



(Continued from Last Week.)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Andrea Pellor, handsome daughter of Lord Pellor, impecunious aristocrat, is doomed to marry an illiterate but wealthy middle-aged diamond mine owner. She desolately wanders from her hotel in South Africa and discovers an aviator about to fly from the beach. Impulsively, of course imagining that the trip will be merely a pleasant excursion, and a welcome relief from thoughts of her impending loveless marriage, she begs to be taken for a flight, although she does not know him. He somewhat unwillingly agrees, and they start.

CHAPTER II.—When she realizes her unknown aviator is not going back Andrea in desperation tries to choke him with one of her stockings. He thwarts her and they sail on into the very heart of Africa. Landing in an immense craal, Andrea finds the natives all bow in worship to her mysterious companion. She is given a slave boy, "Bathtub," and the White Man sets about building a hut for her.

CHAPTER III.—Andrea is given a glimpse of the home which is to be hers, and wonders at its completeness. White Man invites her to dinner that evening, and in spite of the fact that he has refused to take her back to civilization Andrea accepts his invitation, but he continues deaf to her pleading that he restore her to her friends.

CHAPTER IV.—Andrea is awakened from sound sleep next morning by loud pounding on her doorway and is told to prepare for a day's hunt with White Man. She thoroughly enjoys the exciting trip and begins to understand more of his "host's" character and the reason for his apparently ruthless slaughtering of animals. He is providing for the force of blacks he employs and who look to him for sustenance.

CHAPTER V.

The seven days that followed were much as the first; when the white man was not shooting for the pot he was away overseeing his army of laborers. He ate but twice a day, at half past five in the morning, and twelve hours thereafter. To the latter meal Andrea was invariably and formally invited.

At each successive invitation she hesitated a little longer before accepting, and on the seventh night she refused. Any woman can easily understand why, but the surprising thing was that the man seemed to know just what was happening to her spirit. No stomach living can stand pigeon fourteen days in succession, nor is there a maid that can put on the same identical clothes for half that time without feeling demeaned. She knew he knew, for twice during the week he had told her bluntly to hand her lingerie to Bathtub at night, and she had found it at her door in the morning, miraculously washed, dried and more or less ironed.

There was nothing in the dawn of the eighth morning to indicate that it was ushering in a day of days, nor did Andrea more than turn her head when shortly after noon two bearers staggered into camp with a steamer trunk slung on a pole between them. There was no reason in the world why she should connect that trunk in any way with herself, even when, an hour after its arrival, she beheld approaching the magnificent and unforgettable specimen of black manhood she had last seen on the morning of her ravishment.

The new-comer dismissed the two bearers, making them take the pole and its lashings with them. They departed after one long, desolate look. He then seated himself beside the trunk and never moved until, late in the afternoon, the white man appeared, when he arose, saluted and then made a solemn gesture toward the load others had carried.

The white man's eyes lighted up; he seemed more cheerful than he had been in days.

He spoke to the black in dialect, whereupon he grasped a single handle of the trunk, and with one smooth movement passed it over his shoulder right side up to the crown of his head. He then marched with it into Andrea's cabin.

She sprang up, "Why!" she exclaimed and then added, her heart sinking within her, "You don't think that's one of mine, do you? Because it isn't."

She watched to see his face fall, but it didn't. From his pocket he took a bunch of keys, quickly slipped one from the ring and handed it to her. "Please open the trunk. It's certainly yours, as is all that it contains." He turned from her and added, "By the

way, I'm dining in khaki tonight." As Andrea walked slowly to her room, clutching the key tightly, she confessed to herself that she was being eaten alive by curiosity. "If only," she breathed, "there should happen to be one whole pair of stockings!"

Half an hour later, when every last thing the trunk had contained was piled upon her cot, she went to the door and closed it softly; then returned to drop on her knees, throw her arms wide across the accumulation, bury her hot face against one article after another and kiss each in turn!

There is every reason to enumerate that pile of dry goods if only to put on record for the benefit of the sporting world in general a list that it took many years to compile; two to decide what was necessary; eight to determine what of that wasn't. To begin at the bottom, there were two pairs of stout, brown, high, laced walking boots; then, in rapid succession, six pairs of lisle thread stockings to match; one pair of boys' pig-skin puttees; six dainty but sensible one-piece undies of softest and whitest woven cotton; three pairs of khaki breeches (youth's size); three khaki skirts, knee length, buttoned with real buttons and buttonholes all the way up the front and all the way up the back; four suits of pajamas, white madras, with silk frogs and knobs; six khaki shirts (two breast pockets each); one belt; three brown ties; one khaki-colored woolen sweater; one mackintosh, with hood; two khaki jackets (enormous pockets); two black hair ribbons and one nut-brown tam-o'-shanter!

There were also a few assorted packages, one or two of which even this frank chronicler refuses to open, but no harm can attach to the mention of a well-stocked housewife, an equally complete toilet case, a bathrobe, a pair of bedroom slippers, and a long, flat cardboard box that had been at the bottom of the trunk, and which Andrea had as yet refrained from exploring. On it was written in a strangely masculine hand: "The Return of the Native."

She opened it now and disclosed one of those adorable filmy hybrid frocks, a double cross between afternoon, evening and elf-land wear; one set of crepe de chine lovelies; two pairs of silk stockings, one pair of satin slippers. "And he said he's going to wear khaki tonight," she moaned.

Is it necessary to state that she presently got up off her knees and beginning at the head of the bed, started to try on every last thing? She did, and she was only half through when Bathtub knocked on the door and announced, "Scoff ready." No invitation this time—an order.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed and rushed for the utterly inadequate mirror.

Five minutes later her door opened and she stepped out, slowly, like some shy thing of the forest. Flushed of cheek, brilliant of eye, she walked toward the man. Oh, big black bow! Oh, hair starting one way and going another, leaping a squared shoulder to come to rest and rise and fall against the rounded face of a firm young breast! Oh, vision! Oh, youth! Oh, day and hour of the gay heart! The man looked and saw that her knees were round, her legs straight. "Thank God," he murmured.

He was dressed as she was, fit for fat, except for the big black bow and the very short skirt; and, like her, his hands were thrust, boy fashion, in the side pockets of his open khaki jacket. As she came close their eyes met and smiled. "I didn't put on the leggings," she said shyly. It was as though in changing back to ways and clothes like those of childhood she had suddenly rid herself of the hardening years between.

"You were right," said the man. "They're for the brush and when mosquitoes are bad."

Her face lit with pleasure. "You'll let me go into the brush?"

"Never alone," he answered quickly. "But you may go with me whenever and wherever you like."

"And may I still call you just White Man? Somehow it seems impudent now."

(To be Continued.)

NOTICE OF LOST STOCK.

State of South Carolina,
County of Laurens.
Notice is hereby given that Certificate No. 105 for one (1) share of the Second Preferred Stock of Watts Mills, Watts Mills, S. C., of the par value of \$1.00.00, issued on the 13th day of March, 1916, to Harriet J. Mayer, has been lost or destroyed, and cannot be found, and that the undersigned will apply to the said Watts Mill Company, at its place of business, at Laurens, S. C., on the 20th day of Nov., 1919, at 10 o'clock A. M., for a new certificate to be issued in lieu of said lost certificate.
MRS. HARRIET J. MAYER.
Oct. 15, 1919. 15-61-A



We can furnish you with a first-class Wood Saw Frame complete with 30-inch Cut Off Saw for \$12.50. To anyone sending us this adv. with check for \$15.00, we will prepay freight on same and deliver to your freight office. We also have large stock of Boiler Tubes, Pipe, Pumps, Cylinders and Well Points.

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FARM SALE!

The F. D. Clark Farm, containing 169 Acres, in Laurens county, 6 miles West of Woodruff, S. C., and 6 miles East of Gray Court, one-half mile of Bramlett Church

AT AUCTION

Thursday, Dec. 4th

AT 11:00 O'CLOCK A. M.

This valuable farm has been sub-divided into small farms, each having a good road frontage. It lies well, and is close to good School and Church.

Mr. Clark has purchased a farm in Virginia and is going to move there, and has decided to sell this one.

We will also sell all of the Farm Machinery, Live Stock, Feed, etc., consisting of one Fordson Tractor and Plows, one Wagon, one Mule, one Horse, Buggy and Harness. Also lot of Fodder, Hay and 500 bushels of Corn.

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