

**Professional Cards.**

**Dr. R. C. McCABE**  
Dental Surgeon,  
Office in Hirsch building, over Kingstree 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. V. Brockington's Store,  
KINGSTREE, S. C.  
5-21-tf.

1888 1914  
**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 Heller'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. K. WALLACE, 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. MRS. STELLA COOK, Sect'y. 1-28-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. 1-14-1yr. 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 choppers cordially invited to come up and sit on a stump or hang about on the limbs. P. H. STOLL, Con. Com. J. M. BROWN, Clerk.

**Look! Listen!**  
Something New in 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 department.

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Kingstree, S. C.  
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**Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days**  
Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives Ease and Rest. 50c.

Russia's standing army isn't finding it so easy to sit on the Ottoman.

**CHICHESTER'S PILLS**  
THE DIAMOND BRAND.  
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbons. Take no others. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for OIL-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 reliable companies on earth. **Kingstree Insurance, Real Estate & Loan Co.** W. H. WELCH, Manager.

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SASH  
DOORS  
BLINDS  
**L. WETHERBORN & SON**  
CHARLESTON  
S. C.  
MOULDINGS  
AND  
MILLWORK

**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 manufacturers of all kinds Improved Copper and Galvanized Section Rods. Endorsed by the Highest Scientific Authorities 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. R-7-tf

**WATTS' JEWELRY STORE**  
KINGSTREE, S. C.  
I keep on hand everything 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.

**Registration Notice.**  
The office of the Supervisor of Registration will be open on the 1st Monday in each month for the purpose of registering any person who is qualified 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 constitution 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

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Will cure your Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headaches, Cramps, Colic, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts and Burns, Old Sores, Stings of Insects, Antiseptic Anodyne, used internally and externally. Price 25c.

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is now here and ready for you whenever you are ready for it. And you will be charmed with it, for we have been fortunate in securing a very stylish and durable line of hats at very modest prices. All styles are represented and for all ages. We will be delighted to have you look them over early.

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**Cupid's Test of Love**  
By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)  
When Rev. Aloysius Smith went out of his study and saw the man standing in the hall he could not repress a shudder of disgust. Broad as an ox, with short and rather bowed legs, still his figure was that of an Adonis compared with his face. And the last straw was that his name should be Cupid.  
"Come in, my friend," he said after an effort. "What can I do for you?"  
"I'm looking for a position in Little Falls, sir," answered Cupid respectfully. "I've been working as a porter in town, but my health gave out and I was told to go to the country. So I came here. It was a bit of a walk, sir. I can show you good references, in case you know of a job—"  
The pastor looked at the fellow with a repugnance which he could not conceal.  
"I know my face is against me, sir," said Cupid with a smile.  
And it was astonishing how the smile changed him. Cupid smiling looked almost decent.  
The pastor racked his brains. He took a sudden liking to the man, and he was resolved not to be prejudiced against him on account of his looks.  
"Miss Cavendish was wanting a handy man to take care of her garden and pony," he said. "I don't know whether that is in your line, my friend?"  
"I was bred on a farm," answered Cupid. "I think, sir, I could manage the job if—if you'd see Miss Cavendish first and—mention my looks, sir."  
That softened the parson completely. He called up Miss Cavendish on the telephone and broke the news as considerately as possible. "The man is afraid he doesn't look very prepossessing, Miss Cavendish," he explained.  
"Well, send him round and I'll judge for myself," answered Miss Cavendish. And a few minutes later Cupid de-



"For the Last Time, I Warn You to Leave Miss Cavendish Alone."

parted. That night he returned, radiant.  
"I've got the position, sir, and I'm ever so grateful," he said to the pastor.  
Miss Cavendish was a maiden lady of about forty years. Sensible, though a little "queer," and very determined—it is a type common in New England. Before a month had passed it was realized that she had got a treasure. Cupid had been almost the round of the town in search of employment before he went to the pastor. Many regretted that they had been prejudiced against the man on account of his appearance.  
Miss Cavendish had a beau. Not that she hadn't had heaps during the course of her life; but somehow nobody had proved quite good enough for Miss Cavendish. She was of that fine metal which won't take the rust of life, and sooner or later all her sweethearts had received their discharge. But Mr. Henry Norman was different.  
A year or two older than Miss Cavendish, very soft-spoken, he was the sort of a man whose very flawlessness makes one think there may be more wrong with him than appears on the surface. People sort of distrusted Mr. Norman. But it was easy to see that Miss Cavendish was infatuated with the man. Mr. Norman didn't like Cupid. The two came from the same town, and, though it was not likely that they had ever been closely associated, Cupid seemed to know something to the discredit of Mr. Norman. At least, that was what people surmised. Cupid never spoke—just smiled his way into the heart of Little Falls.  
Cupid had been a married man. Joe Rogers was questioning him one day in the days before we learned to

respect Cupid. He asked him if his wife was coming out to Little Falls to live with him. Joe Rogers never had much feeling.  
"No, sir," answered Cupid, turning white.  
"Dead, hey?" asked Joe Rogers.  
"No, sir," said Cupid, looking straight into Rogers's eyes. Somehow Joe Rogers found an excuse to back away. He never questioned Cupid after that.  
Joe Rogers was at work in charge of the men who were repairing the big dam above Little Falls. It had been called dangerous; people said that if ever it burst the flood would sweep away Little Falls as the flood had destroyed Johnstown, and nobody would have time to do anything but pray, and pray fast. Meanwhile the dam was progressing toward completion. With the re-enforced concrete structure no one thought it would break.  
We used to hear gossip of the Cavendish household from Emma, the black maid. That was how we learned that Henry Norman didn't like Cupid. In fact, it was said by her that the first time the two men met Mr. Norman looked as though he had seen a ghost, while Cupid drew himself up very stiff and looked at Mr. Norman in a way that made her blood run cold. However, Emma, faithful old soul that she was, was fond of romancing. Still, we knew that Mr. Norman had tried to persuade Miss Cavendish to get rid of Cupid. Miss Cavendish refused. She always had a will of her own. They nearly quarreled over it till Mr. Norman saw that it was a case of yielding or losing Miss Cavendish—or her money.  
That was the bitter part. Joe Rogers found out that Mr. Norman was a bankrupt. He had hidden away enough of his property to enable him to dress like a gentleman, and to bring Miss Cavendish expensive flowers; but he wanted her cool fifty thousand, everybody knew. But nobody is going to meddle in such affairs. Folks are cowardly in small towns.  
As for Cupid, whatever he knew, he kept quieter than ever. He worshiped Miss Cavendish. That was easy to see. But people said he wouldn't hold his position long after the marriage, which was only four weeks away.  
Now comes the astonishing part of the story. Emma said she saw Cupid talking to Mr. Norman. The two men were at the gate of Miss Cavendish's house, and Norman was on his way home after a call when Cupid confronted him. What Emma was doing there she did not pretend to explain.  
"For the last time I warn you to leave Miss Cavendish alone," said Cupid.  
"You scoundrel!" hissed Norman. "I'll have you arrested for blackmail. I'll—"  
"We know all about that, Mr. Norman," answered Cupid wearily. "You are relying on my not daring to bring my wife's name into court. Maybe you are right up to a certain point, but not when it comes to sacrificing a woman like Miss Cavendish."  
What Norman answered Emma could not hear, but she saw Cupid clench his fists and Norman start away. And, as Cupid watched him slink by there was a queer look on the man's ugly face. It almost seemed as though he realized Norman was a coward and was meditating about it.  
"If the dam don't burst tomorrow she can't," Joe Rogers had said, and everyone repeated it. The key to the solid wall of masonry was to be swung into position the next day. Some had said that the laying of the great blocks had disturbed the foundations of the old dam, but Joe ridiculed that. After ten at night the following day the dam couldn't burst unless an earthquake struck it, he insisted. People grew a little nervous as the evening wore away. Black Emma had heard Miss Cavendish laughingly tell Mr. Norman, who was visiting her that evening, and she said the man seemed scared when Miss Cavendish told him their house stood right in the line the torrent would take.  
Only Emma saw what happened at the house that night, and we have to rely on her. It seems that Norman was within half an hour of departing—the two had been reading some book together—when Cupid rushed into the living-room without the preliminary of a knock.  
"The dam's burst!" he yelled. "There's just two minutes before the flood catches us. Run for the hillside or you'll be buried under a hundred feet of water!"  
Emma screamed naturally, but she was not so terrified as Norman. He stared at Cupid with wild eyes for the tenth of a second. Then, with a yell, he was upon his feet, out through the glass of the window, which fell in splinters all about him, and speeding with all his might for the hillside. And just as Emma and Miss Cavendish turned to run Cupid caught them.  
"It's a lie!" he cried. There was a look of triumph upon the fellow's face. "The dam—the dam hasn't burst and never will!"  
Emma said that for a moment Miss Cavendish stood still, watching his face. Then suddenly she put her hands to her own and burst into hysterical tears and laughter. You see, she had been brought to a realization of Cupid's motive at last, and a thousand little traits in Norman which she had passed over, for love's sake, were suddenly made clear. And Cupid had saved her. But he never told her what he knew about Norman. Nobody knew that. Only it did not matter, for Norman was never seen in Little Falls again.