

White Man

Continued from first page, this section.

beady black eyes so wonderfully alive that it seemed impossible they belonged to her wrinkled face and flashed one look at Andrea and one at Trevor. "Well, my dear," she said calmly, presumably to the former, "it's a relief to have you back apparently alive and well."

No sooner were the words out of her mouth than she was swept into Andrea's impetuous embrace. "Oh, Aunt Gwen! Oh, you old dear!"

The lady defended herself with considerable energy and was heard to grumble that even kissing had degenerated into a rough pastime. Having rescued herself from Andrea's arms, she said, "Now that that is over you will please go to your room and change from that outlandish circus costume; you'll find everything as you left it except for a new lock on the door."

Andrea glanced at Trevor and leaned over to whisper imploringly in her aunt's ear.

"Your husband?" enunciated the old lady clearly. "Well, that's a relief, too; but I prefer to meet him elsewhere and after you have presented documentary evidence. By the way," she added with ominous emphasis as she resumed her knitting, "Harry is still here."

"I should say I am," exclaimed a youth in the trim uniform of the Flying Corps, as he stepped out from the hotel door. "Hello, Sister Andy." Then his eyes fell on Trevor. A slow smile of happy welcome spread over his face. "Well, I'd be d—!" he exclaimed fervently. "D' you know, Trevor, I've been saying from the first, 'Cherchez the flying-machine.' Come in and let me watch you have a drink."

Trevor, coloring under the pressure of the crowd he had summoned to only die through the trying moment and filled with an immediate love and admiration for Amy Gwen, paused to direct his following to a nearby cigar lot.

"Is that straight tip straight?" asked Harry.

"Straight as the good bishop of Mainz and the other missionary Johnnies could make it," replied Trevor.

Harry was thoughtful for a moment, then he said, "Well, Trevor, I don't know how you're fixed for proof but you know that through ten years and fat, I'm far from the break in bulk. As one sportsman to another, I congratulate you on putting one over on that up-country animated leather-sack of vintage wines. By the way, you realize I've got to wire him."

"Of course," said Trevor. "The sooner the better. Don't worry about Andrea's food and raiment," he added flushing. "The truth is, I'm pretty well healed with the needful."

"You Americans generally are," said Harry admiringly. "Sort of jolly national tradition."

Twenty-four hours later the diamond combs, perpetually flushed, as to face and heavy of paunch made his impressive arrival.

When he had washed and otherwise attempted to freshen his perspiring person he sent out a call for a family conference. It took place in the Trevors' sitting room. Harry was there representative of the house of Pellorvor and his heirs. The sole male representative of the house of Pellor opened the proceedings with the following speech: "Hammar," he said, "on the part of my sister I wish to offer you an unqualified apology. It seems that she was—er—suddenly carried away by an impulse in conjunction with a flying machine, but you will be glad to know that Trevor here has—er—has played the man all through and you are permanently relieved from any further responsibility in the matter. I don't think there's another bully thing to say beyond repeating the apology due you from my entire family."

"Not a thing to say, you young sycophant of a whipper-snapper!" thundered the red-faced magnate. "Do you think I came down here to listen to your maiden speech, accept a dirty apology and get out with my tail between my legs? Well, I didn't, I came down here to show this interloping vagabond of a scavenger where he and his—wife—don't get off."

A gleam crept into Trevor's eyes, the same gleam that had shone there when he had shot MacCloster, but it turned into his slow assuring smile as his gaze met that of Andrea and took note of her alarm. He remembered that only ten minutes before he had promised on the honor of a lover to be seen only and not heard.

"Aren't you a bit late for that?" asked Harry, unperturbed. "They seem to be running before the wind already and with a fair lead." He lit a cigarette and snapped the dead match through the open doorway.

"You think so, do you?" said the magnate, his eyes snapping malignantly. "You've probably never heard of the shipping ring, but I'll tell you this—the line that takes these two—two—two whatchumay-calls as passengers is ruled. They'll stay in Africa till they rot."

Andrea stifled a yawn. "Robert," she said in her coolest and best society

voice, "If Sir Hammar is going to force us to wait here for one of your own steamers to put in—I think you'd better collect that thousand pounds reward."

It was the end. The magnate gasped, sprang up and fled, pursued by a smoke arrow propelled from Harry's rounded mouth, Aunt Gwen pursed her lips but kept on knitting; she could not, however, altogether hide the laugh that was in her snapping eyes. Andrea dropped on her knees beside her.

"Oh, Aunt Gwen," she begged, "won't you please let me introduce Robert? He's the dearest, most thoughtful, strongest and weakest man that a lucky girl ever loved."

That night when all the hotel was in darkness and silence reigned Andrea and Trevor stood together by the coping at the edge of the cliff and looked across the moonlit bay to the far-away line of the sea. Behind them was the dark, matted shadow of the Bougainville trellis; at their feet and before them stretched an open world, bathed in kindly and opalescent light.

Andrea's eyes started at the top of the zigzag path and followed it deliberately down the cliff-side until they reached and swept the gleaming crescent of the beach; then they rose and stared at the placid moon. Nine weeks, no more, had passed since last this scene had held her, yet into them was packed the germ of all her life almost to the exclusion of preceding memories. She felt a welling within her of all the major emotions and frightened, turned from them to hide her face against Trevor's shoulder. Her arms slipped up around his neck and clung to him.

"Oh, White Man," she whispered, "my Wonder Man, plunderer of my heart, if desire to give in any measure, how far you have led me along the shining road!"

(THE END.)

MADDEN NEWS.

Madden, March 1.—Let all join together in the fond and fervent hope that March may be a great improvement over February!

School at New Prospect opened again Monday morning after having been closed for three weeks on account of flu. Miss Murray, the principal, was among the first to take the flu. She returned fully recovered, her friends will be glad to know.

All the flu cases are better and no new ones are reported. Uncle John Finley was reported a great deal better today. This will be good news to the many friends of the old veteran, who has just passed his 77th birthday.

Mrs. H. C. Cunningham, our very oldest inhabitant, is still confined to her bed. Her daughter, Miss Hettie, has recovered enough to be up. Mrs. Evie Bailey, of Sedalia, is staying with them for a few days and hopes the mother and sister will soon be up and out again.

Mrs. Tossie Martin of Holly Grove section came over for a few days to help nurse her father, Veteran J. R. Finley.

Mr. T. L. Finley lost a valuable cow and calf last week.

Mr. Erastus Madden, of Charleston, is here with his mother, Mrs. Cora Madden. He comes especially to see his brother, A. B., who has been very sick. We are glad the young man is improving and will soon be up and out.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hudgens spent Sunday with their sister, Mrs. May Madden. Miss Kathleen Martin has been staying with Mrs. Madden during the latter's sickness.

Mrs. J. A. Wofford spent a pleasant time with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Power. She is greatly indebted to the genial Clerk of Court for his help in getting potatoes out of potato house. We are glad to report the potatoes in storage are in first class condition. Laurens county farmers should see to it this summer that several more potato warehouses are erected for the storage of potatoes. These are destined to be a money crop for farmers when the boll weevil is with us.

Madden is congratulating itself on having an exceedingly handy man located in our midst, Mr. J. A. Roddey, on the farm of Mr. J. A. Wofford. He is not only a good carpenter but an extra good shoe maker, a first class barber and a fine blacksmith. Whatever the work you desire, he can be depended on to do a first class job.

We regret to hear, just as we finish this news, that Bee Brown is sick with a complication of diseases. We trust he will soon be better.

Mrs. Sue Cooper of Woodruff, came down last week to see her brother, J. A. Wofford, who is still confined to his bed with sciatica.

It is always a great pleasure when Laurens county boys and girls make good in other towns. We were especially glad to receive the announcement card of Otts & Brown, of Spartanburg. The younger member of the firm is C. Yates Brown, son of our former schoolmate. Congratulations and good wishes of homefolks, Yates!

CROSS HILL NEWS.

Cross Hill, March 1.—The worst epidemic of influenza that our town has ever experienced broke out last week suddenly and unexpectedly. There had been three or four cases before that time but everyone was hoping that we had about escaped an epidemic, when a case or two suddenly slipped into the school, just how, it may be difficult to say. On Wednesday of last week a number of cases developed. The school was closed and a strict quarantine was put on, but it was too late to prevent the spread of the disease. By Sunday there were fully 60 cases of flu here most of them inside of town. Every day since Wednesday has recorded several new cases, and it is still spreading. Where, when or how it will end is of course unknown now. Some of the patients are threatened with pneumonia but most of them have only slight attacks. In two or three instances the whole family are down, in some others only one member is left to care for the sick. But in most cases the attack

seems to be confined to the children. There are quite a number of families here, however, none of whom have yet been stricken. All gatherings for Sunday were called off and everything possible is being done to prevent further spread.

A colored man, Austin Jordan, one and a half miles from town, died last week of pneumonia following the flu. The epidemic prevails among the negroes as well as the whites.

Mr. E. B. Razor was called Sunday over long distance telephone, to his brother's home near Ware Shoals. His brother, Mr. Lat. Razor, and all his family are down with flu and are in need of a nurse. Mr. Razor left Sunday afternoon by way of Greenwood seeking a trained nurse for the family.

The Union of the Fourth Division of Laurens Association convened Saturday morning with Bethabara church and held a short session. Because of the prevalence of influenza in this section the afternoon and Sunday morning sessions were called in and the meeting adjourned at noon. The meeting Saturday morning, however, was an interesting one and the exercises and discussion of the topic, The

Who, the Why, and the What of a Pure and Beautiful Christian Life, were full of earnest considerations and spiritual interest. W. C. Wharton was elected Moderator for this year instead of his father, Col. J. H. Wharton, who was not well enough to attend. The former secretary was re-elected.

Engraved Cards and Invitations. Advertiser Printing Co.

Eating the Nimble Locust. Locusts are today eaten in America, pretty much as they were in the time of John the Baptist. Foreigners as well as natives declare that they are really an excellent article of diet.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head. Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor dizziness in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE, 30c.

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