

# No. Six-Sixty-Six

This is a prescription prepared especially for MALARIA or CHILLS & FEVER. Five or six doses will break any case, and if taken then as a tonic the Fever will not return. It acts on the liver better than Calomel and does not gripe or sicken. 25c

### Notice of Election of School Trustees

Pursuant to an Act of the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina, approved the 25th day of February, 1911 entitled "An Act to Provide for the Election of School Trustees of Laurens County," an election for the purpose of electing school trustees for the various school districts of Laurens county, S. C., is hereby ordered to be held on the 8th day of July, A. D. 1915. The polls at said election shall be opened at the school houses in said district except as hereinafter stated. Three trustees are to be elected for each school district in said county, except as hereinafter stated. Said election shall be conducted as now provided by law for general and special elections. The following managers are appointed to hold said election in the various school districts:

Lanford No. 10: T. A. Drummond, E. H. Moore, J. M. Fleming.  
Laurens No. 11, Court House, seven trustees: J. T. Crews, J. Wade Anderson, C. B. Adams.

Ora No. 12, five trustees: D. M. McClintock, L. P. Blakely, T. P. Byrd.  
Cross Hill No. 13, seven trustees: J. Henry Raser, Conway Dial, R. D. Nance.

Waterloo No. 14, seven trustees: W. C. Wharton, W. H. Culbertson, Rex Lanford.  
Hurricane No. 15: P. M. Pitts, J. F. Whitmore, Jas. L. Simpson.

Mouniville No. 16: S. S. Farrar, S. J. Raser, J. M. Goodman.  
Sullivan No. 17: H. H. Mahon, Jas. E. Roper, R. M. Wasson.

Laurens No. 1: F. J. Owings, A. B. Barksdale, G. A. Fuller.  
Laurens No. 2: T. S. Langston, J. R. Finley, G. B. Brown.

Laurens No. 3: B. R. Todd, C. Y. Craddock, Ben W. Hellams.  
Laurens No. 4: W. P. Brown, Gus R. Milam, E. H. Adair.

Laurens No. 5, Watts Mill Store: Edd Sorceo, W. T. Senn, W. A. Garrett.  
Laurens No. 6: Victor Weathers, T. M. Workman, Sam R. Sloan.

Youngs No. 1, Stuart's Store: J. Marvin Patton, Arthur J. Hughes, A. B. Stewart.  
Youngs No. 2: Wilkes Wallace, E. D. Lomas, W. F. Grumbles.

Youngs No. 3: Perry A. Riddle, J. A. Fowler, S. J. Burns.  
Youngs No. 4: P. B. Cooper, W. T. Stephens, F. J. Bragg.

Youngs No. 5: J. O. Babb, B. G. Sprouse, M. C. Whitaker.  
Youngs No. 6: R. W. Stewart, O. C. Cox, C. E. Burdette.

Youngs No. 7: W. B. Wilkie, Austin Abercrombie, E. L. Riddle.  
Dials No. 1: John Knight, R. J. Woods, John W. Curry.

Dials No. 2: Zimri C. Reeves, L. Conway Armstrong, Will S. Adair.  
Dials No. 3: C. M. Wolff, G. D. Wilson, H. S. Wallace.

Dials No. 4: H. J. G. Curry, L. A. Thompson, J. T. Stoddard.  
Dials No. 5: F. D. Bolt, J. Alvin Curry, J. J. Hunter.

Dials No. 6: J. A. Todd, A. H. Owings, W. H. Barksdale.  
Dials No. 7: J. Harris Curry, Arthur Harris, T. B. Campbell.

Dials No. 8: E. B. Nash, S. R. Wilson, G. C. Anderson.  
Sullivan No. 1: E. L. Ridgeway, B. F. Arnold, J. L. Bagwell.

Sullivan No. 2: J. A. Wood, J. A. Hughes, J. H. Henley.  
Sullivan No. 3: T. T. Woods, W. M. Pitts, Ernest Simpson.

Sullivan No. 4: W. A. Simpson, R. C. Reeves, J. L. Knight.  
Waterloo No. 1: J. L. Martin, J. N. Odel, W. P. Bolt.

Waterloo No. 2: S. A. Taylor, Q. W. Sims, Ernest Kiser.  
Waterloo No. 3: C. C. Caldwell, A. C. Culbertson, H. H. Pinson.

Waterloo No. 4: M. L. C. Moore, J. T. Miller, B. Boyd.  
Waterloo No. 5: W. T. McDaniel, I. M. Owings, S. E. Williams.

Waterloo No. 6: H. F. Wheeler, G. E. Moore, B. M. Cunningham.  
Waterloo No. 7: F. B. Boland, G. W. Culbertson, R. A. Knight.

Waterloo No. 8: J. L. Anderson, J. W. Crawford, Joel A. Smith.  
Cross Hill No. 1: T. H. Carter, W. P. Adair, L. W. Reeder.

Cross Hill No. 2: R. W. Boazman, W. H. Austin, J. F. Griffin.  
Cross Hill No. 3: J. N. Hill, J. H. Iust, S. A. Browne.

Cross Hill No. 4: J. H. Atchison, J. W. Ward, S. D. Jones.  
Cross Hill No. 5: T. J. Cole, G. W. Long, W. W. Campbell.

Hunter No. 1: J. P. Sprouse, R. L. Young, A. R. Holmes.  
Hunter No. 2: S. E. Jones, H. W. Bryson, M. T. Motes.

Hunter No. 3: H. L. Cunningham, T. J. Chandler, J. H. M. Young.  
Hunter No. 4: H. B. Workman, M. B. Bedenbaugh, C. V. Monroe.

Hunter No. 5: R. P. Adair, E. W. Ferguson, L. R. Stone.  
Hunter No. 6: H. C. Hunter, G. T. Speaks, L. V. Pinson.

Hunter No. 7: W. T. Cannon, M. B. Chandler, J. A. Crowder.  
Hunter No. 8: L. L. Young, J. L. Crawford, D. D. Dixon.

Jacks No. 1: J. L. Finney, J. E. Adair, W. J. Henry.  
Jacks No. 2: C. B. Johnson, J. H. Bonds, T. S. Simpson.

Jacks No. 3: P. H. Copeland, T. P. Weir, J. H. Bell.  
Jacks No. 4: J. W. Riser, J. M. Hatton, L. E. Hatton.

Jacks No. 5: J. B. Philson, W. D. Glenn, L. P. Prince.  
Jacks No. 6: T. W. Dillard, Jno. P. Dean, M. H. Setzler.

Seuffletown No. 1: J. L. Chaney, E. L. Bennett, R. T. Cunningham.  
Seuffletown No. 2: G. C. Byrd, R. T. Trammell, J. L. Sanders.

Seuffletown No. 3: C. R. Cooper, C. A. Owens, S. L. Saxon.  
Seuffletown No. 4: W. D. Byrd, Geo. W. Clardy, R. J. Donnon.

The managers shall make their returns to the County Board of Education for said county.

By order of the County Board of Education for Laurens County, S. C., this the first day of June, A. D. 1915.

JAMES H. SULLIVAN.

*The*  
**MADCAP QUEEN**  
By H. M. EGBERT  
Novelized from the Motion Picture Drama of the same name. Produced by the Universal Film Mfg. Co.

Copyright 1915

"You lie, I say! When the old fox goes to earth the vixen shall never usurp my rightful place!"

The words, uttered in sonorous German, arrested Dana Wescott's attention as he sat alone at a little table in the cafe.

He had reached Gredshoffsen only that morning from Venice. His father had given him a year to see the world before settling down in his prosaic business at Newark, and just enough spending money to cover his expenses.

The deference with which the students at the next table greeted this sally surprised Dana.

"You lie, I say!" shouted the speaker, a handsome, rather coarse-featured young man, thumping his fist down on the table. "Ho, waiter! Fill up our glasses!"

"Yes, your highness!" muttered the old waiter, approaching deferentially. "What's that? What do you call me?" shouted the young man.

"Your highness is Prince Hendrick, cousin to her highness Princess Elaine, the daughter of his majesty the king," stammered the old man.

"You lie!" roared Prince Hendrick, leaping from his chair and grasping the old man by the throat. "The king is dead."

"Long live King Hendrick!" shouted the students.

Seeing that the old waiter's face was growing purple Dana sprang from his chair and laid his hand on Prince Hendrick's arm.

"That'll be all," he said, and translated the idiom into the language of the country as best he could.

The prince, releasing the waiter, stared in amazement at the presumptuous American. Then, raising his hand, he slapped Dana across the cheek.

A moment later he went to the floor under a blow deftly planted upon the orbital region.

Instantly the cafe was in an uproar. The whole pack lunged themselves upon Dana. He struck out right and left, and they returned his blows with beer mugs, canes, anything that was handy. A stein cut his forehead; he felled two more, and then made for the open street.

After him came the gang, helter-skelter. Dana's life seemed worth something less than a nickel just then. He ran, panting, along the single street, ascending a high cliff that overlooked the gulf. A small steamship was almost immediately beneath him, making for the harbor. Dana hesitated. The gang closed in. He saw more than one revolver aimed at him. He looked down at the seething waters beneath and, on the impulse, plunged.

A moment later he was battling in the waves. He swam with all his strength, but the icy cold benumbed his senses. He felt his limbs grow numb. He fought valiantly, flung up his arms, sank, emerged, fought on, gasping and choking. He heard confused shouts he saw a line thrown and a white, circular lifebelt near him. Desperately he swam toward it, caught it with his last remaining strength and became unconscious.

When his opened his eyes he was lying on the deck of a steam yacht, and over him was bending the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

"Where am I?" he gasped.  
"On board the yacht of her majesty Elaine, the new queen of Gredshoffsen," answered the girl.

Half an hour later, clothed in the captain's suit of best flannels, Dana went on deck to thank his benefactress.

He had learned that the old king was dead, and Princess Elaine, his heiress, was on her way, not to the port, but to the private wharf beneath the palace walls, some miles along the coast to be acclaimed ruler of the principality.

The bevy of laughing girls confused him so that he nearly kissed the hand of the maid of honor who had first spoken to him instead of that of the queen. They questioned him eagerly, but when he mentioned the name of Prince Hendrick they looked at one another silently. And Dana guessed that Prince Hendrick was not to be reached by any law's in Gredshoffsen.

Presently, left alone with the maid of honor, Dana found himself rapidly falling in love with her, so much so that by the time the yacht put in at the palace wharf he had obtained permission to call on her on the following day.

Dana returned afoot to the little town where he had met with such an unexpected welcome from Prince Hendrick.

"I'm going back," he said to himself, "and I'm going to take that scion of royal birth over my knee and—"

His thoughts amused him so that he was back at the tavern almost before he was aware of it. But when he entered he found the place deserted. From a small private room came the sound of many voices, speaking in low tones. The old waiter came up in amazement.

"I didn't have time to settle my bill," said Dana, handing the man the amount and a liberal tip.  
"But—how—I thought—" gasped the old fellow.  
"You thought I was dead, eh? Well, I've come back to show them how much alive I am."  
"For heaven's sake, no!" gasped the waiter, detaining him. "They'll murder you. They—they're plotting to—you must help Gredshoffsen. They have planned their coup just at the time when—when—"  
"What coup?" inquired Dana.  
"They're going to rush the palace tonight and proclaim Prince Hendrick king!" whispered the old man. "You must warn her—our beloved princess—Queen Elaine—Madcapp Elaine, as we call her. Come here and listen!"  
He led Dana to an embrasure near the door and Dana listened.  
Ten minutes later he was hurrying back toward the palace afoot.  
It had begun to grow dark when, an hour later, Dana was at the palace gates. The sentry barred the way. Dana burst through, ran up the gravelled drive and found himself at the entrance to the vast hall, beyond which he could see crowds moving in brilliantly lighted rooms.  
"I must see her majesty at once!" he cried to the young officer who stopped him.  
"Impossible!" answered the other, looking contemptuously at his tourist's clothes. "Her majesty is receiving congratulations upon—"  
"I must see her, I tell you!" shouted Dana, and his eyes lighted upon a young woman at the foot of the grand stairway. It was one of the maids whom he had seen on the yacht.  
She came forward and in a few hurried words Dana explained.  
"I will tell the grand chancellor," answered the girl, looking strangely at him. There was mirth in her eyes, but her mouth was tightly set.  
He waited, and presently there came running out to him his innamorata of the yacht.  
"Long live King Hendrick!" shouted the students.



"I Must See the Queen."

that afternoon, the maid of honor, dressed in ermine and silk, a regal figure who might have been the queen herself.

"I must see the queen," gasped Dana. "Prince Hendrick is to attack the palace within an hour. He has a body of fifty men. I overheard the conspiracy. I want to help—"

There was need of help, for already the news was public, and the old grand chancellor and all the brilliant throng were scurrying hither and thither aimlessly.

Dana told his story again and yet once more. "There is no time to be lost!" he cried. "Where are your soldiers? Close the gates. Prepare to defend your queen!"

Then Dana understood how shrewdly Hendrick had planned his stroke. The little army of fifty men had been entrained for Elerschild, where the late king's funeral ceremonies were to be held on the next day. The palace was unprotected.

"The secret passage!" gasped the grand chancellor.  
They stared at him.

"It was made in his majesty's earliest days," he cried, "when things were in a turmoil. Follow me. Your majesty—"

But the women in a body flocked after him, followed by all the assemblage. He led them down a flight of stairs beneath the flooring of an anteroom, along a rock tunnel. Two pages, with torches, accompanied him, and the journey seemed endless. It was a full half hour later that they ascended another flight and found themselves in a little hunting lodge in a dense forest.

"Here we are safe for a while, your majesty," stammered the old man. "But—"

"We must get aid from the peasantry," said the young officer. "His late majesty's foresters have their huts within five miles of the lodge. They have hunting rifles. It is a dangerous venture, but Hendrick's rabble will be drinking and—"

A terrified peasant, running along the woodland trail, stopped in terror at the sight of that motley assemblage within the forest.

"Prince Hendrick!" he stammered.  
"Speak out!" cried Dana, grasping him by the shoulders.

"He is plundering the palace. They say the queen is dead. He is the new king of Gredshoffsen."

"Not yet!" cried Dana. "Take me to the huts of the foresters."

(Continued on Page Ten)

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You just must try some of NORRIS' Exquisite Candies, in order to appreciate how wonderfully good they are.

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This candy for which we have the agency is the product of America's Master candy-maker, and in addition to being far beyond any candy produced in America, it is packed in boxes so beautiful that they offer a feast for the eyes not soon forgotten.

Price, eighty cents, one dollar and one fifty per pound.

Your inspection is solicited without any obligation on your part to purchase.

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#### FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Take notice that on the 20th day of July, I will render a final account of my acts and doings as Administrator of the estate of Ellen Price Wallace, deceased, in the office of the Judge of Probate of Laurens County at 11 o'clock, a. m., and on the same day will apply for a final discharge from our trusts as Administrators.

Any persons indebted to said estate are notified and required to make payment on that date; and all persons having claims against said estate will present them on or before said date, duly proven, or be forever barred.

H. S. WALLACE, Administrator.

June 16, 1915.—1 Mo.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Congress from the Fourth Congressional District, subject to the rules of the Democratic party.

SAM J. NICHOLS.

#### SUMMONS FOR RELIEF.

State of South Carolina,  
County of Laurens,  
J. W. Leake Plaintiff,  
against  
John Ferguson, Defendant.

To the Defendant above named:  
You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in the above stated action which was filed in the office of the clerk of the court of common pleas for the county of Laurens in said state on the 20th day of May, 1915 and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office at Laurens court house, South Carolina within twenty days from the service hereof exclusive of the day of such service and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

F. P. MCGOWAN,  
Plaintiff's Attorney.

May 20, 1915. 46-3t

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All expenses pay cadets from South Carolina \$282 a year.

A scholarship worth \$300 a year is vacant from Laurens county, and will be filled by competitive examination at the county seat on 13th day of August, 1915. For necessary information and blanks apply to Col. O. J. Bond, The Citadel, Charleston, S. C. 48-4t

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