

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF NEWBERRY.
Court of Common Pleas.
Frank R. Hunter, Plaintiff,
against

John C. Halfacre, Eunice J. Halfacre Hipp, Ruth Amelia Halfacre, Mary Frances Halfacre, Lula Neel Halfacre, Huldah Elizabeth Halfacre, C. M. Ebird, Treasurer of the United Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the South and W. Frank Hipp, Defendants.

By virtue of an order herein I will sell before the court house door at Newberry, S. C., on salesday in January, 1915, the same being the 4th day thereof, within the legal hours of sale, to the highest bidder, the following described tracts of land, to wit:

All that tract of land in Newberry county, South Carolina, containing one hundred and ten (110) acres, more or less, bounded on the north and south by lands of Mrs. Clara B. Matthews, on the east by lands of estate of James Henry, deceased, and on the west by lands of S. P. Crotwell.

Also, all that tract of land in Newberry county, South Carolina, containing two hundred and ten (210) acres, more or less, bounded by lands of Mrs. Mary Norris, John C. Neel, Lee Fellers, J. T. McCullough and Mrs. Bettie Mims.

Also, all that house and lot in the town of Newberry, county of Newberry, State of South Carolina, containing seven-eighths (7-8) of an acre, more or less, bounded by Main (or Pratt) street, lot of J. H. Summer, lot of Mrs. Sue Epting, and lot of Mrs. Mary P. Fant.

Terms of sale: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash and the balance on a credit of one and two years in equal installments, with interest from the day of sale on the credit portion at the rate of eight per cent per annum, payable annually; said credit portion to be secured by a bond of the purchaser and a mortgage of the premises and said bond and mortgage to provide for ten per cent attorney's fees in case of collection by suit, action or foreclosure, and also in the case of the house and lot in the town of Newberry to provide for insurance of same for the amount of said credit portion and an assignment of the policy of insurance to the master as additional security; the purchaser to pay \$200.00 on each of said tracts upon the acceptance of his bid as an evidence of good faith, and in case he fails to do so the lands to be sold immediately at his risk. The purchaser will have leave to anticipate the credit portion in whole or in part. Purchaser to pay for papers and recording same, and also the necessary revenue stamps.

H. H. Rikard,
Master.

December 18, 1914.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF NEWBERRY.
Court of Common Pleas.
The Exchange Bank of Newberry, S. C., plaintiff,

against
Rosannah Havird and Ellen M. Witt, defendants.

By virtue of an order of the court herein, I will sell before the court house at Newberry, S. C., within the legal hours of sale, on Monday, January 4, 1915, same being salesday, to the highest bidder at public auction, all that piece or lot of land in the town of Newberry, county and State aforesaid, containing three-fourths of an acre, more or less, and bounded on the north by Wheeler street, east by Lindsay street, south by land of R. D. Wright and west by land of Van Smith, being the place at which the said Rosannah Havird now resides.

Terms of sale: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash, the balance, to be secured by bond of the purchaser and mortgage of the premises, payable in one and two equal annual installments, with interest from day of sale at the rate of eight per cent per annum, payable annually until the debt is paid, with leave to the purchaser to anticipate payment of the credit portion in whole or in part; the mortgage to contain a stipulation for collection after maturity, and a stipulation that the mortgagor is to keep the houses insured and assign the policy to the master for the security of the debt, with authority to the master to pay any insurance premium upon default of the mortgagor or his assigns and reimburse himself, with interest on the amount from day of payment at eight per cent; the purchaser will be required to pay one hundred dollars to the master when the property is knocked down to him, and upon his failure to comply with the terms of his purchase within ten days the property will be resold at the risk of the defaulting purchaser on some convenient salesday thereafter. Purchaser to pay for papers and recording same.

H. H. Rikard,
Master.

December 14, 1914.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
County of Newberry.
Court of Common Pleas.
Amos S. Wells, Plaintiff,
against

Sam P. Crotwell, Defendant.

Pursuant to an order of the court herein, I will sell at public outcry, to the highest bidder, before the court house door at Newberry, S. C., within the legal hours of sale, on Salesday in December, 1914, the following lot of land to wit: All that lot of land lying near the Molloy Mill known as "Spearman Row," partly within and partly without the corporate limits of the town of Newberry, on the road from Newberry to Prosperity, containing two and one-half acres, more or less, and having seven tenant houses thereon, bounded by lands of George M. Shealy, deceased, Mrs. Clara M. McCrary, A. B. Atwood, and by a street separating said lot from lot of or formerly of J. T. McCullough.

Terms of sale: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash, the balance to be payable in equal installments in one and two years from day of sale; credit portion to be secured by bond of purchaser and mortgage of premises sold, bond to bear interest from day of sale, and until paid in full, at the rate of eight per cent per annum, interest to be payable annually or to become principal annually and bear interest at the same rate until paid in full, the purchaser to have leave to anticipate, at any time, the credit portion, in whole or in part. The mortgage to provide for the payment of ten per cent of the principal and interest as attorney's fees in case of suit or collection through an attorney, and it also shall provide that if the first installment, or any part thereof, or any interest due is not paid when due, the whole amount of said bond and mortgage, with interest, attorney's fees, costs, insurance, taxes, as therein provided shall become due and payable at once. The mortgage shall require the purchaser to insure and keep insured from loss or damage by fire the buildings on the premises and assign the policy to the master and shall provide that if the purchaser fail to do so, fail to pay the taxes, the master or his assigns, may pay said insurance and taxes, and any penalties incurred thereon, and reimburse themselves for the same under the mortgage at the rate of eight per cent per annum from the day of such payments. The purchaser shall be required to pay the master the cash portion of the purchase-money immediately upon the acceptance of his bid, and if the purchaser fail to comply the master will resell at the risk of the defaulting purchaser. The purchaser to pay for drawing of deed and mortgage and recording of mortgage.

H. H. Rikard,
Master.

11-17-3t-1taWm

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF NEWBERRY.
Court of Common Pleas.
T. O. Keister, plaintiff,
against

Wilson Herbert, Summer Brothers Company, a corporation, and John C. Goggans, as Guardian of Margaret Spearman, defendants.

By order of the court herein, I will sell before the court house at Newberry, S. C., within the legal hours of sale, on Monday, January 4, 1915, to the highest bidder, at public auction, the following:

All that tract of land in the county and State aforesaid, about eight miles from the town of Newberry, containing eighty (80) acres, more or less, lying on the public road from Newberry to Kinards Ferry and otherwise bounded by lands of or formerly of Mrs. Sally Werts, George Werts and David B. Werts, this land having been conveyed to the said Wilson Herbert by W. H. Lang, December 1st, 1887, by deed of record in the office of the register of Newberry in Book No. 4 at page 228.

Also that tract of land in said county and State containing forty (40) acres, more or less, and bounded by lands of Wilson Herbert and the estate of Henry Werts on the north, by lands of D. B. Werts on the east and south, by lands of M. J. Waldrop and the road from Newberry to Kinards Ferry on the west, this land having been conveyed to the said Wilson Herbert by D. B. Werts January 25th, 1893 by deed of record in the office of the register for Newberry county in Book No. 7, at page 135.

Terms of sale: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash, the balance, to be secured by bond of the purchaser and a mortgage of the premises, payable in one and two equal annual installments, with interest from day of sale at the rate of eight per cent per annum, payable annually until the debt is paid in full, interest to bear interest at eight per cent if not paid when due; the mortgage to contain a stipulation that the mortgagor shall pay ten per cent attorney's fees if collected by suit or placed in the hands of an attorney for collection; also that he is to keep the house insured and assign the policy of insurance to the master for a further security of the debt, with leave to the purchaser to anticipate payment of the credit portion in whole or in part. Purchaser will be required to pay the master one hundred dollars on his purchase when the property is knocked down to him, and upon his failure to comply with the terms of the purchase within ten days the property will be resold on the following salesday at the risk of the former purchaser. Purchaser to pay for papers and for recording same.

H. H. Rikard,
Master.

December 14, 1914.

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PHILLIP'S CHRISTMAS QUARTETTE

Four full quarts of Phillip's Whiskies that are leaders in quality at a price that defies competition. Two superior rye and two matchless corn whiskies, assorted to enable you to get acquainted with the merits of each. Let your order come in today—you'll be delighted!

1 full quart Phillip's Pocahontas Corn Whiskey
1 full quart Phillip's Choice Straight Rye Whiskey
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Six full quarts—six different brands of extra good whiskies that will give you a better idea of our ability to satisfy your every taste and requirement.

1 full quart Phillip's Private Stock Rye Whiskey (Bot. in Bond)
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1 full quart Phillip's Sweet Mash Corn Whiskey
1 full quart Phillip's Choice Straight Rye Whiskey
1 full quart Phillip's 100 proof Old Down Home White Corn

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ZUDORA

A Great Mystic Story by Harold McGrath

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CHAPTER I.

The Mystery of the Spotted Collar.

ON the side of a rugged mountain a black velvet hole yawned. Rubble lay strewn all about the ledges. To a layman this rubble would have explained nothing; to a miner it would instantly have explained the nature of the hole. Presently a burly man emerged from the hole, squinting. He eyed the lump of quartz in his hand—always a little, but never quite enough gold to make it worth while. The prospector flung the quartz savagely upon the accumulating rubble and leaned disheartenedly against the log support to the entrance of the mine. His grumble was fast dwindling, and in another four days he would have to hike some thirty-two miles to the nearest town for supplies.

Done! He had paid \$500, every one of them earned at the risk of his neck, for this damnable hole in the ground. He filled and lit his pipe and fell to dreaming what he would do when he struck it rich.

By and by the dreams faded and the bitter realities returned. He rose lamely and carefully picked his way down to the Irishman's shanty. The two of them shared their noon meals on pleasant days.

"How's she comin'?" "Same old story," answered Trainor, erstwhile strong man of the Eclipse circus.

"Well, well; it's peggin' away that brings it. I got a lump t'day that don't look so bad. I should say that she'll run fifteen th' ton. I guess them wildcatters are th' chaps that make th' red spindulix—widders an' clerks an' childer."

In Trainor's life there had been but trifling monotonies. He had been a sailor in the south seas, a lumberjack in the north, a cowpuncher, a fireman on a north Atlantic liner. He had come from a poor but respectable Ohio family. His father nor his grandfather had ever stepped over the state boundary lines. But in him there was a reversion to the type of pioneer who had established the Trainor family when Ohio was a wilderness. He could not settle down; he must be on the move continually, and when at length he joined the circus he found that roaming, uncertain life much to his fancy. There he had met Mimi Keene, known on the handbills (for lithographs were far beyond the reach of this circus) as Mimi La France, world renowned tight rope walker. Remarkable as it might seem, these two loved each other fondly, and one day the lust to wander died in the man's heart, and he wanted a roof over his head, children about his knee and money in his purse. When the opportunity to go hunting for gold came he hesitated not an instant.

He had been hammering away at the grim, unyielding rocks for eight months, making only such trips to town as were necessary for food. Perhaps the rubble extracted represented a thousand dollars, perhaps less. He was discouraged.

One day he staggered out into the brilliant sunshine. A lump of quartz was clutched tightly in his hand. When he grew accustomed to the dazzling light he turned the stone over and over, his heart beating as it had never beaten before. There were veins in it—broad flakes of it—gold, gold, gold!

"Donovan! Donovan!" he cried.

The old Irish prospector came out of his hole, blinking.

"I've got it! I've got it!"

Donovan snatched the quartz from the hand of his friend.

"Holy Virgin! Ye've struck it! If it's all like that ye're a rich man. Man, man, there's a hundred dollars in that lump alone!"

Trainor collapsed on a pile of worthless rubble and laid his head on his arms. He had done it all in these few months. He was rich, rich! And all his dreams were going to come true! The Irishman gazed down at him ruefully, but philosophically.

"An' me that's been prospectin' twenty years an' ain't hit my pile yet! Well, God bless ye, man. I'm glad ye got it. An' now let's go take a look."

Like all men who suddenly stumble upon a virgin fortune, Trainor instantly began to plan how to protect it. He had some bank attorneys draw up papers leaving the mine to his wife, in case of her death to his child, to her husband. It was subtly understood that the brother-in-law, Keene, should never be able to touch it. These western bank attorneys were simple and honest men.

Before he had time to write to his wife Trainor was killed by a premature explosion. He was buried under the rubble his own hands had torn from the mountain's side, and the kindly Donovan started out to find the Eclipse circus.

The caravan was at that time 200 miles to the south, about to turn in for the winter. But Donovan found it. By mistake he ambled into the men's dressing tent. A young man with shrewd dark eyes and a sinister

twist to the corner of his lips laid his hand on Donovan's shoulder.

"How'd you get in here?"

"Why, I walked in," said Donovan amiably.

"Suppose you walk out again?"

"Keep yer hair on, bub. I'm here on business. I'm lookin' for Mimi La France, 's they call her outside. She walks tight rope."

"Well, I'm her brother. What do you want with her?"

"So ye'er Trainor's brother-in-law?"

"Trainor?" said the young man, a fire lighting his eyes. "Do you come from him?"

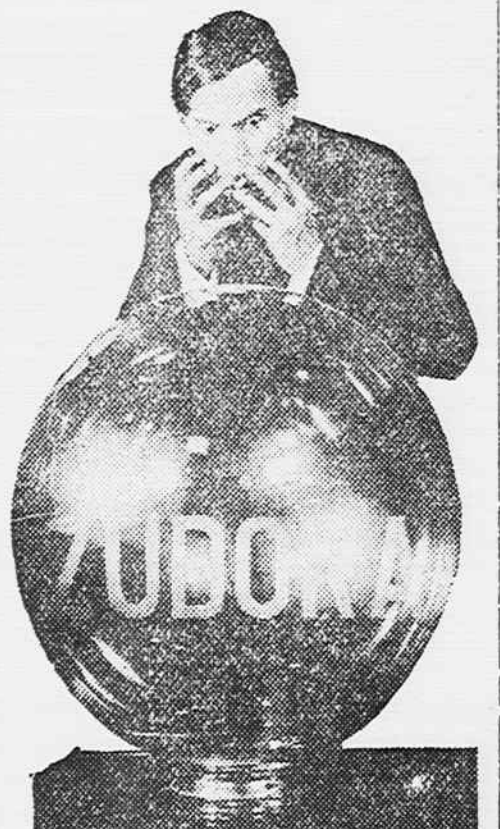
"Yes. An' my message is to his wife."

"Oh! That's his kid there."

"Y' don't say so! Well, kind o' looks like him."

"Here's my sister now."

Donovan saw a slight woman of pretty figure and comely features. She



A Huge Crystal Globe in Which Hassam Ali Saw the Past and the Future.

came through the flap which separated the women's dressing tent from the men's. She looked a bit tired and careworn. The old miner, having had but little to do with women folk, was not able to discern under the richly yellow glare of the lamps the air of distinction which marked Mimi Trainor as different from her kind. The Keene family had come from good stock, but had fallen in evil days. She ran in stantly to the baby.

"Here's a man from John. Mimi," said the brother carelessly.

The young woman rushed over to Donovan and began shaking his hands. How was her man? Had he struck it rich? Did he want her to quit and go to him?

Donovan began to swallow with difficulty. How was he going to tell her? He wanted to run away. He could now readily understand why Trainor had always talked of Mimi, Mimi, Mimi, until his Celtic ears had tired of the name. She was a good wife and a good mother for all that she was a circus performer. And here he was, aiming to break her heart! Still, there was a bit of cynicism in his makeup. The new fortune might console her.

But it did not. On the contrary, when, half an hour after learning of the death of the man she loved, she mounted the wire, a vertigo seized her, she lost her balance and fell, and by the time the men had laid away the big top she was dead.

For the first time in his wandering, futile life Frank Keene felt his throat contract and unbidden moisture fill his eyes. After a fashion he had loved his clean minded, loyal little sister, and now she was gone, leaving him with a baby on his hands, more adept in dealing from the bottom of the deck than from the top.

"How much is the mine worth?" he asked when the simple funeral was over.

"Lord knows," said Donovan. "But it's th' biggest strike in twenty years. But it's goin' to be tied up till this little chick's eighteen. Don't you worry, though. Th' lawyers 'll see to it that ye git enough 't take care o' th' child, eddicate it, an' all that."

"What's the name of the mine?"

"Same as the kiddie's—Zudora."

The two separated, never to meet again.

The years passed. Keene dabbled in all manner of shady trades and finally set up as a Hindu mystic, a swami. He told fortunes, did crystal gazing, resurrected souls and as a byproduct played detective with more or less success. He rarely practiced this latter game except among his favored gulls. It was a simple matter to instruct some of his confederates to rob certain of his clients. It was equally a simple matter to recover the stolen objects—for a suitable reward. Keene eventually became known to the cult as Hassam Ali, and under that name his fame

grew. The checks from the Zudora were now applied wholly to the welfare of his niece.

The child grew. Her education began. She gave promise of great beauty, even in the lank and gawky age.

Hassam Ali had begun to love gold, the bright, shining metal—not in the abstract, but in the concrete. To touch it with his fingers was transport. No symphony of Bach's was half so fine as the chink-chink of the coins, the eagle and the double eagle as they fell upon each other, slipping from his hands.

From her fifteenth birthday up to her eighteenth Zudora noted a subtle change in the manner of her uncle. He became coldly aloof, rarely touched her affectionately, was moody and taciturn. Familiar as she was with all the paraphernalia of the mystic, she still retained unbounded faith in her uncle's powers. Indeed, he was a hypnotist of unusual power and was roughly skilled in the science of medicines. Zudora had practiced the former art until she was almost as proficient as her master. It never occurred to her that her uncle's means of existence were unethical and generally those of a cheat. Famous actresses and society women visited him, and not a few notable bankers and financiers came to him for advice. But the general public held Hassam Ali in tolerant contempt and the police with no little suspicion.

The inner shrine of this equivocal temple was draped with black velvet, and there were secret doors about which even Zudora knew nothing. There was the inevitable dais and before this a huge crystal globe in which Hassam Ali saw the past and the future as revealed by his victim. It was easy to draw the past, and it was not difficult to draw the future. The future in this globe was nearly always what the victim wished; hence the popularity of Hassam Ali, late of the Eclipse circus, faker and card sharp, chief of a band of most clever and ingenious criminals. And Zudora wandered in and out of this iniquitous maze as a wild dove might have flown over pestilential swamp, untouched and unknown.

As the miser grew stronger in Hassam Ali the evil thought previously referred to became more and more insistent. Zudora must die. When he faced this inevitability for the first time he was genuinely horrified. He was her uncle; her mother had been his sister; the girl was his flesh and blood. But the constant recurrence of an evil desire gradually lessens the abhorrence of it. Today in Hassam Ali's mind there remained no shreds of compunction, only a desire to accomplish the deed without in any manner directing suspicion toward him. So to this one object he now turned the brilliant powers of his abnormally evil mind. Zudora must die. But how?

In a few days she would be eighteen. On that day she would become enormously rich. He must rid himself of her before she had time to appreciate what the power of money meant. But how? In what subtle, cunning man



Striking the German Across the Face.

ner that would make it impossible for the law to trace the deed to him? And there was another obstacle rising slowly, but surely and formidably, over the horizon—love. Youth and the necessity of love, these menaced the plans of Hassam Ali. He had tolerated this keen eyed, clean lived young lawyer, John Storm, because he had in a way relieved him of the trial of finding entertainment for Zudora. The time had come for Storm to be sent about his business.

One night while he was dreaming over the past, marveling over the strange crust of cynicism which overlaid his sense of moral obligation, Hassam saw his way. Zudora was interested in detective work and had often