THE LAURENS ADVERTISER, LAURENS, S. C. DECEMBER 24, 1919.

You Do More Work,

You are more ambitious and you get more enjoyment out of everything when your blood is in good condition. Impurities in the blood have a very depressing effect on the system, causing weatness, laziness, weutness, laziness

the system, causing weatness, laziness, meroaccess and definess. GROVETS TESTELESS Chill TONIC rectores there and Vitality by Parifying and Enclosing the Bload. When you feel hts strengthening, owigorating effect, see how it brings color to the checks and how it brings color to the checks and how it brings color to the checks and how clateits true tonle value.

GROVE'S TASTELESS CHIN TONIC not a patent medicine, it is simple ON and QUEINE suspended in Syrap So plansant even children like it. The blad needs Quinho to Purily it and IRON to Ensich it. These reliable tonic propto Entich R. These reliable tonic prop-ettles never fail to drive out impurities in the blood.

The Strength-Creating Power of GROVE'S The Strength-Creating Power of GROVE'S TASTELESS Chill TONIC has made it the favorite tonic in thousands of homes. More than thirty-live years ago, folks would ride a long distance to get GROVE'S TASTELESS Chill TONIC when a member of their family had Malaria or needed a body-building, strength-giving tonic, s The formula is just the same to-day, and you can get it from any drug day, and you can get it from any drug store. 69c per bottle.

NOTICE of the

COUNTY TREASURER.

he 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 Decemper 31st one per cent will be added. After January 31st, two per cent will be added, and after February 28th, oven per cent will be added till the 5th 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 pro-perty 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 \$1.90, except old soldiers, who are exempt at 50 years of age. Commuta-tion Road Tax \$1,50 in lieu of road duty. All men now in military service are exempt from road tax.

| The Tax Levy is as follows: | 1 | |
|---------------------------------|-------|--|
| State Tax 9 | mills | |
| Ordinary County Tax4 | mills | |
| Road and Bridge | | |
| Ratiroad Bond | | |
| Road Bonds | | |
| Jail Bonds 16 | mill | |
| Constitutional School Tax3 | mills | |
| Permanent road and bridges 21/2 | mills | |
| Total | mills | |

| Special | Scho | ols- | -Lau | ren | - 1 | Fow | aship. |
|-----------|-------|-------|--------|------|-----|-------|--------|
| baurens | No. | 11 . | | | 1 | 01/2 | mills |
| Triuils-1 | lidge | No. | 1 | | | \$ 14 | mills |
| Addens | No. | 2 . | | | | 1 | mills |
| Narnie N | lo. 3 | 94 B | | | ** | 5 | mills |
| Dailey N | 0. 4 | 24. Q | | 1.12 | | 1 | mills |
| Mills No | . 5 s | 1. 18 | 1.462 | ÷. | | 1 | mills |
| ult Gro | ve No | 1, 6 | | | | 2 | mills. |
| Ora No. | 12 | • • | | | | | mills |
| | | 1 | 150100 | | | | |

| Special | Se | 110 | ols | | ou | 1125 | T | own | ship. |
|----------|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|------|---|-------|-------|
| agence | No. | 1.3 | | | | | | 4 | mills |
| Comngs. | No. | 2 | | | | | | 8 | mills |
| Vaings | No. | 4 | | | | | 1 | 114 | mills |
| Yokings. | No. | 5 | | | | | | 8 | mills |
| Forntai | | | | | | | | | |
| Lanford | No | . 1 | 10 | | | | 1 | 0 1/2 | mills |
| Ora No. | 12 | | | | | | | 8 | mills |
| Vaings | No. | 1 | | 2.2 | | | | 3 | mills |
| Contral | No. | 6 | 48 | 1.1 | | | | 2 | mills |
| (egnge) | | | | | | | | | |

Special Schools-Dials Township. Fountain Inn No. 313 20 mills Morna No. 8 10 mills



Continued from first page, this section.

drea impatiently.

M'sungo flashed a look at her. "Waiting?" he whispered. "We're not waiting. Every man here, according to his lights, is reading. You saw that checky gunbearer measure a spoor and then withdraw with a hangdog look. He thought he had spotted a male buil. He has made himself ridiculous for a year. Tonight you'll hear the camp telling the joke on him over and over again. But the tracker touches a blade of grass bent one way with his toe and presently you'll see him with a twig broken in the opposite direction. There he goes now. He looks as if he were day-dreaming, doesn't he?"

Andrea nodded.

"Well, he isn't," continued M'sungo. "By now he has read the whole story. He knows how many females made this mess of a trail and how many young. He knows when they came and when they went. He could fill in their stay with a dozen incidents, each one complete in itself, such as where a youngster slipped, fell, squealed and got spanked by his mother. But such trimmings of details impress themselves only on his subconscious mind. on the main chance. By the season of the year he knows that this herd is not found it by chance this morning at the first streak of dawn."

While he talked, the tracker studsnuff. Now, at a nod from M'sungo, along the margin of the big trees. Presently they swerved to the left and plunged through undergrowth to a well-marked path. In the fine dust of that runway Andrea saw the identical monster spoor that the old black had drawn with his finger on the ground beside her breakfast table. Another halt was called. The track-

er squatted by one spoor and then another. He held up three flagers.

- "All males?" said M'sungo.
- The tracker nodded. "Big ones?" said M'sungo, with that
- half-smile of exultation.

The boy grinned. M'sungo touched the edge of the mighty spoor with his toe. "M'culo?"

"Stalecka !" murmured the tracker. and rolled his eyes up into the tree? "He says it's a whopper," whispered M'sungo, and promptly went into ac tion. He took off his jacket and jersey, rolled up his sleeves and tightened his belt. The tracker stripped to his breech-clout and took from one of the wizened a slender-shafted assegai. The three old hunters laid aside the rifles they had been carrying and the

gunbearers quietly picked them up. M'sungo turned to Andrea. "Get on the doakey," he ordered. When she was mounted her eyes were on a level with his own. "Listen," he said "You'll ride now, because when we strike the bush you can't. Please listen, because from now until the kill

branch and snapped it-the up-flung trunk of the rearing beast they were following. For the first time in her life, measuring again that height, she felt actual awe. M'sungo cast a glance over his shoulder. His face was alight; his eyes shone with a swimming brilgance.

A few minutes later they came to the ragged edge of the elephant bush. The tracker cast left and right with quick, jerky steps. Here the three bulls had separated; joyful sigh, for it showed intention to feed. The tracker came to a halt, dropped the tip of his assegai shaft to a chosen spoor. M'sungo looked back at Andrea impatiently. She threw herself from Marguerite's back and hastily stripped off her jersey, unbuttoned her skirt and let it fall. She stood in helmet, khaki shirt and breeches, puttees and tightly laced boots-an adorable study in brown. But M'sungo had no time for artistic effects; he turned from her with a nod and plunged into the bush in the wake of the tracker.

Fortunately for Andrea the going was now much slower. It was not that the spoor was harder to follow-in fact, it was much easier, for through the jungle of stunted saying no man could pass save where an elephant had plowed a way-but that now every indication of the game's progress had to be read, studied and accurately valued. Here began the exercise of that finished science which M'sungo had placed so high, giving due credit to those forerunners who had marked its stages with their life's blood.

The state of a parted vine, or a halfmasticated leaf, bore some message upon the true reading of which hung the delicate balance of success or failure. Slower and slower fell the pace In reality his whole attention is fixed and in measured proportion silence was born and seemed to grow and spread and throb till it hung in the traveling alone. The track of the air like some stifling all-permeating males is nearby. If we didn't have mist. Beneath it the heart beat with the three old hunters we would go up an irregular rat-tat-tat and breath the bank of the river until we struck came in hurried gasps. In spite of the it, but we don't have to because they men before her, Andrea felt alone, adrift on a sea of unseen but hovering perils. She looked over her shoulder. Only Bathtub was in sight behind her, ied, the three wizened sat aloof, taking tense, one foot in air, walting for her to take her next step before he placed they arose and proceeded swiftly his foot. His naked body, exposed to the merciless sun, streamed with sweat.

Andrea's shoulders ached from holding her arms before her face to ward off the interminably encroaching vines and branches that seemed to oppose the way, but invariably parted at her touch. Her tongue was parched, all her clothing laid hands on her every motion with a clammy grip and her body quivered on the fine edge of exhaustion, but she hung on, her eyes above dark shadows casting agonized glances at M'sungo. If only he would reach for the big gun! If only he would really stop for even a fleeting rest.

The next moment she found herself crowded into the halting group in front. They stood in the sparse shade of a big tree, their eyes sweeping the ground beneath their feet and rising to meet each other's gaze with swift intelligence and swifter understanding. Here was a great reading, the anti-climax of suspense, the pregnant moment of final premonition. The three elephants had come together, they had milled beneath this tree, they were even now indubitably beneath the next they had encountered-for when



Dr. Chas. A. Cromer Ask Your Dealer REMINGTON Reminston GRADUATE VETERINARY SURGEON & DENTIST Grand Prize Modern Service Day and Might Charges Reasonable Firearms & Ammunition Write for Catalogue THE REMINGTON ARMS U.M.C. CO.INC. Will Appreciate Your Patronage. ARROW Telephones: Residence 201; Office 45 and the second Metproof Office at Posey's Drug Store.



THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Insist on Genuine Ford Parts

Imitation "Ford" parts are being sold by many mail-order houses, down-town stores and garages to unsuspecting Ford owners as "Ford" parts. But they are not Genuine Ford parts made by the Ford Motor Company. They are made by concerns who have no connection whatsoever with the Ford Motor Company. These imitation parts are not even made from the same grade of steel, or under the same formulas used by the Ford Company. They are counterfeit parts. Tests have shown them to break when the genuine Ford parts didn't even bend, and they generally are from thirty-five to one hundred per cent lower in quality.

The Authorized Ford Dealer is your protection. As such, we handle nothing but the Genuine Ford parts. They are made from the famous Ford Vanadium Steel and each part--according to its use---is heat-treated in the way that will give it the longest wearing qualities. Every part is the same as its duplicate in your Ford car or Ford truck.

Our stock of parts is complete. And our Ford garage and Ford Mechanics are at your service at all times. Drive in when replacements or repairs for your Ford car may be necessary. Save your car and also your money.

| List price | Freight | Tax | Delivered |
|------------------|---------|---------|-----------|
| Chassis \$475.00 | \$35.53 | \$19,59 | \$535.07 |
| Runabout 500.00 | 35.53 | 20,63 | 561.11 |
| Touring 525.00 | 35,53 | 21.66 | 587.14 |
| Coupelet 750.00 | 35.53 | 30.94 | 821.42 |
| Sedan 875.00 | 35.53 | 36.09 | 851.57 |
| Truek 550.00 | 35,53 | 13.69 | 604.09 |

W. C. WALDROP

WE THANK

OUR CUSTOMERS

E. Main Street

2.0

Laurens, S. C.

Lanford No. 10 10 1/2 mills

Ora No. 12 8 mills Scuffletown No. 2 4 mills

der, etc. Persons sending in lists of names

each, as the Treasurer is very busy

ROSS D. YOUNG,

County Treasurer.

during the month of December.

nobody is going to speak to you and if you should say a word out loud you might get six inches of spear in the excitement of the moment."

"Go ahead; I won't speak," said Andrea, and pressed her lips together. "When you begin to get hot," continued M'sungo, "just take off what you don't want and drop it. We people ahead can't lose anything if we try. The 'boys' used to pick up my dead matches until I stopped them. When you come to the bush, shed your skirt, get off Marguerite and leave him. Walk lightly and hang on till you drop. If you last long enough, you'll see me take the big gun, That's the beginning of the end and when it happens you are to do just one thing. Look around you. Somewhere near you are bound to see a big tree loom. ing out of the bush. Go to it, hug it, stay with it whatever happens till] call you."

A moment later, they were off at a terrific pace, the tracker in the lead, M'sungo next, then the gunbearers, Andrea, and after her the tagging rest, For hours they kept on without a break or a pause. Andrea watched M'sungo's long stride, fascinated by its unvarying pendulum swing. The gunbearers took shorter steps. They walked pivoting on the ball of the foot; just before each step, their heels jerked inward sharply for the thrust back. She leaned forward: Marguerite had his eyes wide open. He seemed to be breathing softly, as though he, too, were bent on playing the game.

Quite suddenly they came out of the forest into a broken mangy space. The heat and glare was terrific. Here and there were scraggy groups of thorn, apparently burnt up by the sun, but in reality very much alive. To one side, an enormous acacia cast its grateful blot of shade. The tracker, pausing at last, looked straight up, transfixed in an eloquent pose.

to be taken off are requested to send them early; and give the township of Andrea followed his gaze. At an incredible height she saw a branch, freshly broken. Her reason battled with incredulity; it told her that only one thing could have reached the

He Smelled the Prey.

a feeding elephant walks in a circle for no apparent reason it is because his thoughts are entirely fixed on taking his noonday nap promptly. ng his noonday nap promptly. The tracker stood unbelievably

crect, heels off the ground. It was at though by an effort of will he had sus pended himself in air, so still was he so wholly was his body consecrated te the act of listening. Suddenly his while nostrils quivered with a visible duttering and distended till their out

(To be Continued.)

Growa's Tastoless chill Tonic

estores vitality and energy by purifying and eniching the blood. You can soon feel its Strength "ning, Invigorating Effect Price 60c.

To Our Friends and Customers:

A year of unexampled prosperity has produced in our hearts a feeling of profound thankfulness to the people of Laurens and surrounding territory, and we know of no more fitting time to express our appreciation than at the Yuletide season.

We, therefore extend to our good citizens and customers our sincere thanks for their generous patronage during the past year. We trust that each one will enjoy a merry Christmas, and we bespeak for you many happy and prosperous years to come. Life is too short to feel anything but good will to all people, and our home citizens are deserving of a full measure. We offer it to you in all sincerity.

Davis-Roper Company

a to to the to the to the to the the