

FINAL SETTLEMENT.
 Take notice that on the 26th day of April, 1920, I will render a final account of my acts and doings as Administratrix of the estate of Walter Hunter deceased, in the office of the Judge of Probate of Laurens county, at 11 o'clock a. m., and on the same day will apply for a final discharge from my trust as Administratrix.
 Any person indebted to said estate is notified and required to make payment on that date and all persons having claims against said estate will present them on or before said date, duly proven or be forever barred.
 MAMIE HUNTER,
 Administratrix.
 March 24, 1920. 36-5t-A

ORDER.
 State of South Carolina,
 County of Laurens,
 JANIE BLAND, individually and as Administratrix of the estate of Martin B. Poole, deceased, Plaintiff,
 against
 HELEN P. HUNTER, LILLIAN C. BLOOMFIELD, ROY W. HUNTER, and his only child, whose name is not known, but who is sometimes called BILL EUGENE S. HUNTER, MINNIE B. WILLIMAN, THELMA WILLIMAN, ANDRE WILLIMAN, FRANKLIN WILLIMAN, OTORIA WILLIMAN, MAMIE HUNTER, W. G. HUNTER, JANIE R. HUNTER, HELEN HUNTER, and MARY HUNTER, Defendants.
 On considering the pleadings in the above stated case on file in this office, and the affidavit of A. C. Todd, one of the Plaintiff's Attorneys,—
 It is ordered that Minnie B. Williman be, and she is, hereby designated as Guardian Ad Litem, for the purposes of this action, for the minor Defendants, Thelma Williman, Andree Williman, Franklin Williman, and Otorla Williman, and that Helen P. Hunter be, and she is, hereby designated as Guardian Ad Litem, for the purposes of this action, for the son of the Defendant Roy Hunter, whose name is not known, but who is usually called Bill Hunter, unless such infant Defendants, or some one for and in their behalf, within ten (10) days from the service of a copy of this order, shall procure to be appointed a Guardian Ad Litem for the said infants.
 It is further ordered that a copy of this order be served upon the minor son of the Defendant Roy Hunter, commonly called Bill Hunter, by publication in The Laurens Advertiser, a weekly newspaper published in said County and State once a week for two successive weeks, commencing with the issue of March 24, 1920, and that the order be served upon the said Minnie B. Williman, Thelma Williman, Andree Williman, Franklin Williman, and Otorla Williman by forthwith mailing to each of them a certified copy at their last known address and place of residence, No. 2163 Center Ave., Pittsburg, Pa., and by publication, as hereinbefore directed as to the said Bill Hunter. The service of this order shall be deemed complete five (5) days after the last publication thereof, as above provided.
 Given under my hand and the seal of this Court, this the 18th day of March, 1920.
 C. A. POWER,
 C. C. C. P. and G. S. for Laurens County, South Carolina.

To above is a true and correct copy of original order on file in my office.
 C. A. POWER,
 C. C. C. P.
 26-2t-A

CORN PAIN STOPPED QUICK

"Gets-It" Loosens Them so They Lift Off in a Jiffy.
 The corn pains cease as soon as a few drops of "Gets-It" reach the corn. It goes out of the hurting business forever.



For a day or so the corn remains, getting looser and looser and without a twinge from it. Then, it gets so loose that you just lift it right off, without even feeling it, and cast it away. That's how easily and simply "Gets-It" disposes of the corn nuisance.

"Gets-It" the unfailing, guaranteed moneyback corn remover costs but a trifle at any drug store. Mfd by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago.
 Sold in Laurens and recommended as the world's best corn remedy by Laurens Drug Co., Powe Drug Co., Eureka Drug Co., Putnam's Drug Store.

RED DIAMOND COFFEE is the "big thing" at breakfast—and all other meals. It has the real honest coffee taste—the genuine coffee flavor. You must like it!
 Ask your grocer.

The House of Whispers
 By WILLIAM JOHNSTON
 Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS
 Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

(Continued from 1st page, this section)

"I guess you are him, all right," he said, in a manner of evident relief. "I'm Mr. Wick, the superintendent of the house."
 "Of course," I answered, feeling rather foolish at my own vexation.
 "Mr. Gaston told me you were coming in this morning," he hastened to explain.
 "He gave me a description of you," Mr. Wick went on, unperturbed, "and the boys in the hall were pretty sure it was you that came in, but—"
 "But what?"
 "I couldn't understand it: You didn't announce yourself. It seemed funny, your coming in with the young lady from next door."
 "It just happened that way," I explained, now understanding his mystification. "I met her as I was coming in."
 "Twice," he said, rather insolently.
 "I can't see that it is any of your business," I retorted angrily, "if it happened a dozen times."
 His manner at once became apologetic, and he hastened to offer obsequious explanations.
 "Mr. Gaston asked me to take particular notice. The other evening when you were coming to dinner he told me to tell the hall boys to look at you closely so that they could identify you as the right party when you came in today. That's how it happened. You see, sir, in a house of this sort we have to be careful. It doesn't do to let strangers prowling about without finding out who they are and what they are doing."
 "Quite a proper precaution," I admitted.
 "The elevator boy reported your arrival," he continued, "but he wasn't quite sure it was you. The fact that you were chatting with the young lady bothered him, and me, too. Mr. Gaston told me you were a stranger in the city, and I didn't expect to find you knowing one of the Bradfords."
 It was on the tip of my tongue to say, "Well, you see I do know her," when I recalled her request that I would not recognize her until we had been introduced in some fashion. I contented myself with saying merely: "Well, I hope you are satisfied now."
 "Of course, Mr. Nelson, of course," he answered, though his looks belied his words. Manifestly he was still puzzled over my acquaintance with Miss Bradford.
 "I hope you will find it comfortable here," he said, plainly trying to continue the conversation. "If there's ever anything the matter, just call me on the house phone; Mr. Wick, the name is."
 "I will," I said, and he unwillingly withdrew.
 "If there's ever anything the matter . . ." Was there something sinister in the superintendent's parting remark? Once more the warnings of my relatives flashed into my mind. What was wrong in the house? Why did he anticipate that I might be calling him up? Why did he exhibit such an interest in me and in my acquaintance with the girl across the hall? Somehow the man's whole aspect had impressed me unfavorably.
 I carried my bag back to my bedroom and unpacked it. The various attachments in the bath looked so inviting that I stripped and amused myself for half an hour testing the variety of showers and sprays provided. Donning my bathrobe I leisurely smoked an excellent cigar from a box old Rufus had thoughtfully—or perhaps thoughtlessly—left open on his desk, and then returned to the inspection of my new quarters.
 As it was Sunday, I had a whole day of leisure before me, and I felt that if I was to clear up the mystery that had driven the old couple out, it was incumbent on me to make a minute study of my surroundings. Only in the little rear sitting room was there any atmosphere of hominess. All the rest of the place was done in the best department store style, even to the richly bound sets of standard authors which lined the walls of the living room, most of which I found had their pages uncut.
 My search of the place—and it was thorough, extending even to the empty canisters in the pantry and kitchen—revealed nothing whatever that gave any hint as to the cause or explanation of old Rufus' fears. The place seemed the least likely of all places in the world to hide any mystery, just a great, modern, luxurious apartment, equipped with every possible device for the comfort and convenience of its occupants. It would have to be an up-to-date ghost to find itself at home here.
 But wait! Perhaps the safe held some clue to the problem they wanted me to solve. But where was the safe?

I had not noticed it anywhere in my repeated journeys through the rooms. I made another tour looking for it. More than likely it had been located in some inconspicuous place purposely. But where? At last I located it, behind a faded crayon portrait of Mrs. Gaston, in the little sitting room.
 I lifted the picture to the floor and stood hesitant before the safe. Should I, or should I not, open it? The fact that they had given me the combination seemed to imply that I had a perfect right to inspect its contents.
 "Six to the right, four to the left, two to the right, eight to the left."
 As I turned the knob I repeated the combination to myself. There was a little click, and the steel door came open. Reaching in I drew forth two old-fashioned jewel cases of leather, both securely locked. I took from my pocket the keys my great-uncle had given me and toyed with them thoughtfully. Among them were two tiny keys that undoubtedly belonged to the jewel cases. Had I the right to use them? I decided that I had.
 The first case I opened contained, so far as my limited knowledge of precious stones enabled me to judge, nothing but a bunch of cheap junk, bits of finery from another century, coral earrings that Mrs. Gaston may have worn when she was a little girl, combs of jet, amber beads, quaint hoop earrings and a ring or two, merely the trinkets of a vain old woman, treasured from the time when the money to buy them was scarce. There was nothing in the lot that any self-respecting thief would take, precious as they may have been to their owner. I locked up that case and returned it to the safe and opened the other.
 As I raised the lid an involuntary exclamation of amazement and admiration escaped me. There, nestling in the center of a velvet-lined tray, lay gleaming the most wonderful mass of iridescent pearls I ever had laid eyes on, surely worth a vast fortune. Turning them over and over admiringly in the light, at last I laid them back in the tray and began to investigate the other treasures the casket contained. In other trays in the box I found diamonds galore, a great solitaire that must have been all of seven carats, dinner rings, bar pins, crescents, stars, earrings, and in a compartment all by itself, a tiara of rubies and diamonds. There was also a variety of other gems, pins and rings wrought in curious designs with rubies, diamonds, sapphires, and pearls, some uncut diamonds and loose fragments of pieces that had evidently been torn apart to add to other settings, the collection of a woman with unlimited money to spend.



There, Nestling in the Center of a Velvet-lined Tray, Lay Gleaming the Most Wonderful Mass of Iridescent Pearls I Ever Laid Eyes On.

(To be continued.)

A World-Wide Good Name

This business has not grown just because the automobile business has grown.

It has grown because there has grown up in America, and all over the world, a demand for the kind of motor car Dodge Brothers build.

It has grown because the users of these cars have given Dodge Brothers a good name as careful, conscientious manufacturers.

The result is that wherever these two words--Dodge Brothers--are seen, they stand as a symbol of exceptional motor car value.

Even when they appear, all alone, on a window or on a wall or a bulletin board they instantly mean something special and significant to the passerby.

They call up a picture of a particular kind of motor car.

Or, to be exact, a particular kind of motor car workmanship which people have come to associate with the name of Dodge Brothers.

The two words--Dodge Brothers--are an advertisement in themselves, not only in America but the wide world over.

The first thought that follows, wherever they are seen, is the thought of a car that is reliable. The name has come to suggest integrity--integrity in the car, and integrity in the manufacturing and business methods of the men who build it.

Such a good name is, of course, almost priceless in value.

Dodge Brothers are keenly alive to that fact.

They realize that the permanence of their business rests upon a continuance of their good name.

They realize that such a name is a perpetual promise to the people, which must be perpetually fulfilled by a finer and finer product.

As long as the name is attached to their motor car, Dodge Brothers may be depended upon to safeguard and protect it. As long as they build motor cars they will be the best motor cars Dodge Brothers can build.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT

Palmetto Auto Accessory Co.
 Laurens, S. C. Newberry, S. C.

LAURENS OPERA HOUSE

Friday, April 6th.

TOM MIX In a Mile-a-Minute Western Drama
"Rough Riding Romance"

Be sure to see Mix ride his horse, "Tony," up and down a high staircase until you grow dizzy watching him. See him take the horse in a bath-room and give him a drink from the bowl.

Also a One-Reel Educational Feature, "THE STRAIGHT GOODS"

Admission (Including War Tax) 10c and 25c