

**White Man**

Continued from first page, this section.

"Oh, no. She's about the prettiest woman I ever knew, but she was just like him inside. Try to head him off some time."

"The best way to head off a woman," mused Andrea, "is to marry her."

"That's so," agreed M'sungo promptly, "but friendship has limits."

They were necessarily walking in single file on the narrow path and Andrea was behind him. She looked quizzically at his back and wished she could see his face instead. But her attention was soon drawn to other things. They had come to the fringe of the forest. Spaced from two to three hundred yards apart and set well out from the shadow of the trees were mysterious piles of something or other that shone straw-gold under the morning sun.

At the first of the heaps M'sungo stopped. "This," he said, kicking at the silky coils, "is the greatest substitute for hemp and sisal that the world has yet produced. The war has made it worth—well, not quite its weight in gold, unless you measure it by sheer profits on the cost of production. It is nothing but the bark of the temba trees which make up the bulk of all the forests in this region, prepared by hand on a process of my own."

Andrea looked at the endless piles of fiber, tons and tons of it, stretching away like the posts in a prairie fence. "And you say this is a secret?" she asked incredulously.

He smiled. "It is so far," he answered. "But if you knew all the facts you wouldn't find it so wonderful. In the first place this spot is cut off on nearly all sides by waterless wilderness. In the only direction that isn't true, which is straight down the river, there is a wild zone that in four hundred years has never been pacified by the European dominance of the province. Those unsubdued tribes have been my friends in times past and are my allies today. No white man but myself has ever crossed their boundaries and lived; consequently they can tell no tales to my harm. Do you begin to see?"

Andrea nodded.

"Then at the coast," he continued, "just within the mouth of the river, I have a blind in the way of a sisal plantation. That gives the excuse for a steamer with machinery, say, to come in without arousing suspicion."

"So you are a profiteer on the way to making a war fortune," commented Andrea.

He flushed more deeply than she had yet seen him. "If you stay here long enough," he said stoutly, "you may understand."

He turned from her and plunged at right angles into the forest. She followed him into the chill air under the great trees. All too soon Andrea came out with him into a wide clearing which, simultaneously with their arrival, began to ring to the blows of many axes. Through all its length it swarmed with blacks at work; some felling trees, some stripping them of bark, others gathering it, and still others stacking the bared wood and cleaning up the general litter according to the most approved rules of modern forestry.

They walked up the wide swath of the clearing slowly, with many stops on the part of M'sungo to encourage, direct or criticize. They passed beyond the ringing of the axes into a region pungent with the smell of burning greenwood. Along one side, the side away from the fringe of the forest, was a long line of smoke spirals.

He waved at them. "Do you see what they're doing? Our axes ran out, so here we're felling in the old native way with a ring of fire at the foot of each doomed tree."

By eight o'clock the sun was at its full strength and Andrea was thankful indeed for her pith helmet; by ten she was thinking that noontime would never come. M'sungo was too engrossed with his work to notice her. She kept on, riding her nerve, until she felt that in another moment she must topple over; then she laid a quivering hand on his arm. He turned quickly, looked at her face gone white in spite of the heat and cursed himself aloud. He led her through the fringe of the forest to the deep shade at its open edge, made her lie down and showed her that a helmet, right side up on the ground, makes an excellent pillow.

"I'm off. Promise you won't be lonely, for it will be hours before I get back."

Andrea's lower lip trembled. "Aren't you coming for lunch?"

He looked down at her and shook his head. "There may come days of plenties, youngster, but they're a long way off."

"Please come back," she insisted.

He met her eyes with a hardened gaze. "There's not a woman living," he said slowly, "that will let a man work when she's around—if she can help it."

"You're thinking of people in love," said Andrea to start an argument and gain time.

"Of course I was," said the man on the instant. "Can't you let me work?"

"Beast," said Andrea and rolled over on her side, one moist hand for a pillow.

**NOTICE of the COUNTY TREASURER.**

The Books of the County Treasurer will be open for the collection of State, County and Commutation Road Taxes for the fiscal year, 1919, at the Treasurer's office from October 15th to December 31st, 1919. After December 31st one per cent will be added. After January 31st, two per cent will be added, and after February 28th, seven per cent will be added till the 15th day of March, 1920, when the books will be closed.

All persons owning property in more than one township are requested to call for receipts in each of the several townships in which the property is located. This is important, as additional cost and penalty may be attached.

All able-bodied male citizens between the ages of 21 and 60 years of age are liable to pay a poll tax of \$1.00, except old soldiers, who are exempt at 50 years of age. Commutation Road Tax \$3.50 in lieu of road duty. All men now in military service are exempt from road tax.

The Tax Levy is as follows:

State Tax	2.9 mills
Ordinary County Tax	1.4 mills
Road and Bridge	1.4 mills
Railroad Bond	1.1 mill
Road Bonds	1.1 1/2 mills
Jail Bonds	1/2 mill
Constitutional School Tax	1.3 mills
Permanent road and bridges	2 1/2 mills
Total	12.25 1/2 mills

Special Schools—Laurens Township.

Laurens No. 11	10 1/2 mills
Trinity-Ridge No. 1	8 1/2 mills
Maddens No. 2	4 mills
Narnie No. 3	5 mills
Bailey No. 4	4 mills
Mills No. 5	4 mills
Oak Grove No. 6	2 mills
Ora No. 12	8 mills

Special Schools—Youngs Township.

Youngs No. 2	4 mills
Youngs No. 2	8 mills
Youngs No. 4	11 1/2 mills
Youngs No. 5	8 mills
Mountain Inn No. 3B	20 mills
Lanford No. 10	10 1/2 mills
Ora No. 12	8 mills
Youngs No. 1	3 mills
Central No. 6	2 mills
Young No. 7	8 mills

Special Schools—Dials Township.

Green Pond No. 1	7 mills
Dials No. 2	8 1/2 mills
Silloh No. 3	12 mills
Gray Court-Owings No. 5	12 1/2 mills
Barksdale No. 6	5 mills
Dials Church No. 7	4 mills
Mountain Inn No. 3B	20 mills
Merna No. 8	10 mills
Dials No. 1	10 mills

Special Schools—Sullivan Township.

Mt. Bethel No. 2	8 mills
Princeton No. 1	12 1/2 mills
Poplar Springs No. 3	12 mills
Hickory Tavern No. 17	8 1/2 mills
Brewerton No. 7	4 mills
Sullivan Township R. R. bonds	3 mills
Merna No. 8	8 mills

Special Schools—Waterloo Township.

Waterloo No. 14	4 mills
Mt. Gallagher No. 1	8 mills
Bethlehem No. 2	4 mills
Elkom No. 3	8 mills
Centerpoint No. 4	4 mills
Oakville No. 5	8 mills
Mt. Pleasant No. 6	4 mills
Mt. Olive No. 7	8 1/2 mills

Special Schools—Cross Hill Township.

Cross Hill No. 12	10 1/2 mills
Cross Hill No. 1	2 mills
Cross Hill No. 2	2 mills
Cross Hill No. 1	2 mills
Cross Hill No. 3	2 mills
Cross Hill No. 6	3 mills

Special Schools—Hunter Township.

Mountville No. 16	11 mills
Hunter No. 2	4 mills
Hunter No. 3	6 mills
Clinton No. 5	11 mills
Hunter No. 4	4 mills
Hunter No. 1	2 mills
Hunter No. 6	4 mills

Special Schools—Jacks Township.

Odel's No. 6	3 mills
Hurricane No. 15	3 mills
Shady Grove No. 2	3 mills
Jacks No. 3	5 mills
Jacks No. 4	3 mills

Special Schools—Suffletown Township.

Langston Church No. 3	3 mills
Suffletown No. 1	8 mills
Lanford No. 10	10 1/2 mills
Ora No. 12	8 mills
Suffletown No. 2	4 mills
Suffletown No. 4	4 mills

Prompt attention will be given those who wish to pay their taxes through the mail by check, money order, etc.

Persons sending in lists of names to be taken off are requested to send them early; and give the township of each, as the Treasurer is very busy during the month of December.

ROSS D. YOUNG,  
County Treasurer.

**White Man**

Continued from first page, this section.

But what was she to do, she did not see. Bathub and another boy arrive with table, chair and lunch basket, all in a single small load, for before it happened she was far away in the land of Nod. When she awoke she was sorry, for awake the hot hours passed on laggard feet. At midday she ate; then she tried to read, but by four in the afternoon she was desperate for something to do. She determined to sleep again, and just as she was dozing off a whisper came to her—one of those carefully measured whispers that reach the intended ear and go no farther.

"Missis!"

She turned. "What is it?" she asked.

"Gashly! Missis," breathed Bathub, and the agony in his appeal to her to go slow was so eloquent that she caught the spirit, if not the meaning of the word.

She raised her head ever so carefully and looked out over the plain. "Oh!" she murmured.

A quarter of a mile away a band of sable were grazing, and in a moment she could tell that they were feeding directly toward her. "Oh!" she breathed again, "oh, you beauties!"

Closer and closer grazed the herd, stepping daintily from tuft to tuft of fodder. Their black and white faces, the sweep of their arching horns, their brown bodies that glistened in the sun as though they had been groomed, their nervous flicking bobbed tails, their incredibly slim legs, combined all the attributes of fascination—beauty, vigor, strength, motion—and filled the eyes of the watchers to overflowing.

In the van of the herd stepped a mighty bull, his tiny hoofs lifting high as though he boasted that his weight was really nothing. Straight toward the forest and Andrea he led his little army until presently she could smell the stable odor of their bodies. Her heart was beating like a trip hammer. She tried to hold her breath. Her bosom rose and fell in a fluttering undulation. The bull looked up and saw her. His horns went back and

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In His Eyes Was a Glean Unbelievably Wicked.

he squatted, hesitating on the brink of the mighty spring of fright. In his eyes was a gleam unbelievably wicked.

Then the crack of a rifle, the thud of a bullet in flesh, a body hurled into the air by the death-throe and falling in a heap, legs doubled up, neck outstretched, blood gurgling from nostrils and mouth!

Andrea buried her face in her lap trying to blot out the sight from her eyes, and sobbed as though her heart were breaking. She did not hear the wild cry of Bathub, nor see his crazy gyrations about the prostrate brute, but when the white man spoke her mind leaped to meet the justification in his words, without which she felt she could never have looked upon his face again.

"Stop your crying," he said sharply. "When a sable bull gets as close as that, there's no telling which way he's going to go."

(To be Continued.)

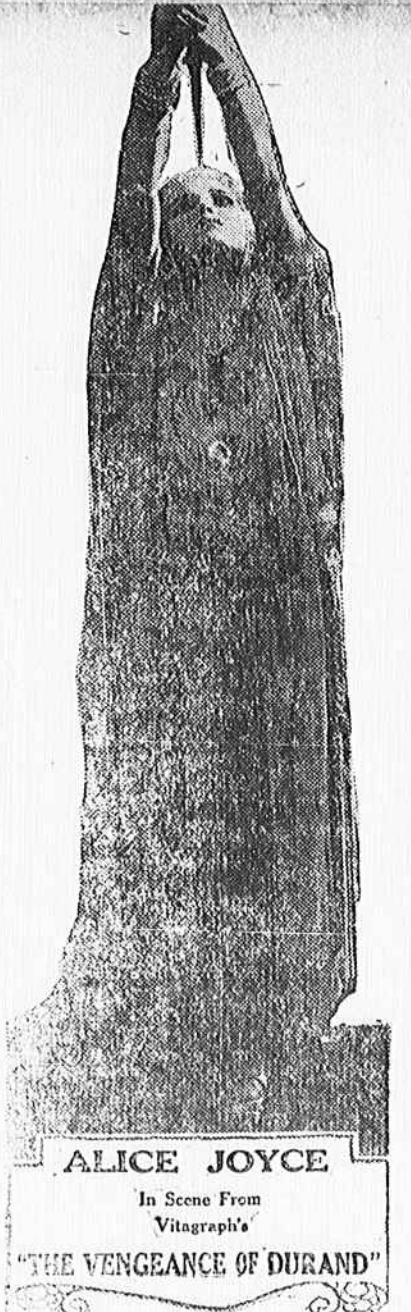
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Have you a cold?  
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A complete outfit costs but little at Laurens Drug Co. or any reliable druggist and Hyomei is guaranteed to banish catarrh, croup, coughs, colds, sore throat and bronchitis or money back. A Hyomei inhaler lasts a life time and extra bottles of Hyomei can be obtained from druggists for a few cents.



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