



The Girl from His Town
by Marie Van Vorst
ILLUSTRATIONS by M. G. KETNER
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That evening, once more in the box he had taken all to himself, he listened to "Mandalay," carried away with the charm of the music and carried away by the singer. He was in the box nearest the stage and seemed close to her, and he imagined that under her paint he could see her gallor and how thin she was. Nothing, however, in her acting or in her voice revealed the least fatigue. Blair had obtained a card of entrance to the theater, which permitted him to circulate freely behind the scenes, and although as yet the run of his visits had not been clear, this night he had a purpose. Dan stood not far from the corridor that led to Letty Lane's room, and saw her after her set hurriedly cross the stage, a big white shawl wrapping her slender form closely. She was as thin as a candle. Her woman Higgins followed closely after her, and as they passed Dan, Letty Lane called to him gaily: "Hello, you! What are you hanging around here for?"



And Dan returned: "Don't stand here in the draft. It is beastly cold."
"Yes, Miss," her woman urged, "don't stand here."
"I'm from Blairtown, Montana, where she came from."
But the actress waited nevertheless and said to Dan: "Who's the girl?"
"What girl?"
"Why, the girl you come here every night to see and are too shy to speak to. Everybody is crazy to know."
Letty Lane looked like a little girl herself in the crocheted garment her small hands held across her breast. Dan put his arm on her shoulder without realizing the familiarity of his gesture:
"Get out of this draft—get out of it quick, I say," and pushed her toward her room.
"Gracious, but you are strong." She felt the muscular touch, and his hand flat against her shoulder was warm through the wool.
"I wish you were strong. You work too darned hard."
Her head was covered with the zoral cap and feather. Dan saw her billowy skirt, her silken hose, her little coral shoes. She fluttered at the floor which Higgins opened.
"Why haven't you been to see me?" she asked him. "You are not very polite."
"I am coming in now."
"Not a bit of it. I'm too busy, and it is a short entrance. Go and see the girl you came here to see."
Dan thought that the reason she forbade him to come in was because Prince Poniotowsky waited for her in her dressing-room. It was his first jealous moment, and the feeling fell on him with a swoop, and its fangs fastened in him with a stinging pain. He stammered:
"I didn't come to see any girl here but you. I came to see you."
"Come tomorrow at two, at the Savoy."
Before Dan realized his own precipitation, he had seized the door-handle as Letty Lane went within and was about to close her room against him, and said quickly:
"I'm coming right in now."
"Why, I never heard of such a thing," she answered sharply, angrily; "you must be crazy! Take away your hand!" And hers, as well as his, seized the handle of the door. Her small ice-cold hand brought him to his senses.
"I beg your pardon," he murmured confusedly. "Do go in and get warm if you can."
But instead of obeying, now that the rude young man withdrew his importuning, Miss Lane's hands fell from the knob, and close to his eyes she swayed before him, and Dan caught her in his arms—went into her room, carrying her. He had been wrong about Prince Poniotowsky; save for Higgins, the room was empty. The woman, though she exclaimed,

showed no great surprise and seemed prepared for such a fainting spell. Dan laid the actress on the sofa and then the dresser said to him:
"Please go, sir; I can quite manage. She has these turns often. I'll give her brandy. She will be quite right."
But Dan hesitated, looking at the bit of humanity that he had laid with great gentleness on the divan covered with pillows. Letty Lane lay there, small as a little child, inanimate as death. It was hard to think the quiet little form could contain such life, fire and motion, or that this senseless little creature held London with her voice and grace. Higgins knelt down by Letty Lane's side, quiet, capable going about the business of resuscitating her lady much as she laced the singer's bodice and shoes. "If you would be so good as to open the door, sir, and send me a call page. They'll have to linger out this entrance or put on some feature."
"But," exclaimed Blair, "she can't go back tonight!"
"Lord, yes," Higgins returned. "Here, Miss Lane; drink this."
At the door where he paused, Dan saw the girl lifted up, saw her lean on Higgins' shoulder, and assured then that she was not lifeless in good truth. He went out to do as Higgins had asked him. In a quarter of an hour Dan, from his box, saw the actress dance to the strains of the Hungarian Band.

CHAPTER X.
The Boy From My Town.
He went the next day to see Letty Lane at the Savoy and learned that she was too ill to receive him. Mrs. Higgins in the sitting-room told him so.
Dan liked the big cordial face of the Scotchwoman who acted as companion, dresser and maid for the star. Mrs. Higgins had an affable face, one that welcomes, and she made it plain that she was not an enemy to this young caller.
The visitor, in his blue serge clothes, was less startling than most of the men that came to see her mistress.
"She works too hard, doesn't she?"
"She does everything too hard, sir." "She ought to rest."
"I doubt if she does, even in her grave," returned Higgins. "She is too full of motion. She is like the little girl in the fairy book that danced in her grave."
Dan didn't like this comparison.
"Can't you make her hold up a little?"
Higgins smiled and shook her head. Letty Lane's sitting-room was as full of roses as a flower garden. There were quantities of theatrical photographs in silver and leather frames on the tables and the piano. Signed portraits of crowned heads; pictures of well-known worldly men and women whom the dancer had charmed. But a full-length picture of Letty Lane herself in one of the dresses of "Mandalay" lay on the table near Dan, and he picked it up. She smiled at him enchantingly from the cardboard, across which was written in her big, dashing hand: "For the Boy from my Town, Letty Lane."
Dan glanced up at Mrs. Higgins.
"Why, that looks as though this were for me."
The dressing woman nodded. "Miss Lane thought she would be able to see you today."
The picture in his hand, Dan gazed at it rapturously.
"I'm from Blairtown, Montana, where she came from."
"So she told me, sir."
He laid the picture back on the table, and Higgins understood that he wanted Miss Lane to give it to him herself. She led him affably to the door and affably smiled upon him. She had a frill in her hand, a thimble on her finger, and a lot of needles in her bodice. She looked motherly and useful. Blair liked to think of her with Letty Lane. He put his hand in his pocket, but she saw his gesture and reproved him quietly: "No, no, sir, please, I never do. I am just so much obliged," and her face remained so affable that Blair was not embarrassed by her refusal. His parting words were:
"Now, you make her take care of herself."
And to please him, as she opened the door, she pleasantly assured him that she would do her very best.
Dan went out of the Savoy feeling that he had left something of himself behind him in the motley room of an actress with its perfumed atmosphere of roses and violets. The photograph which he had laid down on the table seemed to look out at him again, and he repeated delightedly, "That one was for me, all right! I'm the 'boy from her town' and no mistake." And he thought of her as she had lain, lifelessly and pale on the dressing-

room sofa, under the touch of firmed hands, and how, no doubt, she had been lying in her room when he called today, with shades drawn, resting before the long hard evening, when London would be amused by her, delighted by her, charmed by her voice, by her body and her grace. He had wandered up as far as Piccadilly, went into a florist's and stood before the flowers. Her sitting-room had been full of roses, but Dan chose something else that had caught his eye from the window—a huge country basket of primroses, smelling of the earth and the spring. He sent them with his card and wrote on it, "To the Girl from My Town," and sent the gift with a pleasure as young and as fresh as was his own heart.
He got no note of acknowledgment from his flowers. Miss Lane was evidently better and played every night; no mention was made of her indisposition in the papers. But Dan couldn't go to the Gaiety or bear to see her make the effort which he knew must tire her beyond words to conceive.
After a few days he called at the Savoy to get news of her. He got as far as the lift when going up in it he saw Prince Poniotowsky. The sight affected Miss Lane's townsman so forcibly that instead of going up to the dancer's apartment Dan took himself off, and anger, displeasure and something like disgust were the only sentiments he carried away from the Savoy. He sent her no flowers, and gave himself up unreservedly to Joshua Ruggles and to a couple of men who came in to see him by appointment. And when toward four o'clock he found himself alone with Ruggles, Dan threw himself down in a big chair and looked intensely bored.
"Well, I guess we don't need to see any more of these fellows for a week, Dan," Ruggles yawned with relief. "I'm blamed if it isn't as hard to take care of money as to get it. I was a poor man once, and so was your father. Those were the days we had fun."
Ruggles took out a big cigar, struck a match sharply, and when he had lit his Henry Clay he fixed his gaze on the flying London fog, whose black curtain drew itself across their window.
"There's a lot of excitement," Ruggles said, "in not knowing what you're going to get; may turn out to be anything when you're young and on the trail. That's the way your father and me felt. And when we started out on the spot that's Blairtown on the map today, your father had forty dollars a week to engineer a busted mine and to pull the company into shape."
Dan knew the story of his father's rise by heart, but he listened.
"He took on with the mine a lot of discontented half-hearted rascals—all a whole bunch who had failed all along the line. He didn't chuck 'em out. 'There's no life in old wood, Josh,' he said to me, 'but sometimes there's fire in it, and I'm going to light up,' and he did. He won over the whole lot of them in eighteen months, and within two years he had that darned mine paying dividends. Meanwhile something came his way and he took it."
From his chair Dan asked: "You mean the Bentley claim?"
"Measles," his friend said comically, with a grin. "Your father was sick to death with them. When he was sitting up for the first time, peeling in his room, there was a fellow, an Englishman, a total stranger, come in to see him. 'Better clear out of here,' your father says to him. 'I'm shedding the damndest disease for a grown man that ever was caught.' 'I'm not afraid of it,' the Englishman said, 'I'm shedding worse.' When



"But I Am Thinking of Getting Married."
your father asked 'm what that was, he said the idea that he could make any money in the West. He told your father that he was going back to England and give up his western schemes, and that he had a claim to sell, and he told Blair where it lay. 'Who has seen it?' your father asked. 'Any of my men?' And the Englishman told your father that nobody had wanted to buy it and that was why he had come to him. He said he thought his only chance to sell was to hold up some blind man on his dying bed and that he had heard that Blair was too sick to stir out of his room and to prospect. Your father liked the fellow's cheek, and when he found out that he had the maps with him, your father bought the whole blooming sweep at the man's price, which was a mere song.
(TO BE CONTINUED)
You will look a good while before you find a better medicine for coughs and colds than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It not only gives relief—it cures. Try it when you have a cough or cold, and you are certain to be pleased with the prompt cure which it will effect. For sale by all Dealers.

WANT TO JOIN IN RACES.
Sumter Boys Anxious to Have Racing Wagon so They Can Take Part in Tournament.
The members of the Sumter Fire Department are hard at work among themselves and their friends to raise sufficient funds to secure a racing wagon so that they will be enabled to take part in the tournaments which are, annually held at the time of the State Firemen's Association meeting. This year the association will hold its annual meeting in Rock Hill and the members of the Sumter department, who for several years have not taken any part in tournaments, owing to lack of the proper equipment, hope to secure their wagon in time to join in with teams from other parts of the State in competing for prizes and racing for honors.
The members of the department do not wish to put the city to the expense of securing the racing wagon which will be necessary, but the matter will probably be brought up before council at their next meeting with a view of ascertaining their opinion and sanction of the plan. The matter of the loan of the fire horses for this purpose by the city will also probably come up at the same time.
In past years the Sumter departments have captured a number of prizes at various places and they are anxious to show that they can now "come back." The department now has the horses for racing and all that is needed is the wagon. The adoption of this plan, if it can be carried through, will no doubt revive interest in the fire department, which has died down since the boys had to stop their trips to tournaments. There are at present comparatively few people in the city who take any active interest in the workings of the department save occasionally when a big fire comes along and this scheme is expected to liven things up. From the Chamber of Commerce point of view the plan should meet with approval, as it is a good advertising one for Sumter.
DANCE THURSDAY NIGHT.
Very Enjoyable Informal Dance in Armory Hall—Many Young People Present.
A very enjoyable dance was given in the Armory hall Thursday evening, quite a number of young ladies and gentlemen being present during the evening.
The music was furnished by the Sumter Orchestra and was very pleasing and inspiring to the dancers. The dancing commenced shortly after nine and continued until one o'clock.
NEW ENTERPRISE SOON.
Sumter Burial Company Secures Charter to Do Business Here.
Messrs. J. M. White of this city and E. P. Brock of Wilmington, N. C., have secured a charter for an enterprise which will probably begin business in Sumter sometime in May. The company is chartered as the Sumter Burial Company and will conduct funerals and embalm bodies. The new firm will probably be managed by Mr. J. M. White of this city. The concern has a capital stock of \$10,000.
A commission has also been granted to The Sumter Retail Lumber Company with a capital stock of \$10,000. Those making the application for the commission are Messrs. H. N. Forester and Edward Greer.
"Dr. J. T. R. Neal, Prop., Riverside Drug Co., Greenville, S. C., writes recently, 'I have been a practicing physician and druggist for over 35 years and have sold and administered many kidney medicines but none to equal Foley Kidney Pills. They are superior to any I ever used, and give the quickest and most permanent relief.' Sibert's Drug Store.
One of the big cotton planters stated to an Item reporter Thursday that he was taking advantage of the fine weather to pick cotton. The reporter thought he had a scoop—until he found out that the aforesaid cotton was of last year's crop.
"Do not drag along with a kidney ailment that saps your strength, causes terrible backaches, sleeplessness, nervousness, and loss of appetite. Take Foley Kidney Pills. They quickly cure all kidney and bladder ailments. Sibert's Drug Store.
The hardware stores began closing at 6 o'clock p. m. on April 1st. Other merchants who can do so should follow suit and reach an agreement to close at 6 o'clock during the summer.
"Mrs. J. L. Starnes, Hickory, N. C., has in the past suffered severely with throat and lung trouble, and says, 'I used Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for this and it gave me immediate satisfaction and relief. It gives me pleasure to recommend this preparation for sore throat, hoarseness, or any affliction of the throat or lungs. I know it will do all claimed for it.' Sibert's Drug Store.

IN COMMON PLEAS COURT.
W. J. Popwell Gets Verdict for \$1,000—Other Cases—Beck Case Today.
With the ending of the case of W. J. Popwell against the Betts Lumber Company Thursday two other cases were taken up and disposed of, and Friday the case of Julia V. Beck against the Northwestern railroad was commenced. This case is one brought to recover damages alleged to have been caused by the persons employed by the Northwestern railroad digging up land on what is alleged to be Mrs. Beck's place. The railroad, however, alleges that the earth was dug on their own right of way.
The case of W. J. Popwell against the Betts Lumber Company resulted in the jury returning a verdict for \$1,000 for the plaintiff. A motion was at once made for a new trial. The case is one brought by the plaintiff to recover damages due to personal injuries, received while in the employ of the company.
The case of F. C. Thomas against John Wilson was awarded to the plaintiff by default. It was an action to secure payment of a note for \$121.20.
The case of Geo. D. Shore and Bro. against Thos. D. Brohun to secure payment of a note resulted in the jury awarding a verdict for the plaintiff for \$153.86; amount due on a note made by the defendant.
The Whole Truth.
As a rule it is always best and fair whenever a question involving integrity arises to wait for both sides to be heard before a decision is made. It will be remembered during the latter days of the last session of the legislature there was a great ado made over the work done by Col. L. M. Green who was appointed to do special factory investigating. Mr. W. F. Stevenson and some of his colleagues who are fighting Governor Blease, attempted to create the impression that Col. Green did no work for which he was employed, but made up his report from the statistics furnished at Green's request by Mr. Watson. The members of the house who made this expose, only gave the correspondence between Col. Green and Mr. Watson, they withheld the rest of the Green report, thereby, for the purpose of discrediting Green in order to injure the governor, they misled the legislature, the same as a lawyer would do if he misled the Judge by falsely quoting from the law books. In other words, by telling a partial truth, in effect, it is the worst character of a lie. Those who know Col. Green have the highest respect for his character, they know him to be a very modest young man, when he was the Columbia correspondent for the News and Courier, a position he held with splendid ability, he was highly esteemed for his reliability, until he accepted a commission on the staff of Governor Blease, because he would not resign from the governor's staff his resignation from the News and Courier was requested, notwithstanding the fact that members of the News and Courier staff, including its former managing editor, held staff commissions in the past. But Governor Blease was not pleasing to the News and Courier, therefore its present managing editor demanded Green's resignation, which was given, rather than forfeit his self respect.
It is the custom whenever newspapers publish a story which may be damaging to a person to give that person the opportunity to explain, but in this case Col. Green was not given this opportunity until recently The Yorkville Enquirer, a newspaper which we have frequently referred to as one of the fairest in the State, editorially called attention to the treatment of Green and asked for the square deal to be meted out to him. In response to this Green has given to the public a full and a complete exposition of the deception resorted to by those who were endeavoring to injure Governor Blease through him.—Manning Times.
It Looks Like a Crime
to separate a boy from a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. His pimples, boils, scratches, knocks, sprains and bruises demand it, and its quick relief for burns, scalds, or cuts is his right. Keep it handy for boys, also girls. Heals everything healable and does it quick. Unequaled for piles. Only 25 cents at Sibert's Drug Store.
An electric railway promoter visiting the city recently and his proposition is being investigated by some of the real estate men and property owners with whom he conferred while here. Something substantial may eventually grow out of the proposition as conditions are rapidly reaching the stage here that call for suburban development.
Don't be surprised if you have an attack of rheumatism this spring. Just rub the affected parts freely with Chamberlain's Liniment and it will soon disappear. Sold by all Dealers.

MRS. M'REE SET FREE.
Second Trial of Woman for Killing Young Allen Garland Results in Acquittal.
Opelousas, La., April 3.—Mrs. Zee Runge McRee, who shot her young friend, Allen Garland, to death in her home here September 21 last, was today acquitted by a jury on the charge of manslaughter. The jury stood 11 for acquittal and 1 for conviction as charged.
A verdict was confidently expected when court convened today. The jury retired with the case at 10.30 o'clock last night, but an hour later word was sent to Judge Pavy that no agreement had been reached.
Feeling between the factions involved in the case had attained such proportions that personal clashes were expected at almost any moment. A fight between Garland and McRee sympathizers was narrowly averted last night.
IN THE RECORDER'S COURT.
A Borrowed Razor Gets Barber in Trouble—Other Cases.
Several cases were tried by the recorder Friday morning, in most of the cases the persons arrested were fined various amounts.
Harry Pappas and J. D. Harper, were up for creating a disturbance. Harper was not present and his bond of \$5.00 was forfeited. Pappas was discharged, after he had been heard.
Arthur Phillips, being drunk and leaving horse unhitched, was fined a total amount of \$20 or 40 days.
Ed Prince borrowed two razors from a negro named Croskey several years ago on condition that Croskey could come to his barber shop to shave whenever he desired. Later the razors, he alleged, were stolen from him with several of his own razors. Recently Croskey has been in the way at Prince's shop when the latter was shaving customers and Prince reproved him for his conduct. In return Croskey swore out a warrant for Prince's arrest on the ground of breach of trust with fraudulent intent. The recorder settled the matter by telling Prince to return a razor to Croskey for the ones which he had had in his possession.
*Dan. J. Joyce, Sanville, Va., is so glad he escaped consumption and regained his health, that he writes about it for the benefit of others. "I had a cough which hung on for two years when I began using Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. I kept on until the cough finally left me and I gained in weight from 113 to 185 pounds. In two years I have grown strong and healthy, all from the use of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, which cured me." Sibert's Drug Store.

Accidents Will Happen
And when they do—they hurt.
HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL is the one instantaneous relief and cure for all wounds, bruises, sores, cuts, sprains and abrasions of the skin. It forms an artificial skin covering, excludes the air instantly, stops pain at once. There are many oils, but none like HUNT'S. The action is different, and the effect as well.
HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL
Always have it in the house. Take it with you when you travel—you never can tell when HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL may be most needed. 25c and 50c bottles.
For Sale by Sibert's Drug Store.
A. B. Richards Medicine Co. Sherman, Texas.

Many a Man
Is a critic because he likes to be contrary. You can go contrary to the wishes of your friends and neighbors and sometimes get the best of them; but go contrary to the dictates of nature and you always get the worst of it.
If Nature Says Spectacles,
Why, Spectacles it must be. Nature won't accept just Spectacles though; they must be right Spectacles. We can give the kind nature demands, and our prices are right, too. Graduate optician in charge.
W. A. Thompson,
Jeweler and Optician.

Send us your job work. Give us your job work.