



**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.

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

**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 Coat Guarantee given with each job. I sell on close margin of profit, dividing commission with my customers.

**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.

**Undressed Lumber.**

I always have on hand a lot of undressed lumber (board and framing) at my mill near Kingstree, for sale at the lowest price for good material. See or write me for further information, etc.

**F. H. HODGE,**

**EYES EXAMINED**

and GLASSES FITTED

I am now equipped to do this work satisfactorily and can save you from \$1.50 to \$3.00 on each pair of glasses. Let me fit you out with the new **Kryptok Glasses**, reading and distance vision ground in each lens. If you break your lenses bring them to me. I will duplicate them on short notice. Save the pieces.

**T. E. BAGGETT,**  
Jeweler and Optician.  
Kingstree, South Carolina

**The Meanest Miller in Town**

is prepared to grind your corn into fine meal, coarse or medium grits. Bring along your corn. I am also prepared to grind your wheat into the very best grade of flour—the home ground kind. Bring us your wheat as soon as it is ready.

**EPPS MILLING CO.,**  
S. F. EPPS, Proprietor

**CYPRESS SASH DOORS BLINDS**

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

**THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY**  
By ROY L. MCCARDELL  
Copyright, 1915, by Roy L. McCardell

A novelization of the photo play selected as the best in over 19,000 submitted to the scenario department of the Chicago Tribune in a \$10,000 prize contest during December and January. The manuscripts in this competition came from many sections in the United States and Canada. Authors of note as well as thousands of amateurs took part.

(Concluded from last week.)  
**CHAPTER VI.**  
Wanted For Murder.

THE flush of hope came back to the ashen face of Blair Stanley. "I remember now," he said; "we tramped upon his guitar in the doctor's garden in our struggles. He will be accused of causing the doctor's death. And who will believe him if he in turn blames me?"

"I will keep hidden, as you say, mother. The fact that he has the diamond and the doctor had it in his pocketing up to his death will damn him. Thinking me dead, he may fly—who knows?"

His mother nodded, and then, seeing the dawn was breaking by the growing light outside, she crossed the room to the old fashioned fireplace and pressed a hidden spring. With wondrous ease Blair saw the whole fireplace from hearthstone to ceiling turn as one center pivot and swing half out into the room and half back into a great recess in the wall.

"A hiding place built by your Tory great-grandfather," said his mother. "Fairfax was all for the American arms during the revolution, all except your great-grandfather. Washington accused him of hiding and harboring spies for King George; but, though they searched here, they never found them," she added grimly.

In the niche behind the chimney Blair noted a small bench, or pallet, a reading lamp of old design, and sundry other crude comforts.

"You will find it comfortable enough," remarked his mother.

For one of the few times Blair could remember his proud, cold mother softened. She gave her attention again to the slight wound above the temple, bound it gently with her handkerchief, kissed him, and sighed.

The unhappy Blair sobbed and impulsively embraced his mother. For one brief moment he faltered, and then his mother pointed in silence to the hiding place and he stepped within, the great chimneypiece swung into place, and he was in semidarkness, hidden and secure.

The old procedures of the "crown's quest" still held strong in Fairfax county, Virginia.

At the doctor's cottage the first expression of authority by the sheriff was that nothing should be touched in the study where the doctor lay dead on the table "till the coroner came." The broken guitar had been handed the sheriff. It could not be denied that when Arthur had been with the young people on the doctor's porch earlier in the night he had not had the guitar.

It was known he and the doctor had had high words earlier in the day over the fact that Arthur, who had squandered his means, had added to his other extravaganzas by ordering from abroad a costly French racing automobile.

But the return of Hagar, conscience stricken also, after eighteen long years,



The Gypsy, Hagar, Telling Fortunes.

the return of Hagar again, bringing with her the sweet and blooming Esther, the rightful heir to the patrimony the gypsy changeling was squandering, and the arrangement for her adoption by Dr. Lee, as had long been intended, had wrought a right about face in the doctor's attitude toward the reckless, supposititious young master of Stanley hall. It had also wrought a great change in the character of Arthur Stanley. From the first meeting

with lovely Esther Arthur had abandoned his wild and spendthrift ways.

Then, too, the rivalry for Esther's affections with his cousin, Blair, had steadied Arthur. He realized he loved Esther, and he had resolved to be worthy of her.

As for Esther, in the midst of depressing, morbid turmoil that followed the discovery of the doctor's death in his study, she had moved as one in a most unhappy dream. Under the cold, suspicious eyes of Blair Stanley's mother, Esther had felt herself an interloper. The judge's widow had arrived upon the scene as soon as she had been sent for.

Although her relations with the doctor had been distant and constrained for years, yet the judge's widow was next of kin. With the usual delay characteristic of the easy going doctor, he had delayed making out the legal adoption papers for Esther. He had only insisted that she be called Esther Lea. What her real name was the polite Virginians had not asked, but it was whispered that it was Harding.

When questioned by the puzzled sheriff as to what procedure he should follow after the identification of the broken guitar, found by the footprints in the flower beds, the judge's widow had coldly replied, "Do your duty" and the sheriff, with his deputy, set out for Stanley hall to apprehend Arthur Stanley 2d on suspicion of the murder of Dr. Henry Lee.

At their parting there had been one gift of Hagar's that Esther had since lovingly cherished. It was a pair of carrier pigeons.

"Take these, my dear daughter," Hagar had said. "If you are ever in trouble and need me send a message by the birds. Their homing place is our gypsy rendezvous in the Blue ridge. Even if I am not there when the message comes, some of our tribe will be. They will know where I am and fetch me the word."

So Esther, under the open espionage of Blair's mother, had taken one of the pigeons from its cage on the porch and had hastily written the message to send by this aerial carrier to Hagar. The message read briefly, "Come at once, dear mother; I need you." She simply signed it "Esther."

From her lattice window she released her feathered messenger. It flew swiftly to the west, straight as the arrow flies.

The sheriff and his deputy were not long in reaching Stanley hall. They alighted with a businesslike clatter, and the sheriff clumped up the steps and across the wide, hospitable portico and made the great iron knocker wake the echoes of the silent mansion. With an indicative gesture of his thumb he had sent his deputy to guard the rear.

Joe, the natty and worldly wise colored man servant of the until recently wild young master of Stanley hall, was wondering at the impudent urgency of the clamor that had aroused him as he reached the bottom of the staircase, when he stood stock still, shaken for once out of his usual superior airs and self possession, to behold his young master, wild eyed and disheveled, rush from the library and seize him, exclaiming as he did so: "Don't open that door! I have killed a man, and they are after me!"

With chattering teeth and shaking knees the erstwhile dandy darky clung for support in the weakness of his fright to the pedestal of the balustrade at the foot of the old colonial staircase.

Still the sheriff hammered at the door, crying sternly, "Open in the name of the law!" and still the frightened darky clung to the balustrade, divided in his terror between the awful authority of the law that he was disobeying and in fear of the fate this till now sophisticated servitor had felt for his young master.

One glance from the low French windows that looked from the library upon the grounds at the back of Stanley hall and Arthur was aware of the watchful deputy, with drawn pistol.

At this juncture the automobile agent from Richmond came with honking horn up the driveway with one of the first automobiles that had ever essayed the roads of Fairfax. With the agent, who proudly drove the red French racer, was an oily and grimy garage mechanic driving a low, old but powerful one seated garage handy car battered and scarred from much hard service, but still strong, speedy and dependable.

The sheriff hammered and kicked unavailingly at the stout, great white door as these "newfangled contraptions," as he called them, drove up to the portico steps. "I am the sheriff," he explained to the wondering automobile man. "I am after a man for murder, and I summon you to aid me." The tattered garage mechanic brought a heavy iron jack from his battered old car, and he and the sheriff soon had the stout oak door shattering beneath the battering ram blows they dealt it with this heavy instrument of iron.

As the door gave way Arthur darted from the library, past the still quaking negro in the hallway and into the dining room. He passed through the dining room into the conservatory at its back that overlooked, as did the library, the grounds at the rear of Stan-

ley hall. But here his way was blocked by iron and glass. There was no egress from the conservatory save through the dining room.

As he turned to retrace his steps the sheriff, with the frightened automobile man at his back, appeared at the door of the conservatory with leveled revolver and demanded Arthur's surrender. Arthur's reply was to seize a heavy rustic chair and with one swinging, sweeping blow thrust aside the leveled revolver and then smash the heavy glass and the metal frames of the rear wall of the conservatory. He leaped unhurt through the aperture thus made and fled around the corner of the house, followed by a fusillade of shots from the sheriff and his deputy.

At the front of the house stood the two automobiles deserted. The new French racer stood throbbing under power at the portals of Stanley hall. The excited dealer had not thought further of the fine new machine when he heard the sheriff's quick summons for assistance. The more phlegmatic and practical mechanic had turned off the power of the old garage car when he had brought the sheriff the jack to smash the door.

Arthur jumped into the throbbing new racer. He had little thought when he had ordered it in a fit of reckless extravagance that its first service for him would be in a need like this. He sensed the use of its levers, and in the instinct of fear and self preservation, it may have been chance that aided him, but the machine bounded away on highest speed, and Arthur turned the steering wheel and made the turn to the gateway safely.

He gave one glance back and saw the mechanic endeavoring to start the other car, while the sheriff stamped and swore futilely. Whether it was that the old dependable car failed for once to respond or whether it was because the sporting instinct in the grimy mechanic was strong, and he hoped for a long, stern chase of a practiced driver in an old car after a rank amateur in a new French racer, in either case the old car was some minutes in responding to his efforts to



He Smashed His Way Through the Conservatory Window.

start it. Arthur had read enough of automobiles to know it were well for him if he paused in his flight that he did not stop the engine.

Looking back again and seeing he was not as yet pursued, a fit of desperate recklessness encouraged him in the resolve to pause and bid farewell to Esther. By this time all but a few of the curious neighbors had gone, and Esther was at the gate engaged in hanging a white wreath upon it in memory of her dear old friend.

The meeting, the parting, were brief, dramatic and passionate. There was no time for explanations on either side. Arthur held the fair girl to his heart for one brief moment and pledged his love and faith for her, and then was gone.

Now came the other car in a cloud of dust. On sped the pursued. Now at the railroad crossing the one armed watchman gave his warning flag. The gates are down, a long freight train is thundering up. At his highest speed Arthur takes the gates, that smash and splinter at the impact of his swift machine. He is gone, and the freight train blocks pursuit. Then pride has its fall. Around a bend of the road workmen are digging a great culvert. On one side is a sloping bank of the river. On the other side the embankment of the road bed, across which the open culvert cuts. One glance shows Arthur that this way lies death. He will trust the river.

With a mighty effort he turns the steering wheel and the great, plunging auto swerves at the brink of the newly dug culvert and, atilt on two wheels, plows its way through the soft earth of the roadbed on the stream side and hurtles a rocking, ponderous mass of mechanism down the sloping side of the river bank, swifter than it takes to tell.

Tragedy and comedy are close akin; in the midst of life we are in death. On the green banks of the river on this peaceful summer day the Colored Sons of Liberty had elected to hold their annual picnic. Fat, dusky matrons were spreading tempting cakes and pies and pouring the even more tempting lemonade beneath the eager eyes of the longing colored lodge brothers of the Sons of Liberty.

The Sons of Liberty band could hardly keep their snacking lips applied to their battered old instruments as they raved "Emancipation Day March."

**LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS AT FAIR, ETC**

(Continued from page 2.)

Flour—David E McCutchen, first prize; C C Daniel, second.

Meal—H H Foxworth, first prize; Epps Milling Co, second.

Grits—Epps Milling Co, 1st prize.

Ribbon cane—A L Burgess, first prize; D M Cooper, second.

Individual farm exhibit—S A Graham, first prize.

Best 100 drawn shingles—J B Hemingway, first prize.

HORSES, ETC.—COUNTY RAISED.

Brood mare and colt—F W Fairey, first prize; Robt Ervin, second.

One to two year old colts—J L Covington, first prize; Clifton Guess, second.

Two to three year old mare colts—S S Mitchum, first prize; D E McCutchen, second.

Two to four year old horse colts—F W Fairey, first prize; M H Jacobs, second.

Brood mare and mule colts—D D Snowden, first prize; S D Snowden, second.

One to two year old mule—J P Snowden, first prize; S D Snowden, second.

Three year old or over mule—J L Covington, first prize; W D McKnight, second.

Double team horses driven by gentleman—Dr W C Hemingway, first prize; D E McCutchen, second.

Double team driven by lady—Dr W C Hemingway, first prize; D E McCutchen, second.

Single mule driven by gentleman—W P McKnight, first prize.

Single horse driven by gentleman—Dr W C Hemingway, first prize; F W Fairey, second.

Single horse driven by lady—Dr W C Hemingway, first prize; D E McCutchen, second.

Single team stallion driven by gentleman—Thos McCutchen, first prize; E E King, second.

Saddle horse ridden by gentleman—M H Jacobs, first prize; S S Mitchum, second.

Saddle horse ridden by boy—Mrs LeRoy Lee, first prize; E E King, second.

Saddle pony driven by boy—E E King, first prize; Mrs LeRoy Lee, second.

Saddle horse ridden by lady—Miss Claudia Jones, first prize.

Pony driven by girl—E E King, first prize.

Family horses driven by lady—R L Bass, first prize; D E McCutchen, second.

Best colt sired by Black Print—F W Fairey, first prize; James Covington, second.

Speed horses—Woodrow Gamble.

OPEN TO THE WORLD.

Saddle horses ridden by gentlemen—J H Myers, first prize; M H Jacobs, second.

Saddle horses ridden by ladies—J H Myers, first prize; M H Jacobs, second.

Single driven horses by gentleman—F W Fairey, first prize; Dr W C Hemingway, second.

Single driven horses by ladies—F W Fairey, first prize; Dr W C Hemingway, second.

Double team horses driven by gen-

tleman—Dr W C Hemingway, first prize; R L Bass, second.

Double team horses driven by ladies—Dr W C Hemingway, first prize; R L Bass, second.

Double team mules driven by gentleman—J M Truluck, first prize; Thomas, second.

Single harness mule—J M Truluck, first prize; R L Bass, second.

General purpose farm horses—P O Arrowsmith, first prize; J J M Graham, second.

General farm horses—P O Arrowsmith, first prize; Williamsburg Live Stock Co, second.

Speed horses—C C Alsbrook, first prize; W O Camlin, second.

Best Jack—J J M Graham, first prize.

Best Jack and three of his get—J J M Graham, first prize.

Best Jenet and colt—W D Daniel.

CATTLE DEPARTMENT.

Bull and heifer under 1 year—G W Camlin, first prize.

Bull over 2 years—W C Hemingway, first prize.

Two heifers, 1 to 2 years, 3 grade heifers—W O Camlin, first and second prizes.

Bull 2 years old—D E McCutchen, first and second prizes.

Cow 2 years old—W E Hurt, first prize; W C Hemingway, second.

Jersey bull—W E Nesmith, first prize.

Heifer 1 to 2 years—J P Wheeler, first and second prizes.

Grade Jersey—H A Miller, first prize.

SWINE DEPARTMENT.

CLASS 1—BERKSHIRES.

Boar over 2 years—G W Camlin, first prize; D E McCutchen, second.

Sow over 2 years, boar under 1 year—G W Camlin, first prize.

Pair pigs under 6 months—L C Montgomery, first prize.

CLASS 3—POLAND CHINA.

Pair pigs—J T Sexton, first prize.

Boar, 1 to 2 years—W E Brockington, first prize.

Boar and sow under 1 year, litter of pigs with sow—J J M Graham, first prize.

CLASS 4—JERSEY RED.

Best boar—J M Nexsen, 1st prize.

CLASS 6—DUROC JERSEY.

Boar under 1 year—W O Camlin, first prize.

Pair of pigs, sow and pigs—R W Smith, first prize.

Best sow—F W Fairey, first prize.

CLASS 7—O I C.

Pair pigs 4 months old—W P McKnight, first prize.

Boar, 1 to 2 years—J J M Graham, first prize.

DOG DEPARTMENT.

CLASS 2—POINTERS.

Pointer under one year, pointer over 1 year—R C McCabe, 1st prize.

Pointer under 1 year—R H Godwin, first prize; J S McGill, second.

CLASS 3—HOUNDS.

Pair fox hounds 5 months old—H Foxworth, first prize.

CLASS 4.

Collie—R L Bass, first prize.

CLASS 5—BULLDOGS.

Bitch and puppies, bulldog—F H Hodge, first prize.

Important Notice.

The annual meeting of the Williamsburg County Fair association is hereby called to meet in the court house at Kingstree Monday, November 1, at noon. According to our constitution, under section 4, this meeting should have been held during fair week, but upon consent of several members of the association the above date was settled upon. Each and every member of the association, and especially the executive committeemen, are earnestly requested to be present, as at this meeting officers and members of the executive committee are to be elected for the ensuing year.

(Signed) W E NESMITH,

Geo A MCELVEEN, Pres.

1t Secretary.

Facts For Sufferers.

Pain results from injury or congestion. Be it neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, toothache, sprain, bruise, sore stiff muscles or whatever pain you have yields to Sloan's Liniment—brings new, fresh blood, dissolves the congestion, relieves the injury, the circulation is free and your pain leaves as if by magic. The nature of its qualities penetrates immediately to the sore spot. Don't keep on suffering. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment, use it. It means instant relief. Price 25c and 50c. \$1.00 bottles hold six times as much as the 25c size.

(To be continued.)