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NUMBER

## LADY LARKSPUR

MEREDITH NICOLSON



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"Forget it, Antoine! I supposed you were all living here like a happy



"Forget it, Antoine!"

family. Please tell them at the residence that I'll dine at seven."

"Very good, sir," he said in his pompous manner, but I saw that he was miffed by my indifference.

Flynn, having disposed of the car, came to ask if there was anything he could do for me.

"Tony's against the wire and me," he said mournfully. "It's the war, sorr, and she and me that'll, sorr, the American flag floats from the garage every day. And if a heart can be, like, Elsie's as true to America as though she was born in Boston state-house."

"I believe you, Flynn," I said, touched by his nervousness. "Don't you worry about Antoine and the rest of them; they're just a little nervous; I'll see what I can do to straighten things out."

As I went about my unpacking I was sorry that I had discouraged Antoine's confidences. That these old hotel servants, flung upon a farm with little to do, should fall to quarreling was not surprising, but what he had said as to the inquiries for Mrs. Bashford had roused my curiosity. In spite of my legal right to live on the farm, I had no intention of remaining if my uncle's widow turned up. She could hardly fall to regard me as an intruding poor relation, no matter how strictly I kept to my own quarters.

I whistled myself into good humor as I dressed and started for the house along the driveway, which followed the shore, veering off for a look at the sunken garden, one of the few features of the place that had ever interested my uncle.

As I paused on the steps I caught sight of a man sitting dejectedly on a stone bench near a fountain whose jet tossed and caught a ball with languid iteration. I had identified him as an old Tyningham bell-hop, known familiarly as Dutch, before he heard my step and sprang to his feet, grabbing a pitchfork whose prongs he presented threateningly.

"Oh, it's you, sir," he faltered, dropping the implement. "Excuse me, sir!"

"What's your trouble, Dutch? You're not expecting burglars, are you?"

"Well, no, sir, but things on the place ain't what they wuz. It's my name, which ain't my name, not regular, an' I'm campin' in the tool-house. An' me born right there in New York an' American clean

through. My grandpap came across when he wuz a kid, but it ain't my fault he wuz Golman. Mr. Singleton, I don't know no Golman except pretzel, sauerkraut, wlenner wurst, and them kinds o' woids."

"Those belong to the universal language, Dutch," I answered consolingly. "What is your name, anyhow?"

"Augustus Schortemeier, and I say

it ain't no worse'n Longfellow," he protested.

The point was delicate and not one that I felt myself qualified to discuss. I bade him cheer up and passed on.

As I reached the house I heard a sharp command in an authoritative voice and saw at a curve of the driveway a number of men in military formation performing evolutions in the most sprightly manner. They carried broomsticks, and at sight of me the commander brought his company to a very ragged "Present arms!" Their uniform was that of the Tyningham bell-hops and waiters, and it dawned upon me that this was an army of protest representing the Allied armies on the shores of Connecticut. There was a dozen of them, and the captain I recognized as Scotty, a top who had long worn the Tyningham livery. I waved my hand to them and turned to find Antoine awaiting me at the door.

"It's the troops, sir," he explained. "It's to keep Dutch and Gretchen and Elsie—she's the wife of that Flynn—in proper order, sir."

"Troops" was a large term for the awkward squad of retired waiters and bell-hops, and it was with difficulty that I kept my face straight.

"It's most unfortunate, but we was forced to it. Dinner is served, sir."

From the dining table in the long dining-room I caught glimpses through the gathering dust of Scotty's battalion at its evolutions.

"Antoine!" I said sharply, "what do you mean by these hints of trouble on 'the place? You're not silly enough to imagine that Dutch and a couple of women can do anything out here to aid America's enemies! And as for these inquiries about Mrs. Bashford, they couldn't possibly have anything to do with the war. Specifically, who are the persons who've asked for her?"

"There's the party I told you about, most persistent, who's motored here three times, and another person who seems to be looking for him, sir. It's most singular."

"It's singularly ridiculous; that's all. They're probably piano-tuners or rival agents for a rug house or something of that sort."

"They may be agents, but not that kind, sir." His lips quivered, either from fear or vexation at my refusal to take his story seriously.

"If anything tangible happens, Antoine," I said kindly, "anything we can really put our hands on, we'll certainly deal with it. But you mustn't get nervous or allow yourself to suspect everybody who turns up here of evil designs against the republic. I've come here for quiet, you know, and we can't have every passing stranger throwing the place into a panic."

I had no sooner reached the library, where he gave me coffee, than I heard a slow, measured tread on the broad brick terrace that ran along the house on the side toward the Sound. The windows were open and the guard was in plain view. I glanced at Antoine, whose attitude toward me was that of one benevolently tolerant of stupidity. He meant to save me in spite of my obtuseness. "Tell the picket to remove himself where I won't hear him, if you please, Antoine."

He disappeared through one of the French windows and in a moment I saw the guard patrolling a walk some distance from the house. I now made myself comfortable with a book and cigar, but I had hardly settled myself for a quiet hour before I heard a commotion from the direction of the gate, followed a few minutes later by a shout and a noisy colloquy, after which a roadster arrived in haste at the front door.

"Mr. Torrence, sir," announced Antoine. "I'm sorry, sir, but he ran by the guard at the gate, and our man below the house stopped him. It's a precaution we've been taking, sir."

Torrence's sense of humor was always a little feeble, and I hastened into the hall to reassure him as to his welcome.

"For God's sake, Singleton, what's happened here? A band of pirates jumped on my running-board, and after I'd knocked them off a road-

agent stopped me right there in sight of the house and poked the muzzle of a shotgun in my face."

"Mighty sorry you were annoyed, but there have been some queer characters about, tramps and that sort of thing and the people on the place are merely a little anxious. Have a cigar?"

"All I can say is that you'd better send your friends the password! That fool out there with the gun is likely to kill somebody. Antoine—he turned to the butler, who was drawing the curtains at the windows—"If the property's been threatened, you should have informed me immediately."

"Yes, sir; but it's only been quite recent and, knowing Mr. Singleton was coming, we didn't like to bother

(Continued on Page Eight.)

### No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a general strength-giving tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

### ATTENTION OIL MILL AND GINNERIES

Do not forget that we carry a large stock of Injectors, Oil Cut Lubricators. Also two or three high grades of Rubber Belt, Leather Belt, and Genuine Gandy Belt; Pipe, Valves, Fittings, Packing and Boiler Tubes.

### COLUMBIA SUPPLY COMPANY

823 WEST GERVAIS STREET, COLUMBIA, S. C.

## Special Values for October

AT

## Minter Company's Cash Department Store

If you are looking for Good Values and Correct prices on Fall Goods Minter Company is the place. Where there has been a decline to justify it we have reduced our prices to the lower basis. This is a year when we all have to face some losses and disappointments.

### SPECIAL FOR OCTOBER

Good quality Outing	25c yard
Good quality Bleaching	25c yard
Yard wide Pajama Check	25c yard
Table Oil Cloth	49c yard
Yard wide Sea Island	19c yard
1 Lot Apron Gingham	19c yard
Good quality Cheviots	29c yard
9-10 Sheeting	75c yard
Bath Towels	25c each
Men's Overalls	\$2.49
Boys' Overalls	99c
Good Quality Canton Flannel	29c yard
Feather Ticking	49c yard
Straw Ticking	19c yard
Boys' work Shirts	79c



### Blankets! Blankets!

Big sale of Army Wool Blankets . . . . . \$4.98 and \$6.98  
This is the best value in a blanket on the market. We advise you to get one of them before they are gone.

### Phoenix Hosiery

The factory is able at last to supply us our needs. Big shipment of Silk and Lisle Hosiery just received at the new low prices: Silk \$1.35, \$1.65, \$1.95, \$2.95.

### Ready to Wear

We are showing wonderful values in this department. All moderately priced to sell quick.

Silk and Tricot Dresses	\$18.50 up
Suits	\$25.00 up
Coats	\$25.00 up
Skirts	\$7.50 and up
Children's Coats	\$7.50 and up
Silk Underwear	\$2.98 and up
Cotton Underwear	98c and up

### Sweaters Sweaters

We have a large stock of sweaters at most attractive prices and they are selling big.

Ladies Sweaters	\$4.98 and up
Children's Sweaters	\$2.50 and up
Men's Sweaters	\$4.98 and up

### Bargain Table of Shoes

TABLE NO. 1 LADIES SHOES  
There are short lots, most all sizes, at old time prices \$1.99 to \$3.99

TABLE NO. 2 MEN'S SHOES  
Odd lots, but good shoes, specially priced . . . \$2.99 to \$5.99

### Remnant Table

Short length of all kinds of cotton and wool goods at attractive prices.

### Men's and Boys' Clothing

If you want real good value for your money come look over our stock. We are trying to see just how cheap we can sell clothing.

We have some Men's Suits, specially priced at \$25.00, \$30.00, and \$40.00  
Men's fine Suits . . . . . \$45.00, \$50.00  
Boys' Suits . . . . . \$7.98, \$10.00 and \$12.50  
Men's Odd Pants . . . . . \$5.00, \$6.98 to \$10.00  
See Special Table of Pants . . . . . \$2.49 to \$3.99

### Underwear

Men's Union Suits	\$1.49 up
Ladies' Union Suits	\$1.25 up
Men's Shirts and Drawers	98c each
Children's E. Z. Union Suits	\$1.00 each

We are putting out from day to day specials in our various departments. Keep in touch with this store and you will not go wrong on prices.

## MINTER COMPANY'S

Cash Department Store

LAURENS,

SOUTH CAROLINA