

# Read This and Save Money.

Because of the long delay in the approach of real summer, we are fearful lest we may have stocked up too heavily on warm weather goods. We have so many on our shelves, and with others bought and on the way, that we simply must dispose of a great quantity of them without delay. To do this in a hurry we have pared off still more of the profits and are offering them to you at marvelously low prices. If you want some of the

## Rarest Bargains Ever Offered

hereabouts, this is your opportunity. We do not pretend that we are selling them at less than they cost us, but we are sailing dangerously close to that point. It is an opportunity you cannot well afford to overlook.

# C. TUCKER



## Sacked hulls mean convenience and economy

PUTTING Buckeye Hulls in sacks is just one of the important little things that have been done to make this roughage an improvement over the old style. This makes



easier to handle when putting them in the barn and easier to measure out when mixing feed. It keeps them clean and makes your help think of them as forage—not as bedding. Even though sacked, Buckeye Hulls sell for much less than loose old style hulls. It costs us money to sack them but we believe that anything that will help you use this product to best advantage is worth the expense.

### Other Advantages

Buckeye Hulls are free of lint which has no food value. 2000 pounds of real roughage to the ton—not 1500. Buckeye Hulls allow better assimilation of food.

*Kimbraugh Bros., Indianola, Miss., say:*  
"We are using Buckeye Hulls and are very much pleased with them. We think they are superior to old style hulls."

To secure the best results and to develop the ensilage odor, wet the hulls thoroughly twelve hours before feeding. It is easy to do this by wetting them down night and morning for the next feeding. If at any time this cannot be done, wet down at least thirty minutes. If you prefer to feed the hulls dry, use only half as much by bulk as of old style hulls.

### Book of Mixed Feeds Free

Gives the right formula for every combination of feeds used in the South. Tells how much to feed for maintenance, for milk, for fattening, for work. Describes Buckeye Hulls and gives directions for using them properly. Send for your copy to the nearest mill.

Dept. K The Buckeye Cotton Oil Co. Dept. K  
Atlanta Birmingham Greenwood Little Rock Memphis  
Augusta Charlotte Jackson Macon Selma

## OUR BIG SPECIAL OFFER

Thrice-a-Week New York World	\$ 1.25
The County Record	1.00
Southern Ruralist, twice a month	.50
Total	\$ 2.75
Our price for the three papers	\$ 2.00

### Notice of Registration.

Notice is hereby given that, by Proclamation of the President, transmitted through the Governor, June 5, 1917, has been set apart and designated as Registration Day.

All male persons, both white and colored, between the ages of 21 and 30, inclusive, are required to present themselves on said date at the nearest voting precinct, or the one at which they are accustomed to voting, for registration. Places for registration will be open from 7 o'clock a. m. until 9 o'clock p. m. Those who are sick or who find it necessary to be away on said date should communicate with local Registrar immediately.

The usual voting places at the following precincts are the registration places for Williamsburg county, and the names opposite are the Official Registrars:

Names of Precincts. Registrars.  
Bloomingdale—H O Pipkin, R W Smith.  
Cades—W I Hodges, J L Thomas.  
Cedar Swamp—J Y McGill, G O Epps.  
Earles—J H Thompson, G W Camlin.  
Gourdin—G M Beasley, G C Parsons.  
Greelyville—B G Land, J F Montgomery.  
Hebron—Bartow Smith, J F Williamson.  
Indiantown—R H Ervin, C J Graham.  
Kingstree—H O Welch, J F Scott.  
Mouzon—W Ira Epps, T L Joye.  
Morrisville—J W Cooper, Jr., R J Nesmith.  
Muddy Creek—S J Cannon, Johnsonville; H Edward Eaddy, W F Joy.  
Pergamos—N M Young, W A Fitch.  
Poplar Hill—J B Hemingway, B J Chandler.  
Salters—J C Everett, J H Covington.  
Suttons—R E Blakely, O C Hinnant.  
Taft—S E McCullough, W D Bryan.  
Trio—John H Rowell, J W Moore.  
Vox—J A Hanna, R J Eaddy.

Herein fail not under penalty of the Federal law.

J D O'BRYAN, Chairman.  
H O BRITTON,  
P M BROCKINGTON,  
County Federal Board of Registration and Conscription.

### Notice of Foreclosure Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF WILLIAMSBURG, Court of Common Pleas.

M L Boyd and J M Tisdale, Executors of the last will and testament of D Z Martin, deceased, Plaintiffs, against

J B Martin et al, Defendants.  
Notice is hereby given that, under and by virtue of the decretal order in the above entitled action made by his Honor, Judge R W Memminger, in open court and dated April 30, 1917, I, the undersigned Sheriff of Williamsburg county, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash before the court house door in Kingstree, S C, during the legal hours for sale, on Monday, the fourth (4th) day of June, 1917, the same being salesday, the following described tract of land, to-wit:

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land lying, being and situate in Suttons township, county of Williamsburg and State aforesaid, as reference to a deed to myself from R P Hinnant dated February 28, 1901, will more fully appear containing sixty-one (61) acres, be the same more or less, and bounded as follows: North by lands of estate of Gourdin; East by lands of Daniel Cooper; South by lands of E J Parker; West by lands of the estate of Gourdin.

GEORGE J GRAHAM,  
Sheriff of Williamsburg county.  
Kingstree, S C, May 12, 1917. 5-17-3t

### Notice of Foreclosure Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF WILLIAMSBURG, Court of Common Pleas.

A E McCrea, Plaintiff, against

Alex Harrison and Calvin Harrison, Defendants.  
Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of the decretal order in the above entitled action made by his Honor, Judge R W Memminger, in open court and dated April 30, 1917, I, the undersigned Sheriff of Williamsburg county, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, before the court house door in Kingstree, S C, during the legal hours for sale, on Monday, the fourth (4th) day of June, 1917, the same being salesday, the following described tract of land, to-wit:

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land lying, being and situate in the county of Williamsburg and State of South Carolina, containing ten (10) acres and bounded North by lands of Willie Kinder, formerly J E Brockington, and Jim Brockington; East by lands of Alex Harrison; South by lands of Nancy Harris, and West by lands of Willie Kinder, formerly J E Brockington, the land above described being a part of the tract of twenty-five (25) acres conveyed to Alex Harrison by A J Smith on February 7, 1901, which conveyance is recorded in the office of the Clerk of Court for Williamsburg county in Book "A-11" at page 177.

GEORGE J GRAHAM,  
Sheriff of Wmsburg County.  
Kingstree, S C, May 12, 1917. 5-17-3t

### Notice of Foreclosure Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF WILLIAMSBURG, Court of Common Pleas.

H M Cooper, et al, Plaintiffs, against

Amelia Cooper Barr, et al, Defendants.  
Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of the decretal order in the above entitled action made by his Honor, Judge R W Memminger, in open court and dated April 30, 1917, I, the undersigned Sheriff of Williamsburg county, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, before the court house door in Kingstree, S C, during the legal hours for sale, on Monday, the fourth (4th) day of June, 1917, the same being salesday, the following described tract of land, to-wit:

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land lying, being and situate in Williamsburg county, State of South Carolina, containing fifteen (15) acres, more or less, and bounded as follows: Northeast by lands of David Cooper; Southeast by lands of Prince Wilson and Cyrus Wilson; Southwest by Mingo Swamp, and Southeast by lands of W H Kennedy, the said fifteen acres being formerly a part of the tract of land known as the Indiantown parsonage lands.

GEORGE J GRAHAM,  
Sheriff of Wmsburg County.  
Kingstree, S C, May 12, 1917. 5-17-3t

### Notice.

All persons are hereby forbidden to trespass in any form or manner upon the lands of the undersigned in Mingo township, Williamsburg county, South Carolina. Any person or persons regarding this notice will be prosecuted according to law.

A J PROSSER, Administrator.  
5-24-3t Johnsonville, S C.

# The Stone Lantern

## And How It United Two Families

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The Japanese servant moved noiselessly about the studio, bringing order out of chaos that always followed one of his master's busy days. The priceless oriental rugs were straightened, and Nasogi vanished from the room as Ethan Stanley entered from the adjoining bedroom. In a moment Nasogi returned.

"What is it, Nasogi?" asked Stanley.  
"The telephone calls, sir," replied the man.

"Who is it?"  
"Mr. Clayton, sir."

"Ah, how are you, Bob?" Stanley was saying over the wire. "Certainly. Delighted. Bring the whole crowd. I was going to dine alone, but Nasogi is a magician and can spread a feast for a dozen. Eight-thirty. Good. Be sure to bring your fiddle. Goodby."

"Nasogi, Mr. Clayton and four friends will dine with me tonight at 8.30. There will be three ladies in the company. Can you manage it in three hours?" He looked at his watch.

"Most certainly, sir. It will be ready at the hour. I will go to the market again immediately." In an instant the Japanese had bowed himself from the room and Stanley was alone.

The pagoda shape of a stone lantern was outlined against the twilight space of the window and reminded Stanley of the gray day he had first seen it in a neglected garden beyond the gates of Tokyo. He had hauled out of the city with his favorite rickshaw man between the shafts, and when the first light shower came the runner had turned into a tiny tangled garden where a small house stood deserted among the plum trees.

As Stanley found shelter in the veranda he spied the stone lantern nearly overgrown with some clinging vine.

"Who owns this house?" he asked quickly.

The runner named a man in the neighborhood. "It was his daughter who lived in the house with her husband. They were newly married, and they called it 'the abode of peace and joy.' But the husband went away to war, and he never came back. The daughter lives with her parents, an inconsolable widow, and the little house is a place of sorrow."

Stanley thought over the little tragedy that had been briefly played out here, and then when the rain had stopped he sought the house of the owner and found it easy to purchase the stone lantern.

As he dressed for dinner he wondered idly who the girl was that the Claytons were bringing with them. Bob had said it was a friend of his wife's, and Mrs. Clayton had so many friends it was useless to puzzle his head over that. The other couple were the Lesters. The Claytons and the Lesters were his most intimate friends and had been Celia's, too, before she and Stanley had quarreled and separated. Celia had returned to her parents, and Stanley had gone to Japan and lately had returned to occupy the studio alone.

Years of travel and hard work had not softened the blow of Celia's desertion after the bitter, foolish little disagreement. He had written once, but she had never replied to it.

Exactly at 8:30 the elevator stopped at his floor, and Nasogi threw open the studio door to announce the guests. Maud Clayton and Bessie Lester came in first, and close behind them was a third figure, at the sight of which Stanley's heart jumped into his throat and stayed there for awhile.

"Shall we take off our things in here, Ethan?" called Mrs. Clayton over her shoulder, one hand on his bedroom door.

"Certainly! You all know the way. Celia," he found time to murmur as her hand rested in his for a brief instant, "this is a surprise—a pleasant surprise."

"I am glad you feel so," she breathed quickly. "They urged me to come, and I gave way to the impulse." Then she had disappeared with the other women, while her husband joined the men at the fireplace.

At table there was much curiosity about the stone lantern. Ethan Stanley, with a slight stiffening of his shoulders, proceeded to tell his guests the story of the stone lantern.

"And so," he said in conclusion.

his eyes avoiding Celia's wistful gaze, "the abode of peace and joy lies desolate. The widow, broken hearted because her loved one did not return from the war, makes her home with her indulgent parents, and somewhere in Manchuria's unfriendly solitudes there lies the one who did not return. In the studio yonder is the stone lantern that lighted the garden at night when the plum trees were in bloom and when the wistaria hung in long purple clusters from the trellises. The abode of peace and joy has become the house of sad memories."

There was silence then for several moments. Even Nasogi had paused with extended tray, his beady eyes fastened on the narrator's face with unmistakable excitement. The conversation shifted to another topic and was for the moment forgotten. The Japanese moved noiselessly to and fro, the impassive mask of his face now and then breaking into queer distortions that might be construed as expressing joy or sorrow or a mingling of both.

Before they adjourned to the studio for coffee and while they lingered at the table the Japanese glided from the room. When they entered the studio he was standing beside the lantern rubbing his hand on the stone in a manner which in any other person might have been construed as a gesture of tenderness.

"Excuse!" he said diffidently as he passed from the room. Stanley saw his face and followed him into the dining room.

"What is the matter, Nasogi?" he asked quickly. "Have confidence. Remember I am your friend. Are you in trouble?"

"Master, the story of the abode of peace and joy! A soldier returned from the wars to claim his beloved wife. Ere he reached home he was confronted with the story that she believed him dead and had married another, and rather than disturb his happiness and because he was jealous that she had cared so little for his memory the soldier turned back and went to the new country that in another land he might become wise and great and learn to live without the love of woman. And the place he came to was a great city, and after a few years had passed he served a new master, one who brought into his studio the very stone lantern that had once stood in the soldier's garden in faraway Japan. The soldier recognized it immediately, but he did not understand until he heard his master's story."

"You will want to go home at once," said Stanley heartily. "Get your things together, Nasogi, and start tonight. Come to me for money before you go. And the lantern, Nasogi—you will want to restore that to the abode of peace and joy?"

"Excuse," said the Japanese softly. "If my honorable master will keep it as a recollection of much happiness he conferred upon a foolish servant it will cause me gratitude. My garden will have joy and peace even if it lacks the lantern," he said happily.

"Mine will have the lantern, while it lacks joy and peace," said Stanley rather bitterly.  
But Celia's hand was thrust through his arm, and her soft cheek rubbed against his shoulder.

"Cannot we have joy and peace and the lantern, too, dear?" she whispered. "I am so sorry, Ethan. I wonder if I may not stay with you. I have never had a word from you all the long years, and"—  
Nasogi had vanished. From the studio came the first dreamy chords from Clayton's violin and a low murmur of voices as the others talked.

"Not another word, sweetheart," murmured Ethan to his wife. "We have both been to blame. We have both suffered for our folly. Together we will start anew, with the stone lantern to light our abode of peace and joy."

### Umbrella Morals.

"You remember that silk umbrella I took from the Bingles' hall by mistake?"

"Yes. It had such a lovely handle."

"Well, the handle was imitation, and the silk was full of holes. Why, the man that mends all my umbrellas said it wasn't worth repairing."

"Dear me! What did you do with it?"

"Why, I was so mad I called at the Bingles' today and left it there."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Making a Hot Compress.

In the American Journal of Nursing Elizabeth Robertson gives the following directions for making a hot compress: Wet the compress with tepid water, then iron it rapidly with a very hot flatiron. This produces sufficient steam to hold more heat and obviates the necessity of wringing out excessively hot cloths.