

White Man

Continued from first page, this section.

of the fact that the doom of the entire crew was fixed.

Trevor turned on them in a white rage and with a well-aimed bullet shot an assegai from between the legs of a great hulking brute whose mouth was slaving with revolting enjoyment of the scene. The black's face went gray with fright; his eyes came back with a snap from their sensual feast. Many of his companions laughed aloud, but others only licked thick lips in bestial hunger for more slaughter.

"You!" cried Trevor, pressing the muzzle of his revolver into the quivering naked stomach of the man he had frightened. "Get your crew together. Take me home."

Half an hour later Andrea found herself once more in MacCloster's boat, but in spite of the fact that all its appointments and the crew were the same with the exception of the one black who had been killed, it seemed utterly strange to her eyes, now no longer glazed by misery. She turned to Trevor, who had not spoken to her since first he had joined her in the cabin. "The boat is quite different," she said. "It's as though I saw it for the first time."

He gave her no answer beyond a noncommittal grunt, nor did he look at her. His eyes were fastened far ahead on the river, tracing out the swirl of the current and deep water. A troubled look came into Andrea's face; she glanced at him and her lips parted twice in the half-smile that precedes kindly speech. "You think I ought to thank you?" she asked. "I haven't the words; if I tried my heart

would choke me."

"Thank me?" said Trevor, casting her a casual look. "What for?"

Andrea's lips trembled. If only the fire hadn't happened just when it did, she thought, if only it had given him time to find her, to take her in his arms! "For saving me," she answered simply.

"For saving nothing," affirmed Trevor. "For saving the nothing that is left of your beauty and freshness and honor after the touch of that beast."

Overwhelming shame stained her cheeks; she felt all that was noble and generous within her shrivelling into a strangling knot. She tried to speak, to protest against his hardness and injustice, but she could only gulp. For hours they sat in absolute silence, and gradually the cold that had struck her heart spread through all her body until her teeth began to chatter.

"Why are you doing that?" asked Trevor sharply. "It isn't really cold."

"I'm d-d-d-doing it b-b-because I c-c-c-can't help it," chattered Andrea. "I am c-c-c-cold!" She pressed herself against his body, as though she begged for his arms around her. He drew away from her.

She crouched back in her corner and turned upon him the accusing eyes of a child that has been cruelly wounded; then her womanhood came to the rescue. It reasoned with her, told her that the time for pride had passed, for if she lost this man she lost all men forever. No longer could she say "my world" and think of parties, Bond street, taxicabs and the smartest restaurants; her world was here beside her, to win or lose.

When it came to describing her hours with MacCloster, she harped with supreme feminine intuition on a single fact. Again and again she gave him to understand that except for lugging her across his shoulder to the boat, MacCloster had not once so much as laid a finger on her. So careful was her narrative in its logical sequence of detail that it could not fail to carry conviction with it. Trevor gradually melted to the extent of filling his pipe and lighting it.

She told of her entering the court around the great caia with MacCloster, of his discovery that a case of gin had

arrived with his freight and of the oily change that had come to his voice. At this point in her story Trevor forgot to smoke. He clutched the hot bowl of his pipe in a grip that made his knuckles show white. She could feel him listening with his whole tense body. She hurried on to her climax; to the description of her strategy in removing the cleats and of MacCloster's terrifying attack. She even repeated some of his words. "He said, 'Waiting up for me, dearie?' and then I drove the nails into his hands and when he snatched them back, I hit him across the head and he fell. And then I heard you coming. I thought I had gone mad, that it was not with my ears but with the longing of my heart that I heard you coming. When I called and you answered I forgot that I had ever known fear; I knew that I was safe, forever and forever."

"Good girl," said Trevor huskily. He reached out and patted her hand but his thoughts were not altogether with her; they were lingering behind, hovering over the scene of her elemental battle with MacCloster as though he sought to steep his soul in that recollection in an effort to drown for once and all time the memory of twenty-four hours of torturing jealousy.

"So you're not jealous any more, are you?" pleaded Andrea.

"Jealous!" exclaimed eternal man impatiently. "Who said anything about jealousy? It's one rotten quality that, thank God, I don't possess. It's the canker-worm that eats into the heart of trust. A man that feels it, demeans the woman he loves."

"How extraordinary," murmured Andrea, "because I don't believe any woman in the world ever really loves an unjealous man. Of course," she added thoughtfully, "we despise jealousy—but that doesn't keep us from adoring it in just one man."

Trevor was silent for a long time, pondering on this absurd and unanswerable argument. The sun arose and set to work at once to overheat the world; Andrea grew warm and then drowsy. She began to nod and her body to incline. If it had dropped in a direction directly opposite to that in which it actually did, she would have fallen into the river; as it happened, she fell against Trevor's shoulder. He first assured himself that she was really asleep and then slipped his arm around her and held her close.

He forgot his burns and bruises, his fatigue and hunger; he looked back with exultant pride upon the unrelenting stream of emotions that he had ridden to reach this haven of his soul's peace. The feverish haste with which he had dug out the airplane and patched it up, the white rage in which he had hurled himself with it into the air, the absolute and marvelous determination of the steady, unwavering flight that had carried him straight to MacCloster's cabin, all became emblems to him of the power of that which is within us to rise eternally to superhuman heights on the wings of a little love.

He glanced downward at the fair head pressed so close to his shoulder that the wide brim of his helmet shaded it as well as his own and let his eyes follow along the curled-up length of Andrea's figure. She seemed



She Seemed Very Small, Very Young.

very small, very young, infinitely potent. For the first time in their intercourse he consciously remembered who she was and all his bravado in the face of false values, all his logical indifference to established forms, fell from him. He trembled for the things he had done to, the murder he had coolly committed on, the person of the Honorable Andrea Pellor!

She had said that she knew herself safe with him forever and forever and while he recognized the gentle mood that had so overburdened her tongue, he felt now an aching within him to guard, not the Honorable Andrea Pellor, but this much dearer creature of his own making, from the harming touch of tongues as well as hands.

He threw up his head as though to a revived and ennobled determination that was above fear and murmured a confirmation of the creed that had been born, full-fledged, from her lips. "Whether you want me or mock me, the die is forever cast; your truth and your untruth, your weak-

ness and your strength, purity or taint; I shall take you all and taking you, take only myself; for love is an indivisible, an integral possession!"

(To be Continued.)

Keep Rats Out of House.

All rat holes should be stopped up with metal or plaster mixed with broken glass. The house should be built so that rats cannot gain an entrance, and no rubbish should be left about.

What causes Indigestion

An excess of acid in the stomach causes the food and starts fermentation. Distressing gases form. Your meals don't digest but lay like lumps of lead. Then you have heartburn, flatulence, fullness, belching, headache, and real misery in the stomach and intestines.

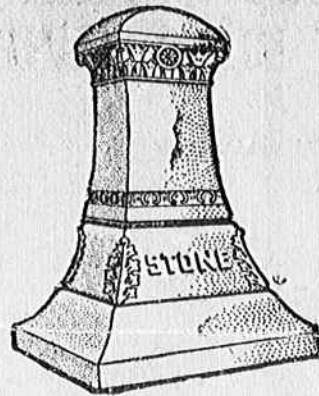
A few tablets of "Pape's Diapepsin" bring relief almost as soon as they reach the stomach. "Pape's Diapepsin" costs little at drug stores.

GET READY FOR "FLU"

Keep Your Liver Active, Your System Purified and Free From Colds by Taking Calotabs, the Nauseous Calomel Tablets, that are Delightful, Safe and Sure.

Physicians and Druggists are advising their friends to keep their systems purified and their organs in perfect working order as a protection against the return of influenza. They know that a clogged up system and a lax liver favor colds, influenza and serious complications.

To cut short a cold overnight and to prevent serious complications take one Calotab at bedtime with a swallow of water—that's all. No pills, no nausea, no griping, no sickening after effects. Next morning your cold has vanished, your liver is active, your system is purified and refreshed and you are feeling fine with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Eat what you please—no danger. Calotabs are sold only in original sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. Every druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not perfectly delighted with Calotabs.—(Adv.)



OWEN BROS. MARBLE & GRANITE CO.

DESIGNERS
MANUFACTURERS
ERECTORS

Dealers in everything for the cemetery. The largest and best equipped monumental mills in the Carolinas.

GREENWOOD, S. C.

PROTECT YOUR ROOFS BY USING

Our Goodyear Liquid Roofing Cement

Ben F. Estes, Special Representative, Laurens, S.C.

We also carry a high class of paints and varnishes.

Will call on you at any time.

Standard Paint and Lead Works
Cleveland, O.

DON'T COME HOME WITHOUT MERITONE

That's What This Woman Told Her Husband--Says One Bottle of Meritone Almost Made Her into a Now Person.

"Don't come home without another bottle of Meritone," Mrs. G. C. Morris, of 3520 Charlotte Avenue, West Nashville, told her husband as he was leaving for work a few morning ago. Mr. Morris is a popular Nashville street railway man.

"My wife suffered from rheumatism for a long time," Mr. Morris said. "She finally got so that she couldn't sleep at night and felt so bad that she couldn't do her housework."

"She has taken one bottle of Meritone now and it has almost made a new woman of her. She rests much better nights no wand is feeling so well that she can do her work again."

"She told me when I came to town not to come home without another bottle of Meritone. It almost makes me feel like I

have a new wife." Meritone is a system medicine of real merit and is excellent for such ills of the system as ailing conditions of the stomach, liver or kidneys, catarrh, rheumatism and the like. Thousands of people in many states praise Meritone highly for its benefits.

Meritone, the tonic of real merit, is sold exclusively in Laurens by the Laurens Drug Co., and by the following near-by druggists: Gray Court Drug Co., Gray Court; Young's Pharmacy, Clinton; E. V. Golding, Watertown; Martin Drug Co., Cross Hill; Moore Drug Co., Enoree; Beason's Drug Store, Woodruff; Whitacre Drug Co., Whitmire; Redicks Pharmacy, Fountain Inn; and is sold by one druggist in every town throughout the state.

Carrying a Ton a Mile for less than a Cent

Freight rates have played a very small part in the rising cost of living.

Other causes—the waste of war, under-production, credit inflation—have added dollars to the cost of the necessities of life, while freight charges have added only cents.

The average charge for hauling a ton of freight a mile is less than a cent.

A suit of clothing that sold for \$30 before the war was carried 2,265 miles by rail from Chicago to Los Angeles for 16½ cents.

Now the freight charge is 22 cents and the suit sells for \$50.

The cost of the suit has increased 20 dollars.

The freight on it has increased only 5½ cents.

Other transportation charges enter into the cost of the finished article—carrying the wool to the mills and the cloth to the tailors—but these other charges amount to but a few cents more.

The \$10 pair of shoes that used to sell for \$5 goes from the New England factory to the Florida dealer for a freight charge of 5½ cents—only one cent more than the pre-war rate.

Beef pays only two-thirds of a cent a pound freight from Chicago to New York.

American freight rates are the lowest in the world.

This advertisement is published by the Association of Railway Executives

Those desiring information concerning the railroad situation may obtain literature by writing to The Association of Railway Executives, 61 Broadway, New York.

MAXWELL

Extra Fine in Metals
Extra Fine in Mileage



More miles per gallon
More miles on tires

A Maxwell car weighs 2130 pounds. It is made of the finest materials that may be obtained.

You cannot find in any car a better crankshaft, better bearings, better axles or better gears.

Neither science nor money can produce them better.

Do you know why such fine materials are used in a car like Maxwell?

We had to.

Keeping its weight down and yet maintaining strength mean the use of only those extra fine steels and metals.

For a metal that is light in weight and yet strong, as any user of metals knows, is a high priced metal.

The use of these fine grades of steel has been the foundation of the business. Maxwell has grown in numbers and friends. The latter countless; the former well on the road to 400,000.

ONE MORE LEFT

Carolina Auto Co.

J. Y. MILAM, Manager

E. Main Street

