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The three young modelers looked up in exclamatory consternation as the doors opened.

"Oh, are you ready?" cried Carol. "How time has flown! We had no idea you'd be ready so soon. Oh, we are sorry, Prudence. We intended to have everything fixed properly for you again. We needed a flat place for our modeling. It's a shame, that's what it is. Isn't that a handsome Venus? I did that!—If you'll just shut the door one minute, Prudence, we'll have everything exactly as you left it. And we're as sorry as we can be. You can have my Venus for a centerpiece, if you like."

Prudence silently closed the doors, and the Ladies, laughing significantly, drew away.

"Don't you think, my dear," began Mrs. Prentiss too sweetly, "that they are a little more than you can manage? Don't you really think an older woman is needed?"

"I do not think so," cried Fairy, before her sister could speak, "no older woman could be kinder, or sweeter, or more patient and helpful than Prue." "Undoubtedly true! But something more is needed, I am afraid! It appears that girls are a little more disorderly than in my own young days! Perhaps I do not judge advisedly, but it seems to me they are a little—unmanageable."

"Indeed they are not," cried Prudence loyally. "They are young, lively, mischievous, I know—and I am glad of it. But I have lived with them ever since they were born, and I ought to know them. They are unselfish, they are sympathetic, they are always generous. They do foolish and irritating things—but never things that are hateful and mean. They are all right at heart, and that is all that counts. They are not bad girls! What have they done today? They were exasperating, and humiliated, too, but what did they do that was really mean? They embarrassed and mortified me, but not intentionally! I can't punish them for the effect on me, you know! Would that be just or fair? At heart, they meant no harm."

It must be confessed that there were many serious faces among the Ladies. Some cheeks were flushed, some eyes were downcast, some lips were compressed and some were trembling. Every mother there was asking in her heart, "Did I punish my children just for the effect on me? Did I judge my children by what was in their hearts, or just by the trouble they made me?"

And the silence lasted so long that it became awkward. Finally Mrs. Prentiss crossed the room and stood by Prudence's side. She laid a hand tenderly on the young girl's arm, and said in a voice that was slightly tremulous: "I believe you are right, my dear. It is what girls are at heart that really counts. I believe your sisters are all you say they are. And one thing I am very sure of—they are happy girls to have a sister so patient and loving and just. Not all real mothers have as much to their credit!"

CHAPTER IV.

A Secret Society.

Carol and Lark, in keeping with their twinning, were the dearest chums and comrades. To them the great, rambling barn back of the parsonage was a most delightful place. It had a big cowshed on one side, and horse stalls on the other, with a "heavenly" haymow over all, and with "chutes" for the descent of hay—and twinning!

Now the twinning had a secret society—of which they were the founders, the officers and the membership body. Its name was Skull and Crossbones. Lark furnished the brain power for the organization, but her sister was an enthusiastic and energetic second. Carol's club name was Lady Gwendolyn, and Lark's was Sir Alfred Angelcourt ordinarily, although subject to frequent change. The old barn saw stirring times after the coming of the new parsonage family.

"Hark! Hark!" sounded a hissing whisper from the corner, and Connie, eavesdropping outside the barn, shivered sympathetically.

"What is it! Oh, what is it?" wailed the unfortunate lady.

"Look! Look! Run for your life!"

Then while Connie clutched the barn door in a frenzy, there was a sound of rattling corn as the twinning scrambled upward, a silence, a low thud, and an unromantic "Ouch!" as Carol bumped her head and stumbled.

"Are you assaulted?" shouted the bold Sir Alfred, and Connie heard a wild scuffle as he rescued his compan-

ion from the clutches of the old halter on which she had stumbled. Up the haymow ladder they hurried, and then slid recklessly down the hay chutes. Presently the barn door was flung open, and the "society" knocked Connie flying backward, ran madly around the barn a few times, and scurried under the fence and into the chicken coop.

A little later Connie, assailed with shots of corn, ran bitterly toward the house. "Peeking" was strictly forbidden when the twinning were engaged in Skull and Crossbones activities.

And Connie's soul burned with desire. She felt that this secret society was threatening not only her happiness, but also her health, for she could not sleep for horrid dreams of Skulls and Crossbones at night, and could not eat for envying the twinning their secret and mysterious joys. Finally she applied to Prudence, and received assistance.

The afternoon mail brought to the parsonage an envelope addressed to "Misses Carol and Lark Starr, the Methodist Parsonage, Mount Mark, Iowa," and in the lower left-hand corner was a suggestive drawing of a Skull and Crossbones. The eyes of the mischievous twinning twinkled with delight when they saw it, and they carried it to the barn for prompt perusal. It read as follows:

Miss Constance Starr humbly and respectfully craves admittance into the Ancient and Honorable Organization of Skull and Crossbones.

The twinning pondered long on a fitting reply, and the next afternoon the postman brought a letter for Connie, waiting impatiently for it. She had approached the twinning about it at noon that day.

"Did you get my application?" she had whispered nervously.

But the twinning had stared her out of countenance, and Connie realized that she had committed a serious breach of secret society etiquette.

But here was the letter! Her fingers trembled as she opened it. It was decorated lavishly with skulls and crossbones, splashed with red ink, supposedly blood, and written in the same suggestive color.

Skull and Crossbones, great in mercy and in condensation, has listened graciously to the prayer of Constance, the Seeker. Hear the will of the Great Spirit! If the Seeker will, for the length of two weeks, submit herself to the will of Skull and Crossbones, she shall be admitted into the Ancient and Honorable Order.

The week that followed was a gala one for the twinning of Skull and Crossbones. Constance swept their room, made their bed, washed their dishes, did their chores, and in every way behaved as a model pledge of the ancient and honorable. The twinning were gracious but firm. There was no arguing and no faltering. "It is the will of Skull and Crossbones that the damsel do this," they would say. And the damsel did it.

Prudence did not feel it was a case that called for her interference. So she sat back and watched, while the twinning told stories, read and frolicked, and Constance did their daily tasks.

A week passed, ten days, and twelve. Then came a golden October afternoon when the twinning sat in the haymow looking out upon a mellow world. Con-

stance was in the yard, reading a fairy story. The situation was a tense one, for the twinning were hungry, and she was heavy on their hands.

"The apple trees in Avery's orchard are just loaded," said Lark. "And there are lots on the ground, too. I saw them when I was out in the field this morning."

Carol gazed down into the yard where Constance was absorbed in her book. "Constance oughtn't to read as much as she does," she argued. "It's so bad for the eyes."

"Yes, and what's more, she's been getting off too easy for the last few days. The time is nearly up."

"That's so," said Lark. "Let's call her up here." This was done at once, and the unfortunate Constance stood before them respectfully, as they had instructed her to stand. The twinning hesitated, each secretly hoping the other would voice the order. But Lark, as usual, was obliged to be the spokesman.

"Damsel," she said, "it is the will of Skull and Crossbones that you hie ye to yonder orchard—Avery's I mean—and bring hither some of the golden apples basking in the sun."

"What!" ejaculated Connie, startled out of her respect.

Carol frowned. Connie hastened to modify her tone. "Did they say you might have them?" she inquired politely.

"That concerns thee not; 'tis for thee only to render obedience to the orders of the Society. Go out through our field and sneak under the fence where the wires are loose, and hurry back. We're awfully hungry. The trees are near the fence. There isn't any danger."

"But it's stealing," objected Connie. "What will Prudence—"

"Damsel!" And Connie turned to obey with despair in her heart.

"Bring twelve," Carol called after her, "that'll be four apiece. And hurry, Connie. And see they don't catch you while you're about it."

After she had gone the twinning lay back thoughtfully on the hay and stared at the cobwebby roof above them in silence for a while. Something was hurting them, but whether it was their fear of the wrath of Prudence, or the twinges of tender consciences—who can say?

"She's an unearthly long time about it," exclaimed Lark at last. "Do you suppose they caught her?"

This was an awful thought, and the girls were temporarily suffocated. But they heard the barn door swinging beneath them, and sighed with relief. It

was Connie! She climbed the ladder skillfully, and poured her golden treasure before the arch-thieves, Skull and Crossbones.

There were eight big, tempting apples.

"Hum! Eight!" said Carol sternly. "I said twelve."

"Yes, but I was afraid someone was coming. I heard such a noise through the grapevines, so I got what I could and ran for it. There's three apiece for you, and two for me," said Connie, sitting down sociably beside them on the hay.

But Carol rose. "Damsel, begone," she ordered. "When Skull and Crossbones feast, thou canst not yet share the festive board. Rise thee, and speed."

Connie rose, and walked soberly toward the ladder. But before she disappeared she fired this parting shot, "I don't want any of them. Stolen apples don't taste very good, I reckon."

Carol and Lark had the grace to flush a little at this, but however the stolen apples tasted, the twinning had no difficulty in disposing of them. Then, full almost beyond the point of comfort, they slid down the hay chutes, went out the back way, turned the corner, and came quietly in through the front door of the parsonage.

Prudence was in the kitchen preparing the evening meal. Fairy was in the sitting room, busy with her books. The twinning set the table conscientiously, filled the woodbox, and in every way labored irreproachably. But Prudence had no word of praise for them that evening. She hardly seemed to know they were about the place. She went about her work with a pale face, and never a smile to be seen.

Supper was nearly ready when Connie sauntered in from the barn. After leaving the haymow, she had found a cozy corner in the corner, with two heavy laprobes discarded by the twinning in their flight from wolves, and had settled down there to finish her story. As she stepped into the kitchen Prudence turned to her with such a sorry, reproachful gaze that Connie was frightened.

"Are you sick, Prue?" she gasped.

Prudence did not answer. She went to the door and called Fairy. "Finish getting supper, will you, Fairy? And when you are all ready, you and the twinning go right on eating. Don't wait for father—he isn't coming home until evening. Come upstairs with me, Connie; I want to talk to you."

Connie followed her sister soberly, and the twinning flashed at each other startling and questioning looks.

The three girls were at table when Prudence came into the dining room alone. She fixed a tray-supper quietly and carried it off upstairs. Then she came back and sat down by the table. But her face bore marks of tears, and she had no appetite. The twinning had felt small things for their food before; now each mouthful seemed to choke them. But they dared not ask a question. They were devoutly thankful when Fairy finally voiced their interest.

"What is the matter? Has Connie been in mischief?"

"It's worse than that," faltered Prudence, tears rushing to her eyes again. "Why, Prudence! What in the world has she done?"

FIRST REGIMENT IS LARGELY AUGMENTED

Troops from Other Regiments, are Merged with Old First S. C., of which Local Company is a Part.

Considerable excitement was caused on the streets Saturday when a rumor was started to the effect that Co. D, 118th Infantry, formerly the Traynham Guards of this city, had been ordered to France. The rumor had its beginning, it is thought, from hasty reading of reports in the morning papers to the effect that officers of other regiments would be sent to France and their men transferred to the 118th. The transfer of men took place, it is understood the early part of this week, Co. D getting about 90 men or nearly enough to bring it up to full war strength. The article, a second reading of which later allayed the uneasiness of relatives and friends of the soldiers, was in part as follows:

Greenville, Oct. 18.—The six training battalions of the Fifty-fifth Depot Brigade, formerly the First, Second and Third Battalions of the First Tennessee Infantry, the Second and Third Battalions of the First North Carolina Infantry, and the Third Battalion of the Second South Carolina Infantry are to be incorporated with the regular regiments for their respective States and all their commissioned officers of the rank of captain and above are to leave for France as soon as transportation can be provided, according to unofficial information today.

According to information available, Big Gen. L. D. Tyson, commanding the brigade, together with one of his two colonels, both lieutenant colonels and practically every major and captain, will leave at once for France. Their men will be transferred bodily into the One Hundred and Seventeenth, One Hundred and Eighteenth, One Hundred and Nineteenth and One Hundred and Twentieth Infantry Regiments, formerly the Third Tennessee, First South Carolina and Second and Third North Carolina, respectively, troops being assigned whenever possible to organizations from their own State. All non-commissioned officers will retain their

grades. The training battalions will not take up their camp with the organizations to which they will be transferred until the departure of their officers.

How the School May Reach the Home.

October the 19th was Food Conservation day and the teachers all over the United States were asked to tell the school children something they could do to help win the war. The teachers were asked to tell the children all they could about food conservation and then require the children to write a composition on the subject. The normal class of the city schools wrote letters to their parents instead of compositions. Below is one of the letters, suggesting the way rural teachers may reach the homes of the people in their communities through the school.

Laurens, S. C., Oct. 19, 1917.

My Dear Mother:

You have already learned that this is food conservation day. My teacher has requested that I write you and tell you how I can help America win this war by eating wisely, eating enough and not wasting. I think it will be a help to you to know this too.

In the first place we can help the soldiers by sending them as much food as we can of the most nutritive value in the least shipping space. To do this we can buy less and cook no more than is necessary and when we eat not take any more on our plate than is absolutely necessary.

We can eat less of wheat, beef, pork, dairy products and sugar and eat more of other foods of which we have an abundance.

The idea of having a wheatless day is a very good plan, and I think you should adopt it. Vegetables, such as beans, take the place of meat. Use butter instead of lard also. Use everything that is left over from one meal in some way for the next. Another good plan is not to let the children eat between meals.

Hope this will be of some benefit to you also in helping America win this war.

Lovingly,
Annie Belle.

Grover Richey Gets Promotion.

Among the recent promotions announced at Camp Sevier is that of Corporal Grover C. Richey, to sergeant. Sergeant Richey is attached to the ambulance corps under Major Peore and is making a valuable assistant in that department.

Always Have PERUNA

Mrs. L. A. Patterson, 1399 Kentucky St., Memphis, Tennessee, writes:

"I have been a friend of Peruna for many years. I have used it off and on for catarrhal complaints and found it a very excellent remedy. I have a small family of children. Times are hard with us, but I can scarcely afford to do without Peruna, especially during the season of the year when coughs and colds are prevalent. We always recommend Peruna to our neighbors, for the benefit it has been to us."

For Coughs and Colds in the Home. Recommend It to Our Neighbors.

Those who object to liquid medicines can procure Peruna Tablets.



Ugh! Calomel Sickens; Salivates! Please Try Dodson's Liver Tone

I am sincere! My medicine does not upset liver and bowels so you lose a day's work.

Calomel loses you a day! You know what calomel is. It's mercury; quicksilver. Calomel is dangerous. It crashes into your bile like dynamite, cramping and sickening you. Calomel attacks the bones and should never be put into your system.

When you feel bilious, sluggish, constipated and all knocked out and believe you need a dose of dangerous calomel just remember that your

druggist sells for a few cents a large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone, which is entirely vegetable and pleasant to take and is a perfect substitute for calomel. It is guaranteed to start your liver without stirring you up inside, and can not salivate.

Don't take calomel! It makes you sick the next day; it loses you a day's work. Dodson's Liver Tone straightens you right up and you feel great. Give it to the children as well.

Owen Bros. Marble & Granite Co.

Designers
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"TRIBUTES IN STONE"

is a beautiful little booklet which will tell you many things you should know before placing your order for a monument. It is free. Write for it.

The largest and best equipped Monumental Mills in the Carolinas.

GREENWOOD, S. C.
RALEIGH, N. C.



HOT DRINKS OR COLD

County Fair visitors are invited to call upon us County Fair day. We will be glad to see you. Our store is headquarters for ice cream, soda water and cold or hot drinks of all kinds. If the day happens to be warm, we will have cold drinks for you. If it happens to be cold, we will have hot drinks as well as cold. Regardless of the weather we will be prepared to serve you.

Can't we sell you a Victrola Friday? Spring a surprise on the folks left at home by carrying back one of those wonderful musical instruments with you. Do it!

POWE DRUG COMPANY