

It was on the tip of his tongue to tell her that it was too late to worry about that; then he changed his mind. "And what is there suspicious," he asked, "in an old friend who happens to be in the neighborhood dropping in Wherefore your telephone to call? message? What's the worry?"

She bit her lip and drummed with her fingers on the arm of the chair. "If I tell you," she said at length, "will you promise me, on your word of honor, that you won't go blundering into The Elms, or do anything foolish like that?"

comfortable where I am, thanks," re-

dreadfully afraid that you're the type of person who ... who . . . She paused, at a loss for a word.

. Who bellows like a bull, and charges head down," interrupted Hugh with a grin. She laughed with him, and just for a moment their eyes met, and she read in his something quite foreign to the point at issue. In fact, it is to be feared that the question of Lakington and his companions was not engrossing Drummond's mind, as it doubtless should have been, to the exclusion of all

"They're so utterly unscrupulous," she continued hurriedly, "so flendishly clever, that even you would be a child in their hands.'

Hugh endeavored to dissemble his pleasure at that little word "even" and only succeeded in frowning horribly.

"I will be discretion itself," he assured her firmly.

"I suppose I shall have to trust you," she said. "Have you seen the evening papers today?"

"I looked at the ones that come out in the morning labeled six p. m.; before I had lunch," he answered. there anything of interest?"

She handed him a copy of the "Read that little paragraph; Planet, "Read that little paragraph for the second column." She pointed to it, as he took the paper, and Hugh

read it aloud. -"Mr. Hiram C. Potts-the celebrat-

ed American millionaire-is progressing favorably. He has gone into the country for a few days, but is sufficiently recovered to conduct business as usual." He laid down the paper and looked at the girl sitting opposite. "One is pleased," he remarked in a puzzled tone, "for the sake of Mr. Potts. To be ill and shave a name like that is more than most men could stand. . . . But I don't quite

"That man was stopping at the Carlton, where he met Lakington," said the girl, "He is a multi-millionaire, over here in connection with some big steel trust; and when multimillionaires get friendly with Lakington, their health frequently does suf-

"But this paper says he's getting better," objected Drummond. "'Sufficiently recovered to conduct business as usual.'

"If he is sufficiently recovered to conduct business as usual, why did he send his confidential secretary away yesterday morning on an urgent mission to Belfast?"

"Search me," said Hugh. "Incidentally, how do you know he did?" "I asked at the Carlton this morning," she answered. "I said I'd come after a job as typist for Mr. Potts. They told me at the inquiry office that he was Ill in bed and mnable to see anybody. So I asked for his secretary, and they told me what I've just told you-that he had left for Belfast that morning and would be away several days. It may be that there's nothing in it; on the other hand, it may be that there's a lot. And it's only by following up every possible clue," she continued flercely, "that I

daddy out of their clutches." Drummond nodded gravely, and did not speak. For into his mind had flashed suddenly the remembrance of that sinister, motionless figure seated by the chauffeur. The wildest guesswork certainly-no vestige of procfand yet, having once come, the thought stuck. And as he turned it over in his mind, almost prepared to laugh at himself for his credulitymillionaires are not removed against their will, in broad daylight, from one of the biggest hotels in London, to sit in immovable silence in an open car -the door opened and an elderly man

can hope to beat those flends and get

came in. Hugh rose, and the girl introduced the two men. "An old friend, daddy," she said. "You must have heard me speak of Captain Drummond."

"I don't recall the name at the moment, my dear," he answered courteously-a fact which was hardly surprising-"but I fear I'm getting a little forgetful. You'll stop and have some

Hugh bowed. "I should like to, Mr. Benton, Thank you very much. I'm afraid the hour of my call was a little informal, but being round in these he heard nothing. The soft whisper- emotion showed on his face-whereas parts. I felt I must come and look lng night-noises came gently through on Lakington's there shone a fiendish

screamed once did not even whimper again. He remembered hearing a similar cry near the brick-stacks at Guinchy, and two nights later he had found the giver of it, at the edge of a mine-crater, with glazed eyes that still held in them the horror of the final second. And more persistently than ever, his thoughts centered on the fifth occupant of the Rolls-

that Mr. Benton listened to his tale of woe about his car.

"Of course you must stop here for the night," he cried. "Phyllis, my dear, will you tell them to get a room ready?"

With an inscrutable look at Hugh, in which thankfulness and appreheasion seemed mingled, the girl left the room. There was an unnatural glitter in her father's eyes-a flush on his cheeks hardly to be accounted for by the warmth of the evening; and it struck Drummond that during the time he had been pretending to look at his car, Mr. Benton had been fortifying himself. It was obvious, even to the soldier's unprofessional eye, that the man's nerves had gone to pieces, his daughter's worst forebodings were likely to be fulfilled. He talked disjointedly and fast; his hands were not steady, and he seemed to be always waiting for something to happen.

Hugh had not been in the room ten minutes before his host produced the whisky, and during the time that he took to drink a mild nightcap, Mr. Benton succeeded in lowering three extremely strong glasses of spirit. And what made it the more sad was that the man was obviously not a henvy drinker by preference.

At eleven o'clock Hugh rose and

won't you?" said his host. "We don't have very many visitors here, but I hope you'll find everything you require. Breakfast at nine."

Drummond closed the door behind hlm, and stood for a moment in silence, looking round the hall. It was deserted, but he wanted to get the geography of the house firmly imprinted on his mind. He stepped across toward the drawing-room. Inside, as he hoped, he found the girl.

She rose the instant he came in, and stood by the mantelplece with her

-"that awful noise at dinner?"

He looked at her gravely for a while, and then he shook his head. "Shall we leave it as a night-bird for the present?" he said quietly. Then he leaned toward her, and took her hands in his own. "Go to bed, little girl," he ordered; "this is my show. And, may I say, I think you're just

walking to the door, held it open for her. "If by any chance you should hear things in the night-turn over and go to sleep again."

Hugh grinned. "I haven't the remotest Idea," he answered. "Doubt-

The instant the glrl had left the room Hugh switched off the lights, and stepped across to the curtains which covered the long windows. He pulled them laside, letting them come together behind him; then, cautiously, he unbolted one side of the big center window. Silently he dodged across the lawn toward the big trees at the end, and leaning up against one of them, he proceeded to make a more detailed survey of his objective, The Elms. It was the same type of house as the one he had just left, and the grounds seemed about the same size. A wire fence separated the two places, and in the darkness Hugh could just make out a small wicket-gate, closing a path which connected both houses. He tried it, and found to his

Save for one room on the groundfloor the house was in darkness, and Hugh determined to have a look at that room. There was a chink in the curtains, through which the light was streaming out, which struck him as

Keeping under cover, he edged toward it, and, at length, he got into a position from which he could see inside. And what he saw made him

Seated at the table was a man he did not recognize; while on either side of him sat Lakington and Petertall dark girl, who seemed completely uninterested in the proceedings of the other three. Hugh placed her at once as the doubtful daughter Irma,

and resumed his watch on the group

at the table. A paper was in front of the man. and Peterson, who was smoking a large cigar, was apparently suggesting that he should make use of the pen which Lakington was obligingly holding in readiness. In all respects a harmless tableau, save for one small thing-the expression on the man's face. Hugh had seen it before oftenonly then it had been called shellshock. The man was dazed, semi-

revolver. He knew there was foul play about, and the madness of what he had suddenly made up his mind to do never struck him; being that manner of fool, he was made that way. But he breathed a plous prayer that he would shoot straight-and then he held his breath. The crack of the shot and the bursting of the only electric light bulb in the room were almost simultaneous, and the next second, with a roar of "Come on, boys," he burst through the win-At an immense advantage

over the others, who could see nothing for the moment, he blundered round the room. He timed the blow at Lakington to a nicety; he hit him straight on the point of the jaw and he felt the man go down like a log. Then he grabbed at the paper on the table, which tore in his hand, and picking the dazed signer up bodily, he rushed through the window onto the lawn. There was not an instant to be lost; only the impossibility of seeing when suddenly plunged into darkness, had enabled him to pull the thing off so far. And before that advantage disappeared he had to be back at The Larches with his burden, no light weight for even a man of his

dow.

But there seemed to be no pursuit, no hue and cry. As he reached the little gate he paused and looked back, and he fancled he saw outside the window a gleam of white, such as a shirt front. He lingered for an instant, peering into the darkness and recovering his breath, when with a victous phut something buried itself in the tree beside him. Drummond lingered no more; long years of experience left no doubt in his mind as to what that something was.

strength to carry.

"Compressed-air rifle-or electric," he muttered to himself, stumbling on, and half dragging, half carrying his dazed companion.

He was not very clear in his own mind what to do next, but the matter was settled for him unexpectedly. Barely had he got into the drawingroom, when the door opened and the girl rushed in.

"Get him away at once," she cried. "In your car. . . . Don't waste a second. I've started her up." "Good girl," he cried enthusiastical-

ly. "But what about you?" She stamped her foot impatiently. "I'm all right-absolutely all right. Get him away-that's all that mat-

ous thing is that I haven't an idea who the bird is-except that-" He



"The Humprous Thing Is That I Haven't an Idea Who the Bird Is-Except that-"

man's left thumb. The top joint was crushed into a red, shapeless pulp, and suddenly the meaning of the instrument Lakington had produced from his pocket became clear. Also the reason of that dreadful cry at

"By God!" whispered Drummond half to himself, while his jaws set like a steel vise. "A thumbscrew. The devils . . . the swine . . ."

"Oh! quick, 'quick," the girl urged in an agony. "They may be here at any moment." She dragged him to the door, and together they forced the man into the car.

"Lakington wen't," said Hugh with a grin. "And if you see him tomorrow-don't ask after his jaw. . . Good-night, Phyllis."

With a quick movement he raised her hand to his lips; then he slipped in the clutch and the car disappeared

triumph at having won the first round, and us the car whirled back to London through the cool night air his heart was singing with joy of action. And it was perhaps as well for his peace of mind that he did not witness the scene in the room at The Elms.

Lakington still lay motionless on the floor; Peterson's cigar still glowed steadily in the darkness. It was hard to believe that he had ever moved from the table; only the bullet limbody must have got busy. Of course, large Letter Carrier, one cent a copy. It might have been the girl, who was Papers delivered at the postoffice to be just lighting another elgarette from

At length Peterson spoke. young man of dash and temperament," he said genially. "It will be a pity carrier, to lose him."

"Why not keep him and lose the

girl?" 'yawned Irma. The document was still lying on inight amuse methe table, when Hugh produced his

We have always our dear Henry to consider," answered Peterson. "Apparently the girl appeals to him. I'm afraid, Irma, he'll have to go

. . . and at once. . . The speaker was tapping his left knee softly with his hand; save for that slight movement he sat as if nothing had happened. And yet ten minutes before a carefully planned coup had failed at the instant of success. Even his most fearless accomplices had been known to confess that Peterson's inhuman calmness sent cold shivers down their backs.

(To Be Continued).

The "Anti-Vamping" Bill.-A most unusual measure is the "anti-vamping" bill introduced in the senate of West Virginia by Senator Harmer of Clarksburg. With the announced object of protecting the sanctity of the ject of protecting the sanctity of the surprise you.
home, this measure would give unique WHITE WASH and PAINT BRUSHpower to any husband or wife. It provides that if a husband or wife have reason to believe that another man or woman is about to "vamp" his or her matrimonial partner, he or she may send a written notice to the "vamp" to "refrain from any communication whatever with said husband or wife." If a man or woman who has received such a notice should persist in "associating or communicating" with the wife or husband in regard to whom he or she has been warned, he or she will be subject to a fine up to Such a law would not accomplish

enough to be worth while. Flirtations of married people cannot be stopped by law. Might as well try to prevent mouth breathing by statute. In some cases such a measure would do much harm and no good. Few husbands and ciates among the opposite sex. Such a law would be a foolish weapon in the hands of the suspicious husbandor wife and might lead to a vast lot of trouble. Judge Memminger observed in the Bowers case some years ago, that a husband should be complementthat a husband should be complemented when his wife is admired by other DEL MONTE men. The same dictum is equally applicable to the admired husband. This is not the Orient where the wife is veiled to all but her husband and close male relatives. The Wheeling, West Virginia, Intelligencer sizer up the situation very well: 'The 'anti-vamp' law would certainly add to the 'gayety would reduce the evil at which it is of nations' but the chances that it

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TAX EXTENSION

Office of the County Treasurer of York County.

York S. C., March 1, 1921. DURSUANT to Act of the General Assembly notice is hereby given that the time for the payment of taxes due between October 15 and December 31, 1920, has been extended to May 1, 1921, with a three per cent. penalty added to all rayments made after March 1. From May 1 to May 15, 1931 there will be a penalty of 7 per cent and after May 15 all unpaid taxes will go into execution. Unpaid poll taxes will be placed in the hands of the

magistrates of the several townships for prosecution.

All of the Banks of the county are offering their accommodations and facilities to Taxpayers who may desire to make use of the same, and I am taking pleasure in giving prompt attention to all correspondence on the

All Taxpayers, appearing at my of-

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dinner, of course."

His host smiled absentmindedly, and walking to the window, stared through the gathering dusk at the house opposite, half hidden in the trees. And Hugh, who was watching him from under lowered lids, saw him suddenly clench both hands in a gesture of despair.

a meal of sparkling gaiety. Mr. Benton was palpably ill at ease, and beyond a few desultory remarks spoke hardly at all; while the girl, who sat opposite Hugh, though she made one or two valiant attempts to break the long silences, spent most of the meal "At the present moment I'm very in covertly watching her father. If anything more had been required to marked Hugh.
"I know," she said; "but I'm so convince Drummond of the genuinepess of his interview with her at the

> phere at this strained and silent party supplied it. As if unconscious of anything pecu-Har he rambled on in his usual inconsistent method, heedless of whether he was answered or not; but all the time his mind was busily working. He had already decided that a Rolls-Royce was not the only car on the market which could break down mysteriously, and with the town so far away, his host could hardly fall to ask him to stop the night. And then -he had not yet quite settled how-

Carlton the preceding day, the atmos-

It cannot be said that dinner was

he proposed to have a closer look at The Elms. At length the meal was over, and the maid, placing the decanter in front of Mr. Benton, withdrew from the room.

"You'll have a glass of port, Captain

Drummond?" remarked his host, re-

moving the stopper, and pushing the bottle toward him. "An old pre-war wine which I can vouch for." Hugh smiled, and even as he lifted the heavy old cut glass, he stiffened suddenly in his chair. A cry-half shout, half scream, and stifled at

once-had come echolng through the

open windows. With a crash the

With a Crash the Stopper Fell From Mr. Benton's Nerveless Fingers, Breaking the Finger-Bowl in Front of Him, While Every Vestige of Color

Left His Face.

less fingers, breaking the finger-bowl in front of him, while every vestige of color left his face. "It's something these days to be able to say that," remarked Hugh, son. Lying on a sofa smoking a pouring out himself a glass. "Wine, cigarette and reading a novel was a Miss Benton?" He looked at the girl, who was staring fearfully out of the

stopper fell from Mr. Benton's nerve-

window, and forced her to meet his eye. "It will do you good." His tone was compelling, and after a moment's hesitation, she pushed the glass over to him. "Will you pour It out?" she said, and he saw that she

was trembling all over. "Did you-did you hear-anything?" With a vain endeavor to speak calmly, his host looked at Hugh.

"That night-bird?" he answered easily. "Eerle noises they make, don't they? Sometimes in France, when everything was still, and only the ghostly green flares went hissing up, one used to hear 'em. Startled nervcus sentries out of their lives," He talked on, and gradually the color canfe back to the other man's face, But Hugh noticed that he drained his port at a gulp, and immediately re-

repetition of that short, strangled cry the pen. But what impressed him again disturbed the silence. With most in that momentary flash of the training bred of many hours in action was Peterson. There was No Man's Land, Drummond was lis- something inhuman in his complete tening, even while he was speaking, passivity. Even as he watched the for the faintest suspicious sound-but man signing his name, no trace of the window; but the man who had satisfaction,

filled his glass. . . .

It was with almost a look of relief

said good night. "You'll ring if you want anything

hands locked. "What was it?" she half whispered

wonderful. Thank God you saw my

"But what are you going to do?" she cried. less the Lord will provide."

satisfaction that it opened silently.

having possibilities,

decide to chance it, and go even closer.

unconscious. Every now and then he stared round the room, as if bewildered; then he would shake his head and pass his hand wearily over his forehead. For a quarter of an hour the scene continued; then Lakington produced an instrument from his pocket. Hugh saw the man Outside everything was still; no shrink back in terror, and reach for

·Drummond grinned. "The humorpaused, with his eyes fixed on the

dinner. . . .

down the drive. . . . He felt a sense of elation and of

bedded in a tree proved that somethe stump of the old one.

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