

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

Lowest cost per pound of real roughage



OLD style hulls cost more per pound of roughage than the price per ton indicates. This is because they are one-fourth lint which has no food value. To know how much each pound of roughage in this form is costing you, you must divide the price per ton by 1500—not by 2000.

BUCKEYE HULLS

cost exactly what you pay for them. Every pound is all roughage—no useless lint. To really know the difference in cost between old style hulls and Buckeye Hulls you must know the cost per pound of real roughage.

Even though Buckeye Hulls do sell at a much lower price than old style hulls, you can't realize how much less they are costing you until you consider how much more real roughage a ton contains.

Other Advantages

Buckeye Hulls go farther. They allow better assimilation of other food. No trash or dust. Sacked—easy to handle. They mix well with other forage. Take half as much space in the barn.

Mr. Dan Wolf, Hammond Bldg. & Mfg. Co., Hammond, La., says: "I am feeding Buckeye Hulls to milch cows and find them a satisfactory filler when mixed with cottonseed meal and other concentrates. At the present price of feed stuff, Buckeye Hulls are the cheapest roughage on the market."

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

Administrator's Sale.

Under and by virtue of an order of the probate court of Williamsburg county, I will sell at public auction at the court house at Kingstree, S. C., on Thursday, the 14th day of June, 1917, at twelve o'clock, noon, the bank stock belonging to the estate of H B Brown, deceased, as follows:
Ten shares in the Peoples Bank of Columbia, S. C.; five shares in Citizens Bank of Allendale, S. C.; five shares in Loan and Savings Bank of Camden, S. C.; three shares in The First National Bank of Florence, S. C.; two shares in The Bank of South Carolina, Sumter, S. C.; two shares in The Peoples Savings Bank and Trust Company, Florence, S. C.; and four shares in The Home Bank and Trust Company of Manning, S. C.
And also one share of the capital stock of the Consumers Acetylene Gas Company of Allendale, S. C.
(Signed) MRS M B BROWN,
5-31-2t Administratrix.
Terms—Cash.

Executor's Notice.

All persons having claims against the estate of James Edward Keels, deceased, will present the same duly attested to the undersigned for payment. All those indebted to said estate are requested to settle the same.
J F MONTGOMERY,
Executor Est of Jas Edward Keels.
Greenville, S. C. 5-31-3t

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned against hunting, fishing or otherwise trespassing upon the lands of the undersigned in Turkey township, Williamsburg county, and known as the Cove tract. Any and all parties violating this notice will be prosecuted at law.
5-31-3tp R M KELLAHAN

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby warned against fishing, hunting or otherwise trespassing upon the lands of the undersigned in Turkey township. Violators of this notice will be subject to arrest and prosecution in the county court.
5-31-3tp M F KELLAHAN.

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 Brockinton, and Jim Brockinton; East by lands of Alex Harrison; South by lands of Nancy Harris, and West by lands of Willie Kinder, formerly J E Brockinton, 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.
GEO J GRAHAM,
Sheriff of Wmsburg County.
Kingstree, S. C., May 12, 1917. 5-17-3t

Executor's Notice.

All persons having claims against the estate of Mrs L E Burgess, deceased, will present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned for payment, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to settle the same.
BISHOP BURGESS, Executor,
5-24-3t Rt 2, Kingstree, S. C.

Administrator's Notice

All persons having claims against the estate of Eliza U Prosser, deceased, will present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned for allowance, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to settle the same.
A J PROSSER, Administrator.
5-24-3tp Johnsonville, S. C.

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 Pain Relief. 50c

Story of a Steeplejack

And a Girl Who Was a Clever Schemer.

By F. A. MITCHEL

I used to be a steeplejack. Now, I'll admit that a steeplejack is a very unique individual. We have "doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief," ad libitum, but how many steeplejacks? Probably not one in a million citizens.

And I am aware that while a steeplejack is very attractive to a crowd he is a constant source of worry to his own family, who don't know when his mangled body may be brought to his home on a stretcher or in a wagon. Taking him altogether, a steeplejack is not a desirable member of a family.

That was the reason why Mr. Davis, when I asked him for his daughter, Molly, turned, faced me squarely and said impressively:

"Yes, you may have Molly when she will marry you, each one of you swinging from an arm of the gilt cross on the top of St. Thomas' church."

"You mean by that, I suppose, Mr. Davis," I replied, "that I can't have Molly at all and because I am a steeplejack. Do you deny, sir, that a steeplejack has a heart the same as any man?"

"I'm not interested in steeplejacks' hearts. I don't propose that my daughter shall marry a man out of whom she can never get more than a bare living except by insuring his life."

"H'm!" I replied to this thoughtfully. "Not a bad scheme. Now, suppose—"

"You get out of here. I have something else to attend to than listening to airy schemes for my daughter's betterment. Good morning, sir."

Being thus cruelly choked off, I left him crestfallen. I thought it very hard that he wouldn't even permit me to propose my plan, though I'll admit that the only way to make it a success was to die. I went to Molly and told her what had occurred between her father and me. I was very lugubrious about it and expected a lot of sympathy. What did she do but burst out laughing. This made me look more disconsolate than ever, whereupon she threw her arms about my neck, exclaiming:

"Stupid, get that woeful look off your face!" Molly laughed again. "Seriously," she said, "did father say you could have me when I was willing to marry you swinging from the cross of St. Thomas'?"

"Yes, he did."
"Then that's the way we must be married. Grandma left me \$20,000, but I'm not to have it without father's consent when I marry. Were there any witnesses present when he said this?"

"There was some one in the next room, but I don't know who."

"I'll find out. I've got to become a steeplejack like you. That is to say, I've got to learn to climb steeples. I must get such control of myself that I can go up to the cross of St. Thomas' and hang there long enough to be married."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed.
"No nonsense about it if I'm to marry you. I know father well enough to be sure that if he says a thing he'll stick to it. He has said, or implied, that he will only give his consent to our marriage under certain conditions, which he meant for a refusal. But in law, if the conditions are fulfilled, his consent has been given."

"How do you know that?"
"I don't, but I can ask a lawyer, can't I?"

"But, good gracious, you can't learn to climb steeples. One must be born with a head for that; they say a steeplejack has absolutely perfect eyes."

"Well, can't you hoist me up there at the end of a rope with a bag over my eyes?"

I thought for some time before answering this question. At last I said, "I don't know but I might."

"Come in tomorrow. Meanwhile I'll find out if we have a witness to father's conditional consent."

"But I've been dismissed."
"That does not matter. Father knows that I do as I please. He is aware that his only hold on me is that his consent to my marriage is necessary to my getting my legacy. And he's pretty sure I won't give up \$20,000 for a steeplejack, and a very simple one at that."

Her last words cut me to the heart, but she put her arms around my neck and gave me a hug, which made me feel better. I left her feeling that she had a more level head on her shoulders than I, even if she couldn't climb steeples as I

could. The next day I went to see her, and she said she had discovered who was in the other room when her father had been talking to me—a plasterer who had brought him an estimate for some work. She had found the man and asked him if he could repeat what was said. He gave the matrimonial condition word for word. Molly took it down in writing, and he signed it. Molly is a mighty practical girl and a very energetic one.

"There," she said, concluding her account of what she had done, "we've got father just where we want him."

A few days later I received a note from her saying that she had made an arrangement to visit a cousin in N., a neighboring town, where there were several churches, all with steeples. She told me to meet her there with climbing tackle and she would take her first lesson. I put my ropes and pulleys in a baggage car and went with them to N. I found Molly in gymnasium costume. She had taken prizes in gymnastics, and she said she would go right out and take a lesson. I sent my tackle to the church with the lowest steeple, climbed to the roof, fixed a beam from which I hung a pulley, then sang out to Molly to put the loop on the end of the rope under her arms and haul herself up. She did it without any trouble. Then I went to a window midway up the steeple, fixed another beam, and this time pulled her up from below, and she got in at the window. I was surprised that she didn't wince. But, as I've said, there's a lot of "sand" in Molly.

Before we had finished the first lesson Molly was sitting on the base of the ball capping the steeple, a hundred feet from the ground. A number of people had collected below, watching her, and she kissed her hand to them. I saw from this that she had a steeplejack's head as well as a I.

This was valuable preparation, but the height was only 140 feet, while St. Thomas' was 250. But Molly said that if she could hang 140 feet above ground with her eyes open she could hang 250 with them shut. She seemed very happy over it all, and I wondered whether she was glad because she was going to get me and her \$20,000, too, or on account of having demonstrated her ability to climb.

"Molly," I said, "it seems to me that you're mighty pleased at the prospect of getting a man who is nothing but a steeplejack."

"Don't be silly, Jim," said Molly. "You will not always be a steeplejack. You have real ability and all you need is a chance to develop it. That chance you are going to have with my help. I know you are a true man."

That comforted me awfully. We went back home. I told Molly that she must continue her climbing in order to keep her head at great heights. She said "All right," but didn't lay any plans for any more of it. One day she wrote me that she wished to see me at once. I went right round. I didn't see anything unusual in her appearance, which surprised me when she told me why she wished to see me. And what do you suppose it was? Her father had heard of her climbing and, very much astonished and angered, asked her what it meant, whereupon she told him her scheme. He fumed and fretted for a whole day, then gave in. But he insisted on my leaving the steeplejack trade and going into business with him.

"Well, now," I said, overjoyed, "isn't it fine that you won't have to climb St. Thomas'?"

"Nonsense. I never intended to climb it."

"You didn't?"
"No; I contrived that father should hear of what I was doing, and I knew it would bring him round without that."

We've been married five years now, and, though I am in business and quite successful, I think sometimes in some things that my wife is my superior. I'm more used to "going up in the air" than she.

The Liar's Borneo.

Dyaks, natives of Borneo, are extremely truthful. So disgraceful, indeed, do the Dyaks consider the deceiving of others by an untruth that such conduct is handed down to posterity by a curious custom. They heap up a pile of the branches of trees in memory of the man who has uttered a great lie so that the future generations may know of his wickedness and take warning from it. The persons deceived start the "tugong bula"—the liar's mound—by heaping a large number of branches in some conspicuous spot by the side of the path from one village to another. Every passerby contributes to it and at the same time curses the man in memory of whom it is. The Dyaks consider the adding to any tugong bula they may pass a sacred duty, the omission of which will meet with supernatural punishment.