

to vou."

CHAPTER III-Continued.

The little doctor came briskly into the room.

"Everybody out but the nurse. You've had company enough for one day, Luck," he announced cheerily.

Kate followed Maloney and his prisoner to the porch.

"About the letters of your friend that was shot," she said to Curly. "Doctor Brown was telling me what you said. I'll see they reach Miss Anderson. Do you know in what restaurant she works?"

"No. Mac didn't tell me." The boy gulped to swallow an unexpected lump in his throat. "They was expecting to get married soon."

"I-I'll write to her," Kate promised, her eyes misty.

"I'd be obliged, miss. Mac was a good boy. Anyone will tell you that. And he was awful fond of her. He talked about her that last night before the camp fire. Bad companions got him going wrong, but he sure would have settled down into a good man. That's straight goods, too. You write it strong." "I've changed my mind. I'll not

write but go to see her."

Curly could only look his thanks. Words seemed strangely inadequate. But Kate understood the boy's unspoken wish and nodded her head reassuringly as he left the room.

Kite Bonfils and Maloney took Curly back to Saguache and turned him over to Sheriff Bolt.

"How about bail?" Maloney asked. The sheriff smiled. He was a long lean leather-faced man with friendly eyes from which humorous wrinkles radiated.

"Oh, say two thousand."

"You're on." "What!"

A cow-puncher with fifty dollars two weeks after pay day was a rarity. No wonder Bolt was surprised.

"It's not my money. Luck Cullison is going bail for him," Maloney explained.

"Luck Cullison!" Maloney's words had surprised the exclamation from Curly. Why should the owner of the Circle C of all men go bail for him? The sheriff commented dryly on the fact. "I thought this kid was the one

"That was just a happenstance. Curly shot to save his bacon. Luck don't hold any grudge."

Bolt belonged to the political party opposed to Cullison. He had been backed by Cass Fendrick, a sheepman in feud with the cattle interests and in particular with the Circle C outfit. But he could not go back on his word. He and Maloney called together on the district attorney. An hour later Dick returned to the fail.

"It's all right, kid," he told Curly. "You can shake off the dust of Saguache from your hoofs till court meets in September."

To Flandrau the news seemed foo good for the truth. Less than twentyfour hours ago he had been waiting for the end of the road with a rope around his neck. Now he was free to slip a saddle on his pony Keno and gallop off as soon as he pleased.

While he and Maloney were sitting opposite each other at the New Orleans Hash House waiting for a big steak wth onions he asked questions.

"I don't savvy Cullison's play. Whyfor is he digging up two thousand for me? How does he know I won't cat my stick for Mexico? Do you suppose Miss Kate made him?"

"I reckon maybe she influenced him. But why did she? You don't figure that curly topknot of yours is disturbing her dreams any, do you?"

"Quit your joshing and tell me

"I can't tell you for sure. But here's -- v guess. Don't cost you a cent if you ain't satisfied with it. First off, there was poor Mac shot by the Circle C boys. Course Mac was a horse thief, but then he was a kid, too. That worried the little girl some. She got to thinking about Brother Sam and how he might be in the same fix one of these days as you are now. He's on her mind a good deal, Sam is. Same way with the old man too, I reckon, though he don't say much. Well, she decided Soapy Stone had led you astray like he's doing with Sata. It got to worrying her for fear her brother might need a friend some time. So she handed over her worry to the old

man and made him dig up for you." "That's about it. Tell me what you

know of Sam." "Sam is all right, but he has got off wrong foot first. He and the old man got to kind of disagreeing, for the kid was a wild colt. Come by it honestly from the old man, too. Well, they had a row one time when Sam got into trouble. Luck told him he never wanted to see him again. Sam lit out, and next folks knew he was trailing with

"Looks like some one ought to be able to pry him loose from that bunch," Curly mused aloud.

"You try it, son. You've always led a good pious life. He sure would listen

He had said it as a jest, but Curly did not laugh. Why not? Why shouldn't he hunt up Sam and let him know how his folks were worrying about him? He was footloose till September and out of a job. For he could not go back to the Map of Texas with his hat in his hand and a repentant whine on his lips. Why not hike into the hills and round up the boy?

"Damn if I don't take a crack at it." The man on the other side of the table stared at him.

"Meaning that, are you?" "Yep."

"Might be some lively if Soapy gets wise to your intentions," he said in a casual sort of way.

"I don't aim to declare them out loud."

That was all they said about it at that time. The rest of the evening was devoted to pleasure. Since their way was one for several

miles Maloney and Curly took the road together next morning at daybreak. Their ponies ambled along side by side at the easy gait characteristic of the Southwest.

Your plainsman is a taciturn individual. These two rode for an hour without exchanging a syllable.

At Willow Wash their ways diverged. They parted with the casual "So-long; see you later." Curly was striking for the headwaters of Dead Cow creek, where Soapy Stone had a horse ranch.

About two o'clock he reached a little park in the hills, in the middle of which, by a dry creek, lay a ranch, The young man at first thought the place was deserted for the day, but when he called a girl appeared at the door. She was a young person of soft curves and engaging dimples. Beneath the brown cheeks of Arizonawas a pink that came and went very attractively.

Curly took off his dusty gray hat.



"I'll Bet I'm Tco Late to Draw Any Dinner.'

"Buenos tardes, senorita! I'll bet I'm too late to draw any dinner."

"Buenos, senor," she answered promptly. "I'll bet you'd lose your money. You can wash over there by the pump. There's a towel on the fence."

She disappeared into the house and Curly took care of his horse, washed, and sauntered back to the porch. He could sizell potatoes frying and could

bear the sizzling of ham and eggs. While he ate, the girl flitted in and out, soft-footed and graceful, replenishing his plate from time to time.

Presently he discovered that her father was away hunting strays on Sunk creek, that the nearest neighbor was seven miles distant and that Stone's ranch was ten miles farther up Dead Cow.

"Ever meet a lad called Sam Cul-

Hson?" the guest asked carelessly. Curly was hardly prepared to see the color whip into her cheeks or to meet the quick stabbing look she fastened on him.

"You're looking for him, are you?" she said. "Do you know him?"

He shook his head. She looked at him very steadily before she spoke again.

"You kneen't met him yet, but you want the Is that It?" "That's it." "Will you have another egg?"

Flardran taughed, "No, thanks, Staying up at Stone's, is he?" "How should I know who's slaying

at Stone's?" It was quite plain she did not intend to tell anything that would hurt

young Cullison. "Are you expecting to stop in the hills long-or just visiting?" "Yes," Curly answered, with his

most innocent blank look. "Yes which?"

"Why, whichever you like, Miss

London. What's worrying you? If you'll ask me plain out I'll know how to answer you.' "So you know my name?"

"Anything strange about that? The

YOR BYILLE

"What's Up?"

trap fastened to a cottonwood. Its

jaws held him so that he could not

"Soon as I get the lip open shove

The rescuer slipped the toes of his

boots over the lower lip and caught

the upper one with both hands. Slow-

ly the mouth of the trap opened.

Stone slipped in the wooden wedge

and withdrew his crushed wrist. By

great good fortune the steel had

caught on the leather gauntlet he was

wearing. Otherwise it must have

Even now he was suffering a good

"You'll have to let a doc look at it."

Stone agreed. "Reckon I better

His horse had disappeared, but

Curly helped him to the back of Keno.

Together they took the trail for the

Bar 99. On the face of the wounded

"Hard sledding, looks like," Curly

"Reckon I can stand the grief,"

Nor did he speak again until they

reached the ranch [and Laura London

looked at him from a frightened face.

"Ran a sliver in my finger, Miss

Laura. Too bad to trouble you,"

Soapy answered with a sneer on his

A rider for the Bar 90 had just rid-

den up and Laura sent him at once

for the doctor. She led the way into

ages, a sponge and a basin of water.

Laura was as gentle as she could be.

"I know I'm hurting you," she said,

"Not a bit of it. Great pleasure to

have you for a nurse. I'm certainly in

luck." Curly did not understand the

bitterness in the sardonic face and he

That something was wrong between

them Curly could see. Soapy was very

polite in spite of his bitterness, but

his hard eyes watched her as a cat

does a mouse. Moreover, the girl was

nfraid of him. He could tell that by

the timid startled way she had of an-

something I want you to do for me."

but I'm sure- And now he's more

and get him into trouble he'll jay off

two grudges at once. And he will too.

You'll see. He's wily as an indian.

"What about young Cullison? Can't

"Oh, you know how boys are. Sam

"Yes-yes, I am." 'She looked up at

"I expect maybe I'll do it."

ture toward the hills.

"What about him?"

"Sam Cullison?"

set on it than ever."

"Jealous, is he?"

"Yes."

Together she and Curly bathed and

mangled the arm to a pulp.

Curly suggested.

intense paid.

sympathized.

Stone grunted.

"What is It?"

wrapped the wound.

her fingers trembling.

of those smart guys."

firmest of grips.

resented it.

strike for the Bar 99."

move.

close to the trap.

her in," he told Stone.

Bar 99 is the London brand. I saw your calves in the corral with their flanks still sore. Naturally I assume the young lady I meet here is Miss Laura London.' "What do you want with Sam Cullison? Are you friendly to him? Or aren't you?"

Curly smiled gayly across the table at her. A faint echo of his pleasantry began to dimple the corners of her mouth. Both of them relaxed to peals of laughter, and neither of them quite

knew the cause of their hilarity. "Oh, you!" she reproved when she

"So you thought I was a detective or a deputy sheriff. That's certainly

"For all I know yet you may be one."

plain what I'm doing up on Dead

"From Mesa comes the news of another case of bold and flagrant rustling. On Friday night a bunch of horses belonging to the Bar Double M were rounded up and driven across the mountains to this city. The stolen animals were sold here this morning, after which the buyers set out at once for the border and the thieves made themselves scarce. It is claimed that the rustlers were members of the notorious Soapy Stone outfit. Two of the four were identified, it is alleged, as William Cranston, generally known as 'Pad Bill,' and a young vaquero called 'Curly' Flandrau.

ample will be made of them that will deter others of like stamp from a from such a sporadic attack. Let all good men combine to stamp it out. The time has passed when Arizona must stand as a synonym for anar-

She looked up at the young man breathlessly, her pretty lips parted. her dilated eyes taking him in solemnly. A question trembled on her lips. "Are you this man mentioned here?

"And you're a rustler?" Why, do men do such things?" letting the hands that held the paper drop into her lap helplessly. "You don't look bad, Anyone would think-"

away. She was still looking at Curly. but he could see that her mind had flown to some one else. He would have bet a month's pay that she was thinking of another lad who was wild but did not look bad.

Flandrau rose and walked round the table to her. "Much obliged, Miss Laura. I'll shake hands on that with you. You've guessed it. Course, me being so 'notorious' I hate to admit it. but I ain't bad any more than he is." She gave him a quick shy lock.

"You mean this 'Bad Bill?"

"You know who I mean, all right. His name is Sam Cullison. And you needn't to tell me where he is. I'll find him."

to him." But she said it as if she were pleading with him. "C'rect. I don't. Can you tell me

from here, Miss London?" She laughed. Her doubts were van-

ishing like mist before the sunshine. "Good guess. At least he was there the last I heard."

companied by a blush.

"Don't you think I have told you enough for one day, Mr. Flandrau?' "That 'Mr.' sounds too solemn. My friends call me 'Curly,'" he let her know. . .

up stiffly. This pleasant young fellow was too familiar.

"If you take this trail to the scrub pines above, then keep due north for about four miles, you'll strike the creek again. Just follow the trail

With that she turned on her hee and walked into the kitchen. Curly had not meant to be "fresh.

He was always ready for foolery with the girls, but he was not the sort to go too far. Now he blamed himself for having moved too fast. He had offended her sense of what was the proper thing.

There was nothing for it but to saddle and take the road.

CHAPTER IV.

A Bear Trap.

scrub pines and from there north into in him, folks say." the hills. Curly had not traveled far when he heard the sound of a gun fired three times in quiel; succession. He stopped to listen. Presently there came a faint call for help.

of the hill and saw a man squatting on the ground. He was stooped forward in an awkward fashion with his back to Flandrau. "What's up?"

his shoulder. Pain and heinless rage burned in the deepset black eyes. "Nothing at all. Don't you see I'm

asked with a smile. .; Just taking a nap?" he answered

Curly recognized him now. The man

own seriousness. "I'll tell you something, Miss Laura. Maybe you'll be glad to know that the reason I'm going to the horse ranch is to help Sam Cullison if I can." He went on to tell her the whole

story of what the Cullisons had done Frank Crane in the Atlanta Journal. for him. In all that he said there was not one word to suggest such a thing, but Laura London's mind jumped the to the contrary." gaps to a knowledge of the truth that Curly himself did not have. The young man was in love with Kate Cullison. She was sure of it. . When Curly walked back into the

house. Stone laid down the paper he in the world. had been reading.

"I see the Sentinel hints that Mr. Curly Flandrau had better be lynched," he jeered.

"The Sentinel don't always hit the bull's-eye, Soapy," returned the young man evenly. "It thinks I belong to the Soapy Stone outfit, but we know I haven't that honor."

Soapy frowned at him under the heavy eyebrows that gave him so menncing an effect.

house and opened the door of the room. He was a big lank fellow with shotgun in his hands. "From Missouri" was stamped all over his awkward frame. He stood staring at his mexpected guests. His eyes, clashing with those of Stone, grew chill and

you?" he asked, looking pretty black. Stone's lip smile mocked him. "I on't know how you guessed it, but I are am here."

"Didn't I tell you to keep away from he Bar 99-you and your whole cursed attfit ?"

"Seems to me you did mention somehing of that sort. But how was I to ame back to see?"

ranged herself beside her father. . Her annel rested lightly on his forearm. "He got caught in one of your bear

craps and this young man brought him here to wait for the doctor," she exolained. "IImp!"

ty at his guest, turned on his heel, and with his daughter beside him marched out of the room. He could not decently tell Stone to leave while man gathered the moisture caused by he did not intend to make him wei-

"We'll pull our freights right away, Curly," Stone announced as soon as his host had gone.

The young man went to the stable and saddled Keno. While he was tightening the cinch a shadow fell across his shoulder. He dld not need to look round to see whose it was.

horse ranch. You will look out for Sam. I don't know why, but I have the greatest confidence in you," the owner of the shadow explained the house and swiftly gathered band-

lifting line of talk, Miss Laura. Now what is it I'm to do for you?" She blushed and laughed at the same

time. Her hand came from behind her "That's to be my pay for giving general sessions which opened yester-

"How did you guess? It is a letter to Sam." "How did I guess it? Shows I'm

suit a wiz, don't it?"

"Here. Take it." A spark of mischief lit her eye and the dimples came out on her cheeks. "Good-by, Curly."

(To be Continued).

PARISIANS DRINK GOAT'S MILK

attended to the crushed wrist Curly The constant decrease in France's stepped out to the porch to find Laura. cattle reserve has had the effect of re-"I'm right sorry for what I said. storing an industry which has been Miss Laura. Once in a while a fellost sight of, at least in the larger low makes a mistake. If he's as big a cities, for two generations, the vending chump as I am it's liable to happen a little oftener. But I'm not really one of goats' milk says a Paris dispatch.

Even the most aristocratic quarters of Paris are now being visited each Out came her gloved hand in the morning by employes of a Montrouge goat herd, leading three or four of "I know that now. You didn't think, And I made a mistake. I thought you the milk giving animals and offering

The business is apparently a pro about it. We'll forget it. There's itable one, despite the fact that goats now cost nearly twenty times as much as before the war. The milk is great-"It's about that boy he has up children and costs 2 francs a litre (40 there." She gave a hopeless little gesly sought for by mothers with sick cents in normal currency.) M. Soucaz owner of nearly 400 goats which are paraded every morning in the streets of Paris, intends to increase his flock "He's bent on ruining him, always to 1,000 as soon as he can find the anhas been ever since he got a hold on imals. him. I can't tell you how I know it,

GIVES HUSBAND AWAY

To have a husband left you by a woman friend as a death-bed legacy is a proceeding with as doubtful an out-

Friend.

wedding bells will ring Monday. The late Mrs. Sheafer and Mrs. Fer-

I can't help him. I'm only a girl. He ris shared a life-long friendship, Durwon't listen to me. What Sam needs ing Mrs. Sheafer's illness a year ago is a man friend, one just as strong and she enjoyed the continual presence determined as Soapy but one who, is and devoted care of her best friend. Then he takes a can of red pepper and good and the right sort of an influebbing away came remembrance of very briskly. It brings tears to "Are you picking me for that responsible friend who is to be such a the old proverb "Dost thou love thy friend? then give him that which thou tion and the red blood corpuscles rush powerful influence for good?" Curly doct value most."

And of her possessions, Mrs. Sheafor prized her husband most, so the the deed is done. The customer

THE HAPPY FAMILY

Famous Philosopher Describes Perfect Living.

This family has a very tall, thick unbragous and old tree, writes Dr. The ancestral line runs so far back that "the memory of man runneth not

Its oldest authenticated progenitor was old man good health:

Another distinguished name among its ancestors is youth. Youth is not a recent episode; it is the oldest thing

The father's name is love.

The mother's temperance. Among the aunts and uncles are discipline, common sense, unse'f, humility, and faith.

The chief enemy of this family, the one who does most to injure it is a man named envy. He has a lot of spies, bullies, and

hired mischief-workers, who assist him in doing every possible thing to disrupt the happys. Among these are suspicion, hate, grudge, grouch, worry and despair.

lob as servant in the happy family, and makes use of his position to do all the damage he can. One of the sturdiest and handomest of the happy children is work. He does perhaps more than any to keep the family prosperous, and is

looked up to and respected by all its members. The family has its imitators. They are frauds, and have deceived and ruined many who have put it in them. Among these humbugs and cheats are alcohol, drugs, excess, luxury,

glutton, and lust. One of the most charming and beoved members of the happy family is

loyalty. Everybody, even the crooked and perverse, seem to love her. The family home is a very attrac-

ive house on main street. Its foundations were placed deep on the bed rock of honesty.

Its builder and architect was simplicity. Its furnishings were by good taste. All its expenditures are looked af-

ter, and its accounts kept, by thrift,

with the able assistance of budget. Discretion guards the door. There is but one rule in this house; it is the golden rule.

Gentleness and cheerfulness are alvays at home, and with courtesy and thoughtfulness, invariably make all visitors, welcome. The rats of waste are kept away by

the cat whose name is carefulness. The butler has orders never to admit, speculators when he calls. The family doctor's name is science _ight and air are present all day,

The family have a proper self-respect, and are intimate with no one on friendly terms with and couched for by love and temperance.

and at night the lamps are lit, by

lowed: his name is conscience. JUDGE GEO. E. PRINCE

Would Put Tardy Witnesses in -Stickler for Etiquette.

Judge George E. Prince of Anderson presiding at the term of the court of day, is a stickler for etiquette in the court room, and he doesn't mind saying so. Judge Prince also possesses a keen sense of humor. A jurist of many years experience, and a close student of the law, he likes to hear a good argument, and to take part in it, but there is one matter on which he neither argues or allows argument, and that matter has to do with who is running

the court. When he is ready to start a trial or other proceeding, he is ready to start, and he wants everybody who has any connection with the matter before the court to be there, and to be ready to start with gavel. And he is a great believer in jail as a place to put people when he wants to have them where he can lay his hands on them, so to Put 'Em in Jail.

Several witnesses to appear before the grand jury were called this morning, and when some of them failed to answer, Judge Prince told the solicitor to prepare bench warrants. that he would put those witnesses in jail until needed, if that were necessary, in order to secure the prompt attendance of witnesses. The judge went on to say that he had never held court in which the witnesses showed so much indifference and that he was going to

indifference and that he was going to remedy that condition of affairs.

When the solicitor explained to the court that the fault lay largely with the magistrates, Judge Prince ordered that where a magistrate had failed to put witnesses under bond, he should be called before the grand jury and ordered to explain and the grand jury. dered to explain, and the grand jury was to tell the court all about it.-Greenville Piedmont.

NOW THE "PEPPER RUB"

Latest Tonsorial Scheme Gives Rosy Cheeks to Men.

Have you noticed those bright, red cheeks the men are sporting lately?" Looks as if they had just come from a ripping game of golf out in the opench what? Or as if they had just step- ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT ped from the fast little sport model road hound after doing fifty miles across country. But it is a snare and a delusion. They are not the healthy. red blooded chaps you think they are. They have just come from their pepper rub.

vented by New York barbers, and it has been in the process of trying out Prompt and Careful Attention to All in Detroit. It is a very simple process. The barber gives a close shave With the realization that her life was a little water. He rubs it in brisklythe eyes, but it also sets up an irritato the surface. Then he applies a hot towel, dusts on a little talcum and steps out as rosy cheeked as a chorus

girl with a good'y supply of rouge at hand: The dark complexions take more kindly to this treatment than the lighter shades, the latter takes a red that is so contrasting that it may be suspected of being paintage

The immediate effect is very nice but what the pepper will do to the per rubs is another matter.

It's ready now. 116 handsomely illustrated pages of worth while seed and garden news. This new catalog. we believe, is the most valuable seed book ever published. It contains twenty full pages of the most popular over attempted.

and color pictures also from photographs, we show you just what you grow with Hastings' Seeds even be fore you order the seeds. This cath-log makes garden and, flower bed planning easy and it should be in ev-Sometimes one of the rascals gets a ery single Southern home. Write us a post-card for it, giving your name and address. It will come to you by return mail and you will be mighty

best. Write now for the 1921 cata-log. It is absolutely free. H. G. HAS-TINGS CO., SEEDSMEN, ATLANTA

ROCK HILL, S. C. Automobile Tops

course, that conduces to real comfort. If the overhead and the curtains are not in first-class shape there is no comfort. You cannot get your tops put in proper shape just anywhere or by just anybody, because just anybody DOES NOT KNOW HOW to do this work. Automobile Tops is our Leading Specialty. We are prepared to do absolutely everything that is needed in connection with them and we have work-men who know their business. We don't ask the builders of the automobiles any odds in this regard, and you may bring your work to us with the assurance that it is not a temporary makeshift you are after, but the REAL THING

JAS. A. JOHNSON, Prop.

Very Much Obliged---

We thank each and every one of our customers for the business given us during the year 1920, new closing. It has not been the lest year ever but it has been very good to us and we appreciate the support of the buying public in our line.

We wish for all mankind a prosperous and happy New Year in every legiti-mate endeavor. We trust that you and your friends will get everything There is a good priest whose visits are welcome and whose advice is foland your friends will get everything, that is good that you deserve and more, and as for us we promise to do tour best to give you the very best possible service in the way of supplying your needs, in House Furnishings, Furnis ture and such other goods arme han-dle. We will appreciate a continuance

COMPANY ---

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

07.00

- DENTAL SURGEON -Office on Second Floor of the Wylie Building. Felephones: Office, 99: Residence, 168,

Undertakers — Embalmers

YORK, - - 8. C. In All Its Branches-Motor Equipment. Prompt Service Day or Night In' Town or Country.

CALLS ANSWERED DAY OR NIGHT Phone 92 YORK, - - - S. C.

W. W. LEWIS Attorney at Law Rooms 205 and 206 Peoples Bank & Trust Co.'s Building

Phones: Office 63. Residence 44.

-LAW-

Office opposite the Courthouse. Telephone No. 126, York Exchange. YORK. S. C.

AT LAW.

Business Undertaken.

Telephone No. 69.

J. S. BRICE Attorney At Law.

Prompt Attention to all Legal

Front Offices, Second Floor, Peoples Bank & Tr st Co.'s Building. Phone No. 51.

YORK. S. C.

Soapy's gang."

Maloney grinned across at him.

"Ladies first. Are you friendly to him? Or aren't you?"

had sufficiently recovered.

"I never did see anyone with a disposition so dark-complected as yours. If you won't put them suspicions to sleep I'll have to table my cards." From his pocket he drew a copy of the Saguache Sentinel and showed her a marked story. "Maybe that will ex-

This is what Laura London read:

"In case the guilty parties are apprehended the Sentinel hopes an expractice that has of late been far too common. Lawlessness seems to come in cycles. Just now the southern tier of countles appears to be suffering

What's his name-'Curly' Flandrau?" "Yes:"

Her sentence tailed out and died

"I know you, don't mean any harm

how to get to Soapy Stone's ranch

"And I expect your information is pretty recent." That drew another little laugh, ac-

She remembered that he was a stranger and a rustler and she Crew

along it to the horse ranch."

For that matter there is Apache blood The winding trail led up to the he make a fight for himself?" is completely under this man's influence." Her voice broke a little. "And Curly cantered around the shoulder

At the question the man looked over

him confidently.

"Better come back with me to the runch till you look around." "Sults me right down to the ground If It does you." Some one came whistling into the was Soapy Stone. Little beads of perspiration stood out all over his forehead. A glance showed the reason. One of his hands was caught in a bear

The young man swung from the back of Keno. He found the limb of "So you're back here again, are a cottonwood about as thick as his forearm below the elbow. This he set

thow whether you meant it unless I Laura came into the room and

The Missourian stared without civilhe was under the care of a doctor, but

"I'm so glad you're going to the

Curly smiled blandly over his shoulder at her. "Fine! That's a good up-

back. In it was a letter. Master Sam his billy doo, is it?"

She saw her father coming and handed him the letter quickly.

swering. Now, why need she fear the man? It would be as much as his life was worth to lift a hand to hurt her. Decrease of Cattle Reserve Booms After the doctor had come and had New Business.

were taking advantage because I had as many litres as the customer may been friendly. I'm glad you spoke wish-and willing to pay for.

"Yes. If he can drag Sam down Dying Woman Bequeaths Him to Her

come as vaccination. In the case of Mrs. Lillie Fowler Ferris of San Francisco, it took. The man in the case. Orren Fowler Sheafer, was "willin" and so the

Curly met her on the ground of her bequest was made.

skin after an extended period of pen-Hastings Seeds 1921 Catalog Free

vegetables and flowers in their natural colors, the finest work of its kind With our photographic illustrations,

glad you've got it. Hastings' Seeds are the Standard of the South and they have the largest mail order saed house in the world back of them. They've got to be the

It is the top of the automobile, of

FOR THE NEW YEAR

of your patronage. May we serve you? PEOPLES FURNITURE

DR. WM. M. KENNEDY

YORK, - S. C. D. L. SHIEDER DOCTOR OF OPTICS

Office Hours: 11 A. M. to 4 P. M. YORK FURNITURE CO.

Dr. R. H. GLENN Veterinary Surgeon

YORK, . . 8. C.

J. A. MARION

JOHN R. HART It's the latest beauty process in- ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR

Susiness of Whatever Nature