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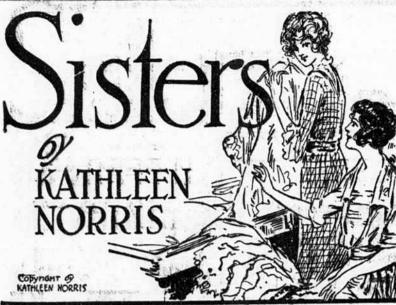
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Meanwhile the hot train sped on, and the drab autumn country flew by the windows, and still the bride sat wrapped in her dream, smiling, musing, rousing herself to notice the

to be a married woman, traveling with her husband, she smiled and said that it seemed "funny." For the most part she was silent, pleased and interested, but not quite her usual unconcerned self. After dinner they had a long. murmured talk; she began to droop sleepily now, although even this long day had not paled her cheeks or visibly tired her.

At ten they stumbled out, cramped and overheated, and smitten on tired foreheads with a rush of icy mountain

"Is this the pl-l-ace?" yawned Cherry, clinging to his arm.

This is the place, Baby Girl; El Nido, and not much of a place!" her husband told her. "That's the Hotel McKinley, over there where the lights are! We stay there tonight and drive out to the mine tomorrow. I'll manage the bags, but don't you stumble!" She was wide-awake now, looking alertly about her at the dark streets of the little town. Mud squelched beneath their feet, planks tilted. Beside Martin, Cherry entered the bright, cheerful lobby of a cheap hotel where men were smoking and spitting. She was beside him at the desk and saw him write on the register, "J. M. Lloyd and wife." The clerk pushed a key across the counter; Martin guided her to a rattling elevator.

She had a fleeting thought of home; of Dad reading before the fire, of the little brown room upstairs, with Alix, slender in her thin nightgown, yawning over her prayers. A rush of reluctance-of strangeness-of something like terror smote her. She fought the homesickness down resolutely: everything would seem brighter tomorrow. when the morning and the sunshine came again.

There was a brown and red carpet in the oblong of the room, and a brown bureau, and a wide iron bed with a limp spread, and a peeling brown washstand with a pitcher and basin. The boy lighted a flare of electric lights which made the chocolate and gold wallpaper look like one pattern in the light and another in the shadow. A man laughed in the adjoining room; the voice seemed very

Cherry had never been in a hotel of this sort before. It seemed to her cheap and horrible; she did not want to stay in this room, and Martin, tipping the boy and asking for ice-water, seemed somehow a part of this new strangeness and crudeness. She began to be afraid that lee would think she was silly, presently, if she said her prayers as usual.

In the morning Martin hired a phaeton and they drove out to the mine. Cherry had had a good breakfast and was wearing a new gown; they stopped another phaeton on the long, pleasant drive and Martin said to the fat man

"Mr. Bates, I want to make you acquainted with my wife!"

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Lloyd!" said the fat man, pleasantly. Martin told Cherry, when they passed him, that that was the superintendent of the mine, and seemed pleased at the encounter. Presently Martin put his arm about her and the bay horse dawdled along at his own sweet will, while Martin's deep voice told his wife over and over again how adorable and beautiful she was and how he loved her.

Cherry listened happily, and for a little while the old sense of pride and achievement came back-she was married; she was wearing a plain gold ring! But after a few days that feeling vanished forever and instead it began to seem strange, to her that she had ever been anything else than Martin's wife,

For several days she and Martin laughed incessantly and praised each other incessantly, while they experimented with cooking and ate delicious gypsy meals.

By mildwinter Cherry had settled down to the business of life, buying haver and lard and sugar and matches at the store of the mine, cooking and cleaning, sweeping, and making beds. She still kissed Martin good-by every morning and met him with an affectionate rush at the door when he came home, and they played Five Hundred evening after evening after dinner, quarreling for points and laughing at each other, while rain sluiced down on the porch. But sometimes she wondered how it had all come about, wondered what had become of the violent emotions that had picked her out of the valley home and established her here, in this strange place, with this man she had never seen a year ago.

Of these emotions little was left. She still liked Martin, she told herself, and she still told him that she loved him. But she knew she did not seemed to have everything. was presently taking Anne to a lecture. Anne now began to laugh at him and say that he was "too ridiculous," but she did not allow any one else to say so. On the contrary, she told Alix at various times that his mother had been one of the old Maryland Percies, and his great-grandfather was mentioned in a book by Sir Walter Scott, and that one had to respect the man, even if one didn't choose to

(To be Continued.)

SOUTH CAROLINA FORESTS

Noted Authority Calls Attention to Neglected Condition.

By James Henry Rice, Jr. Owing to the rapid disappearance of the state's forests, the waste in lumbering, much of it preventible, the destruction by fire, and likewise the vital need for wood in the whole range of construction, from house building to making containers for shipping vegetables, it is intended to lay the matter before the public. The facts are well known. There is sufficient remedy, if the remedy is applied in time and relentlessly followed

The average citizen knows in a general way (he knows everything in a general way, except the business he follows) that inroads are being made on the forests and that lumber prices keep climbing, despite low prices at present, due to widespread depres-

I can myself recall a region, filled with small saw mills in 1876, where lumber could be had almost for the asking. Practically all the farmers in that entire region are now buying coal for fuel, and lumber is shipped in from a distance of several hundred miles.

This is not an isolated case. It is true over wide acres. In order to get an adequate view of the situation, it will be well to go back and take a

hasty survey of former conditions. Modern saw milling began in South Carolina in a romantic way. Henry Buck of Bucksport, Maine, left his native state between suns in a schooner bound for South Carolina. The story is that he was about to be imprisoned for debt. However, that be, he came on to Charleston, filled a pack there with merchandise and peddled along from plantation to plantation until he reached Georgetown, where the pack was replenished and he started north up Pee Dee, crossing over into Horry

at Yauhannah ferry. What he saw along his route was plain enough to a Maine man. On every hand were giant pines, tall, straight, thick, a lumberman's paradise. The swamps contained cypress of the finest quality and of immense size. It was a virgin land, overflowing with resources.

Buck had no money, except the little hoard derived from selling trinkets; but, like most New Englanders, he was a man of resources; so he got two negroes from Colonel Allston on Pee Dee, who lent them, but would neither sell nor hire. Also he bought to both Paul and Philemon. Paul grew skilful in managing her little a small circular saw and set up a rig for sawing logs, at a place on Waccamaw river, which he named Bucksport in honor of his native town in Maine.

Next he wrote to a friend in Maine, who owned a schooner, telling him to the satisfaction of having Martin's come on down and get a load. The viewpoint veer the next day, or the schooner came and loaded with 10x12 next hour, to meet her own secret stuff, paying \$120 per thousand for it conviction. Martin seemed satisfied, at the wharf, and paying in gold. and all their little world accepted her Buck always sold for gold. This as a matter of course. But under it schooner on its return trip brought another and both loaded at Bucks-

In no great while Henry Buck built think of the valley, of the fogs and the the biggest lumber mill in the world spokes of sunlight under the redwood at Bucksport, and was shipping lumaisles, of Alix and the dogs and the ber all over the world, still selling for drenmy evenings by the fire. And es- gold and reselling the gold to the Unipecially she did not like to think of ted States government at a profit. that eighteenth birthday, and herself Lumber from that Bucksport mill was thrilling and ecstatic because the sent to Mandalay, to Rangoon, and strange young man from Mrs. North's to ports throughout the East Indies had stared at her, in her sticky apron, and the Asiatic main. A big trade with so new and disturbing a smile was carried on with South America and with Europe.

Buck made a great fortune, of course, and lived like a maharajh until his death in 1870. When the war So winter passed at the mine and came on he made over his ships to a Northern partner and thereby saved

The late James McCall of Florence county once showed me his order book, for he was with Henry Buck for a long Cherry's wedding, once satisfactori- time. In that book was an order from ly over, was a cause of great satisfact the Bank of England, for a shipload tion to her sister and cousin. They of lumber, consisting of sticks 83 feet had stepped back duly, to give her long that would square 15 inches at the center of the stage; they had ad- the small end. The order was filled mired and congratulated; had helped within a week, the timber being out

It is a matter of doubt if such an own lives again and cast over hers the order could be filled today in the glamor that novelty and distance nev- whole south, even with no time limit. Twenty-five years after Henry Buck died I stood over the ruins of his was an object of romantic interest. mill, and lower down the river over The girls surmised that Cherry must the ruins of another large mill, built

These ruins marked the end of the first great drives made toward cut-Of the revival of the industry, which witnessed, something will be said in

Her Explanation .- A sightseer noticed Uncle Rastus sitting before his the exiles' descendants, now mostly cabin and inquired of the old negro: bootmakers, mustard millers and steel-"Have you always resided here?"

"Suh?"

"Have you always lived here?" Uncle Rastus was still looking known to be 4,000 canary breeders in off on week-end trips with three blank when Aunt Dinah appeared in the city, and 30,000 birds passed the cabin door and explained to her through the hands of the principal stand. Rastus? He means did you you born after you moved here."

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Junday School

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 11

PAUL WRITES TO A FRIEND.

LESSON TEXT-Philemon GOLDEN TEXT-Whosoever would be hlef among you, let him be your serv ant .- Matt. 20:27.

PRIMARY TOPIC-The Story of a Run-JUNIOR TOPIC-Paul's Kindness to a

This is a private letter. Philemon ever penned.

II. Philemon's Reputation (vv. 4-7). on the part of the minister.

Lord and all saints (v. 5). It was his hope and desire that this faith might bear fruit in Christ Jesus. 2. His ministry to the saints (v. 7).

the poor saints.

a brother in Christ.

1. He beseeches instead of commands (vv. 8-10). Though conscious of his right to enjoin, he pleads as the prisoner of Jesus Christ for love's

admitted that Onesimus had been unprofitable-had forfeited all claim upon Philemon, and that on grounds of justice his plea might well be rejected, and yet Onesimus was begotten in his bonds (v. 10)-was in a real sense a part of his own suffering nature (v. 12)-he ventured to suggest that he should be accepted. Though Onesimus hitherto had been unprofitable to his master, now was profitable would gladly have retained him as a personal attendant, but sought first

3. Paul desired that Onesimus be hateful to him, but emphasized prinform society instead of seeking change

In Paul's request you can hear the pleadings of Christ for us sinners. All men have broken loose-gone astrayand have become unprofitable. are reconciled to God through the interceding of Christ. He has made us profitable. We have been begotten in His bonds-through His passion, agony of heart, we shall be changed.

III. The Basis Upon Which Onesimus is to Be Received (vv. 17-21).

lustration of the atonement of Christ. back, not as a runaway slave, but a beloved brother in Christ.

IV. Paul Requests Lodging (vv. 22-

He expected a speedy release from imprisonment, and purposed to sojourn with Philemon. In all probability this was realized. What a welcome he must have received! Jesus Christ is saying to every one of His redeemed ones, "Prepare me a lodging."

City Famous for Canaries .- The city

They came to Norwich with the weavers of Flanders, banished from home by the Spaniards, and ever since workers, have been canary lovers and fanciers, almost to a man.

dealer in a year.-London Post,

flies and caterpillars.

- A gallon of moonshine doesn't reduce a man to maudlin asininity much quicker than a gal in the moonlight.

— Out of the 1,277 characters in all of Shakespeare's plays, 157 are females.

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Suddenly, without warning, there was a newcomer in the circle, a sleekheaded brown-haired little man known as Justin Little. He had been introduced at some party to Anne and Alix; he called; he marry him.

CHAPTER IV. love him, and in such an association

as theirs there can be no liking. Her thoughts rarely rested on him; she was either thinking of the prunes that were soaking, the firewood that was running low, the towels that a wet breeze was blowing on the line; or she was far away, drifting in vague When Martin asked her if she liked realms where feelings entirely strange

to this bare little mining camp and this hungry, busy, commonplace man, held sway. The first time that she quarreled with Martin she cried for an entire day, with the old childish feeling that somehow her crying mattered, somehow her abandonment would help to straighten affairs. The cause of the quarrel was a trifle; her father had sent her a Christmas check and she immediately sent to a San Francisco shop for a clock that had taken her

fancy months before. Martin, who had chanced to be pressed for money, although she did not know it, was thunderstruck upon discovering that she had actually disposed of fifty dollars so lightly. For several days a shadow hung over their intercourse, and when the clock came. as large as a banjo, gilded and quaint, he broke her heart afresh by pretend-

ing not to admire it. But on Christmas eve he was delayed at the mine and Cherry, smitten suddenly with the bitterness of having their first Christmas spoiled in this way, sat up for him, huddled in her silk wrapper by the air-tight stove. She was awakened by feeling herself lowered tenderly into bed and raised warm arms to clasp his neck and they kissed each other.

The next day they laughed at the clock together, and after that peace reigned for several weeks. But it was inevitable that another quarrel should come and then another; Cherry was young and undisciplined, perhaps not more selfish than other girls of her age, but self-centered and unreasonable. She had to learn self-control and she hated to control herself. She had to economize when poverty possessed neither picturesqueness nor interest. They were always several weeks behind in the payment of domestic bills, and these recurring reminders of money stringency maddened Cherry. Sometimes she summed it up, with angry tears, reminding him that she was still wearing her trousseau dresses, and had no maid, and

never went anywhere-! But she developed steadily. As she house, she also grew in the art of managing her husband and herself. She became clever at avoiding causes of disagreement; she listened, nodded, agreed, with a boiling heart, and had all Cherry knew that something young and irresponsible and confident in her port. . had been killed. She never liked to

CHAPTER V.

in his eyes.

at the brown house under the shoulder of Tamalpais. Alix still kept her them from confiscation. bedroom windows open, but the rain tore in, and Anne protested at the ensuing stains on the pantry ceiling.

her in all hearty generosity. And now on Lynch's river. that she was gone they enjoyed their er fall to give. Cherry, married and keeping house and managing affairs, be making friends; that everyone must and operated by his son. admire her; that Martin would be

rich some day, without doubt. Chery wrote regularly, now and then ting the forests of South Carolina. assuring them that she was the same old Cherry. She described her tiny house right at the mine, and the long sheds another article. of the plant, and the bare big building that was the men's boarding house, Martin's associates brought her trout and ducks, she wrote; she and Martin had driven three hundred miles in the superintendent's car; she was preparing for a card party.

"Think of little old Cherry going men!" Alix would say proudly, "Think of Cherry giving a party!" Anne per- spouse: "Wha' for you don't underhaps world make no comment, but she often felt a pang of envy. Cherry live here befo' you was born, or was lesson '

Of those who have lcarned the REFERENCE MATERIAL—Deut. 15:12-15; John 13:14, 35; I Cor. 1:26-29; Col. 3:9-11; Jas. 2:1-9. Autos Repainted, Retopped and Recurtained.

Runaway Slave.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC -Paul Pleading for a Slave, YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC -The Social Teachings of the Letter to

was a member of the church at Colosse. Onesimus, his slave, wronged him, perhaps stole from him, and fled to Rome. There he came under Paul's influence and was converted. Paul sent Onesimus back to Philemon with this letter. This is one of the most tender and beautiful letters ever written, and the first anti-slavery petition

I. The Salutation (vv. 1-3). His aim was to touch Philemon's heart, so refers to himself as a prisoner, and links Philemon to himself as a fellow-laborer in the Gospel of truth. He makes mention of Apphia. Philemon's wife, and Archippus, the son, who had already enlisted as a fellow-soldier.

Paul paid a fine tribute to Philemon, reminding him that he never prayed without bearing him up before God. This is a fine example of tact 1. His faith and love toward the

Philemon was generous in his help to

III. Paul's Request (vv. 8-16). He requested Philemon to receive back Onesimus, the runaway slave, as

2. He makes his plen on the grounds of grace (vv. 11-14). He

his friend's permission. received back not as a slave, but as a brother in Christ (vv. 15, 16). Here is the real fugitive slave law. Paul never attacked slavery, though it was contrary to Christianity, and therefore ciples which destroyed it. The establishment of Christianity changes the whole face of human society. The wise thing to do is to get men and women regenerated and thus trans-

by revolution.

The debt of gullty Onesimus is to be put to the account of Paul, and the merit of Paul is to be put to the account of Onesimus. This is a fine il-Whatever wrongs we have committed -debt incurred-all our shortcomings are debited to Him. Jesus Christ, on behalf of the whole universe, has said to God: "Put that to my account; I have written with my pierced hand: I will repay." Onesimus was taken

25).

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