

of smoke with his frowning eyes.

"She's my girl," he said at length.

"and I'm goin' to have 'er."

"I thought you said she wasn't," put in Reginald suspiciously.

"Well, she don't know that, does she?" Devon retorted. "Nobody knows but you and Ede, besides me."

"She's a beauty," sighed Reggie, his voice lowered to a growl. "I'd marry her if she didn't have cent."

"You don't need to make any such sacrifice, old horse," said Devon. "Your eyes will bung out of your head when you hear her name."

Reginald argued he should know who the girl was before he married her, but Uriah wouldn't give up his secret. Indeed, he unfolded to the prospective husband how he planned to capture Tonnibell, and sent Reggie away convinced, red hot to perform his part in the scheme. At last, he was to have the girl he wanted and money too.

The next morning Reggie approached his mother with an air of secrecy.

"A minute, mater," he said softly. "Just a minute! I've seen Tony Devon's father. Here! Now sit down, old lady, while I tell you something."



"Ry Says the Only Way is to Kidnap Her Bodily."

Ry says the only way is to kidnap her bodily and force her to marry the man he promised her to," the boy explained. "What do you think of that?"

"Paul would kill him," gasped Mrs. Curtis, her eyes taking on an expression of fear.

"He won't have a chance if Devon works out his present scheme," replied Reggie, "but you and Kathie have to help us."

In the terror that overtook her, Mrs. Curtis shook her head.

"I don't want anything to do with it," she objected, wobbling in tears.

"We'd lose our home. Paul and John would turn us out. They've threatened to many a time!"

"Well, when I assure you our beloved cousins won't know anything about it, not even after it's over, won't you try to help us?" queried the young man. "Now, if it goes through all right, you catch Cousin John on the rebound, and Kathie'd be sure to rope in Phil."

"What joy that would be!" ejaculated Mrs. Curtis. "What about it?"

Then Reggie told her, in very low tones, the plan they had concocted.

"You talk it over with Kathie," he advised, lighting a cigarette, "and you'll have to see Devon about the money."

"I'll get it for him if I have to sell my jewels and Kathie's too," promised the woman, her eyes sparkling in anticipation. "I'll go and tell her right away."

Meanwhile, all unconscious that Uriah Devon had been released from prison and was conspiring against her, Tonnibell Devon was entering heart and soul into the Salvation Army work with Philip. Each evening she went with him to headquarters where her fresh, young voice and her kindness drew many a poor soul for comfort and courage.

One week after Reginald Curtis had confided his secret to his mother, and she had told it over again in whispers to Katherine, at an hour when the Pendlehaven brothers were absent, Uriah Devon came quietly to the house. Reggie met him and took him immediately to Mrs. Curtis' room.

Uriah paused embarrassedly before her, made a curt bow and twisted his fingers.

"Sit down, Ry," invited Reggie. "Now tell my mother how you are going to carry this thing out."

Uriah sat on the edge of a chair.

"I ain't goin' to do anything, or tell what I'm goin' to do, till I get the money," he said crisply. "I've got to have five thousand dollars first."

"Five thousand dollars, old lady," grinned Reggie, turning to his mother.

"You'll have to cough up. . . .

"Now, for God's sake, don't cry! Digg!"

"I'll need the whole five thousand to get 'er away, and to keep 'er after I get 'er. She's come streakin' back if I don't rope 'er up."

"I'll get the money for you tomorrow," sighed Mrs. Curtis, wiping her eyes, "and you mustn't come here when my cousins are home." She relapsed into silence and then added: "I warn you against—against Philip MacCauley too."

        \* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Curtis had been all eyes and ears for even the slightest happening in the Pendlehaven home, since she had almost stripped her jewel-box and Katherine's to get the money Tony's father demanded. Now she had it tucked away, ready to deliver it, but as the time went by and she

had no chance to send for Uriah to come for his daughter, she began to give up hope that the house would ever be rid of the presence which was a constant thorn in her flesh. But it does seem that sooner or later Fate plays the lucky cards into the hands of the undeserving, and so it happened in the case of the conspirators against Tonnibell Devon. Like all things waited for, the opportunity came one day while the family was at dinner.

Philip MacCauley entered in great excitement.

"You look as if you had swallowed the sun, my dear lad," smiled Doctor Paul.

"I've got to go away," flushed the boy, laughing, "and I won't go alone." He gazed meaningfully at Tonnibell.

"Pardon my rushing in this way, but—but I want Tony to go with me."

Mrs. Curtis flashed him a dark look.

He rarely paid her, or her frowning daughter, any attention nowadays, so he did not notice that a pallor settled on Katherine's face, or that her fork fell from her limp fingers to the plate.

The mother saw her daughter's mental distress, however, and studied the young man's face, groaning to herself.

He had grown so manly and handsome in the past two years, and he was the one person she desired for her son-in-law. He was rich, too, which only added to his attractiveness.

"You might consider a little more, my boy," Doctor John spoke in a deep voice.

An embarrassed laugh from Philip's lips.

"There isn't any secret about it," he answered. "I'm going to work for the Salvation Army for a year, longer perhaps, and it would be too much to ask me to go all by myself."

Lines appeared between Doctor Paul's brows. At last the day had come when he must give up the girl who had taken a rare place among those he held dearest. He noticed with a quick sigh that Tony's eyes deepened softly, and her red lips were parted in a smile.

"It'll hurry up our marriage a little," Philip continued, "but—but—"

The sound of a chair scraping back from the table broke off his statement.

"Then we'll adjourn and talk it over," remarked Doctor John. "You ask a mighty big thing, Phil, when you demand our little girl without more warning."

"Little girl," sneered Mrs. Curtis, after the four had left the dining room. It happened, much to her surprise, that Doctor John sought her out within the hour.

"Those children have won Paul and me over. Sarah," he said a little grimly. "They're going to be married a week from today. It won't be much trouble to prepare the house, will it? You needn't make a fuss. It'll be quiet. Tony can buy everything she needs in New York on her honeymoon."

In the rage that overtook her, Mrs. Curtis wished the speaker dead at her feet.

"The house isn't mine, Cousin John," she said maliciously, "but, of course, I'll do what I can, although Katherine isn't at all well. I fear the child is going to be ill."

Doctor John found Katherine with her eyes dull and heavy, prescribed for her, and, before leaving the room, announced:

"Paul and I are going over to Syracuse tomorrow afternoon to make a few purchases, but we'll be back on the night train. Stay in bed, Kathie, until morning, and you'll be all right."

The moment he had disappeared, Katherine sprang up.

"Tomorrow they're going away! You heard, you heard, mother?" she cried. "Now then, where's Reggie?"

"Darling," advised Mrs. Curtis, moved to tears by her daughter's distress, "I have a premonition! We'd better not interfere at all. Oh, child, if you could only get your mind off that boy! He isn't worthy of a love like yours. We've got a nice home—"

"Nice home!" burled back Katherine, wildly. "Nice home! Look what she's got! Just think of her and then of me! Oh, God, that such misery could be in the world! I'll never forgive you, mamma, if you don't keep your promise to me."

"Don't say that, darling, don't," groaned Mrs. Curtis. "I'll see your brother, and who knows?" she brightened and smiled through her tears; "who knows but that that horrid girl will be gone by tomorrow night?"

(To be continued next week.)

CITATION FOR LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION.

The State of South Carolina—County of Bamberg, By J. J. Brabham, Jr., Probate Judge.

Whereas, E. C. Hays has made suit to me to grant him Letters of Administration of the Estate and Effects of Mrs. Hibernia J. Hays.

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said Mrs. Hibernia J. Hays, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the court of probate, to be held at Bamberg, on the 23rd day of May, next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand this 11th day of May, Anno Domini 1921.

J. J. BRABHAM, JR.

Judge of Probate.

5-19.

Judge of Probate.

S. G. MAYFIELD

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BAMBERG, S. C.

## USE PUREBRED BOARS

Inferior Sires a Great Handicap.

Clemson College, May 2.—With the increased interest in swine in the state, there will be a large demand for breeding animals. On account of this demand, a number of persons will be tempted to use inferior boars and sows. While it cannot be hoped to have all of the sows purebred at this time, yet there is no excuse for the use of grade or scrub boars. There are sufficient purebred boars, if properly distributed and properly managed, to make every market hog in the state at least fifty percent purebred.

Why the Purebred Sire?

There are six good reasons for using a purebred boar.

1. Larger and stronger pigs are produced.
2. The pigs grow faster and make cheaper gains.
3. The pigs reach market weight sooner.
4. The pigs are more uniform.
5. The pigs meet the market demand, thereby bringing a higher price.
6. Pork production is made more profitable.

On account of the increased value of the litters produced, any farmer with eight or ten sows could well afford to keep a purebred boar. At least, several farmers in a neighborhood could co-operate in the purchase and use of a purebred boar.

At this time when every advantage must be taken to realize a profit from farming operations, let no one handicap himself by using inferior stock.

Let your animals march with the purebreds."

"BETTER Sires—BETTER STOCK"

To Control Chicken Lice.

Sodium Fluorid Most Satisfactory.

Clemson College, May.—Poultry lice do not suck blood. They feed on portions of the feathers or on the scales of the skin. The greatest loss from lice is possibly that of young chickens, which may become infested from the mother hen, even before they become dry after leaving the egg shell. Though there are several kinds of poultry lice, they can all be controlled by the same method.

Control.

Sodium fluorid appears to be the most satisfactory chemical to use for the control of all kinds of poultry lice. The treatment must be thorough, and every fowl in the poultry yard must be treated, because if one infested chicken escapes, it may then be but a short time until the entire flock is again infested. The commercial form of sodium fluorid may be obtained at most drug stores. Small amounts or "pinches" of this chemical should be placed on different parts of the body of the chicken as follows: Place the fowl on a table in an open vessel, hold the legs and wings in one hand, and with the other hand place a small pinch of the chemical next to the skin among the feathers on the head, neck each thigh, underside of spread wings, and distribute by pushing the fingers among the feathers. One pound will treat about 100 hens. For young chicks the head, back and body are the only parts that are necessary to treat.

Precautions.

Wash the hands thoroughly after using chemical. It will not injure the hands, but it is frequently irritable to sores. It should of course never be taken internally.

The reading farmer is the leading farmer. Do you take a good farm paper and do you get the bulletins from your agricultural college?

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets). It stops the Cough and Headache and relieves the Cold. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 30c.

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