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Notice to Pensioners. The pension commission will be in Anditor Thompson's office each Saturday in January to receive new applications. Those already on the roll need mot apply.

J. Pat Caldwell, Pension Commissioner



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And in two minutes he was down, agonizingly anxious, knowing that something was wrong. Prudence was waiting for him, and as he reached the bottom step she clutched his hands desperately.

"Jerry," she whispered. "I-forgive me-I honestly- Oh, I didn't think what I was saying last night. You were so dear, and I was so happy, and for while I really believed we could belong to each other. But I can't, you know. I've promised papa and the girls a dozen times that I would never marry. Don't you see how it is? I must take it back."

Jerry smiled a little, it must be admitted. This was so like his conscientious little Prudence!

"Dearest," he said gently. "You love me. Your father would never allow you to sacrifice yourself like that. The girls would not hear of it. They want you to be happy. And you can't be happy without me, can you?"

Suddenly she crushed close to him. "Oh, Jerry," she sobbed, "I will never be happy again, I know. But-it is right for me to stay here and be the mother in the parsonage. It is wicked of me to want you more than all of Don't you see it is? They haven't any mother. They haven't anyone but me. Of course, they would not allow it, but they will not know anything about it. I must do it my-And father especially must never know. I want you to go away this morning before breakfast and -never come again."

She clung to him as she said this, but her voice did not falter. "And you must not write to me any more. For, oh, Jerry, if I see you again I can never let you go, 1 know it. Will you do this fee me?"

'You are nervous and excited," he said tenderly. "Let's wait until after breakfast. Then we'll talk it all over with your father, and it shall be as he Won't that be better?"

"Oh, no. For father will say whatever he thinks will make me happy. He must not know a thing about it. Promise, Jerry, that you will never tell him one word."

I promise, of course, Prudence. will let you tell him."

But she shook her head, "He will never know. Oh. Jerry! I can't beat to think of never seeing you again and never getting letters from you, and it seems to kill me inside, just the

"Sit here in my lap. Put your head on my shoulder, like that. Let me rut your face a little. You're feverish, You heart? We can settle this later on."

"You must go right away, or I cannot let you go at all!"

"Do you mean you want me to get

my things and go right now?" "Yes," She buried her face in his shoulder. "If-if you stay in your room until breakfast time I will lock you in, so you cannot leave me again,

I know it. I am crazy today." "Don't you think you owe me some thing, as well as your father and sisters? Didn't God bring us together and make us love each other? Don't you think he intended us for each other? Do you wish you had never met

me?" "Jerry !"

"Then, sweetheart, be reasonable Your father loved your mother, and married her. That is God's plan for all of us. You have been a wonderfully brave and sweet daughter and sister, I know. But surely Fairy is old enough to take your place now.'

"Fairy's going to be a professor, and —the girls do not mind her very well. And she isn't as much comfort to father as I am. It's just because I am most like mother, you see. But any-

how, I promised. I can't leave them." "Your father expects you to marry, and to marry me. I told him about it myself, long ago. And he was perfect ly willing. He didn't say a word against it."

"Of course he wouldn't. That's jus like father. But still, I promised. And what would the girls say if I should go back on them? They have trusted me, always. If I fail them, will they ever trust anybody else? If you love me, Jerry, please go, and stay away." But her arm tightened about his neck. 'I'll wait here until you get your things, and we can-say goodby. And

don't forget your promise.' "Oh, very well, Prudence," he answered, half irritably, "if you insist on ordering me away from the house

like this, I can only go. But-' "Let's not talk any more about it Jerry, Please, I'll wait until you come

When he came down a little later, with his suitcase, his face was white and strained.

She put her arms around his neck. "Jerry," she whispered. "I want to tell you that I love you so much that-I could go away with you, and never see any of them any more, or papa, or the parsonage, and still feel rich, if I just had you! You-everything in me seems to be all yours. I-love you."

Her tremulous lips were pressed against his.

"Oh, sweetheart, this is folly, all folly. But I can't make you see it. It is wrong, it is wickedly wrong, but-" "But I am all they have, Jerry, andpromised."

"Whenever you want me, Prudence just send. Pll never change. Pll always be just the same. God intended you for me, I know, and-I'll be wait-

"Jerry! Jerry!" she whispered passionately, sobbing, quivering in his arms. It was he who drew away.

"Good-by, sweetheart," he said quietly, great pity in his heart for the girl who in her desire to do right was doing



"Whenever You Send, I Will Come."

such horrible wrong. "Good-by, sweetheart. Remember, I will be waiting. Whenever you send, I will come."

fle stepped outside, and closed the door. Prudence stood motionless, her hands clenched, until she could no longer hear his footsteps. Then she dropped on the floor, and lay there face downward, until she heard Fairy moving in her room upstairs. Then she went into the kitchen and built the fire for breakfast.

#### CHAPTER XII.

She Comes to Grief. Fairy was one of those buoyant, warm-blooded girls to whom sleep is indeed the great restorer. Now she stood in the kitchen door, tall, cheeks glowing, eyes sparkling, and smiled at

her sister's solemn back.

"You are the little mousey, Prue," she said, in her full rich voice, didn't hear you come to bed last night, and I didn't hear you getting out this morning. Why, what is the matter?" For Prudence had turned her face toward her sister, and it was so white and so unnatural that Fairy was shocked.

bed and let me get breakfast. Here, get out of this, and I will—"

"There's nothing the matter with me. I had a headache, and did not sleep, but I am all right now. Are the girls

Fairy eyed her suspiciously. "Jerry is out unusually early, too, isn't he? His door is open."

"Jerry has gone, Fairy." Prudence's back was presented to view once more, and Prudence was stirring the oatmeal with victous energy. "He left early this morning-I suppose he is half-way to Des Moines by now."

"Oh!" Fairy's voice was noncommittal. "When is he coming back?" "He isn't coming back, Please hurry, Fairy, and call the others. The catment is ready."

Fairy went soberly up the stairs, ostensibly to call her sisters,

"Girls," she began, carefully closing the door of their room behind her. "Jerry has gone, and isn't coming back any more. And for goodness' sake, don't keep asking questions about it. Just out your breakfast as usual, and have a little tact."

"A lovers' quarrel," suggested Lark, her eyes glittered greedily.

"Nothing of the sort. And don't keep staring at Prue, either. And do not keep talking about Jerry all the time. You mind me, or I will tell papa."

"That's funny," said Carol thoughtfully, "We saw them kissing each other like mad in the back yard last nightand this morning he has gone to return no more. They are crazy." "Kissing! In the back yard! What

are you talking about?' Carol explained, and Fairy looked

still more thoughtful and perturbed. She opened the door, and called out to them in a loud and breezy voice: "Hurry, girls, for breakfast is ready, and there's no time to waste in a parsonage on Sunday morning." Then she added in a whisper, "And don't you mention Jerry, and don't ask Prudence what makes her so pale, or you'll catch

Then she went to her father's door. "Breakfast is ready, p pa," she called

clearly. She turned the knob softly, and peeped in. "May I come in a mintold him all she knew of what had happened.

"Prudence is ghastly, father, just ghastly. And she can't talk about it yet, so be careful what you say, will

And it was due to Fairy's kindly admonitions that the parsonage family took the departure of Jerry so calmly.

That was the beginning of Prudence's bitter winter, when the brightest sunshine was cheerless and dreary, and when even the laughter of her sisters smote harshly upon her ears. She tried to be as always, but in her eyes the wounded took lingered, and her face grew so pale and thin that her father

and Fairy, analously watching, were filled with grave concern. She remained almost constantly in the parsonage, reading very little, sitting most of her leisure time staring out the win-

Fairy had tried to win her confidence, and had falled.

"You are a 'arling, Fairy, but I realtold him to go, and not come again. No, you are wrong, Fairy, I do not re- Jerry's a bird, I say." gret it. I do not want him to come any more.

Mr. Starr, too, had tried. "Prudence," he said gently, "you know very often men do things that to women seem wrong and wicked. And maybe they are! But men and women are different by nature, my dear, and we must remember that. I have satisfied myself that Jerry is good, and clean, and manly. I do not think you should let any foolishness of his in the past come between you now."

"You are mistaken, father. Jerry is all right, and a ways was, I am sure. It is nothing like that. I told him to go, and not to come again. That is

"But if he should come back now-"It would be just the same. Don't worry about it, father. It's all right." "Prudence," he said, more tenderly, "we have been the closest of friends and companions, you and I, from the very beginning. Always you have come to me with your troubles and worries. Have I ever failed you? Why, then, do, you go back on me now, when you really need me?"

Prudence patted his shoulder affectionately, but her eyes did not meet his. "I do not really need you now, father. It is all settled, and I am quite satisfied. Things are all right with me just as they are."

Then he took a serious step, without her knowledge, He went to Des Moines, and had a visit with Jerry. He found him thinner, his face sterner, his eyes darker. When the office boy announced "Mr. Starr," Jerry ran quickly out to greet him.

"Is she all right?" he cried eagerly, almost before he was within hailing distance.

Mr. Starr did not mince matters. 'Jerry," he said abruptly, "did you and Prudence have a quarrel? She declines to tell me anything about it, and after the conversations you and I have had, I think I have a right to know what has happened."

"Does she miss me? Does she seem sorry that I am away? Does-" His voice was so boyish and so eager there was no mistaking his attitude toward Prudence.

"Look here, Jerry, I want to know Why are you staying away?" 'Won't Prudence tell you?"

"Then I cannot. She made me promise not to tell you a word. But it is "Prudence! You are sick! Go to not my mun, and state."

that, It is nothing I have done or said, that, It is nothing I have done or said. She sent me away because she thinks it was right for her to do so, and-you know Prudence! It is wrong, I know, I knew it all the time. But I couldn't make her see it. And she made me promise not to tell."

In the end Mr. Starr went back to the parsonage no wiser than he left, save that he now knew that Jerry was really not to blame, and that he held himself ready to return to her on a moment's notice.

The Ladies of the Methodist church were puzzled and exasperated. They went to the parsonage, determined to "find out what's what." But when they sat with Prudence, and looked at the frail, pathetic little figure, with the mournful eyes-they could only sigh with her and go their ways.

The twins continued to play in the great maple, even when the leaves were fallen. "It's a dandy place, I tell you, Prudence," cried Carol, "Jerry didn't have time to put up the rope before Connie pulled him down, but we've fixed it ourselves, and it is simply grand. You can go up and swing any time you like-unless your joints are too stiff! It's a very serious matter getting up there-for stiff joints, of course, I mean. Lark and I get up easy enough."

For a moment Prudence sat silent with quivering lips. Then she burst out with unusual passion, "Don't you ever dare climb that tree again as long as you live, twins! Mind what I say!"

Lark looked thoughtfully out of the window, and Carol swallowed hard. It was she who said gently, "Why, of course, Prue-just as you say,"

On the day before Christmas an in sured package was delivered at the parsonage for Prudence. A letter was with it, and she read that first. "My dearest little sweetheart: I

chose this gift for you long before I had the right to do it. I was keeping it until the proper moment. But the moment came, and went again, Still I want you to have the gift. Please wear it, for my sake, for I shall be

happy knowing It is where it ought to be, even though I myself am banished. Standing close beside him, she I love you, Prudence. Whenever you send for me, I am ready to come. Entirely and always yours, Jerry."

With trembling fingers she opened the little package. It contained a ring, with a brilliant diamond flashing myriad colors before her eyes. And Prudence kissed it passionately, many times.

Two hours later, she went quietly downstairs to where the rest of the family were decorating a Christmas She showed the ring to them

"Jerry sent it to me," she said. "Do you think it is all right for me to wear it. father?"

A thrill of hopeful expectancy ran through the little group.

"Yes, indeed," declared her father. "How beautiful it is! Is Jerry coming to spend Christmas with us?"

"Why, no, father-he is not coming at all any more. I thought you understood that."

An awkward silence, and Carol came brightly to the rescue. "It certainly is a beauty! I thought it was very kind ly do not want to talk about if. Oh, of Professor Duckie to send Lark and no, indeed, it is all my own fault. I me a five-pound box of chocolates, but of course this is ever so much nicer.

"A bird!" mocked Fairy. "Such lan-

Lark came to her twin's defense. Yes, a bird-that's just what he is." Carol smiled. "We saw him use his wings when Connie yanked him out of the big maple, didn't we, Lark?" Then,

'Did you send him anything, Prue?" Prudence hesitated, and answered without the slightest necession of color, "Yes, Carol. I had my picture taken when I was in Burlington, and sent it to him."

"Your picture! Oh, Prudence! Where are they? Aren't you going to give us one?' "No, Carol. I had only one made-

for Jerry. There aren't any more."
"Well," sighed Lark resignedly. "It's

a pretty idea for my book, anyhow." From that day on Prudence always wore the sparkling ring—and the wom en of the Methodist church nearly had mental paralysis marveling over a man who gave a diamond ring and never came a-wooing! And a girl who accepted and wore his offering, with nothing to say for the man! And it vas the consensus of opinion in Mount Mark that modern lovers were mostly crazy, anyhow!

And springtime came again.

Now the twins were always original in their amusements. They never folowed blindly after the dictates of custom. And when other girls played 'catch" with dainty rubber balls, the twins took unto themselves a big and



And Springtime Came Again.

heavy croquet ball—found in the Avery woodshed. To be sure, it stung and

as far as the schoolhouse woodshed!-By the way, will you lend me a nickel, papa?" He to k the ball and weighed it lightly in his hand. "I'm an anti-betting

society," he declared, laughing, "but I very strongly believe it will carry to the schoolhouse woodshed. If it does not, I'll give you five cents' worth of candy tomorrow. And if it does, you shall put an extra nickel in the collection next Sunday." Then he drew back his arm and carefully sighted across the lawn.

house and that little cedar," he said and then, bending low, it whizzed from his hand. Lark screamed and Carol sank fainting to the ground. For an instant Mr.

send It right between the corner of the

Starr himself stood swa,ing. Then he rushed across the lawn. For Prudence had opened the front door and stepped quickly out on the walk by the corner of the house. The heavy ball struck her on the forehead and she fell heavily, without a moan.

Drives Out Malaria, Builds Up System The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC, drives out Maini ia, enriches the blood, and builds up the sys-tem. A true tonic. For adults and children. 600

#### ASSESSOR'S NOTICE 1918.

The auditor's office will be open from the first day of January to the turns of all real and personal prop-

20th day of February, 1918, to make reerty for taxation. For the convenience of taxpayers

the Auditor or his deputy will attend the following named places to receive returns for said year, to wit: Monday, Jan. 14, Scuffletown town-ship, S. J. Craig's store.

Monday, Jan. 14, Jacks township, & W. Dean's. Monday, Jan. 14, Jacks township

Renno. Monday, Jan. 14, Hunter township, Mountville. Monday, Jan. 14, Cross Hill town-

ship, Cross Hill. luesday, Jan. 15, Waterloo Townhsip, Waterloo.

Monday, Jan. 14, Waterloo township, W. C. Thompson's.
Tuesday, Jan. 15, Waterloo town-

hip, Jerry C. Martin's store.

Tuesday, Jan. 15, Dial's township, B. Mahon's store. Tuesday, Jan. 15, Young's township,

Stewart's store. Tuesday, Jan. 15, Young's township,

Tuesday, Jan., 15, Scuffletown township, Ora, 9:00 a. m. to 2 p. m.

Tuesday, Jan. 15, Laurens township, Watts Mill 2:30 p. in. to 6:30 p. m. Wednesday, Jan. 16, Hunter township, Clinton.

Wednesday, Jan. 16, Sullivan township, T. T. Wood's. Wedn'esday, Jan. 16, Dials township, ). D. Harris'.

Wednesday, Jan. 16, Young's township, Cook's store. Thursday, Jan. 17, Hunter township,

Clinton Cotton Mill. Thursday, Jan. 17, Sullivan townhip, Princeton. Thursday, Jan. 17, Dials township,

. A. White's. Thursday, Jan. 17, Youngs town-hip, W. P. Harris's. Friday, Jan. 18, Hunter township, ydia Cotton Mill.

Friday, Jan. 18, Sullivan township, W. D. Sullivan, Sr. Friday, Jan. 18, Dials township, Fray Court.

Friday, Jan. 18, Youngs township, Pleasant Mound. Saturday, Jan. 19, Hunter township, loldville.

Please make note that the appoint-

nents will be filled just as advertised ind to please come out and make re-One man usually makes the whole round and some may not understand the notice this time as I have livided up the territory in the several ownships,
All male efficiens between the ages of 21 and 60 years on the first of Jan-

uary, except those who are incapable

of carning a support from being

maimed or from other causes, are deemed polls, Cofederate veterans excepted. Also all male citizens between the ages of 18 and 50 on the 1st day of lanuary, 1919, are liable to a road tax of \$1.50 and are required to make during the time above specified and their return of same to the Auditor shall pay to the County Treasurer at the same time other taxes are paid in lieu of working the road, school trus-

tees, students and ministers are exempted from road tax. All taxpayers are required to give township and number of school districts; also state whether property is situated in town or country. Each lot, tract, or parcel of land must be en-

ered separately. After the 20th of February 50 per cent penalty will be attached for failare to make returns on personal property and 20 per cent on real estate. J. W. THOMPSON,

County Auditor.

# **DOCTOR SAYS**

#### Honest Opinion Doctor Gave His Patient

Bedford, Ohio.-"I was in a pitiful woodshed. To be sure, it stung and bruised their hands. What matter? At any rate, they continued endangering their lives and beauties by reckless pitching of the ungainly plaything.

One Friday evening after school they were amusing themselves on the parsonage lawn with this huge ball. When their father turned in, they ran up to him with a sporting proposition. "Bet you a nickel, papa," cried Carol, "that you can't throw this ball as far as the schoolhouse woodshed!—

guarantee this famous cod liver and iron tonic for all such conditions. Laurens Drug Co., Laurens, S. C.

Soon Over His Cold.

Everyone speaks well of Chamber-ain's Cough Remedy after having used t. Mrs. George Lewis, Pittsfield, N. Y., has this to say regarding it: "Last winter my little boy, five years old, was sick with a cold for two or three weeks, I doctored him and used varlous cough medicines but nothing did aim much good until I began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He then improved rapidly and in a few days was over his cold."

