

Professional Cards.

Dr. R. C. McCABE
Dental Surgeon,

Office in Hirsch building, over Kings-
tree Drug Co's. 8-28-tf

Dr. R. J. McCABE
DENTIST,

KINGSTREE, S. C.
Office in McCabe Building, next to
Court House.

M. D. NESMITH,
DENTIST,

Lake City, S. C.

W. L. TAYLOR
DENTIST,

Office over Dr. W. V. Brockington's Store,
KINGSTREE, S. C.
5-21-tf.

1866 1814
A. M. SNIDER,
SURGEON DENTIST.

Over Gamble & Jacobs' Drug Store.

J. DeS. Gilland
Attorney-at-Law
Second Floor Masonic Temple
Florence, S. C.

Benj. McINNES, M. R. C. V. S.
B. Kater McINNES, M. D., V. M. D.
VETERINARIANS.

One of us will be at Kingstree the
first Monday in each month, at Hel-
ler's Stables. 9-28-tf

KINGSTREE
Lodge, No. 46
A.F.M.

meets Thursday before full moon each
month. Visiting brethren are cordially
invited. R. W. FULTON, W. M.
J. M. ROSS, Sec. 2-27-1y

Kingstree Chapter,
No. 22.

Order Eastern Star
Meets every Thursday night after full
moon and two weeks later.
MRS. B. E. CLARKSON, W. M.
COOK Secty. 1-23-tf

Kingstree Lodge,
No. 91
Knights of Pythias

Regular conventions every second and
fourth Wednesday nights. Visiting
brethren always welcome. Castle Hall,
3rd story Gourdin Building. 1-14-1y.
B. E. CLARKSON, C. C.
E. C. EPPS, K. of R. & S.

Kingstree
CAMP NO. 27.
REGULAR MEETINGS
The Third Monday
Night in each
month.
Visiting shoppers cor-
dially invited to come
up and sit on a stump,
or hang about on the
limb.
P. H. STOLL,
Con. Com.
J. M. BROWN, Clerk.

Look! Listen!
Something New for Kingstree

T. J. Pendergrass
has just opened up a new
5c and 10c
DEPARTMENT STORE

Don't fail to call and see
them when you come to
town. We have the greatest
values at 5c and 10c that
ever struck Kingstree.

NET CASH
our only terms in this de-
partment.
Pendergrass Bros. Co.
Kingstree, S. C.
Phone 14.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic
Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless
chill Tonic is equally valuable as a
General Tonic because it contains the
well known tonic properties of QUININE
and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives
out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and
Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Largest Ask your Druggist for
Chichester's Diamond Brand
Pills in Red and Gold metallic
boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon.
Take no other. Buy of your
Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S
DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25
years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE



**ARE YOU
ON THE
SAFE SIDE?**

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

Whose fault is it? It is not
ours. We offer you the necessary
requirements to place you on the
safe side, and would be more than
delighted to

WRITE YOU A POLICY
that will protect you from all loss
by fires at a very low rate. We
represent the best and most re-
liable companies on earth.

Kingstree Insurance, Real Estate & Loan Co.
W. H. WELCH, Manager.

**Automobile, Buggy, Wagon and General
Repair Work.**

If your Buggy needs Painting, New Curtains, a new
Dash, Top, Shafts, Wheels, Axles or any repairs take it
to F. A. STALL, JR.

If you have an Automobile that need Painting, a new
Top, Curtains or old top recovered, bring it to me. Have
you an Automobile that you would like changed into a
Racer? If so, bring it here.

If your Wagons, Plows or any of your Farm Machin-
ery needs repairing bring them to

F. A. STALL, JR.,
Kingstree, South Carolina

CYPRESS
SASH
DOORS
BLINDS
L. WETHERHORN & SON
CHARLESTON
S. C.
MOULDINGS
AND
MILLWORK

**THE WAR IS ON US
BUT
J. L. STUCKEY
HAS BOTH
Horses and Mules
For Sale or Exchange.**
J. L. STUCKEY
Livery, Feed and Sale Stable
Lake City, South Carolina

Epps' Market

All meats bought and sold
for cash. Don't ask for
credit.
Epps' Market
Cr. Academy & Mill Sts.

LIGHTNING RODS.
H. L. WHITLOCK,
Lake City, S. C.,
Special Sales Agent
Representing the largest man-
ufacturers of all kinds im-
proved Copper and Galvanized
Section Rods. (Endorsed by
the Highest Scientific Au-
thorities and Fire Insurance
Companies). Pure Copper Wire
Cables, all sizes. Our Full Cost
Guarantee given with each job.
I sell on close margin of profit,
dividing commission with my
customers. 3-7-tf

WATTS' JEWELRY STORE
KINGSTREE, S. C.
I keep on hand every-
thing to be found in an
up-to-date jewelry house
Repairing and engraving
done with neatness and
despatch. :: As a home
dealer, guaranteeing
quality and prices,
I Solicit Your Patronage.
Near the Railroad Station.

THE BAILEY-LEBBY CO.
Baileco
RUBBER
ROOFING
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Registration Notice.
The office of the Supervisor of Reg-
istration will be open on the 1st Mon-
day in each month for the purpose of
registering any person who is qual-
ified as follows:
Who shall have been a resident of
the State for two years, and of the
county one year, and of the polling
precinct in which the elector offers to
vote four months before the day of
election, and shall have paid, six
months before, any poll tax then due
and payable, and who can both read
and write any section of the constitu-
tion of 1895 submitted to him by the
Supervisors of Registration, or who
can show that he owns, and has paid
all taxes collectible on during the
present year, property in this State
assessed at three hundred dollars or
more.
H. A. MEYER,
Clerk of Board.

HER MANY CONQUESTS
By CLARA MORTON.

The little stenographer stood at the
door, looking dubiously at the descend-
ing elevator. Then, with a deep sigh
and a solemn expression, she turned
and pushed open the little gate.

"Ah—am I just—awfully attractive—
when you don't know me very well?"
she inquired seriously of the book-
keeper, her brow wrinkled in per-
plexity.

"I tell you—it's that plaid skirt!"
he exclaimed, turning wondering eyes
upon the broad bars and stripes. "It's
a perfect magnet for eyes. But who's
been troubling you?" He frowned with
an effect of extreme ferocity.

"No, it's not that. They can ad-
mire my skirt all they want, if they'd
only be still about it! But it's lots
different from that!" She sank dis-
mally into her chair and rocked back
and forth, deriving comfort from the
squeaks it emitted.

"I've tried to be nice," she said
reminiscently. "But I didn't try to be
especially nice, I know I didn't. I
don't believe I was more than just
natural! Do I have to turn into a per-
fect sphinx—or into a prim old maid,
to be comfortable?"

"You've got me," admitted the book-
keeper. "Now, if you'll just give me,
say, three clues—or maybe a good
hint, I'll see if I can guess, that is,
if it's a riddle." He waited invitingly.

"Honestly—I'm serious!" insisted
the little stenographer. "I may have
to quit if it gets worse, though I don't
know how it could!"

She seemed very woebegone.

"What's really up?" asked the book-
keeper sympathetically.

"Is it wrong to smile—at towel
boys and elevator men and window
cleaners and janitors and painters and
—and even messenger boys!" The
question ended in an impetuous ex-
clamation.

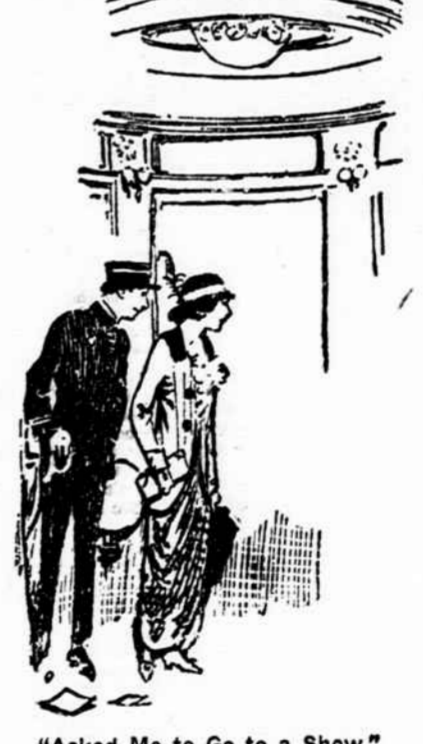
"Not if you like to," declared the
bookkeeper, judiciously.

"Well, the towel boy, one day he
asked me what my first name was.
And was hurt because I wouldn't tell!
And the nicest of all, the messenger
boy, the one that I always wanted to
call, and the one that I thought was
about fourteen, he took hold of my
hand with the message the other day
and wouldn't let go. Oh, it was dread-
ful—though I'd never said anything to
him but good morning or some such
thing!"

"And—and," the little stenographer
flushed, "the janitor winked at me yester-
day when I smiled at him!"

"Wait till I see him—" said the
bookkeeper.

"But that's not all," she broke in,
"for when the men were painting here
—I'd seen them around the hall for
years, and never thought anything of
smiling in a friendly way at them, just



"Asked Me to Go to a Show."

to show that I wasn't a snob—one of
them said of me: 'That's my girl.'
And they both laughed. Oh, it was
awful! One of them kept coming back
into the office for brushes, and every
time he'd say that it was just once
more to see me! I kept still about
it, for I was ashamed!"

"But the watchman stopped me in
the hall this morning and asked where
I lived, because he wished I lived near
his house, for he had a fine phono-
graph!"

"While I was all wilted through and
through I got in the elevator, and it
was empty. I unconsciously smiled at
the man and agreed that it was nice
weather, and he said yes, fine for the
show. And then and there he asked
me to go to a show with him! I didn't
know what to say! I don't like to
hurt him. He seemed a nice sort of
good natured boy—but, oh—" she
paused.

"Well, it's not so bad," comforted
the bookkeeper.

"Oh, but—" she blushed. "Jack
happened to be waiting downstairs
when the man called after me to think
it over and try to go!"

The bookkeeper whistled softly.
"Oh, I see!" he said, with understand-
ing.—Chicago Daily News.

His Opinion.
Bill—Western Australia produces
more gold than any American state,
sends more pearls to Europe than any
other country except Ceylon, and is
said to have the richest belt of hard
wood timber in the world.
Jill—Well, what use is it if it isn't
a baseball team?

BEAUTIFUL MAID MARY
By HARMONY WELLER.

Mary Perkins did not answer the ad-
vertisement for a maid out of a spirit
of adventure. On the contrary, she
was in absolute need of employment
in order to make both ends of her
financial life meet. The embroidery
she did was not remunerative enough
to pay expenses and Mary had no fur-
ther business training.

The young author who had adver-
tised had pondered long and deeply
before putting forth his need in the
newspapers, yet there was no alterna-
tive. He must have some one to look
after his home and he was old-fash-
ioned enough to feel that a woman and
not a man should do it.

When he answered Mary Perkins'
ring at the door bell Everly hoped it
would be an applicant waiting there.

The girl standing outside was slight.
Her hair was neatly brushed back and
her eyes looked curiously large
through the thick-lensed glasses she
wore. Her skin was of a dull, almost
Indian hue.

"I have come in answer to your ad-
vertisement for a maid," she said, and
Everly opened the door.

His writing den was nearest to the
entrance, and thither he led Mary Per-
kins.

"All that is essential for me is," he
said to her, "that you can keep house
intelligently—and quietly." He looked
at the girl in so helpless a way that
Mary was tempted to laugh. "If you
could manage in half a day I would
much prefer your being here only from
ten o'clock until after my dinner in the
middle of the day."

"That will suit me," Mary replied.
And from the very beginning Mary
took complete possession of Everly's
establishment.

So excellent was Mary's cooking
that Everly ventured to suggest one
of the dreams of his author's mind.
Always, since the beginning of his
literary career he had wanted to have
editors and publishers dining at his
own table.

"That is," thought Everly, "it is easy
if Mary will stay and serve dinner."
He went forthwith to the door and
called her.

When she stood beside him, Everly
found his eyes opening a trifle wider
than was usual with them. Mary
seemed so different, so altogether dif-
ferent from the girl she had been. It
took him a moment or so to realize
that the thick-lensed glasses had been
discarded; that the skin was curiously
fair and the hair wonderfully riotous.

"You called me, sir?" Mary sug-
gested.

"I called the old Mary. What have
you done to yourself?"

"I grew tired of looking so plain,"
she admitted. "When I applied for the
position I was very much in need and
I felt certain you would not engage
me as a maid if—" she broke off with
downcast eyes.

"I most certainly would not," said
Everly with conviction. He sighed a
second later and Mary asserted her
rights as a successful domestic.

"My fingers have not lost their cunning
with the culinary art just because
I am less homely than you thought me.
I can serve as good a meal and keep
your house as clean as I ever did."

"I am perfectly well aware of all
these facts," Everly admitted, "but
that does not alter the fact that you
are far too lovely, too altogether beau-
tiful to—" he broke off and smiled at
the humor of the situation.

"Too beautiful to what?" asked
Mary.

"Well—the fact is," admitted Ever-
ly, "that it has been the dream of my
life to have a home to which I can
invite my friends. I wanted, next Sat-
urday night, to give a small dinner
party to six men, that is—providing
you would have been willing to ar-
range everything for me."

"And why may I not? I can stay all
day Saturday and I will plan and serve,
a dinner that will make the editors ac-
cept every story you send them."

"And have them all vying with
each other for your attention when
they see you—no, thanks." Because
Everly was completely mystified as to
his own sudden emotions and quite un-
able to cope with the situation he
turned to his typewriter. That move-
ment had always been Mary's cue to
exit.

It was scarcely five minutes before
he heard her soft knock on his study
door. When she came in he laughed
aloud, partly from relief and partly
because of his new emotion.

Mary's skin was dark; her heavy
glasses were in place, and her hair
was severely drawn back.

"How many covers shall I arrange
for—for the dinner party, sir?" she
questioned.

Everly jumped to his feet, took the
glasses from her eyes, dragged the
plumed tendrils of soft gold hair from
their captivity and laughed whimsical-
ly down into Mary's flushed face.

"I have thought of the only possible
way to keep you," he said breathless-
ly, for things had happened rather sud-
denly, "you understand—do you not,
dear?"

A moment later Mary looked up.
"But the dinner—I want to serve
that."

"I have told you the one condition
under which you can preside," Everly
said firmly; "either you are here as
my wife or not at all. I would have
to get a strange girl if you—"
"If I let you—which I will not,"
Mary whispered softly.
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The Record
Job Office
is equipped to print your 1915 stationery