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LAURENS, S. C., Sept. 28, 1908.

The Moderate Drinker's Law? Three new beer dispensaries have been opened in Charleston. The Charleston Post, a consistent and unrelenting opponent of the Dispensary system, points out that the law's enforcement in Charleston will be facilitated by these new concerns. Patrons of blind tigers will in numbers patronize the legal beer saloons where they can drink without fear of molestation. The "tigers" will suffer from the competition. The Post hails with approval the beer shops, or beer gardens as it calls them, because the demoralizing violations of law will be diminished,-the gardens affording means to allay thirst for intoxicants.

While there's no denying the truth of The Post's statement that the beer gardens will be a strong prop to the law, it is equally true that these saloons are an important contradiction and violation of the law itself. One of the basic reform features of the system is that intoxicants are not to be consumed on the same premises on which they are sold. If it be no violation of the dispensary law as written in the constitution to sell beer in one room which is then drunk in a room adjoining, neither can it be a violation of the same law to sell whiskey or brandy in one to be drunk in another with a door between. We believe that no defender of the dispensary, however partisan, will attempt to contradict this. The constitution of the state being higher than a statute, the beer saloon is substantially as much a "blind tiger" as is any other il icit establishment selling intoxicants, the only distinction being that the legislature and the courts encourage and protect the beer seller and relieve him of the responsibility of law-breaking.

The main fact is that the dispensary authorities are endeavoring to directly stimulate the consumption of intoxicants. The fact that it is an effort to promote drinking of mild at the expense of strong liquors does not affect the principle. The dispensary law was desired as "a step towards prohibition." The diversion of the people in the direction of beer drinking may be a step towards temperance but that is not what the prohibitionists demanded and not what they were promised. Indeed, it is rather what the opponents of the dispensary and prohibition have favored and advised and the attitude of such a paper as The Charleston Post tends to prove it. The whole policy of the dispensary administration is planned to choke out of existence what still remains of prohibition sentiment in the state and day by day the prohibitionists have forced upon them the humiliating realization that no set of voters ever allowed themselves to be so completely duped and "gulled" as they did in 1892, when they had control of both houses of the legislature and a popular vote of instruction taken in the primary behind them. The prohibition legislators, however, feared the Tillman lash more than the voice of the people themselves and abjectly surrendered. Now, while the dispensary system is being enlarged and "pushed" as a revenue producer, while the drinking reform features are ignored or minimized by the dispensary officials as far as possible and in South Carolina the "the business is boomed," prohibition is growing rapidly in neighboring states, Changing conditions have made possible a prohibition that rigidly does prohibit in at least three fourths of the counties of Georgia and perhaps an equal proportion in North Carolina. Whiskey consumption is probably far greater in South Carolina now than in either adjoining state. Although the time has come when prohibition is practicable anywhere and everywhere in the South save in the larger towns (in which latter the dispensary has so far failed to demonstrate itself a success) prohibition, through the timidity of its own advocates has become a hopeless cause in South Carolina.

Beyond doubt the dispensary is success-as a money maker. As "a solution of the whiskey question" also it is a success-if whiskey and beer drinking is the object to be achieved. Even those who claim that the dispensary lessens the consumption of intoxi cants must and will concede that no system could be better adapted to the wants of the moderate drinker.

What The Farmer Needs.

More than anything the Laurens farmers need a fuller appreciation of the attractions of their own calling. The time has arrived when farming offers more to the thrifty, industrious young than any business or profession. Indications are plentiful that the price of cotton is not likely to drop below seven or eight cents for years to come. Well informed men think that it will average ten cents this year. When cotton dropped to four and three quarter cents the pound some years ago nobody in this country starved. The records of the public offices will show that even then few tracts of land were sold for debt and that practically none were sold for taxes. In other words the history of that year is clear proof that the farmer can live in this country under conditions that would seem intolerable. Times were hard, men had to deny themselves luxuries but nobody actually suffered and everybody had enough food to eat and clothes and fuel enough to keep warm.

With cotton bringing more than double that price, there should be something handsome in the farming busi-

Moreover and still more important, the farmers in Laurens county are not dependent on cotton. The time has come when thrifty, sharp-witted, thinking farmer can live comfortably without planting an acre in cotton. In the past fifteen years a great "home markey" has grown up in this region. In

Northern South Carolina more than 100,00 Opeople have been added to the town and village populations who have ceased to produce food. These people must be fed. Consequently every chick en, egg, pound of meat and basket of fruit and vegetables raised on the farms finds ready sale at prices almost double those of a few years ago. The demand is far greater than the supply and the opportunities are most excellent for farmers who are shrewd enough to embrace them.

Meanwhile, farm life has been reieved of most of the incidents that have seemed to make it uninviting. Free rural mail deliveries and telephone systems have placed hundreds of families in easy communication with the towns and railway stations and the facilities are rapidly increasing. The schools are better and the school terms longer. The introduction of wire-fencing has made pasturage and therefore cattle production practic-

able and profitable. The one thing lacking, good roads, is bound to

This Piedmont country has, however, two advantages that overshadow all others from the farmers' point of view. The first is that the region is healthy. One can live anywhere in Laurens the year round. Probably no region is so free of mild diseases or deadly pestiences. In the second, a crop failure is grain crop is much less than in other years but there is never a failure in the sense that they occur over vast areas of the great West. In Louisiana a freshet sometimes wipes out the sugar cane plantations and years are required for recuperation. The same disster may come to the rice farms in South Carolina. In the Piedmont, something and something considerable s always made and there is no limit to the kinds of things that may be produced.

The prices of lands are going up apidly. In sections of Laurens county they are already pretty high. In others, lands that may be bought now for five, six and eight dollars the acre will in a few years, possibly in two or three years, be worth in the market ten, twelve and sixteen.

The man with a capital of \$5,000, or \$10,000 in a farm has a safer, pleasanter and more money-making business than the merchant with the same. The man with \$1,000 in a farm is incomparably better off than the small shop-keeper. The man who has nothing has a better chance to accumulate money for "a start" on the farm than he has in the store—a bright boy can accomplish more by hiring to a farmer than to a store-keeper. If there is anything in him, he will soon own a small farm of

If the young men, native to Laurens, now growing up on the farms, do not stay on them and own the lands, strangers will come in and take their places The men who own the farms in the South, especially in this region, will always be the independent, well-to-do and governing class. The farmer boys chair in front of the admiral, facing are already "in on the ground floor." If they voluntarily get out of the way for others, they will have only themselves to blame.

Sir Thomas Lipton is threatened with appendicitis.

Don't think that eruption of yours can't be cured. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla-its virtue is its power to cure.

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When you order a sack of paten flour from your grocer, do not tell him to send you "a sack of good flour," but tell him to send you a sack of "Clifton," because "Clifton" is the best patent. Every sack is sold with this tions," added the speaker. "I must guarantee, and if it does not prove as ask your name, your station and busirepresented, your money will be refunded. "Clifton" is an all-round flour, and is as good for cake and pastry as light rolls and biscuits.

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M. H. Fowler. Eight hour laws are ignored by those tireless, little workers - Dr. King's New Life Pills. Millions are always at work. night and day, curing Indigestion, Billousness, Constipation, Sick Headache and all Stomach, Liver and Bowel troubles. Easy, pleasant, safe, sure. Only 25 cents at Laurens Drug Co. and W. W. Dodson.

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Author of "The Southerners." "In the Wasp's Nest," Etc.

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CHAPTER VIII. LADY ELIZABETH DOES NOT KNOW THE MARQUIS DE RICHEMONT.

EFORE he could answer an order came for the prisoner to ascending a flight of worn be brought forward. After stone steps and going through a long, dark passage, a great door was thrown open at the end and he was confronted by a blaze of light which dazzled him at first, until, his eyes becoming accusomed to the illumination, he realized that he stood on the threshold of a splendid hall in the old keep, which had possibly once been the banqueting hall of the castle. Long lancet windows upon one side, their leaded frames filled with rich painted glass, looked out upon the sea, whose waves beating ceaselessly upon the bluff below filled the room with a subdued murmur like unknown. Sometimes the cotton or a strain of hushed and vibrant music, such was the elevation of the tower.

The room was massively and splendidly furnished with heavy antique furniture. The stone alls were covered with hangings or rich old tapestry from the famous looms of Arras. Here and there were portraits of distinguished members of the Westbrooke family, women renowned for their lustrous beauty or men who, holding the castle at different times, had made their names famous by their bravery and skill. The prisoner's feet sank into thick, soft, luxurious carpet stretched upon the stone flags of the old floor.

Writing at a large table standing near the center of the room and covered with candelabra sat a bewigged old man of commanding presence dressed in a naval uniform covered with or ders and stars bespeaking high rank. Farther away, with her back turned to the light and to the door by which he had entered, a young woman sat, apparently reading intently. One glance at the graceful curve of her neck and the exquisite poise of her head told him it was she. Forgetful of every-

thing else, he would have stepped forward had it not been for the restraining hand of the sergeant. "The prisoner, m' lud," said the lat ter, saluting.

The admiral continued his writing a moment and then, looking up, fixed his eyes keenly upon the young man. His first glance told him that he had to deal with no ordinary prisoner. He rose at once and bowed with the courtesy of a finished gentleman.

"Have the goodness to step forward, sir, and be seated," he said, pointing to the chair. "Sergeant, remain on guard where you are."

With an equally low bow to the older man, O'Neill took a few steps in his direction and sat down on the indicated him and the woman beyond, who, still intent upon her book or lost in thought, had not vet noticed his entrance. Prisoners, in fact, being everyday occurrences at the castle in these troublous times, had ceased to interest her. Still the unusual complaisance of the old man as expressed by his voice and manner attracted her attention. looked up from the book without turning her head and listened.

"I am sorry to subject you to any annoyance, sir," continued the admiral, "but the rules are very strict, and I must abide by my own regulations. We apprehend a descent upon our coast by the notorious pirate, John Paul Jones"-O'Neill started violently and bit his lip, but said nothing-"and it is my duty to take unusual precau-

ness here." "I am the"- said O'Neill quietly, but with his glance fixed on the powdered head showing over the chair back op-

posite him. There was a commotion at the other side of the table. Lady Elizabeth sprang to her feet with a hurried exclamation, dropped her book to the floor and then turned quickly and stepped toward the other two. O'Neill and the admiral both rose at the same time.

She was en grande tenue, her hair rolled high and powdered, jewels sparkling about the snowy throat, which rose from the pale blue silk of her corsage.

"It is"- she cried. "The Marquis de Richemont, at your service, mademoiselle," O'Neill interrupted quickly, bowing low before her, fearing lest in her surprise she would betray him.

the meaning of this? Do you know this man?" asked the admiral in great astonishment.

"Every traveler," smilingly interrupted O'Neill suavely, striving to give Elizabeth time to collect herself, with the appearance of the greatest sangfroid himself, though his heart was beating so rapidly he could scarce maintain his composure, "on these islands has heard of the beauty of Lady Elizabeth Howard. Her reputation as woman of charm has even extended to the continent whence I come. was in the hope of having the privilege of seeing her that I walked up toward the castle this evening. I have not the honor of her acquaintance, monsieur.' "Do you know this man. Elizabeth?"

persisted the admiral sternly, his suspicions aroused by her actions. There was evidently some mystery about his coming, and the girl was quick to see that to proclaim O'Nelli's name and occupation would probably place nim in an embarrassing position to say the least. She recovered herself by a great effort and, turning languid ly away, remarked with well assumed

"I? Certainly not, sir. I have never heard of the Marquis de Richemont before in my life." The statement was absolutely correct, the Irishman's rank having been kept strictly in abeyance. O'Neill shrugged his shoulders and extended his hands in confirmation of her

words. "Why that cry, then, and your sur-prise, madam?" questioned the still acconvinced admiral. "I know not, sir. I must have been droaming, and the sound of a strange

voice startled me." "Beg pardon, m' lud," said the sergeant, saluting. "Yer worship, he axed if Lady Elizabeth Howard lived 'ere wen he was down in the courtyard." "Silence, sirrah!" thundered the old admiral, who allowed no one to entertain doubts of his ward but himself. "Do you mean to imply that Lady Elizabeth has knowledge of this gan-

"On, sorgeant!" said the girl, clasping or hands and looking at the old vetran with all the fascination of which

"No, yer ludship, no, sir. O' course not; certainly not, yer honor," returned he man in great confusion. "I spoke way o' showin' that's wot he come

"It was in pursuance of my desire to see so great a beauty that I asked the question, monsieur." "Sir, your admiration does me too much honor," said Elizabeth, courtesy-

"I make up for the fact that your reputation does your ladyship too litle, then, mademoiselle," he answered. "Enough of this," said the admiral impatiently. "The girl is well enough, but you didn't come here to look at her, did you?" "On my honor as a gentleman, mon-

sleur, for no other purpose." "Well, give some account of yourself otherwise, and perhaps if it be satisfactory, as you have accomplished that purpose, I may send you on your way rejoicing," said the admiral, amused at the extravagance of the young

"No man could leave the presence of Lady Elizabeth Howard rejoicing,

"Damnation, sir!" cried the governor testily. "Are you going to stand here and bandy compliments about all day like a French dancing master?" "I have nothing further to urge for

my words, my lord, when my excuse

stands in your very presence." The governor looked at the two oung people in great perplexity. "I fear, my dear Marquis de Richemont," said he ironically, "unless you can give some more coherent account of yourself I shall be under the pain ful necessity of having you locked up, in which case the only divinity you will be allowed to gaze upon will be the lovely face and figure of yonder sergeant.

"Yes, yer ludship, I"- exclaimed the ergeant, grimacing "Silence, sirrah!" thundered the ad-

"My lord," answered O'Neill, smiling, "it is very simple. I am an officer in the navy of the king of France, making a tour of England for pleasure. I came here to this town this evening. I hear of the great admiral, Lord Westbrooke, in his great castle, and the beauty of his ward, Lady Elizabeth Howard. I am a lover of the beautiful. I stand on the cause way gazing at the castle. Your soldiers arrest me and bring me here. I rejoice to find Lady Elizabeth more beautiful than I have dreamed. A year and a half have only intensified her charms.'

"A year and a half! Dreams, sir! What mean you by that, pray? What have the years to do with the matter? Did you see her a year and a half since?" cried the admiral suspiciously again.

O'Neill started; it was a fatal slip, but he hastened to repair it as best he

"I have seen her picture, sir." "And where, pray, have you seen her

picture?" "In the possession of an English of-ficer, a friend of mine whom I met at Liverpool a year and a half ago," an-

swered O'Nelll audaciously. "And who was this English officer. pray, who displayed my picture?" interrupted Elizabeth, with an appearance of great agitation.

"Major Edward Coventry, mademotselle. "Oh, Edward! Why, God bless me," said the admiral genially, "he is my son. Do you mean to tell me you are a friend of his? Why didn't you say

so before?" "I had the honor of his acquaintance," said O'Neill, bowing gravely, on one very interesting and memorable occasion indeed, when he was on duty at the Chateau Birkenhead, I be-

"Yes, that would be about a year and a half ago. Sir, in that case you are very welcome to this castle," said the admiral. "And now I beg leave to present you in due and proper form to



"It is"- she cried. my ward. Lady Elizabeth Howard, permit me to introduce to you the

"I am charmed to have the pleasure of meeting the marquis," responded the girl, smiling and courtesying deep-

Marquis de Richemont."

"The pleasure and the honor are mine, mademoiselle," responded O'Neill, fully entering upon the comedy of the

"And," continued the admiral, "as my son, Major Edward Coventry, has sent me word he will be here shortly, you can renew your acquaintance with him." It was as if he had exploded a bomb-

shell in the room. "Edward! Coming here?" cried Elizabeth, her voice filled with terror at the unfortunate event, which she vainly endeavored to conceal. "What for? Why did you not tell me?"

"He desired to surprise you, my dear," answered the admiral, wondering again at her agitation. "You know your wedding takes place next week." "Ah, a wedding!" said O'Neill, starting and looking at Elizabeth. "Mademoiselle is then to marry?"

"Yes, your friend Major Coventry," replied the old man, "an old engage-

"I refused to marry him for a year, and for six months more. I waited all that time. There was no word," she said slowly to O'Neill, as if each word were wrung from her by his intent

senses, Elizabeth?" continued the admiral in great surprise. "Of what interest to a stranger is your-er-maidenly hesitation?" "Anything which concerns so fair a lady is of deep interest to your humble

servant," answered O'Neill ironically and bitterly. The comedy had gone, tragedy, as ever, following hard upon A door at the rear of the room was opened softly at this moment, and a

form of a British officer entered and stepped lightly toward them. His glance fell first upon the speaker. "Barry O'Neill, by heaven!" he exclaimed, springing eagerly forward

young man in the brilliant scarlet uni-

with outstretched hand. "How came you here?" For a moment the young soldier was oblivious of the presence of his father and his betrothed. His unimely entrance filled the room with pprehension and dismay,

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL. I'NEILL?" said the admiral, in much bewilderment. "Edward, this is your friend the Marquis de Richemont. 'Edward, do not speak!" cried Lady

CHAPTER IX.

Elizabeth distractedly. "Ab, Elizabeth, my love and duty to ou, but not speak? About what, pray? What mean you?" "Is this gentleman, the Marquis de

Richemont, your friend or not, sir? lease this byplay, Elizabeth. I will have an explanation," demanded the now thoroughly aroused admiral. "My friend? Quite so," said Major Coventry, smiling. "Though I was ignorant that he was a marquis, he is none the less welcome. I am exceed-

presume, Elizabeth?" "Glad even as you are," she replied deliberately, now seeing that further oncealment was useless. "But you called him O'Neill," conlinued the admiral.

ingly glad to see him again. You, too,

"That is my name, sir," said O'Neill calmly, recognizing the uselessness of further evasion. "I am one of the Irish O'Neills, formerly of County Clare, now in the service of the king of France." He could not have said it nore proudly had he been the king himself.

"The last time I saw you you were on the Ranger, that American Continental ship," continued Coventry. "As a prisoner, sir?" cried the admiral.

"As an officer, my lord," answered the Irishman "What, sir? And now you are"-

"Second lieutenant of the American Continental ship Bon Homme Richard, Captain John Paul Jones, at your serv ice," was the dauntless reply.
"Good gad!" said the admiral. "Is it And you, Elizabeth-you

have deceived me also. You knew this man?" "Yes, sir; but not as the Marquis de Richemont.' "You have met this gentleman before?"

"Yes, sir." "Where, may I ask, and when?" "About a year and a balf since, sir. You remember when the Maidstone was wrecked? He saved me from death then, and after Captain Jones put me ashore, you know"-

"He spared my life, too, as well, sir, at that time," said Coventry; "they both did.' "You seem to be a good hand at say ng lives, Lieutenant O'Neill, marquis de Richemont. Perhaps you can think

now of some way of saving your own,' remarked the admiral sarcastically. "'Tis useless to me now, my lord, and not worth the saving," answered "But I would the young man calmly. not have you mar the approaching nuptials of your son and ward by an execution. Let me at least live until

the wedding. I shall be more willing to die then," he added softly. "You came here for what purpose?" continued the admiral, disregarding the latter words of the young man as

utterly irrelevant. "To find out the number and force and disposition of the ships in the

harbor.' "At the instance of"-"Captain Jones, sir."

"The murdering pirate!" "I have resented such language and proved its falsity upon the person of your son, sir," burst out O'Neill stepping forward, his hand upon his sword. 'Shall I impose the same lesson on the father?

"You are a prisoner, sir," replied the admiral imperturbably, "and are here at my pleasure to receive, not to give lessons. Stand back, sir! Sergeant, bring in a file of men for a guard. Deliver up your sword at once, sir, to Major Coventry!"

"Your lordship is master here. I obey," answered the Irishman, shrugging his shoulders, and, drawing his sword, he tendered it to Major Coventry, who stepped forward reluctantly to receive it.

"Father," he said respectfully, "so far as my knowledge goes Captain Jones is certainly a gentleman. Had it not been for his magnanimity and

that of my friend-I may still call you that, sir?" "I am vastly honored, sir, I am sure.' -"my friend, the Marquis de Riche mont, you would be childless to-day

Had it not been for the courage of this

gentleman, Lady Elizabeth here"-"Oh, sir," cried Elizabeth impetu ously, "they are men of honor. I pray you, release this officer and let him go free. Nay, never shake your head; ask it as a wedding gift to me, sir. "My liberty your wedding gift, made-moiselle? "Never!" interrupted O'Neill firmly.

"Say no more, either of you," said the admiral decisively. "You, sir, came here as an enemy, a spy." "Not so, sir. I came here in the uni form of a French officer."

But that is not the uniform of the flag under which you now serve," con tinued the admiral keenly. "You may secure some consideration, however, at my hands as representing his majesty the king, God bless him! by revealing the circumstances and plans and the ultimate purpose of your rebellious captain." "Clearly an impossible proposition,"

said O'Nelll, bowing. "But, stop!" said the admiral, "Now that I recall it, you gave me your word of honor that you came here to see this lady." "And that is true, sir. I might have

escaped to my ship with ease, in pos-session of the information I desired to get, but I came up to the castle to "A most foolish excursion, sir, and why, pray?"
"Because I love her," said O'Neill

"What!" cried Coventry, in great 775 . m7 40 . Amm)

surprise and dismay. "Did you know this, Elizabeth? "Is a woman ever ignorant of the 'eelings she excites in a lover's breast,

sir?" O'Neill answered for her.

"And have you-did you"-continued oventry, looking still at Elizabeth. "Lady Elizabeth has done nothing, "Have you taken leave of your sir. No word of affection has ever crossed her lips, to me at least," again replied O'Neill. "She would not even

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"Oh, but she did," Interrupted Coventry jealously-"a year-six months she tried to postpone her wedding for six months more. I begin to under-

"Peace, Edward!" said Elizabeth, trembling violently. "The Marquis de Richemont is-is nothing to me-can never be anything to me, that is. The wedding shall proceed at the appoint ed date. I gave you my word. was the wish of my mother, the wish of the admiral, your wish"-

"And yours also, dearest Elizabeth, is it not?" said Coventry, taking her hand entreatingly. She hesitated and "Have me executed at once, sir, it

mercy and pity," said O'Neill to the admiral. "Let it be now-the sooner the better. This I cannot stand. "Tis too much." "Not so," replied the admiral grave-"I will consider the matter fur

Meanwhile if you will give me your parole I will allow you the freedom of he castle." "Parole! 'Tis given, sir. Faith, I nardly think you could drive me

her and consult with you again.

away. "That's well," returned the admiral. Sergeant, call my steward and have him assign chambers to the Marquis de Richemont. Coventry, I presumo you will place your wardrobe at his isposal in case he needs anything. Now the marguis will doubtless wish to retire. We will see him in the Come, Elizabeth. morning. night, sir. The sergeant will attend

"Lord Westbrooke, I thank you, Ma or Coventry, your servant. Lady Elizabeth, I wish you joy on your wedding. Good night," replied the young man, bowing to them all in succession As the admiral and the others left he room, the young lieutenant sank down on his chair and put his head upon his hands upon the table. The old sergeant, who had seen it all, watched him a moment in silence. Walking up to him finally and laying his hands on his shoulder with the familiarity of a privileged character he said:

"Come now, sir, be a soldier." "You can give no worse advice than that to a sailor, my friend," replied O'Neill, rising and smiling in of his misery. "Lead on; I will follow," he added.

As they passed down the great hall the eyes of the wretched lieutenant fell upon a large picture hanging rather low on the wall in a far corner above a dals near the doorway. It was the portrait of a beautiful woman in the fashion of some fifty years back. She was seated in a great carved oak chair, the counterpart of and evidently painted from one sitting beneath it. In face and feature the portrait was a striking likeness of Lady Elizabeth Howard. The skill of the painter had been so great, the colors had been so nicely chosen, so delicately laid on, that in the flickering, uncertain candlelight, which left this part of the room in a rather deep shadow, the picture actually seemed to breathe. O'Neill stopped as if petrified.

"Come along, sir," said the sergeant

gruffly. "A moment, if you please, my friend a moment. What sort of a man are you to pass by such as this without notice? It should be Lady Elizabeth but the fashion of the dress"-

"It's her mother, sir, a cousin of the admiral. I pass it every day, sir, an' I've got so I don't take no notice on It, no more. She was a young thing scarce older than her young leddyship when she set for that paintin', an' they had no children for years, leastaways they all died till this baby was born, an' then she died too. I've been attached to the admiral's service in one way or another sence I was a boy, an' dandled her many a time on my knee. Yes, and her young leddyship, Lady Elizabeth that is, too, w'en she was a

"My regard for you goes up a thousandfold, my friend," said O'Neill smiling. "I could almost envy you your opportunities. Would I had been

"'Tain't no use wishin' that," said the old sergeant, shaking his head. There never was no Frenchman could ver take my place."

"Quite right," replied O'Neill, smiling. 'Twould be clearly impossible." "Come along then, yer honor."

"Stay a moment," returned the enaptured Irishman. "A year at gaze would not sate me with the beauty of this picture. How like is the fair image!" murmured the entranced young man, approaching nearer and fairly holding his breath under the influence of the moment. He stretched out his hand toward the painting with a little everential gesture.

"Look out, sir!" said the sergeant warningly. "The picture hangs very loose an' the frame"-What cell fate was it that deter-

mined its fall at that moment? There was a tremendous crash, something gave way and the great frame dropped from its place on the wall and fell across the heavy oaken chair which stood beneath it, and the picture was impaled upon its Gothic points. The two men sprang to seize it and lift it up. Alas, it had been literally torn to pieces! The canvas had evidently been originally a defective one, for it had split in every direction. Restoration

was clearly impossible.
"Good heavens!" said the Irishman. 'What a misfortune!" "It had to come, an' it's too late to be

mended now," said the sergeant philosophically; "so we must get on." 'Very good," said O'Neill, tenderly lifting the frame, with the rags of the tattered canvas hanging to it, back against the wall. "There is nothing to keep'us here now. Unlucky fool that I am! Even the semblance of the original is not for me!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

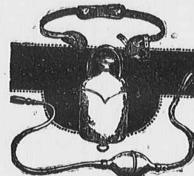
IT SAVED HIS LEG.

P. A. Danforth, of LaGrange, Ga. suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes On Storage and for Sale. that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in five days. For Ulcors, Wounds, Piles, it's the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25 cents. Sold by Laurens Drug Co. and W. W. Dodson.

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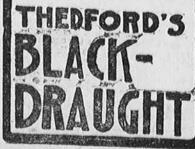
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kept. Families living in the country, miles from any physician, have been kept in health for years with this medicine as their only doctor. Thedford's Black-Draught cures billiousness, dyspepsia, colds, chills and fever, bad blood, headaches, diarrhea, constipation, colic and almost every other ailment because the stomach, bowels liver and kidneys so nearly control the health.



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