



Sisters

KATHLEEN NORRIS

CHAPTER IV.

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 scenery.

When Martin asked her if she liked 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 air.

"Is this the place?" yawned Cherry, clinging to the 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 squeaked 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 Allie, 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 near.

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 he 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 in it:

"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 midwinter Cherry had settled down to the business of life, buying hardware and hard 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 at 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

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 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 it to a San Francisco shop for a clock that had taken her fancy months before.

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 depression.

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 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 Allison on Pee Dee, who lent them, but would neither sell nor hire. Also he bought 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 come on down and get a load. The schooner came and loaded with 10x12 stuf, paying \$120 per thousand for it at the wharf, and paying in gold. Buck always sold for gold. This schooner on its return trip brought another and both loaded at Bucksport.

In no great while Henry Buck built the biggest lumber mill in the world at Bucksport, and was shipping lumber all over the world, still selling for gold and reselling the gold to the United States government at a profit. Lumber from that Bucksport mill was sent to Mandalay, to Rangoon, and to ports throughout the East Indies and the Asiatic main. A big trade was carried on with South America and with Europe.

Buck made a great fortune, of course, and lived like a maharajah until his death in 1870. When the war came on he made over his ships to a Northern partner and thereby saved them from confiscation.

The late James McCall of Florence county once showed me his order book, for he was with Henry Buck for a long time. In that book was an order from the Bank of England, for a shipment of lumber, consisting of sticks 83 feet long that would square 15 inches at the small end. The order was filled within a week, the timber being out on Lynch's river.

It is a matter of doubt if such an order could be filled today in the whole south, even with no time limit. Twenty-five years after Henry Buck died I stood over the ruins of his mill, and lower down the river over the ruins of another large mill, built and operated by his son.

These ruins marked the end of the first great drives made toward cutting the forests of South Carolina.

Of the revival of the industry, which I witnessed, something will be said in another article.

Her Explanation.—A sightseer noticed Uncle Rastus sitting before his cabin and inquired of the old negro: "Have you always resided here?"

"Suh?"

"Have you always lived here?"

Uncle Rastus was still looking blank when Aunt Dinah appeared in the cabin door and explained to her spouse: "Wha' for you don't understand, Rastus? He means did you live here 'fo' you was born, or was you born after you moved here?"

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 preventable, 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 up.

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 depression.

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

(To be Continued.)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZGIBBER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 11

PAUL WRITES TO A FRIEND.

GOLDEN TEXT—Philemon. GOLDEN TEXT—Whosoever would be chief among you, let him be your servant.—Matt. 23:7.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—Deut. 15:12-15; John 12:14, 25; 1 Cor. 1:26-29; Col. 3:9-11; Jas. 2:1-9.

PRIMARY TOPIC—The Story of a Runaway Slave.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Paul's Kindness to a Runaway Slave.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Paul's Pleading for a Slave.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Social Teachings of the Letter to Philemon.

This is a private letter. Philemon 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 ever penned.

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.

II. Philemon's Reputation (vv. 4-7).

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 on the part of the minister.

1. His faith and love toward the 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). Philemon was generous in his help to the poor saints.

III. Paul's Request (vv. 8-10).

He requested Philemon to receive back Onesimus, the runaway slave, as 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 sake.

2. He makes his plea on the grounds of grace (vv. 11-14). He 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 to both Paul and Philemon. Paul would gladly have retained him as a personal attendant, but sought first his friend's permission.

3. Paul desired that Onesimus be 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 hateful to him, but emphasized principles 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 transform society instead of seeking change by revolution.

In Paul's request you can hear the pleadings of Christ for his sinners. All men have broken loose—gone astray—and have become unprofitable. We 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.

IV. The Basis Upon Which Onesimus Is to Be Received (vv. 17-21).

The debt of guilty 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 illustration of the atonement of Christ. 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 back, not as a runaway slave, but a beloved brother in Christ.

IV. Paul Requests Lodging (vv. 22-25).

He expected a speedy release from imprisonment, and proposed 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 of Norwich is famous for its canaries' song, beauty and hardiness. They came to Norwich with the weavers of Flanders, banished from home by the Spaniards, and ever since the exiles' descendants, now mostly bootmakers, mustard millers and steel-workers, have been canary lovers and fanciers, almost to a man.

In the pre-war days there were known to be 4,000 canary breeders in the city, and 30,000 birds passed through the hands of the principal dealer in a year.—London Post.

Wasps do good by reducing the 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.

—Besides showing a well developed interest in higher education Japanese girls are keen sportswomen.

—The knocker is a nuisance unless he is knocking somebody you don't like.

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Advertisement for Cole's Hot Blast Fuel Saving System, highlighting its efficiency and safety.

Advertisement for York Furniture Company, featuring Mr. Farmer and various farming equipment like the Chattanooga Turn Plow.

Advertisement for James Brothers, showcasing a new lot of choice mules and horses.

Advertisement for Clover Cotton Oil & Ginning Company, promoting their products and services.

Advertisement for New Model Dodge, highlighting its features and performance.

Advertisement for Buy At Home, offering general merchandise and farm implements.

Advertisement for Professional Cards, listing various legal and professional services.

Advertisement for York Furniture Co., offering undertakers and embalmers services.

Advertisement for Dr. E. H. Glenn, a veterinary surgeon, and other local professionals.