

CROSS HILL, March 18.—Mr. Bennie Young of Ninety-Six spent Sunday with his brother, Mr. G. D. Young.

Miss Lyl Guthrie and Mr. J. H. Nance were married at the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. Joe Guthrie at 7 p. m. Sunday evening. Rev. J. A. Martin performed the ceremony.

Mr. H. E. Hitt went to Greenwood Thursday. Miss Ethel Nance is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. N. E. Boyce is spending the week with Mrs. Sam Todd of Clinton. Mr. Mason Hill lost a fine milch cow this week.

There was a sociable at Mr. Gurthrie's Tuesday evening. Those present were Misses Janie Pinson, Wilma Ramsey, Belle Madden, Mary Owens and Lucia Ellis; Messrs. Ellis Fuller, Hugh Leaman, Hassell Miller, Thornwell Boyce, Luther Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. John Beeks is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Beeks this week.

COMFORTING WORDS.

Many a Laurens Household Will Find Them So.

To have the pains and aches of a bad back removed, to be entirely free from annoying, dangerous urinary disorders is enough to make any kidney sufferer grateful.

J. R. Sample, farmer, near Greenwood says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills and can recommend them as a good remedy for the back and kidneys."

Plenty more proof like this from Laurens people. Call at The Palmetto Drug Co.'s store and ask what their customers report. For sale by all dealers.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

WANTED—Five hundred hens at once. J. WADE ANDERSON.

MERCHANTS NEWS

Boys' and Children's Suits in great variety. Prices small when you consider the make and quality.

Mrs. Knight our Milliner is now at Red Iron Racket and will be glad to see you and get you up a fine spring Hat.

Some people say that a headache can't be cured. Those people never tried Dodson's Headache and Neuralgia Powder.

Millinery O-My its just beautiful, the price! so much lower than you pay elsewhere.

Nobby line of neckwear just received at Copeland's.

Try "Dodson's New Drink" "Blood of the Grape." It's fine.

Faultless Shirts fit. Copeland.

Ladies, have you seen those Gibson Ties at Copeland's?

Hats Hats for Evrybody .50 1.25 .39 .48 to \$3.47

Miss Lida Putman is now at Red Iron Racket and will be glad to see her friends.

When walk-overs go on, trouble goes off. Copeland's.

The sleepy drug clerk remarked: "I say sonny the writing is bad on the prescriptions, and I'm not sure but that I put in poison. Tell your mother to try it on your father first."

Children's Slippers. All styles at Copeland's.

See the special spots in our advertisement this week.

50 cents Steel Rod Umbrellas 35 cts. Red Iron Racket.

If you want the styles and dress goods we can satisfy your desire.

.5 cents Gingham 4 cents a yard. .6 cents Gingham .5 cents a yard. .9 cents Madras Gingham .7 cts a yd. Red Iron Racket.

See our great line of belts in new styles.

Special Lot of Embroidery at Red Iron Racket.

New hand bags at O. B. Simmons.

Friend dont spend a red cent until you see the World of Bargains at Red Iron Racket.

Our opening of Spring Dress Hats Wednesday, April 5th, 1905.

Young Man get your Suit at Red Iron Racket. They are sweetheart makers.

Every young man should desire to look his best. We have the suits—the kind that will make your appearance the best. Prices \$7.50 to \$20.00. Suits at smaller too if you want them.

WANTED—Five hundred hens at once. J. WADE ANDERSON.

Uncle Terry CHARLES CLARK MUNN Copyright, 1900, by Leo & Shepard

This was Southport in summer, but in winter, when the little harbor at the Cape was icebound, the winding road to the head of the island surfer beneath drifts and the people often for weeks at a time absolutely cut off from communication with the rest of the world, it was a place cheerless in its desolation.

WANTED.—Information that will lead to the discovery of an heir to the estate of one Eric Peterson, a landowner and shipbuilder of Stockholm, Sweden, whose son, with his wife, child and crew, was known to have been wrecked on the coast of Maine in March, 1875.

"Want, I'll be everlastingly gol darned!" Uncle Terry exclaimed after he had read it for the third time. "If this don't beat all natur I'm a goat."

"I'll jist breathe easy an' sag up," he said to himself, "same as though I was crossin' thin lee, an' if nothin' comes out nobody'll be the worse for worrin'."

When Aunt Libby and Telly came home Uncle Terry was as composed as a rock and sat quietly pulling his pipe, with his feet on top of a chair and pointing toward the fire.

"Were you lonesome, father?" asked Telly, who usually led conversation in the Terry home. "We stopped at Bascom's, and you know he never stops talkin'."

"He's wese'n' hunderk bars ter git away from," answered Uncle Terry. "An' ye can't be perlit ter him unless ye want t' spend the rest o' yer life lisenin'." His tongue allus seemed ter be hung in the middle an' wag both ways. I wasn't lonesome," he continued, rising and adding a few sticks

to the fire as the two women laid aside their wraps and drew chairs up. "I've read the paper purty well through an' had a spell o' livin' over by-gones," and then, turning to Telly and smiling, he added: "I got thinkin' o' the day ye came ashore, an' mother she got that excited she sot the box ye was in on the stove an' then put more wood in. It's a wonder she didn't put ye in the stove instead o' the wood."

As this joke was not new to the listeners no notice was taken of it, and the three lapsed into silence. Outside the steady boom of the surf beating on the rocks came with monotonous regularity, and inside the clock ticked. For a long time Uncle Terry sat and smoked on in silence, resuming, perhaps, his by-gones, and then said: "By the way, Telly, what's become o' them trinkets o' yours ye had on that day? It's been so long now, 'most twenty years, I 'bout forgot 'em. I s'pose ye ain't lost 'em, hev ye?"

"Why, no, father," she answered, a little surprised. "I hope not. They are all in a box in my bureau, and no one ever disturbs them."

"Ye wouldn't mind fetchin' 'em now, would ye, Telly?" he continued after drawing a long whiff of smoke and slowly emitting it in rings. "It's been so many years, an' since I got thinkin' 'bout it I'd like to take a look at 'em, jest to remind me o' that fortunate day ye came to us."

The girl arose and, going upstairs, returned with a small tin box shaped like a trunk and, drawing the table up in front of Uncle Terry, set the box down upon it. As he opened it she perched herself on the arm of his chair and, leaning against his shoulder, passed one arm caressingly around his neck and watched him take out the contents.

First came a soft, fleecy blanket, then two little garments, once whitest muslin, but now yellow with age, and then another smaller one of flannel. Pinned to this were two tiny shoes of knitted wool.

In the bottom of the box was a small wooden shoe, and though clumsy in comparison, yet evidently fashioned to fit a lady's foot. Tucked in this was a little box tied with faded ribbon, and in this were a locket and chain, two rings and a scrap of paper. The writing on the paper, once hastily scrawled by a despairing mother's hand, had almost faded, and inside the locket were two faces, one a man's with strongly marked features, the other girlish with big eyes and hair in curls.

These were all the heritage of this waif of the sea who now, a fair girl with eyes and face like the woman's picture, was leaning on the shoulder of her foster father, and they told a pathetic tale of life and death; of romance and mystery not yet unwoven. How many times that orphan girl had imagined what that tale might be; how often before she had examined every one of those mute tokens; how many times gazed with mute eyes at the faces in the locket; and how, as the years bearing her onward toward maturity passed, had she hoped and waited, hoping ever that some word, some whisper from that faroff land of her birth might reach her!

And as she looked at those mute relics which told so little and yet so much of her history, while the old man who had been all that a kind father could be to her took them out one by one, she realized more than ever what a

5c AND 10c STORE Will be the Cheapest in the Town A regular "Old Curiosity Shop;" if ever it gets opened. Goods blocked on the Railroad. No redress but patience. For such goods as we will carry, we will beat the band. We will have a 1 cent counter as well, where you will get things valued at 5c and 10c. It will be a great convenience to all households, for you will get everything that you need, under one roof, and at half price. Keep an eye on us.

Kennedy's Racket Store Next to Post office

debt of gratitude she owed to him. When he had looked them over and put them back in the exact order in which they had been packed, he closed the box and, taking the little hand that had been caressing his face in his own wrinkled and bony one, held it for a moment. When he released it the girl stooped and, pressing her lips to his weather browned cheek, arose and resumed her seat.

"Want, ye better put the box away now," said Uncle Terry at last. "I'll jist go out an' take a look off'n the pint, and then it'll be time to turn in."

CHAPTER XIV. "I've got ter go ter Boston," said Uncle Terry to his wife a few days later. "Thar's some money due us that we ain't sartin we'll git. You an' Telly can tend the lights for a couple o' nights, can't ye? I won't be gone more'n that. Bascom's to take me up to the head, an' if the boat's runnin' I'll be all right."

This plan had cost Uncle Terry a good deal of diplomacy. Not only did he have to invent a reasonable excuse for going by exciting the fears of both Bascom and Oaks regarding money really due them, but he had to allay the curiosity of his wife and Telly as well. In a small village like the Cape every one's movements were well known to

all and commented on, and no one was better aware of it than Uncle Terry. But go to Boston he must, and to do so right in the dead of winter and not excite a small tempest of curious gossip taxed his Yankee wit.

At Bath he had a few hours' wait and went to the bank and drew a sum of money from his small savings.

"Lawyers are sech sharps, consarn 'em!" he said to himself. "I'd better go loaded. Most likely I'll come back skinned. I never did tackle a lawyer 'bout losin' my shirt."

When, after an all night ride, during which he sat in the smoking car with his pipe and thoughts for company, he arrived in Boston, he felt, as he would phrase it, like a cat in a strange garment. He had tried to fortify himself against the expected meeting with this Frye, who, he felt sure, would make him pay dearly for any service. When he entered the rather untidy office of that legal light Uncle Terry looked suspiciously at its occupant.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" asked Frye after his visitor had introduced himself.

"Want," answered Uncle Terry, taking a seat and laying his hat on the floor beside him, "I've come on rather a curis errand." And, taking out the slip he had a few days before placed in his wallet, he handed it to Frye with the remark, "That's my errand."

Frye's face brightened. "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Terry," he said, beginning to rub his hands together. "If you have any facts in your possession that will aid us in the search for an heir to this estate we shall be glad to pay you for them, provided they are facts. Now, sir, what is your story?"

Uncle Terry looked at the lawyer a moment before answering. "I didn't come here to tell all I know the fast go off," he said. "I know all 'bout this shlpwreck an' a good deal more that'll consarn ye, but fust I want to know who is lookin' for the information an' what's likely to cum on't."

It was Frye's turn to stare now. "This man won't be any easy wit'ness," he thought, and then he said, "That I am not at liberty to disclose until I know what facts you can establish, but rest assured that any information you may have, if it be proved of real value, will entitle you to an ample reward."

"I reckon ye don't quite ketch on to my drift," replied Uncle Terry. "I didn't cum here lookin' fer pay, but to see that justice was served an' them as had rights got thar dues."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LAUGH AND GROW FAT. Under this standing head we intend to publish each week some of the work of the fun-makers all over the country. There is enough of sorrow and sadness that has to go in. We would bring out the bright side and if the readers of THE ADVERTISER will send us any clippings that have dispelled a frown for them we will appreciate it and pass it on to others, for you. Clip them from any source but indicate their origin in order that we may give proper credit. Send prose or verse. Spice and variety is what we want.—(Editor ADVERTISER.)

HER ONE REGRET.—Freshman: "That's a beautiful song. It simply carries me away." She: "I'm sorry I didn't sing it early in the evening."—Ohio Wesleyan Transcript.

GETTING BACK AT HIM.—Mrs. Benham: "I wonder what people will wear in heaven?" Benham: "I suppose you will want the most expensive things, the same as here on earth."

Mrs. Benham: "That needn't worry you; you won't be there to pay for them."—Brooklyn Life.

Davis, Roper & Co., STILL THEY COME Nearly every train that comes into Laurens bring Goods for Davis, Roper & Co. Vast quantities of Clothing, Shoes, Oxfords Slippers, Dry Goods, Notions, Millinery, etc., are arriving every day. Don't be turned aside by glaring advertisements, but come direct to Laurens' Greatest Store--and the beautiful part of it--it is still growing. All the latest and best things are here for the buying public. BETTER VALUES CONNOT BE HAD. Come and see Gents' and Boys' Department! Ladies' Department! We want to impress it upon the minds of the public the main advantages we offer the trade. If you will come and inspect our mammoth and beautiful line you will see that it is to your advantage as well as our own to make your Spring purchase from us. We carry a complete line and you will have no trouble in finding the kind of Goods you want. A Few Specials that You Should Not Fail to See! 10 pieces of beautiful Sheer Persian Lawn, 45 inches wide, at .15 Extra good value in 40-inch India Lawn at .10 Beautiful line of White Mercerized Waists at .20 100 Different Styles in Fine Printed Lawns and Organdies at .10 50 Styles in Extra good quality Printed Lawns at .05 Just received one case of the best White Quilt ever sold in this market \$1.00 Extra good value in 36-inch guaranteed Taffeta Silk at .89 Don't fail to see our \$1.00 guaranteed Taffeta Silk, it can't be matched for less than \$1.25 Special values in White China Silk at 35 cents, 50 cents and 75 cents. Beautiful line of Collars and Cuff sets at 25 cents and 50 cents. Try a pair of the "Black Cat" Hose and you will have no other. Price .25 In Waists for Children, sizes from 1 year to 12. Price 15c and 25c 54-inch Brilliateen. Special at .50 Extra Fine Black Brilliateen at \$1 and \$1.25 Millinery Department! A large assortment of the latest things in street Hats for Spring now on sale. Prices 50 cts to \$5.00. Give us a call, we will be glad to show you our line whether you want to buy or not. Remember! We bid for your business because we know we can serve you well and give you very best Goods and values for the price quoted. Last year was the largest business of our existence and we want to make this year larger still. The more we sell the bigger we buy and the lower the price we make as we are working for you as well as ourselves. DAVIS, ROPER & COMPANY.