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side of the York County.



it again with cartridges from his belt.

Bullets now whined on both sides of

him; they cut greenish white furrows

in the bark of both sides of the tree,

and knocked up little spurts of black

earth to his right and to his left;

they cat off twigs within an arm's

reach of him. A dozen Balls were

When they had reached the lower Dale. This opened the battle in earnend of the cleared valley, there came est. to them the sounds of slow firing, the became almost a steady roar. The firing of snipers. Each man kicked air was filled with the pungent odor his horse's flanks and rode faster.

When they came in sight of the besleged building, they saw puffs of powder-smoke rising lazily from the upper windows and from the mountain side above and to the right. Again they kicked the flanks of their horses and rode faster.

At John Moreland's old cabin they dismounted hastily and turned their horses into the drab meadow, With Dale still leading, they hurried on foot to the river's nearest bank and went rapidly, under cover of the thicklystanding sycamores, to a point within seventy yards of the office and supplies building. Then they made a dash across the open space, and Ben Littleford, with one arm bound up in a red-stained blue bandana, opened the door for them.

"Who else is hurt?" panted Dale. "Little Tom," answered Littleford. "and Saul. Little Tom, he got a bullet onder the shoulder. Saul, he got one in might' nigh the same place. They've -riddled the whole t'other side o' the house to splinters. They're a-callin' fo' you."

"They'll get all they want of me, Date growled.

He turned and ran up the rough stairway, and Ben Littleford and the Morelands followed close upon his heels. At the front and side windows, behind anything they had been able to find that would stop a bullet, knelt Littlefords with rifles in their hands, patiently watching for a human target to appear on the mountainside above. Saul and Little Tom lay in a corner, where they were fairly safe from chance bullets. Hayes had bound up their wounds as well as he could with the material at hand. They were both white and belpless and suffering, but still full of the old Littleford fighting spirit.

Date seized his Winchester and belt of cartridges from the hands of the man who had brought them to the him, and turned to the others, A bul- Gollath, John Moreland's strong voice let crashed through the wall and came to bim through the din and roar: struck the floor at his foot; he paid no attention to it.

"Listen to me, boys," Dale was buckling his cartridge-belt with rapid, cartridge into the chamber of his rifle stendy fingers. "From where they are and slipped another into the magazine, hiding, the Balls and Turners can and arose behind the chestnut. hardly see the lower story of this "Down, Bill!" cried John Moreland. building. We'll go downstair3, open If Dale heard, he gave no sign of the front door, and run to the edge it. He fired four shots rapidly, and of the laurels at the foot of the moun- before the wind had carried away the tain. Then we'll turn to the right, blinding smoke he was behind another make a wide detour, and get above tree and shooting toward the Balls the Ball outfit; we'll be fighting down- again. Soon there came a short, loud bill instead of uphill. Get me? Are peal of laughter from his left; he you all ready?"

To a man, they were ready,

They reached the thick under- angle toward the side of a boulder. growth without being seen by the en- Then Littleferd fired, and a puff of While the Balls and Turners Stone dust showed that his bullet had fired more or less aimlessly at the gone true to its mark. building, drank white whisky and called drunkenly for the surrender to "We haven't any ammunition to throw them of Bill Dale, Bill Dale and his away! men were making their way steadity David Moreland's mountain.

Half an hour after they had left the ahind of a tree?" office building. Dale had stationed his men, deployed as a line of skirmishers, the casualties were comparatively having been divorced from his first behind sheltering trees some two hun- few, because there was so much cover wife. His second wife, who exercised dred feet above the Balls and their available. From the beginning the an ennobling and restraining force

Bill Dale were not far apart. "It's a ing, white whisky, and lack of the shame to do it," said Dale. "I swear, iron that makes real fighting men. we can't shoot men in the back like. The cartridges of those below were

John Moreland, twisted his mouth shots needlessly. into a queer smile of contempt, and _ "It's about time to rush them." Date first wife was solved by means of some so did Ben Littleford. They knew, said to John Moreland, who had crept private letters which fell into the far better than their leader, the ways up beside blan, of that people without a principle. The "Mest give the word," Moreland Balls and Turners wouldn't hesitate nodded. to shoot them in the back!

it was almost a sneer, "ye might go tainside, forming a half-circle of his ambitious parents caused her to break down that and give 'em some candy, force once more; then the whole line with poor Douglas and accept the faand kiss 'em, and ax 'em won't they rushed, surrounded the enemy and mous young governor. Still loving

please surrender!" Dale leaned around his tree, a great | But the Balls and their kinsmen

gnaried chestnut, and called boldly: wouldn't give in yet. They left their bow, found our that his adoration was

ft quick!" One of those below yelled surprisedly: "Who're you?" Then they all courage that prompted them to offer

sheltering timber. Dale, and I'm peeved! You're at the mercy,

surrender, or fight it out?" "You said it-we'll fight it out!" cried a burly cousin of Black Adam against wood and steel. Everywhere Douglas, -Kansas City Star,

Ball, deceased,

slipping his rifle out beside the tree, cries and further demands for a sur- who had such a brilliant future be-"Give 'em h-l, boys!"

g sudden keen report from below, and

Bill Dale across the nead with the buil of his empty gun, and Bill Dale slackened his arms and lay as one dead.

He was lying under cover in a handcarved black walnut fourposter, and it was night, when he opened his eyes again. Above him he saw the bearded faces of Ben Littleford and John Moreland, and they looked haggard and anxious in the oil lamp's yellow ight. Suddenly Moreland spoke:

"Dead-nothin'!" jubilantly. "Look. Ben; he's done come to! Ye couldn't put him in a cannon and shoot him ag'inst a clift and kill him, Ben! I hope ye're a-feelin' all right, Bill, shore '

Dale realized everything quite clearly. He put a hand to his head; there was a wet cloth lying over the swollen

. "He shore give ye a buster of a lick," drawled a voice that Dale instantly recognized as that of his wor-Soon the thunder of the many rifles shiper, By Heck, "Danged of Cale Moreland didn't might' nigh it beat him to death, Bill!"

Many men crowded to the bedside of burning powder. Bill Dale emptied the magazine of his repeater, and and smiled at him, and he smiled back sank behind the big chestnut to fill at them. Soon he asked:

"Did you capture the outfit?" "Every durned one of 'em," answered John Moreland, "They're all shet up tight in the downstairs o' the office buildin', onder gyard. The' ain't but one of 'em plumb teetotally dead, fo' a wonder; but the's a whole passel of em hurt. I've done sent Luke to town now firing at him, seeking to avenge on hossback, after a doctor fo' you and Saul and Little Tom; and he can tend to them crippled Balls, too, 1 reckon, ef you think it's best. What're we a-goin' to do with them fellers, Bill?" "We're going to take them to the

> promptly. "I had a different plan 'an that planned out, John," said By Heck, winking at Ben Littleford. "I had it planned out to hang 'em all on a big green hemlock as a Christmas tree fo' Bill! Some devilish rough Christians eve ye're a-havin', Bill, old boy, ain't

Cartersville jail," Dale answered

(To be Continued.)

WHITES NOT WANTED Austrial Islands Want to Keep Country

Themselves.

The king of Rurutu, one of the Austrial group southwest of Papeete, in the South Seas, is troubled by the discovry of valuable minerals on his island,

The natives of the Austrial islands do not want white people among them, and they put every obstacle possible in the way of Europeans who would settle there. They own their own schooners and bring their island produce to Papcete from time to time, and carry back with them such supplies as they need. Thus they avoid frequent visits of the white men's schooners.

They make no secret of their aversion and say openly that they do not want white men to come on any errand whatsoever.

While Rurutu is part of the colony owned by France the government of the is and is still in the hands of the hereditary king of Rurutu, who directs the affairs of his peop'e subject to the veto of the governor-general of the colony at Papeete.

The oid king has resented the threatened exploitation of his island and has attempted to apply the princin'e that a concession given is not valid in his dominion.

Houston's First Love.-Gen. Sam. turned his head and saw Ben Little- Houston married Eliza Allen, a Nashville belle, in 1829, when he was governor of Tennessee. A few months after the marriage he suddenly separated from his wife without a word of explanation, resigned the governorship and went among the Indians, Three years later he threw his lot with the Texans. Under his leadership they "Why, Bill," replied Littleford, thrashed the Mexicans and made a in a wide half-circle up the side of "didn't ye never bounce a bullet offen republic of Texas. Houston was not content: he caused the annexation of Texas to the United States. In April, 1310, he married Margaret Moffette, Pails and the Turners had the worst over him, was from Alabama. His youngest son, Temple Houston, the picturesque Oklahoma lawyer, died

August 18, 1995, at Woodward, Okla. Long after General Houston's death, mystery of his separation from his

hands of his beirs. met Houston, had been engaged to a A few minutes later, Bill Dale sent Tennesseean named Douglas. When Houston fell in love with Eliza her three months later Houston had, somelavished on a woman who had been

cared for another man. Houston, heartbroken at the discovery, behaved in heroic fashion. He gave up everything, left his home and Dale's men forebore to fire diction the vile rumors that were cir-

fore him. He was unused to this sort of thing. Bill Dale, ever a lover of fair com- "Aw, he turned round," replied

wrap up a bundle of bundry?"-At- to do'?

By IDA WARREN GOULD.

the leading story magazine in Kentville to produce a serial story. He was zealous enough to hope that this effort would raise him above mediocrity as a story writer. He sat, Holy City a difficult one. For there awaiting the torch of inspiration which was to light him to fame.

in a notebook, though none led to a climax. What source should he seek? Country or shore?

and its varied moods. What could he do better than take a day off by

he rose, stiff and chilled, yet satisfied with his work. Then he blundered along the beach.

It grew rapidly dark and he was unfamiliar with the place. At any rate, he had a first-rate

story. He stumbled and ran, seeing a light far off on a hill, the only the people of Palestine and neighbeririendly beacon in the darkness. He was in for an adventure. After a long tramp he arrived near

enough to see that the lights came from a private residence. The draperies permitted a glance through the windows. As he took the first step up a broad flight he heard music. He was deliberating how to phrase his application for hospitality, when the door opened and a woman in a shimmering evening gown peered into the gloom that lay between them.

the steps, she exclaimed in a pleased voice, "Felix Mason! After all these

"This is Miss Lane, my friend, who lives with me. Explain how you found us after all these years."

course," laughed Felix. "Dinner is served," announced Miss Lane, abruptly, leading the way to the

Fellx never knew just how he averted a true statement of his appearance at the home of a woman who had been a good pal of his college days. At first he thought of telling his story straight. But as Pauline seemed to regard his coming as a natural happening he allowed himself the pleasure of a delightful evening-and accepted also the invitation to remain

"I will allow you to stay on one condition." said Pauline, smiling mischievously into his suddenly sobered face, when she bade him good night.

"So, I'm to pay for my lodging by attending one of your social teas; are those your terms?"

Exactly." "To please you, I'll come, Pauline."

Several months later Pauline sat within reach of the genial warmth of the huge log fire. The companion was making buttonholes for the Lady Alders in a far corner of the room.

Felix Mason's serial, complete except for the last chapter, was on the table. It was a story of a friendship, interrupted, patched, leading now to the climax of renunciation or complete fulfillment of love. The suspense of several months would be at an end when the last chapter should be is-

ine from her reverie by the fire. Felix Mason was speaking.

"Pauline, may I come down to consult you-business-very important, concerns the story?"

"Surely, I'll send the car for you

"Thanks, You're a good pal, Pauline. I cannot finish the last number until I talk it over with you. Goodby." After dinner Miss Lane excused herself and afforded the two friends the opportunity for uninterrupted discus-

the roses Felix had brought. He stood looking solemnly into the heart of the

"Many years ago, Pauline, I described you to my sisters as the girl The first time I stumbled up these Eliza Allen, his first wife, before she steps you thought I really had sought you. I saw it in your honest eyes. I lied, Pauline, or, as I called it, concealed from you the real facts which led to my coming. I was engrossed in my work that day down by the ocean, overtaken by night, lost the Douglas, she married Houston. And road, stumbled here, lured by the only sign of life on the landscape. I concealed all that."

> Fellx crossed to Pauline's side, Pauline's eyes remained persistently on

in rhythm with her fluttering pulses. "Yes, it's true, Pauline; the finish of this story which is to fix my reputation as a worthwhile story feller rests with you. You've been a wonderful friend, but friendship on my part is eclipsed by love. My dear, do you care enough for me to be my inspiration for life? If so, I'll end the last chapter happily."

Pauline lifted eloquent eyes, and Felix read there the motif for the closing chapter of his serial-love, har-

Boss-"Can't you find something Office Boy-'Well, say, am I ex-pected to do the work and find it too?"

IN THE SEAT OF PILATE

British General is Now Governor of Jerusalem.

The office of governor of Jerusalem which nineteen centuries ago was o:cupied by Pontius Pilate today is held by an Englishman, Maj. Gen. Ronald Storrs. And as it is recorded that Pi-Felix Mason was under contract to late had trouble with his people and to satisfy their clamoring must one day each year release a prisoner with whom they could do as they pleased; so is the present day control of the are three widely variant classes, in during the war. Schools and hospi-Jerusalem: Christians, Moslems and Various openings were before him Jews, and the one who leads them to work in harmony must sheathe his iron control in delicate diplomacy.

General Storrs is able to do that. He has set himself the important administrative task of unifying the city of disunions. Twice a week he conducts friendship meetings at which Grench, Italians, British, Americans, rabbis, Zionists, leaders, commercial men of standing and others who are prominent in Jerusalem come together and debate and discover they really have things in common.

This man who assumed control of Jerusalem in 1917 when he was appointed British military governor is not an old man. He soon will be 40, but in his forty years he has amassed a world of first hand knowledge of ing countries. General Storrs was one of the foremost workers toward the establishment of an independent Arab kingdom. He was for thirteen years in the Egyptian civil service, and part of the time was oriental secretary of the British agency at Cairo. Storrs is one of "Kitchener's men," a graduate of Cambridge university and a son of the dean of Rochester college, Eng-

Speaks Arabic and Hebrew.

It is because of his understanding of the eastern Mediterranean countries that Geneal Storrs can work successfully with his polyglot constituency. He speaks both Arabic and Hebrew almost as fluently as English and addresses the people in their native tongues, even in publicameetings. On official documents are two seals, one Hebrew and one Arabic. Thus does the governor co-ordinate the unrest of the Arab and the ambition of the Jew, furthering as much as he is able the interests of Zionism, but at the same time dealing fairly with the Moslems who compose the majority of the population of the city.

The activities of General Storrs have centered around the reorganiza-

48 S. Main St.

THE REXALL

L. G. THOMSPON

government and the planning of 5 cleaner and more beautiful Jerusalem When he assumed control it was wartime, and the municipal government

with its Arab mayor was badly disorganized. So Storrs, in addition to his military duties, took over the work of providing for civilian welfare, even keeping in mind his desire to avoid a for this well known car on the Western paternalistic control.

tion of the departments of the city

Through his instigation the native police were organized. Food control know what the DODGE is and all are was established, much like that in agreed as to its SUPERIOR MERITS. American and European countries features that are well worth investiga-tion, and I am in a position to enlighttals that had been closed when the war threw the local government into en all who may be interested. chaos, he reopened. Baksheesh, the infamous Turkish system of graft, was cleaned from the courts of justice. Drinking, which had become alarm-

ingly commonplace, was partly checked by the British governor. General Storrs succeeded in closing the public bars not only in Jerusalem, but also by virtue of his authority as acting chief administrator of Palestine throughout the whole of the country Distilling of liquor was made legal only in private homes.

His Town Planning. The general took care, too, to pro vide recreation for the citizens. Chess clubs were organized and reading rooms opened. Sports, including football and basket ball, were encouraged and a public swimming pool con-

structed. His town planning, however, was one of his most important innovations. He cleaned up Old Jerusalem, made it sanitary and livable, but did not at- Just in--tempt to convert it into a modern city. Instead Storrs laid out a new city, beyond the old-a city in which broad streets lined with saplings which later would become shade trees contrasted with the crooked alleys of Old Jerusalem. And to set the new apart, parks were created dividing the new Jerusalem from the old.

In a manner pleasing to the native inhabitants, General Storrs treated with reverence the traditions of Jerusalem, both Moslem and Jewish. He did not alter but merely cleaned and repaired such honored places as David's citadel and the Mosque of Omar, the Moslem sanctuary said to have been constructed thirteen centuries ago in the days of Caliph Abd El

All There,-"Don't any of your friends come to see you on visiting days?" asked the kindly old lady. "No'm," responded No. 77,444

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in a necessary to sent a su terroral.

a bullet hole appeared in the rim of a bunct note appeared in the rim of his hat! John Moreland fired the next rolled down the mountainside, locked but did you ever see a man try to snot, and be broke the right arm of in each other's arms. the man who had fust fired at Bill And then one of the Balls struck ron Times,

a rock and make it go toward a man It hasted body for two hours, but John Moreland, Ben Littleford and of it, which was due to uphill shoot; giving out; they had fired too many according to a newspaper story, the

"Give 'Em H-1, Boys!'

death of their kinsman, the

"Don't show no part o' yereself now,

Dale fired again, pumped a fresh

ford taking a careful aim at a long

"What's that for?" demanded Dale.

Bill; ef ye do, ye'll shore be hit!"

"Well," John Moreland replied, and the wings of his line down the mouncalled for a surrender.

"You've got a chance to surrender cover and started to run, found themnow-and you'd certainly better take selves facing Morelands and Little- sold to him by her parents and who fords in every direction, clubbed their rifles and fought. It was not true whipped to the other side of their resistance thus; it was utter desperation; they had never been givers of high office, took himself wholly out of The answer came at once: "I'm Bill marrey, therefore they did not expect Eliza's life, and bore without contramercy of the finest bill clan that ever upon them, which was at Dale's com- culated about him. Eliza, after her looked along rifle barrels; will you mand, and met them with clubbed husband had wrecked his career for rifles. The woodland rang with the her rake, obtained a divorce on the sound of wood and steel crashing ground of abandonment and married there were grouns and threats and "You're on!" growled Bill Dale, curses from the losing side, victorious His Action.—'And your nephew tender from the winners.

and he was incautious. He showed a bat, threw down his repeater to grap- Farmer Field. Hitle too much of himself-there was ple with a big North Carolinian whose clubbed weapon had been knocked Honors Are Even .- A woman doesn't from his hands. The two fell and make much headway driving a mail.

LAST CHAPTER

(©, 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

He loved the great throbbing ocean

the sea? In another hour he was close to the expanse of the sea, Faster and faster he wrote, developing his fancies until after sunset

took the wrong turning in time to see the last boat half a mile off shore.

When Felix, hat in hand, ran up

"By the lights in the windows, of

next room.

over night.

The telephone bell summoned Paul-

at once.'

Pauline nervosuly began arranging

blazing logs, then blurted out:

"And now, Felix?" "And now, Pauline, I'm here because the last chapter in that serial must be inspired by you.'

the roses. The ticking of the large clock best