By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE Soften of "The Fortune Hanter," "The Brass Bowl," "The Black Bog," etc. Restrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

CHAPTER LI.

The New Judith. From sleep as from drugged stupor lips to his cheek-a caress so light maith Trine awakened, struggling to consciousness like some exhausted diver from the black depths to he star-smitten surface of a night- silent sobs, she looked squarely into

and for a little she lay unstirring, her half-numb wits fumbling with ther business of renewing acquaintance with the world.

t first she could by no means recze her surroundings. This rude nber of rough plank walls and nitive furnishings; this wide, hard th she shared with her still slumng sister, Rose: the view revealed an open window at the bedside: a fair perspective of tree-clad mountains through which a wide-bosomed sayon rolled down to an emerald plain, conveyed nothing to her intel-

formless sense of some epochal change in the habits and mental procs of a young lifetime, added to

ho was she herseld this strange creature who rested here so calmly by the side of Pose? If she were Judith Tring how came she to be Irreconcilable opposites in my phase of character, the sisters had sedulously avoided association each other ever since childhood: had not shared the shelter of walls overnight since time bethe bounds of Judith's memory. t, then, had so changed them both they should be found in such

company? nat indeed, had become of the thing, Judith Trine of yesterday? Surely she had little enough in comwith this Judith of today, in shose heart was no more room for . hatred, malice or any uncharitless, so full was it of love which, hough it was focused upon the person ne man, none the less embraced the world-even her sister and recessful rival in that one man's affections.

This change had not come upon her without warning. She had been al-: insensibly aware of its advent ugh the gradual softening of that old Judith's hard and vengeful nature the course of the last few days. now that the revolution was acconplished, she hardly knew herselfhardly knew the world, indeed, so differently did she regard it-not amout something of the wide-eyed wo derment of a child to find all gs so new and strange and beauti-

and this was the work of Love! the chain of memories was quite complete, no link lacking in its inuity. She recalled clearly every inclient that had marked the slow growth of this great love she had for Alan Law, from that first day, not yet a month old, when he had escaped the low deathtrap she had set for him and repaid her only by risking his life anew to save her from destruction, on to this very morning when the aream from a hydraulic nozzle had t over the brink of a three hunfoot precipice a crimson racing nobile containing two desperate bent upon compassing the death er beloved.

that act of sheer self-defense

world was richer for the loss of black-hearted blackguards, and Law might now be considered sale from further persecution-since there now remained not one soul loyal aigh to Seneca Trine to prosecute private war of vengeance against 1. And though that aged monoiac had means whereby he might chase other scoundrels and corthem to his hideous purposes, was determined that he should er again have any opportunity so lo. Though Alan, she knew, would er lift his hand to hinder her ier's freedom of action, she, Judith, ant to take such steps as his perseion called for. If there were any tice in the land-if there were any inists capable of discriminating been Trine's apparent sanity and his p-rooted mania-then surely not my days more should pass into hisy without witnessing his consignnt to an institution for the crimi-

the, Judith, would see to that, and

The woman sighed once more. Then Rose and Alan would marry d live happily ever after. But what of Judith?

She made a small gesture of resignation to her destiny. What became her no longer mattered, so that Alan were made happy in such hapness as he coveted.

And now tipe thought stirred her sarply that what was to be done anust be done quickly, if at all.

And the all most level rays of the sciining sun, striking in through the counseled haste if Judith sen window. were to acco aplish her intention of place and finding her efore nightfall. caving this ther again

With the p tmost care she rose from to the door of the room ine bed, crep ed as the quarters of the now recogni hydraulic mining outnto the room adjoining. st) and out ulling the door to gently And there. behind her, s in tensestrung contemminutes stood plation of th man she loved-Alan Law asleep

his head pil This was le -and he wo Far bette not trust he him without

threatened to o time she forced herse

Tin Roofing and Hot Air Furnaces SOUTH MAIN STREET,

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance Like a thief she stole across the creaking floor to Alan's side, hesitated. bent her head to his and touched her

that he slept on in ignorance of it. Then, as she lifted her head and stood erect, bosom convulsed with the face of Rose.

CHAPTER LII.

The Old Adam. A long minute elapsed before either

woman moved or spoke. Transfixed beside Alan's chair, steadying herself with a hand upon its back. Judith stared at the figure in the doorway, in a temper at once discomfited and defiant. With this she suffered a phase of incredulity, was scarce able to persuade herself that this was truly Rose who confronted her-Rose whose sweet and gentle nature had ever served as the butt of Judith's contempt and ruthless

Hera was revolution with a venge when Rose threatened and Judith shrank! It was as if the women had ex-

changed natures while they slept. The countenance that Rose showed her sister was a thundercloud rent by the lurid lightning of her angry eyes. Her pose was tense and alert, like the pose of an animal set to spring. In her hand hung a revolver, the same (Judith's hand sought the holster at her hip and found it empty) that her sister had worn and forgotten to remove when she dropped, half-dead with fatigue, upon the bed.

And slowly, toward the end of that long, mute minute, the girl's grasp tightened upon the grip of the weapon and its muzzle lifted.

Remarking this, a flash of her one time temper quickened Judith. Of a sudden, with a start, she crossed the floor in a single, noiseless stride, and threw herself before her sister.

"Well?" she demanded hotly. "What are you waiting for? Nobody's stopping you: why don't you shoot?"

The upward movement of the hand was checked; the weapon hung level to Judith's breast-as level and unequivocal as the glance that probed her eves and the tone of Rose's voice as she demanded:

"What were you doing there?" "If you must know from me what you already know on the evidence of your eyes-I was bidding good-by to the man I love-kissing him without his knowledge or consent before leaving him to you for good and all!"

"That I'm going away-that I can't stand this situation any longer. Marrophat and Jimmy are dead, my father's helpless-and I mean to see that he remains so. Nothing, then, stands in the way of your marrying Alan but me. And such being the case-and because he's as dear to me as he is to you-I'm going to take myself off and keep out of the way."

"For fear, lest he find out that you ove him?" Judith's lip curled. "Do you think

him so witless he doesn't know that already?" "And so you leave him to me out of

your charity! Is that it?" "Any way you like. But if it's so intolerable to you to think that I dare love him and confess it to you—if you begrudge me the humiliation of stooping to kiss a man who doesn't want my kisses-if you are so afraid of losing him while I live and love him-very well, then!"

With a passionate gesture Judith tore open the bosom of her waist, offering her flesh to the muzzle of the

A cry broke from the lips of Rose that was like the cry of a forlorn child punished with cruelty that passes its understanding. She fell back against the wall. The revolver swept up through the air-but its mark was her own head rather than Judith's

But before her finger found strength to pull the trigger the man at the table, startled from his sleep by the sound of angry voices, leaped from his chair with a violence that sent it clattering to the floor, and hurled himself headlong across the room, imprisoning the wrist of his betrothed with one hand while the other wrested the weapon away and passed it to

"Rose!" he cried thickly, "what does this mean? Are you mad? Judith-" Dragging the bosom of her waist together, Judith thrust the weapon into its holster and turned away.

"Be kind to her, Alan," she said in an uncertain voice: "She didn't understand and-and I goaded her beyond endurance, I'm afraid. Forgive mebut be kind to her always!"

Somehow, blindly, she stumbled out of the cabin into the open, possessed by a thought whose temptation was stronger than her powers of resistance. What Rose had failed to accomplish might now serve to resolve Judith's problem. . . . None, she told herself, bitterly, would seek to hinder her. But she meant so to arrange the matter that none should see or suspect and be moved to interfere.

Round the shoulder of the mountain, on the road along the edge of the se paused and for many cliff, she was sure of freedom from

If-preservation was stronger than rpose: when a touring car swung he mountain and shot toward hecked herself hastily and de in ample time to escape

instant the machine was a halt and the sonorous facturing house, before a meeting of advertising men in Atlanta. eneca Trine were saluting

You here! What the devil!

DAVE BURNS, Send Seur next order for prinel: ting to not advertise. Why the merchant in a comparative to the sentinel and town an reach hore possible customers per dollar. The Sentinel and the space than the big fellow in New York or the sentinel and the s have it printe not

Digging the nails of her fingers paining her self-control in so short a space of time that her father failed to ap- moments. preciate that there was anything uncommon in the mind of the girl.

"Where?" he demanded angrily as she approached the car, "where, I want to know, are Marrophat and Jimmy? Haven't you seen or heard anything of them? They left me at six o'clock this morning, to go after-" "Dead!" the girl interrupted, sen-

tentious, eyeing him strangely. "I don't believe it!" the old man screamed, aghast. "I won't believe it. You're lying to me, you jade! You're

"I am not." she broke in coldly. am telling you the plain truth . . They followed us all morning in that red racer, firing at us all the while. Finally they caught up with us here, about noon-came up this road shooting over the windshield. It was our lives or theirs. We turned the hydraulic stream on them and washed the car over the cliff. If you don't believe me, get somebody to show you their | tilt into a shallow ditch on the right,

She indicated with a gesture two a broken pod. forms that lay at a little distance back from the roadside, motionless beneath a sheet of canvas—the bodies of Trine's creatures, recovered by the mining gang and brought up for a Christian burial.

faces.'

But Trine required no more confirmation of Judith's word. The light flickered and died in his evil old eyes; his stricken countenance assumed a hue of pallor even more intense than was normal with it; a broken curse issued from his trembling, thin, old lips; and his chin sagged to his chest, heavy-weighted with despair that followed realization of the fact that he no longer owned even one friend or a very considerable distance from the creature upon whose conscienceless loyalty he might depend.

The last bitter drop that brimmed his cup of misery was added when Alan Law himself appeared, leaving the miners' cabin in company with his betrothed-Rose now soothed and comforted, smiling through the traces of her recent tears as she clung to her lover, nestling in the hollow of

To Alan, on the other hand, this rencontre seemed to afford nothing but the pleasantest surprise imagin-

"Well!" he cried, releasing Rose and running down to the car. "Here's luck! And at the very moment when I was calling my lucky star hard names! How can I ever reward your thoughtfulness, Mr. Trine? It beats me how you do keep track of me this

way—happening along like this every

"Drive on!" Trine screamed to the

But Judith had stepped up on the

running board and was eyeing the

driver coldly, with one hand signifi-

cantly resting on the butt of the

weapon at her side. The car remained

Sulphurous profanity followed, a

pungent stream of vituperation that

was checked only by Judith's inter

ruption: "We've had to gag you once

before, you know. If you want another

"But where's Barcus?" Judith de-

manded when, after helping Rose into

the car and running off to thank their

"Goodness only knows," the young

man answered cheerfully. "He would

insist on rambling off down the can-

yon in search of an alleged town

where we could hire a motor car-

somewhere down there. I tried to

make him understand that we had

plenty of time, but he was mulish as

he generally is when he gets a foolish

notion into his head. So I daresay

we'll meet him on his way back-or

else asleep somewhere by the road-

feur, he gave the word to drive on;

and they slipped away from the loca-

tion of the mining camp, saluted by

The road dipped sharply down the

mountainside to the bed of the canyon.

The car moved smoothly and swiftly.

coasting: only now and then was it

necessary to call upon the engine for

power with which to negotiate an up-

grade or some uncommonly long

Half an hour passed without a word

spoken by any member of the party.

Each was deep in his or her own es-

pecial preoccupation: A'ın turning

over plans for an early wedding; Rose

hugging the contentment regained

HOME PAPER WHAT COUNTS

Home Than Abroad

goods, said George W. Dodd, agent for a big eastern manu-

ones advertise in their home papers. I can check over the

sales reports right now and show you which mend ants are

rates made necessary by the big pa me paper reaches ne severy possil

It is the home paper, in the smaller cities, which sells our

cheers from the miners.

stretch of level road.

hosts. Alan returned alone to the car.

chauffeur. "Drive on, do you hear?"

time I need a car the worst way in

the world!'

at a standstill.

taste of that-keep on!"

through her lover's protestations; Judith lost in profoundest melancholy; Trine nursing his rage, working himfully into her palms, she breathed self up into a silent fury whose consedeep, fighting down hysteria, reassert- quences were to be more far-reaching

The aged monomaniac occupied the

Without the least warning his left

hand closed upon the weapon, with-

drew it and leveled it at the back of

As he pulled the trigger Judith flung

Even so, the bullet found a goal

though in another than the intended

victim. The muscular forearm of the

With a shriek of pain the man re

Before Alan could move to prevent

the disaster the car, running without

a guiding hand, caromed off a low

embankment to the left and shot full-

en-passenger touring car halted in the

roadway indicated the manner in which

his friend had arrived on the scene

When damages were assessed it

was found that none of the party had

suffered seriously but the chauffeur

and Seneca Trine himself. The former

had only his wound to show however,

while Trine lay still and senseless at

Nothing but a barely perceptible

respiration and intermittently flutter

ing pulse persuaded them that the

CHAPTER LIII.

The Last Trump.

day following the motor spill, Judith

sat in the deeply recessed window of

a bedchamber on the second floor of

hotel situated in the heart of Cali-

Behind her Seneca Trine sat, ap-

parently asleep, in a wheeled invalid

There was no occupant of the room

days in coma, her father's subsequent

progress toward recovery of his nor-

mal state had been rapid. Now, ac

cording to a council of surgeons and

physicians who had been summoned

to deliberate on his case, he was in

a fair way to round out the average

span of a sound man's lifetime. He

had apparently suffered nothing in

consequence of his accident inore

serious than prolonged unconscious-

ness. For the last twenty-four hours

he had been in full possession of his

faculties and (for some reason impos-

sible to Judith to fathom) uncom-

From this circumstance she drew

a certain sense of mystified anxiety.

Twice in the course of the morning

she had caught his eye following her

with a gleam of sardonic exultancy,

as though he nursed some secret of

And yet (she argued) it was quite

impossible that he should have some

fresh scheme brewing for the assassin-

ation of Alan. Not a soul had had any

sort of communication with him since

his recovery but the attending sur

geon, a man of unimpeachable char-

acter, a meek-mannered trained nurse,

and herself, Judith. Under such cir-

cumstances he simply could not have

And yet . . . She was oppressed

Perhaps (she reasoned) the weath-

as its light was darkened by a por-

tentous phenomenon-a vast pall of

inky cloud shouldering up over the

mountains to the music of distant rum-

Nor was this all; a considerable de-

donable in one who, from her window,

watched a carriage-drive populous

with vehicles (for the most part mo-

tor cars) bringing to the hotel gayly

extraordinary potentialities.

set a new conspiracy afoot.

by a great uneasiness.

monly cheerful.

Though he had lain nearly two

fornia's orange-growing lands.

Lightning Kills Trine and Strikes Down Alan and Roce,

Toward the evening of the third

poor, old, pain-racked body.

herself bodily upon the arm.

chauffeur received it.

several moments.

of the accident.

wrecked automobile.

revolver in the holster on her hip.

was desperate enough.

Alan's head.

invited to the wedding of Rose Trine and Alan Law. Within another ten minutes the man Judith loved with all her body

She had told herself she was re-Its first development, for all that, signed; but she was not, and she would never be. Her heart was breaking in her bosom as she sat there, right-hand corner of the rear seat. watching, waiting, listening to the Thus his one able hand was next to ever heavier detonations of the ap-Judith, in close juxtaposition to the proaching thunderstorm and to the jubilant pealing of a great organ down

and soul would be the husband of her

The had told herself that, though resigned, she could not bear to witness the ceremony. Now as the moment drew near when the marriage South Carolina. He is also a would be a thing finished, fixed, irretrievable, she found herself unable to endure the strain alone.

Slowly, against her will, she rose and stole across the floor to her fa-

ther's chair. leased the wheel and grasped his His breathing was slow and regu lar; beyond doubt he slept; unquestionably there was no reason why she should not leave him for ten minutes; even though he waked it could not harm him to await her return at the end of that scant period.

shelling its passengers like peas from Like a guilty thing, on feet as noiseless as any sneak thief's, she crept Alan catapulted a good twenty feet from the room, closed the door sithrough the air and alighted with lently, ran down the hall and desuch force that he lay stunned for scended by a back way, a little-used staircase, to the lower hall, approach-When he came to, he found Barcus ing the scene of the marriage. helping him to his feet; a heavy sev-

Constructed in imitation of an old Spanish mission chapel, it contained one of the finest organs in the world; at this close range its deep-throated tones vied with the warnings of the storm. Judith, lurking in a passage way whose open door revealed the altar steps and chancel, was shaken to the very marrow of her being by the majestic reverberations of the

Since they had regained contact with civilization in a section of the country where the Law estate had vast holdings of land, the chapel was thronged with men and women who flame of life was not extinct in that had known Alan's father and wished to honor his son. . .

Above stairs, in the room Judith had quitted, Seneca Trine opened both eyes wide and laughed a silent laugh of savage triumph when the door closed behind his daughter. At last he was left to his own de-

vices-and at a time the most fitting imaginable for what he had in mind With a grin, Seneca Trine raised both arms and stretched them wide

Then, grasping the arms of his chair, he lifted himself from it and stood trembling upon his own feet for the first time in almost twenty years Grasping the back of the wheeled chair, he used it as a crutch to guide his feeble and uncertain movements. But these became momentarily

stronger and more confident. This, then, was the secret he had hugged to his embittered bosom, a secret unsuspected even by the at tending surgeon; that through the motor accident three days ago he had regained the use of limbs that had been stricken motionless-strangely enough, by a motor car-nearly two

Slowly but su bureau in the ! of its drawers thing he had, . seen Judith pu thought he sl

Then, with .. pocket of his dressing steered a straight if very demo course to the door, let himself out, and like a materialized specter of the Pan man he once had been, navigated the corrieor to the head of the broad ceintral staircase and step by step, clanging with both hands, negotiated

the descent. The lobby of the hotel was deserted As the ceremony approached its end every guest and servant in the house was crowding the doorway to the chapel. None opposed the progress of this ghastly vision in dressing gown and slippered feet, chuckling insanely to himself as he tottered through the empty halls and corridors, finding an almost supernatural strength to sustain him till he found himself face to face with his chosen

enemy and victim. The first that blocked his way into the chapel, a bellboy of the hotel, looked round at the first touch of the claw-like hand upon his shoulder and shrank back with a cry of terror-a cry that was echoed from half a dozen throats within another instant.

As if from the path of some grisly visitant from the world beyond the grave, the throng pressed back and cleared a way for Seneca Trine, father of the bride. And as the way opened and he looked up toward the altar and saw

Alan standing hand in hand with Rose while the minister invoked a blessing upon the union that had been but that instant cemented, added strength, the strength of the insane, was given to Seneca Trine. When Alan, annoyed by the dis-

er was responsible for this feeling, in turbance in the body of the chapel, some measure at least. The day had looked round, it was to see the aged been unconscionably hot, a day with- maniac standing within a dozen feet out a breath of air. Now, as it drew of him; and as he looked and cried toward its close its heat seemed to be out in wonder. Trine whipped a recome more and more oppressive even volver from the pocket of his dressing gown and swung it steadily to bear upon Alan's head. At that instant the storm broke

with infernal fury upon the land. A crash of thunder so heavy and prolonged that it seemed to rock the gree of restlessness was surely par very building upon its foundations, accompanied the shattering of a huge stained-glass window. A bolt of bluish flame of dazzling

brilliance slashed through the window like a flaming sword and smote the pistol in the hand of Seneca Trine, discharging the weapon even as it struck him dead.

As he fell the bolt swerved and And yet, such is the inconsistency of the human animal, the instinct for You Can Reach More People At and the woman who had just been

(Continued Next week)

cressed men and women, the guests | Pres. Easley Loan & Trust Co.

Lloyd H. Smith was elected president, succeeding his father, Dr. R. F. Smith, who recently died. Mr. Smith is probably the voungest bank president in the state, but has much native ability and has been well trained for a useful life. He is a graduate of the Easley high school, Davidson college and the law department of the University of member of the law firm of Smith & DuBose, of Pickens, and for the past several months has had charge of the Easley office of that firm. At the same meeting Judge T. Lathem was reelected vice president; P. M. Taylor, cashier, and A. Frank Wyatt, bookkeeper.

"Dad, I was simply great in the relay events," boasted the

boy from college. 'That's fine, son! We'll make use of them talents. Your ma will soon be ready to relay the

Says The Norfolk Virginian-"The wealthy Minnesotan who left his fortune to his lawyer saved his heirs-at-law a lot of expense and the courts a lot of trouble and time.'

We enjoyed a call from Pastor D. W. Hiott on Friday of last week. He tells us that he has moved from Easley to Pickens. This does not mean that there has been any change in his field of labor. - Baptist Courier.



WELL BALANCED MEAL.

LUNCHEON MENU. Buttermilk Muffins. Surprise Salad. Orange and Nut Glace. Chocolate.

HIS luncheon is well balanced as to food values and is light and palatable.

Buttermilk Muffins .- Take two cupfuls of flour, a tablespoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of soda, a cupful of buttermilk and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Mix in the order given and beat thoroughly. Bake in a hot oven. Use For Cold Fish.

Fish Omelet.-Take cold boiled white fish, four eggs, a little white sauce, a tablespoonful of milk or cream, an ounce and a half of butter and seasonroe the fish from all skin and -- small flakes, melt a

fire till tue shake well. Shape the prepared fish in the fold in the ends.

Surprise Salad.-Take peelings from tomatoes of uniform size, scald and set on ice until cold. Scoop the inside from the tomatoes, leaving a thick shell. With half the pulp mix a few chopped walnuts and half as much chopped celery as you have pulp. Sea son with salt and pepper to task and a little sugar. Return the mixture the tomato shell and set on the ice to get cold before serving on crisp lettuce leaves with mayonnaise

A Cold Dessert. Orange and Nut Glace.-Put two cupfuls of sugar and one cupful of cold water in a saucepan over the fire Cook carefully until the sirup spins a thread. Beat the vollis of six eggs very light; pour the sirup upon them slowly, beating all the while Return to the fire and cook for one minute Strain into a bowl and beat until cold Add a teaspoonful of vanilla, one fourth of a cupful of orange juice and very finely chopped nuts if desired Turn the mixture into a freezer, and when thoroughly chilled add a pint of cream whipped to a stiff, dry froth beat well. Fill paper boxes; sprinkle with chopped nuts or grated maca roons; pack and freeze.

Anna Thompson!

The Southern Railway

Premier Carrier of the South.

N. B. The following schedule figures are published as information and ore not guaranteed:

Leaving Easley Time 42 From Seneca to Charlotte 8.28 a m Atlanta to Charlotte 1.33 p m Atianta to Charlotte 6.25 p m Charlotte to Atlanta 12.01 p m Charlotte to Atlanta 4.00 pm Charlotte to Atlanta 9 55 pm Washington to Bham 7.37 am

*Stop on signal to receive passer gers For complete information write

> W. R. TABER. P. & T. A., Greenville, S. C.

W. E. McGEE, A. G. P. A., Columbia, S. C.

CIII

"We sell to the merchants in these towns, and the live To go at a bargain. Heavy Undershirts at 40c. Men and Boys' Suits at a bargain, sizes 38 to 42. All 12 1-2c A. F. C. Ginghams at 10c. All 10c Amoskeag Ginghams at 8c.

A nice line of sample hats-\$2 values at \$1.25; \$1.50 values at advertising and which are not, just by the orders they send \$1; \$1.25 values at 75c. 10c per pound for hens. 15c per pound for hams, 16c in trade. 'It is a big mistake for the 'little merchant' to think he can- 15c per pound for nice butter. ine of Chattanooga Plows and points for same.

Yours for trade

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Easley Loan & Trust Co., at the offices of the company in Easley Tuesday Lloyd H. Smith was elected

TRY a sack of our Majestic and None Such Flour. Then you will forget high prices. It is as good as money

We carry a complete line of groceries-all fresh-and are anxious to serve you.

We are always in the market for your chickens, eggs, hams, butter, potatoes and other produce. Best prices paid for same.

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See the Covington Hill Planter. If you cant one this time please place your order early, as we will only buy as we get orders for them.

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Top Dressing Grain

shout time for you to begin to think about to we want to suggest to you that you are a hitee

as we believe it will prove satisfactory was the war When crops are top dressed mile so h makes them very tender.

takes on this quick, rapid growth and any unfavorable season a hard with it. Now, this mixed good. which we can sell you wanted your grain grow slower than soda will and when it grows slower

and we believe will give better results. Now, we are making a 9-6-0 goods-that is, 9 per cent of Phospho Acid, 6 per cent of Ammonia and no Potash, which we can sell vo for \$30 a ton. That will put on as rapid growther never regained consistent with safety. And ther land are making a 8-2-1-1 goods and a 8-3-3 goods, both of which will make you a good top dresser for grain. If you knew weather and climatic conditions would be in what grain needs, then soda would be the thing for you to use. Bu the seasons when the weather and climatic conditions were ideal. un

will fill out better and will have a better head and make more grat

A good grain crop this year will help out a condition that may other wise be a little close with some of us. We can sell you this fertilizer for fall payment on approved paper. And while we will be delighted to sell it to you for cash, we won't re quire that from prompt paying customers. But we will sell it to you for fall payment and then you can sell your surplus grain in the surmer for cash, and this will tide you over until your cotton crop comes in. In times like this some of us will have to learn to manœuver.

less our memory is hopelessly at fault, have been few and far between

We believe it will pay you to side dress your cotton and corn with mixed goods rather than soda, for the same reason we think it was pay you better to top dress your grain with mixed goods rather life. with soda. Soda makes it take on the condition of a hothouse pl It is weak and watery and sappy and can't stand droughts on winds or any adverse conditions that it could stand if it were! lized with a mixed goods where the growth is slower and the plad stronger. Soda is not a complete fertilizer. Ammonia by that call not a complete plant food. It is not a well-balanced fertilizer. You horse or mule or cow does better on a well-balanced ration, you laborers do better on a well-balanced ration and vou do better von self on a well-balanced ration than you will if you live on just one sin gle article of diet-and so will your grain and your corn and cott and other crops. Some doctors say eating an imperfectly balance diet is one cause of pellagra. An imperior balanced plant for may be the cause of your crops taking and and alight and out troubles which crops have.

We believe it is safer to use mixed goods than it is to use said taking it one year after another.

These mixed goods should be applied carry in order for the gr to get full benefit from them. We have them on hand well pulvert and dry, and ready for shipment. The earlier was not them on h the better. It will bring you in much mor

Anderson Phosphate and Q Company

: South Carolin



der; /