

(Continued from page 6.)

Well, O! would. Niver doubt that, me by. She may be the quane av Ehaba, an' she may be a Digger Injun Squaw, but the loikes av him had better kape away from Kate Murphy. It's glad O! av me ter do it! Bring her in. O! don't want ter hear no more."

"Just a word, Kate; I don't know whether she has any money or not, but I'll pay her bill, as soon as it is safe for me to come back."

"Oh, the devil take her bill. She'll have the best in the house, annyhow, an' O!m only hopin' that fellow will turn up huntin' her. O!d loike ter take one siap at the spalpane."

Fully convinced as to Mrs. Murphy's good-will, Keith slipped back into the darkness, and returned with the girl. Introductions were superfluous, as the mistress of the Occidental cared little regarding ceremony.

"An' is this you, my dear?" she burst out, endeavoring to curb her voice to secretive softness. "Shure, Jack Keith has told me all about it, an' it's safe it is yer goin' ter be here. Come on in; O! give ye number forty-two, that's next behind me own room, an' we'll go up the back stairs. Hilp the young loid, Jack, fer shure ye know the way."

She disappeared, evidently with some hospitable purpose in view, and Keith, clasping the girl's hand, undertook the delicate task of safely escorting her through the dark kitchen, and up the dimly remembered stairs. Only a word or two passed between them, but as they neared the second story a light suddenly streamed out through the opened door of a room at their left. Mrs. Murphy greeted them at the landing, and for the first time saw the girl's weary white face, her eyes filled with appeal, and the warm Irish heart responded instantly.

"Ye poor little lamb; it's the bid ye want, an' a dhrap o' whiskey. Jack Keith, why didn't ye till me she was done up wid the hard ride? Here, honey, sit down in the rocker till O! get ye a wee drink. It'll bring the roose back to the cheeks av ye." She was gone, bustling down the dark stairs, and the two were alone in the room, the girl looking up into his face, her head resting against the cushioned back of the chair. He thought he saw a glimmer of tears in the depths of her lash-shaded eyes, and her round white throat seemed to choke.

"You will be perfectly secure here," he said, soothingly, "and can remain as long as you please. Mrs. Murphy will guard you as though you were her own daughter. She is a bit rough, maybe, but a big-hearted woman, and despises Hawley. She nursed me once through a touch of typhoid—yes, by Jove," glancing about in sudden recognition, "and in this very room, too."

The girl's glance wandered over the plain, neat furnishings, and the rather pathetic attempts at decoration, yet with apparently no thought for them. "You—you have not told me where you were going."

He laughed, a little uneasily, as though he preferred to make light of the whole matter.

"Really, I have hardly decided, the world is so wide, and I had no reason to suppose you interested."

"But I am interested," resenting his tone of assumed indifference. "I would not want to feel that our acquaintance was to wholly end now."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Why should I not? You have been a real friend to me; I shall remember you always with a gratitude beyond words. I want you to know this, and that—that I shall ever wish to retain that friendship."

Keith struggled with himself, doubtful of what he had best say, swayed by unfamiliar emotions.

"You may be sure I shall never forget," he uttered forth, desperately, "and, if you really wish it, I'll certainly see you again."

"I do," earnestly.

"Then, I'll surely find a way. I don't know now which direction we will ride, but I'm not going very far until I clear up that murder out yonder on the trail; that is my particular job just now."

Before she could answer, Mrs. Murphy re-entered and forced her to drink the concoction prepared, the girl accepting with smiling protest. The landlady, empty glass in hand, swept her eyes about the room.

"Bedad, but the place looks better than Iver O!d beloved, wid the gyurl O!ve got tandin' to it. She's that lassy she goes ter slape swavin' the fure. Jack would ye mind hilpin' me move the bid; shure, it's rale mahogany, an' so heavy it breaks me back intirely to push it 'round."

He took hold willingly enough, and the two together ran the heavy contrivance across the room to the position selected. Once a leg caught in the rag carpet, and Keith lifted it out, bending low to get a firmer grip. Then he held out his hand to the girl.

"It is not going to be good-bye then, Miss Hope. I'll find you."

She smiled up into his eyes, much of the weariness gone from her face. "I am going to believe that," she answered, gladly, "because I want to."

Mrs. Murphy lingered until his steps sounded on the stairs, as he slowly felt his way down through the darkness.

Crossing. Her nerveless fingers pressed the spring, and the painted face within looked up into her own, and still clasping it within her hand, she sank upon her knees, burying her face on the bed.

"Where did he get that?" her lips kept repeating. "Where did he ever get that?"

CHAPTER XV.

Again Christie Maclaire.

Keith possessed sufficient means for several months of idleness, and even if he had not, his reputation as a plains scout would insure him employment at any of the more important scattered army posts. Reliable men for such service were in demand. The restlessness of the various Indian tribes, made specially manifest by raids on the more advanced settlements, and extending over a constantly widening territory, required continuous interchange of communication between commanders of detachments. Bold and reckless spirits had flocked to the frontier, in those days following the Civil War, yet all were not of the type to encourage confidence in military authorities. Keith had already frequently served in this capacity, and abundantly proved his worth under rigorous demands of both endurance and intelligence, and he could feel assured of permanent employment whenever desired. Not a few of the more prominent officers he had met personally during the late war—including Sheridan, to whom he had once borne a flag of truce—yet the spirit of the Confederacy still lingered in his heart; not in any feeling of either hatred or revenge, but in an unwillingness to serve the blue uniform, and a memory of antagonism which would not entirely disappear. He had surrendered at Appomattox, conquered, yet he could not quite adjust himself to becoming companion-in-arms with those against whom he had fought valiantly for four years. Some of the wounds of that conflict still smarted. A natural soldier, anxious to help the harassed settlers, eager enough to be actively employed, he still held aloof from army connections except as a volunteer in case of emergency.

Just now other considerations caused him to desire freedom. He had been accused of murder, imprisoned for it, and in order to escape, had been compelled to steal horses, the most heinous crime of the frontier. Not only for his own protection and safety must the truth of that occurrence at the Cimmaron Crossing be made clear, but he also had now a personal affair with "Black Bart" Hawley to be permanently settled. Hawley had already clashed twice, and Keith intended they should meet again.

Memory of the girl was still in his mind as he and Neb rode silently forth on the black prairie, leading the extra horse behind him. He endeavored to drive the recollection from his mind, so he might concentrate it upon plans for the future, but somehow she mysteriously wove her own personality into those plans, and he was ever seeing the pleading in her eyes, and listening to the soft Southern accent of her voice. Of late years he had been unaccustomed to association with women of high type, and there was that touch of the gentleman about this girl which had awakened deep interest. Of course he knew that in her case it was merely an inheritance of her past, and could not truly represent the present Christie Maclaire of the music halls. However fascinating she might be, she could not be worthy any serious consideration. In spite of his rough life the social spirit of the old South was implanted in his blood, and no woman of that class could hold him captive. Yet, some way, she refused to be banished or left behind. Even Neb must have been obsessed by a similar spirit, for he suddenly observed:

"Dat am sut'nly a mighty fine gal, Massa Jack. I ain't seen nothin' to compare wid her since I quit ol' Virginia—dead I ain't."

Keith glanced back at his black satellite, barely able to distinguish the fellow's dim outlines.

"You think her a lady, then?" he questioned, giving thoughtless utterance to his own imagination.

"Deed I does!" the thick voice somewhat indignant. "I reckon I knows de real quality when I sees it. I see 'sociated wid quality white folks befo'."

"But, Neb, she's a singer in dance halls."

"I don't believe it, Massa Jack." "Well, I wouldn't if I could help it. She don't seem like that kind, but I recognized her as soon as I got her face in the light. She was at the Gaiety in Independence, the last time



Across its Face Was Plainly Written, "Miss Christie Maclaire."

I was there. Hawley knew her too, and called her by name."

Neb rubbed his eyes, and slapped his pony's flank, unable to answer, yet still unconvinced.

"I reckon both ob yer might be mistook," he insisted doggedly.

"Not likely," and Keith's brief laugh was not altogether devoid of bitterness. "We both called her Christie Maclaire, and she didn't even deny the name; she was evidently not proud of it, but there was no denial that she was the girl."

"Dat wasn't like no name dat you called her when we was ridin'."

"No; she didn't approve of the other, and told me to call her Hope, but I reckon she's Christie Maclaire all right."

They rode on through the black, silent night as rapidly as their tired horses would consent to travel. Keith led directly across the open prairie, guiding his course by the stars, and purposely avoiding the trails, where some suspicious eye might mark their passage. His first object was to get safely away from the scattered settlements lying east of Carson City. Beyond their radius he could safely dispose of the horses they rode, disappear from view, and find time to develop future plans. As to the girl—well, he would keep his word with her, of course, and see her again sometime. There would be no difficulty about that, but otherwise she should retain no influence over him. She belonged rather to Hawley's class than his.

(To be Continued.)

JULY CONTRACTS ADVANCE.

Market Stronger in Final Trading for that Month.

New York, July 31.—An advance of practically a cent and a half a pound marked the final trading in July contracts in the cotton market here today. Trading for that delivery ended at midday and shortly after 11 o'clock it became evident that there were a few shorts still to be covered.

The price of July spot was 14 without a sale, and then advanced to 14.50. It was estimated that not more than 1,000 bales changed hands at this advance, and with the interest involved so small, there was no particular excitement.

Later deliveries responded only slightly to the jump in July, but prices rallied a few points from the low marks, which had been established at the opening, when all new crop positions had sold around 10.82, owing to the weakness in Liverpool and continued favorable buying.

Expect Condition of 89 Per Cent.

New Orleans, July 31.—With only two days more before the Government figures will be issued, the local cotton trade has about come to the conclusion that the condition of the growing crop on July 25 was 89 per cent of the normal.

Opinion concerning condition has been slow in forming this month. For a while there was a tendency to look for a slight falling off because of the damage the drought did in the western cotton regions. Now that it has been established that practically all the damage has been overcome by the heavy rains that followed the drought, the general opinion is that Texas and Oklahoma have about held their own. A few people look for a slight improvement in Texas. In other sections, like Louisiana, for instance, it is acknowledged that there has been deterioration in the condition.

On the whole, the consensus of opinion is that enough improvement has occurred to make the condition 89, as compared with 88.2 on the 25th day of June.

The work of laying the concrete foundation for the Main street paving at Canal street was begun Tuesday. Concrete curbing was put in at the corners of the street also. The big steam roller which arrived a couple of days ago had some part of its machinery broken and cannot be put in operation until another such part is made for it. This is being done now.



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CONDITION OF COTTON IS 86.9

IMPROVEMENT IN GROWING CROP DURING PAST MONTH.

South Carolina Gains 2.5 Points, According to Report of Journal of Commerce, Based on Replies from 1,945 Special Correspondents of Average Date July 23—Few States Show Falling Off Since Last Report.

New York, July 31.—The Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin tomorrow will say: Replies from 1,945 special correspondents of the Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin, of an average date of July 23, make the percentage condition of cotton 86.9, the highest in the eleven years of the special reports of this paper. This compares with 85.9 per cent a month ago, or a rise of 1 point, and 7.7 points above the ten-year average of 79.2.

As a rule, reports were of a highly satisfactory nature, and it is only in North Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana and Oklahoma that cotton has lost from its high condition of last month. The deterioration in Louisiana was 5.6 points, where too much rain and the fear of boll weevil caused considerable apprehension; the other States suffered but little. South Carolina gained 2.5 points, Georgia, 1.1 points, Alabama 0.8 points, Texas 4.2 points, Arkansas 3.9 points and Tennessee 4.9 points.

BERNARD MANNING TO BUENOS AYRES.

Columbia, August 1.—Bernard Manning, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard I. Manning, of Sumter, who was graduated two years ago from the University of South Carolina and was afterward admitted to Consular service, has been ordered to Buenos Ayres and sails in October. This gives South Carolina a fair complement of representatives in Consular service. Julius Dreher, at Port Antonio, Jamaica; Herman Spahr at Breslau, Germany; Arthur Cooke, at Patras, Greece; Claude Dawson, at Tehuantepec, Mexico; Lewis Haskell, at Salina Cruise, Mexico; Douglas Jenkins at St. Pierre; Hazel Dick at Yokohama, Japan.

After a lapse of more than two months, during which time there has been no station master at the A. C. L. passenger station, Mr. Scott Bostick is again at work as station master, much to the gratification of the traveling public who always like to have someone whom they can depend upon when they ask for information about the incoming and outgoing train when the agent is busy.

NATURE'S WARNING.

Sumter People Must Recognize and Heed It.

Kidney ills come quietly—mysteriously.

But nature always warns you. Notice the kidney secretions. See if the color is unhealthy—If there are any settlings and sediment.

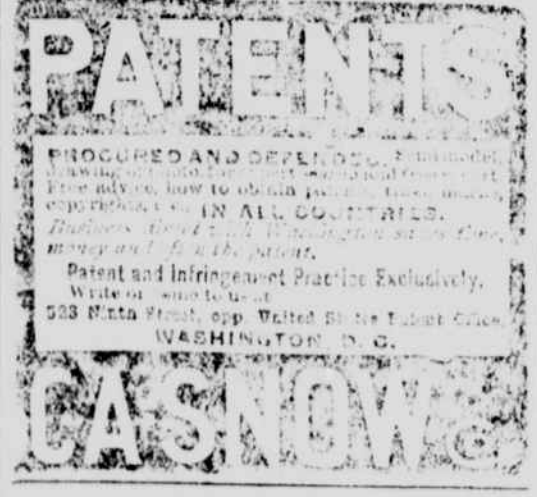
Passages frequent, scanty, painful. It's time then to use Doan's Kidney Pills.

To ward off more serious disease. Doan's have done great work in Sumter.

G. J. Brown, 304 Oakland avenue, Sumter, S. C., says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills and I consider them an excellent kidney medicine. My back was lame and painful and my kidneys bothered me. As soon as I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, which were obtained at China's Drug Store, I felt better and at the present time I have no cause for complaint."

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Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. No. 12



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SUMTER, SOUTH CAROLINA.

A Standing Case
The State of South Carolina, } Court of Common Sense
County of Sumter.
THE BANK OF SUMTER
Plaintiff.
Versus
Idleness, Sloth, Poverty, Spendthriftiness, Thriftlessness, Loss by Theft, Fire and otherwise, Lack of Business Habits and System, Loss by paying Bills twice, Loss of time in making change, Lack of business Credit and Standing, Loss from lack of Competent business and financial advice, et al.
Defendants.
BARTOW WALSH, Cashier,
PLAINTIFF'S ATTORNEY
You are one of the Jury to pass on this case. Let the Plaintiff's Attorney argue the case before you. The Defendant's Attorneys are continually at work

Meaning of Good Bank Management
5TH.
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Just because a young man spends all he earns is no sign he is having a good time. He thinks he is. He goes his way, and he cannot understand why John Thrifty, who earns less salary than he does, always seems to have money when he needs it. A spendthrift travels a road that leads to only one end—needy and dependent old age.
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