that it will regulate the liver, stomach and bowels better than calomel, without sickening or salivating you—15 million bottles sold.—adv.

is one of the happy marriages," Cherry said. "It might be very different—if Peter weren't Peter!"

As she said his name she sent him her trusting smile; her blue eyes shone with affection, and the exquisite curve of her mouth deepened. Peter smiled back, and looked away in a little confusion.

"I can't imagine the circumstances under which I shouldn't love you and Peter!" Alix summarized it, triumphantly.

"And Martin?" Peter asked.

"Ah, well; I didn't marry Martin!" his wife reminded him quickly. "I didn't promise to love and honor Martin in sickness and health; for richer, for poorer; for better, for worse—by George!" Alix interrupted herself, in her boyish way, "those are terrific words, do you know. And a promise is a promise!"

"And even for infidelity you don't believe people ought to separate?" Cherry asked.

"Nonsense!" Peter said. "But you said—that Martin never—"

"No, I'm not speaking of Martin now!"

"Well, wouldn't that come under 'worse'?" Alix asked.

"But, my child," Peter expostulated kindly. "My dear benighted wife—there is such a thing as a soul—a mind—a personality! To be tied to a—well, to a coarsening influence day after day is living death! It is worse than any bodily discomfort—"

"I don't see it!" Alix persisted. "I think there's a lot of nonsense talked about the family oncompreze—but it seems to me that if you have a home and meals and books and friends and the country to walk in, you—"

"Oh, heavens, Alix; you don't know what you're talking about!" Cherry interrupted her impatiently. "Sometimes I think your marriage is as queer as my own."

Nothing more was said for several days upon the subject of a possible divorce. One afternoon Peter crossed the porch, tired and hot, and found everything apparently deserted. He dropped into a chair, and was still breathless from the rapid climb uphill, when stray notes from the piano reached his ears; a chord, a carefully played bit of bass; then a chord again. Then slowly, but with dainty accuracy and even feeling, Cherry began to play a strange little study of Schumann.

Peter knew it was Cherry, because Alix's touch was always firm and sure; more than that, he himself had played this same bit no longer ago than last night, and he remembered now that Cherry had asked him just what it was.

He experienced a sudden and pleasing emotion; he did not stop to analyze it. But he had been ruffled in spirit a moment before; Alix had known he was to come on this train and had not met him with the car; and while he really did not mind the walk up, he disliked the feeling that they had entirely forgotten him.

Presently there was silence; then Cherry tried another little study and finished it, and the hot summer stillness reigned again.

With a sense that he had been dozing, if only for a few minutes, Peter opened his eyes. Framed in the cabin doorway, poised like a butterfly against the dark background of the room, stood Cherry. He knew that she had

been standing so for some time, for a full minute; perhaps more.

They looked at each other in a silence that grew more and more awkward by great plunges. Peter had



They Looked at Each Other in Silence.

time to wish that he had kept his eyes shut; to wish that he had smiled when he first saw her—he could not have forced himself to smile now—to wonder how they were ever to speak—where they were rushing—rushing—rushing—before she turned noiselessly and vanished into the dim room.

Peter lay there, and his heart pounded. A moment ago he had been a tired man, fretted because his wife forgot to meet him; now there was something new in the world. And rapidly all the world became only a background, only a setting, for this extraordinary sensation. The hills beyond still swam in the hot sunlight, the mountain rose into the blue, but the light that changes all life lay over them for Peter.

He said to himself that it was awkward—he did not know how he could enter that door and talk to Cherry. And yet he knew that that meeting of Cherry, that the common exchange of words and glances, that the daily trifling encounters with Cherry were all poignantly significant now.

He felt no impulse toward hurry. He might sit on his porch another hour, might saunter off toward the creek. It mattered nothing; the hour was steadily approaching when she must reappear.

Alix drove in, full of animated apologies. She managed the car far better than he, and no thought of an accident had troubled him.

The evening was warm, one of the two or three warm evenings that marked the height of summer even in the high valley. There was not a breath of air in the garden; roses and wallflowers stood erect in a sort of luminous enchantment. Moonlight sank through the low twisted branches of the near-by oaks and fell tangled with black and lacy shade through the porch rose vine.

Alix sat on the porch rail, every line of crisp skirt and braided head revealed as if by daylight, but Cherry's pale striped gown was only a glimmer in the deepest shade of the vine. Peter, smoking, sat where he could not see her; they had hardly looked at each other directly since the long, strange look of this afternoon; they had exchanged hardly a word.

"Town tomorrow, Pete?" Alix said, after a silence during which she had locked her arms behind her head, stared straight above her at the path the moon was making through faint stars, and yawned. "I've got to go in to a meeting of the hospital board. Good night, beloveds. I'm dead. Don't sit out here mooning with Pete all night, Cerise!"

Peter said to himself that now Cherry would go, too, but as the screen door banged lightly after Alix, and the dull glimmer of Cherry's striped gown did not move in the soft shadow, a sudden reluctance and distaste seized him. He had been subconsciously aware of her all afternoon; he had known a delicious warmth and stir at his heart that he had not analyzed, if indeed it could be analyzed. Now suddenly he did not want the beauty and gloom and charm of that feeling touched. His heart began to beat heavily again, and he knew that he must stop the unavailing game now.

But he had not reckoned on Cherry. She twisted in her chair, and he heard a child's long, happy sigh.

"Oh, so am I tired, too!" she breathed, reluctantly. "I hate to leave it—but I've been almost asleep for half an hour! You can have all the moonlight there is, Peter." Her white figure fluttered toward the door. "Good night!" she said, drooping her little head to choke a yawn. A moment later he heard her laughing with Alix.

"You fool—you fool—you fool!" Peter said to himself, and he felt an emotion like shame, a little real compunction that he could so utterly misread her innocence. He felt it not only wrong in him, but somehow staid and hurtful to her.

(To be Continued)

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If there are only two eclipses in a year, both will be solar.

SOUTH CAROLINIANS LOST LIVES

Hewlett C. Sullivan and Bailey Turner Killed at Rockdale, Texas.

Anderson, Sept. 4.—George W. Sullivan, of Willamston, received several messages to-day from Rockdale, Texas, concerning the drowning of his son, Hewlett Chiles Sullivan. The mayor of Rockdale sent one in which it was stated that there was no hope of finding Mr. Sullivan alive, and that all efforts were being made to find the body of Mr. Sullivan and his partner, Bailey Turner, and that 300 volunteer workers are looking for the bodies of the young men.

Mr. Sullivan was 42 years of age, and had been in Texas for seven years. He was with the Anderson Cash Grocery of this city as book-keeper for several years after his graduation from Wofford College. Mr. Turner was a son of Dr. Turner, of Spartanburg, and the two young men were classmates.

Mr. Turner went West after leaving school and made such success in ranching that he sent for his former classmate to come and share in his good fortune. When young students Mr. Sullivan is said to have assisted Mr. Turner in his lessons, and was a friend to him in many ways. Mr. Turner having an impediment in his speech the assistance of his friend in college was invaluable, and this kindness was never forgotten by Mr. Turner, and when fortune smiled on him he remembered this kindness and made Mr. Sullivan his partner. Neither of the young men was married.

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U. S. IS AFTER THE POT OF GOLD

Will Proceed at Once to Have Mrs. Bergdoll Comply with Orders.

Washington, Sept. 16.—The government is going after the famous Bergdoll "pot of gold."

Thomas W. Miller, alien property custodian, announced to-day that a complaint had been prepared demanding of Mrs. Emma C. Bergdoll, mother of Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, as attorney in fact for her son, all property in which he held any interest, including gold coin taken from the treasury before the draft evader escaped from Federal authorities and fled to Germany. It is expected that the complaint will be filed to-day in the Federal District Court at Philadelphia.

Demand was made on Mrs. Bergdoll last May for delivery of all property belonging to her son in which he had any interest, Mr. Miller said, but despite repeated extensions of time allowed Mrs. Bergdoll the property had not been turned over to the government. This, he added, made it necessary to take the action planned.

"At the time of seizure," said Mr. Miller, "Mrs. Bergdoll had not been sentenced, as a result of her trial for aiding and abetting the escape of her son, and for conspiracy to evade the draft. She was also under examination by the special committee of Congress, which has since made its report, and it was felt by the custodian's office that, under these circumstances, they should be lenient at that time in insisting upon immediate compliance by Mrs. Bergdoll with the demands of the government. Under the terms of the peace resolution, signed by the President on July 2d, all demands made before that date by the alien property custodian in accordance with the law, are enforceable.

"It is our intention to insist on Mrs. Bergdoll's compliance with the terms of the trading with the enemy act, and in accordance with our demands made thereunder. We are prepared to go to the full extent of the law in causing her to do so if it becomes necessary. The Department of Justice is aiding us, through the United States District Attorney in Philadelphia, and as in our original seizure last May, we will proceed vigorously, but fairly."

KIRBY, FOX AND GAPPINS TO DIE

On Oct. 21—Found Guilty of Murder in First Degree at Lexington.

Lexington, Sept. 14.—C. O. Fox, S. J. Kirby and Jesse Gappins, convicted murderers of William Brazell, 19-year-old Columbia taxi driver, were Tuesday afternoon sentenced by Judge Thomas S. Sease to die in the electric chair on Friday, Oct. 21, between the hours of 10 o'clock in the morning and 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The verdict in the case of Kirby was reached in 35 minutes, being returned before noon, while the case of Fox and Gappins, tried jointly, was decided after the jury had deliberated 40 minutes, this verdict being returned at 5.14 o'clock sharp.

Brazell was killed by the three men early on the morning of Aug. 8 on the road near Leesville, in Lexington county, on an automobile trip for which they had engaged the taxi driver.

The three condemned men were returned to the State penitentiary to be placed in the death cell immediately on adjournment of court, the trip to the capital being made without incident in automobiles. They have been kept in the State prison during the trial, being brought from Lexington each evening and returned in the morning.

No notices of appeal were filed by the counsel appointed by the presiding judge to defend the men, who were without lawyers. Mrs. Kirby, however, said that she would appeal to Governor Cooper to commute her husband's sentence on the ground that he is mentally unbalanced, due to an injury to his skull, and to a protracted illness.

The three men heard the verdicts of the two juries with practically no show of emotion. Gappins and Kirby exhibited a few signs of nervousness, but Fox literally did not bat an eyelash as he stood facing the judge, apparently entirely unconcerned.

Mrs. Kirby, who with her 11-year-old daughter, sat through the entire session to-day, fainted when sentence was pronounced upon her husband after having broken down when the verdict was read. The mother and sister of Gappins were also present at the greater part of the hearing, Mrs. Gappins being at the verge of collapse throughout the taking of testimony in her son's case, breaking down completely during Solicitor T. O. Callison's address to the jury. Mrs. Gappins and her daughter left the court room when the jury retired, going to an ante room, where later she was told of the verdict and sentence. She was still in tears when she was escorted to an automobile, leaving for her home in Columbia. Gappins' wife attended the morning session, listening to the evidence apparently unconcerned. J. S. Fox, the father of Fox, defendant in the case, was also present throughout the trial.

Court was reconvened this morning with Kirby still on the stand, admitting on cross examination that he, with Fox and Gappins, had hired the transfer driver to his death. The case went to the jury at 10.45 o'clock and the verdict of guilty was returned after 35 minutes' deliberation.

Two minutes after the first case had been concluded the trial of Fox and Gappins was begun, both defendants testifying in their own behalf. Fox, speaking in a dull but clear monotone, recounted the gruesome details of the murder, showing no emotion.

No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with Worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a general Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 50c per bottle.

Women Could Do Well Preaching.

Chicago, Sept. 15.—If there were more women preachers in the pulpits there would be more men in the churches, Miss M. Madeline Southard, president of the International Association of Women Preachers, told members of that organization at their convention here. Miss Southard accused men of "feminizing the church."

Quoting Frances Willard, she said: "Men have been preaching for two thousand years, and the large majority of their converts have been women. Suppose that women should share the preaching power, would not the majority of their converts be women?"

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Cures infected cuts, old sores, totter, etc.—adv.

Only three patents were granted in the United States in the first year of the operation of the patent office, 1790.

The Saracen war in Spain and France lasted 782 years.