

(Continued from page 6, column 4.)

"Who says so—the police? Gott! It could not kill a man. Why you tell me this—why?"

"Oh, only because I thought you might be interested. However, let's not talk about it any more. You will settle that account before the close of banking hours tomorrow?"

"I? Yes, I will settle."

There was the sound of a foot on the cement floor of the corridor without, and almost at the same instant the electric light, which had been turned on, revealed a man's shadow on the glass of the closed door. He seemed to stand there hesitatingly; then he rapped with his knuckles on the glass.

I flattened myself out against the inner wall of the closet, aware that the two in the second office were coming forward together. Wine giving vent to a startled oath in his excitement. He strode straight to the door, and opened it with a jerk.

"You, hey! What the devil do you want here?"

"A word with you, and d—n quick—"

It was Waldron's voice, but his speech ended abruptly, as his eyes caught sight of the woman. She wasted no time.

"I was just going," she said calmly, ignoring him, but speaking directly to Wine. "I will see you tomorrow then."

She passed between the two, without so much as favoring the Russian with a glance, and he stared after her with open mouth, then stepped back to watch her progress down the corridor. Wine drew him hastily aside, closing the door tightly and shooting the night-latch.

"The d—n girl never locks this door when she goes out," he muttered angrily, wheeling about to face the other. "Now, speak up, will you! what sends you butting in here?"

"Well, first you tell me," thundered Waldron, gripping the other angrily with one hand, "what business that female has with you? By God, Wine, if you are trying to double-cross, you'll find me no easy mark. Answer, you cur—what was she here for?"

"Nothing, only private business."

"You promised to see her tomorrow?"

"Yes, it was to pay a note. Come in here, and I'll explain all. There's nothing to frighten you, Waldron."

The two disappeared into the inner room, Waldron's voice still rumbling, with Wine interjecting a word now and then. I ventured to stand erect again in the confines of the closet, and press my ear to the crack of the inner door. Both men were confident of being alone, and so deeply immersed in their own affair as to speak with little restraint. Waldron, really affrightened at this discovery of Miss Gessler, adopted the method of a bully to carry his point, more eager than ever to escape the city.

"Well," he began, thumping the desk with a fist, "now you begin to spill. Don't try to work any game on me. What do you mean by paying a note? You owe her something?"

"No; now listen, and don't get mad. I tell you just how it was," and Wine endeavored to be smooth and plausible, his voice pitched so low I had difficulty in hearing the words. "She said I was to succeed Alva, and be the revolutionary agent; partly she came to tell me this, but some way she learning of my indebtedness, that I have an overdue note at the bank—"

"How the h—l did she know that?"

"I could not tell," apparently surprised himself. "I never asked, but maybe Krantz he told her. When they talked over my being given charge of the fund—yes, that must be the way, for she insisted I must straighten that matter up quick, before other money was given me."

"What other money?"

"That which is sent from across the water for the cause."

"Oh, I see; there is more coming then."

"Coming, yes; maybe some is here already."

"How much did you owe the bank, Wine?"

"Between eight and nine thousand; it is overdue three months; now I promise to pay it all up tomorrow."

"Oh, you did, hey! out of that stuff, I suppose?"

"Were else I get it, you think? Mein Gott, I have no more."

"Say," burst out Waldron suspiciously, "that's all right, but what bothers me is why this girl should hit you for it at just this particular time. Krantz must have sent her, but what made them think you had money now? It ain't very likely they was just takin' a chance, is it? I believe that is all a d—n lie; they haven't got any more coming. Only I do think they imagined you might have some on hand."

"How they imagine that?"

"Search me, Wine; only I happen to know there is a h—l of a lot going on under the surface. It don't look good to me, they jumping you just at this time."

"What you mean? You have not spilled nothing?"

"Me!" he laughed roughly. "D—n it, I'm not the spilling kind. There's been plenty o' fellers after the dope, let me tell you, but I've let 'em hunt. Say, I've had to laugh sometimes the way they've been fooled. You know that guy who called himself Horner?"

"Sure—a smart fellow."

"You bet he is; a d—n sight smarter than you think. He ain't Horner at all, if you ask me; his right name was Harris, as slick a crook as ever lived."

"Harris? a crook? What was it I saw in the paper? Wasn't he the

same guy what was croaked last night?"

"You bet he was; that's what I'm telling you about; that's why I come up here to get this off my chest. He biffed this fellow Horner coming over, blew in with all his papers, an' started negotiatin' with Krantz and Alva. He an' Alva got awful thick."

"I know; what was the game?"

"To get that check into cash, of course. He hung around for that purpose for weeks, an' then missed out."

"An' you knew him, an' never said a word?"

"Sure I knew him, first time I got eyes on the bloater; but what was it to me? I'm not in this business for my health, Wine. I never gave a d—n who got hands on that stuff, so I had my grab at it. Harris an' I had it framed; that's why I was out there, waitin' for a signal from him. But when you beat him to it, I'd just as soon be your running mate as his."

"Hush! don't talk so loud! And now you say Harris is dead?"

"As a mackerel; he couldn't be no deader. But that was my house where he was croaked, an' so I got to get out o' town. The police ain't wise so far, but they might tumble if I hang around."

"That why you come here?"



"Hush! Don't Talk So Loud!"

"Exactly; I've got to have some rino right away, and it's up to you to see that I'm healed. You know where the stuff is, and how to get it quick."

"I wouldn't dare use that money yet; I haven't even opened the bag."

"The h—l you wouldn't! You are goin' to cop off enough to pay that note tomorrow, ain't you? That's what you promised the girl. Well, I'm just as important as she is, I reckon, and I'm goin' to have my share, you bet, or else I'll make it hot for you—I'll say that."

"You haven't nothing but your own word."

"Ain't I! Say, Wine, don't be a fool; there are others beside us that's got a nose in this affair. There's a saloonkeeper down on Sixth avenue, named Costigan, who's got all o' Harris' dope, an' he's goin' to keep on the trail. Then there's another fellow who's liable to raise h—l. I ain't got him exactly placed yet, but he's the guy that led up to Harris being killed. I'm the only one what knows that, an' I ain't talked before."

"Who is he—a detective?"

"Maybe; Harris called him Severn. They got the guy down into Costigan's and the three of us slugged him. They patched him up, and then locked him into a back room over in my place. The next morning they was goin' to give him the third degree. Then with him safe, Harris went after this girl, thinking she would be made to talk. I didn't want to trouble with Harris, ner Costigan either for the matter of that—they're both of 'em bad actors."

"Well, then, what happened?"

"That's mostly guess-work. They had this guy Severn locked in upstairs. He was unconscious when we dumped him there, and later, when my wife got this girl to come over—she was raised in the same town—Harris he turned the key on her. They was aiming to bring them together the next morning, but somehow Severn must have woke up, an' got out o' the room, for the next thing I know'd he was fightin' Harris out in the hall, an' after that I found the girl had skipped out durin' the fracas."

"They both got away?"

"Clean, leaving Harris behind with his skull busted; deader than a door-nail when I got to him."

"And you don't know who this Severn is or what he is up to?"

"No, I don't, Wine, but he's sure got some game on, an' he's got my goat. He's in with the girl all right, and knows too d—n much. That's what makes me leery about her being here pumpin' you."

"She didn't pump me."

"You mean to say the two of you didn't talk about Alva?"

"We talked about him, of course; we couldn't help it, but she never hinted at nothing, and she didn't ask no questions. Only it seems they've found out one thing that hasn't been reported by the police—she knew what he was killed with."

"What's that! She told you what stuck him?"

"You bet she did; she had one of 'em herself, an' took it out of her hat, and put it right down here on

the desk. I thought for a second I was going to keel over, but she didn't notice, just went on talkin'. How do yer suppose she ever found that out?"

"Severn told her, that's how. It was dropped there in the dark. That feller got it some way, and hid it in his valise. That was what made Harris so sure he was in on the job, because he ralded the room at some hotel and found the thing."

"You don't imagine the girl is playin' us?"

"I don't imagine nuthin', but I'm playin' safe. I don't know what the h—l either of them are up to, but I figure they know too d—n much, an' I ain't goin' to take any chances hangin' round till they nose out the rest. That's my idea, to skip out while there's some chance to get away. So pony up my share, Wine, an' then you can do whatever you darn please with what's comin' to you. What do you say?"

I could hear the other tramping nervously back and forth across the room. His failure to answer must have angered the Russian, for, after a minute, he burst out with an oath: "D—n it, why don't yet say something? Part o' this boodle's mine, ain't it?"

"Y—yes—of course."

"Well, then, cough it up! Where did you plant the stuff?"

"It's put away in a safety vault," Wine explained, his voice almost failing him. "Honest, Waldron, I can't get it tonight, it's too late. The bank is locked, and I haven't opened it."

"You're a liar! You never dared to lug the thing around! You wouldn't be seen with it in your hand in daylight. I know you, you sneaking cur. You brought the stuff straight to this office that night, and, by God, I believe it is here yet. What do you want me to do—kill you, and then hunt? That is what's goin' to happen, unless you come across, too. I'll shake the gizzard out of you, you little sneak. If you try any trick on me."

He must have gripped the other, for there was a struggle. Wine whimpering as though half choked.

"Speak up, you cur! This thing divides fifty-fifty. Where is it now? What's that—behind those books? H—l, I wouldn't believe you under oath. Go get it out from there; let's have a look at the stuff."

He must have flung the other clear across the room, for he came down sprawling, his body striking against the door of the closet, behind which I crouched. The catch broke under the impact, and, before I could draw back, I was in full view of both men.

(To be continued next week.)

LARGE CHANGES IN CROPS

Heavy Reduction in Acreage of Cotton, Rice and Tobacco.

The cotton belt has this year recorded an unprecedented change in the ratios of the acreage devoted to leading crops. A change of 5 per cent. in the country-wide acreage of a major crop is unusual, 10 per cent is rare, and 15 per cent. is unknown except under extraordinary conditions, such as arose during the war, or in the case of fall-sown grains when severe winter killing may result in extreme changes.

The 10 leading cotton states of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma and Arkansas have cut their cotton 10,194,000 acres, or 28 per cent. from last year, according to figures compiled by the Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates, United States Department of Agriculture. In addition they reduced rice 450,000 acres, or 39 per cent., and tobacco 262,000 acres, or 32 per cent., a total reduction of these three crops of 10,900,000 acres. These reductions which were due to the unsatisfactory prices for last year's crops resulting from financial deflation, coupled with heavy stocks and lessened buying, are partly offset by increases in the acreages of staple food and feed crops in these states.

Corn shows a gain of 4,521,000 acres, or 13 per cent.; wheat 607,000 acres or ten per cent.; oats 740,000 acres, or 13 per cent.; hay 413,000 acres, or 5 per cent.; sorghum and cane, 79,000 acres, or 10 per cent.; and potatoes 123,000 acres, or 10 per cent.; a total increase in these six crops of 6,483,000 acres. Further offsets to the remaining difference of 4,423,000 acres exist in increased plantings of cowpeas, soy beans, velvet beans and other less important crops. Alabama alone reported increased plantings of 834,000 acres of the three crops named, but these are largely planted in with corn and are, therefore, included in the acreage of that crop.

The larger part of the 4,423,000 acres unaccounted for has gone back into pasture or is left idle. The land in cultivation during the past few years has been considerably in excess of the plantings in the prewar period, the area under cultivation in the United States in 1920 having been about 10 per cent. greater than the average acreage tilled for the years 1910-1914. The net reduction in the cotton states still leaves in cultivation a larger acreage than before the war.

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If you want to buy or sell anything use The Herald Want column.

A TONIC

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic restores Energy and Vitality by Purifying and Enriching the Blood. When you feel its strengthening, invigorating effect, see how it brings color to the cheeks and how it improves the appetite, you will then appreciate its true tonic value.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is simply Iron and Quinine suspended in syrup. So pleasant even children like it. The blood needs QUININE to Purify it and IRON to Enrich it. Destroys Malarial germs and Grip germs by its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. 60c.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

United States District Court.—Eastern District of South Carolina. In Bankruptcy. In the matter of J. W. Copeland, Jr., Bankrupt. To the Creditors of the said Bankrupt:

Take notice that on the 6th day of July, 1921, a petition for discharge of the above named bankrupt was filed in this Court and that a hearing was ordered and will be had thereon on the 16th day of August, 1921, before said Court at Charleston, S. C., in said district, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and that all creditors and other persons in interest may appear at said time and place and show cause if any they have why the prayer of the said petition should not be granted.

RICHARD W. HUTSON, Clerk.

S-11



Indigestion

Many persons, otherwise vigorous and healthy, are bothered occasionally with indigestion. The effects of a disordered stomach on the system are dangerous, and prompt treatment of indigestion is important. "The only medicine I have needed has been something to aid digestion and clean the liver," writes Mr. Fred Ashby, a McKinney, Texas, farmer. "My medicine is

Thedford's BLACK-DRAUGHT

for indigestion and stomach trouble of any kind. I have never found anything that touches the spot, like Black-Draught. I take it in broken doses after meals. For a long time I tried pills, which gripped and didn't give the good results. Black-Draught liver medicine is easy to take, easy to keep, inexpensive. Get a package from your druggist today—Ask for and insist upon Thedford's—the only genuine. Get it today.

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No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with Worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a general strengthener to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head

Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine, and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE, 30c.

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Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Instantly relieves Itching Piles, and you can get restful sleep after the first application. Price 60c.

NOTICE OF DISCHARGE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Robert Williams, deceased, will on the 19th day of August, 1921, file his final report as such administrator with the judge of Probate for Bamberg county, and at said time will ask for Letters of Discharge as such administrator. J. R. CHITTY, Administrator.

July 25th, 1921.

Have you seen that 25c box paper at Herald Book Store, all colors.



Every dollar of idle, hidden or hoarded money is a traitor to the great cause of humanity today.

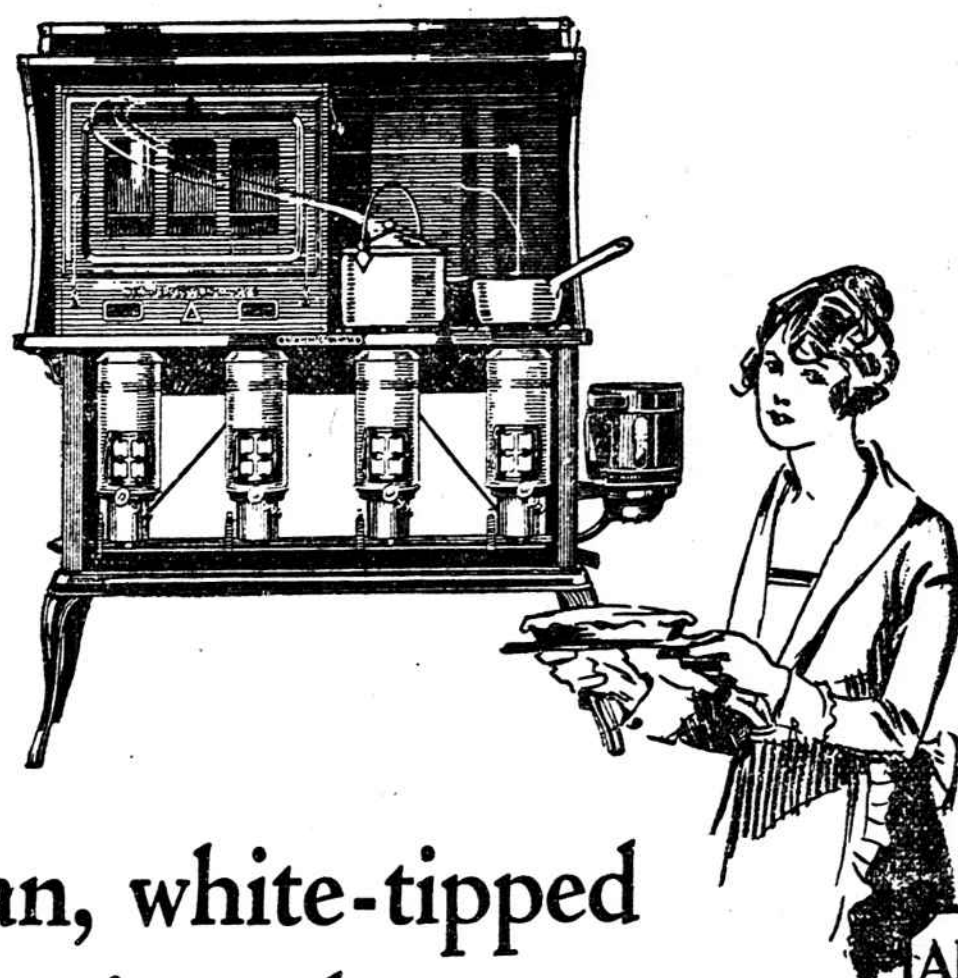
MONEY IN THE BANK IS NOT IDLE

Every dollar there stands for credits that may be used for reconstruction finance or as a basis for business expansion and larger production—also helping to maintain prosperity.

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