

feel like a rainbow gone wrong. Just my luck to have to borrow from everybody. Look at me! This collar (if Mr. Wellington's makes me feel like a peanut in a rubber tire.) He turned to Fosdick.

"I say, Mr. Fosdick, what size collar do you wear?" "Fourteen and a half," said Fosdick. "Fourteen and a half—why don't you get a neck? You haven't got a plain white shirt, have you? Our English friend lent me this, but it's purple, and Mr. Ashton's socks are maroon, and this peacock blue tie is very unhappy."

"I think I can fit you out," said Fosdick. "And if you had an extra pair of socks, Mallory pleaded—just one pair of unemotional socks." "I'll show you my repertoire." "All right, I'll see you later." Then he went up to Wellington, with much hesitance of manner. "By the way, Mr. Wellington, do you suppose Mrs. Wellington could lend Miss—Mrs.—could lend Marjorie some—some—"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Through a Tunnel.

Mrs. Jimmie Wellington, who had traveled much abroad and learned in England the habit of smoking in the corridors of expensive hotels, had acquired also the habit, as travelers do, of calling England freer than America. She determined to do her share toward the education of her native country, and chose, for her topic, tobacco as a feminine accomplishment.

She had grown indifferent to stares and audible comment and she could fight a protesting head waiter to a standstill. If monuments and tablets are ever erected to the first woman who smoked publicly in this place or that, Mrs. Jimmie Wellington will be variously remembered and occupy a large place in historical record.

The narrow confines of the women's room on the sleeping car soon palled on her, and she objected to smoking there except when she felt the added luxury of keeping some other woman outside—fuming, but not smoking. And now Mrs. Jimmie had staked out a claim on the observation platform.

She sat there, puffing like a major-general, and in one portion of Nebraska two farmers fell off their agricultural vehicles at the sight of her cigar-smoke trailing after the train. In Wyoming three cowboys followed her for a mile, yipping and howling their compliments.

Feeling the smoke mood coming on, Mrs. Wellington invited Mrs. Temple to smoke with her, but Mrs. Temple felt a reminiscent qualm at the very thought, so Mrs. Jimmie sauntered out alone, to the great surprise of Ira Lathrop, whose motto was, "Two heads are better than one," and who was apparently willing to wait (in Anne Gattie's head grew on his shoulder.

"I trust I don't intrude," Mrs. Wellington said. "Oh, no. Oh, yes," Anne gasped in fiery confusion as she fed into the car, followed by the purple-faced Ira, who slammed the door with a growl: "That Wellington woman would break up anything."

The prim little missionary toppled into the nearest chair: "Oh, Ira, what will she think?" "She can't think!" Ira grumbled. "In a little while she'll know."

"Don't you think we'd better tell everybody before they begin to talk?" Ira glowed with pride at the thought and murmured with all the ardor of a senile Romeo: "I suppose so, ducky darling. I'll break it—I mean I'll tell it to the men, and you tell the women."

"All right, dear, I'll obey you," she answered, meekly. "Obey me!" Ira laughed with boyish swagger. "And you a missionary!" "Well, I've converted one heathen, anyway," said Anne as she darted down the corridor, followed by Ira, who announced his intention to "go to the baggage car and dig up his old Prince Albert."

In their flight forward they passed the mysterious woman in the stateroom. They were too full of their own mystery to give thought to hers. Mrs. Fosdick went timidly prowling toward the observation car, suspecting everybody to be a spy, as Mallory suspected everybody to be a clergyman in disguise.

of formality and he tried to chill his tone as if he were speaking to a total stranger. "Good afternoon." Mrs. Fosdick answered with equal ice: "Good afternoon. Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks. Very picturesque scenery, isn't it?" "Isn't it?" Fosdick seated himself, looked about cautiously, noted that Mrs. Whitcomb was apparently absorbed in her letter, then lowered his voice confidentially. His face kept up a strained pretense of indifference, but his whisper was passionate with longing:

"Has my poor little wifey missed her poor old hubby?" "Oh, so much!" she whispered. "Has poor little hubby missed his poor old wifey?"

"Horribly. Was she lonesome in that dismal stateroom all by herself?" "Oh, so miserable! I can't stand it much longer."

Fosdick's face blazed with good news: "In just a little while we come to the Utah line—then we're safe." "God bless Utah!"

The rapture died from her face as she caught sight of Dr. Temple, who happened to stroll in and go to the bookshelves, and taking out a book happened to glance near-sightedly her way.

"Be careful of that man, dearie," Mrs. Fosdick hissed out of one side of her mouth. "He's a very strange character."

Her husband was infected with her own terror. He asked, huskily: "What do you think he is?" "A detective! I'm sure he's watching us. He followed you right in here."

"We'll be very cautious—till we get to Utah."

The old clergyman, a little fuzzy in brain from his debut in beer, continued innocently to confirm the appearance of a detective by drifting aimlessly about. He was looking for his wife, but he kept glancing at the uneasy Fosdicks. He went to the door, opened it, saw Mrs. Wellington finishing a cigar, and retreated precipitately. Seeing Mrs. Temple wandering in the corridor, he motioned her to a chair near the Fosdicks and she sat by his side, wondering at his filmy eyes.

The Fosdicks, glancing uncomfortably at Dr. Temple, rose and selected other chairs further away. Then Roger Ashton sauntered in, his eyes searching for a proper companion through the tunnel.

He saw Mrs. Wellington returning from the platform, just tossing away her cigar and blowing out the last of its grateful vapor.

With an effort at sarcasm, he went to her and offered her one of his own cigars, smiling: "Have another."

She took it, looked it over, and parried his irony with a formula she had heard men use when they hate to refuse a gift-cigar: "Thanks, I'll smoke it after dinner, if you don't mind."

"Oh, I don't mind," he laughed, then bending closer he murmured: "They tell me we are coming to a tunnel, a nice, long, dark, dismal tunnel."

Mrs. Wellington would not take a dare. She felt herself already emancipated from Jimmie. So she answered Ashton's hint with a laughing challenge:

"How nice of the conductor to arrange it."

Ashton smacked his lips over the prospect.

And now the porter, having noted Ashton's impatience to reach the tunnel, thought to curry favor and a quarter by announcing its approach. He hustled in and made straight for Ashton just as the tunnel announced itself with a sudden swoop of gloom, a great increase of the train-noises and a far-off clang of the locomotive bell.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

5 or 6 doses 666 will break any case of chill and fever; it acts on the liver better than Calomel, and does not gripe or sicken. 25c.

Baseball Thursday Afternoon.

The Tigers and the Dodgers mix on the baseball grounds Thursday afternoon in what promises to be a fine game of baseball. The game will be called promptly at 6 o'clock and a big crowd of spectators should be on hand to cheer their favorites on to victory.

The game Tuesday afternoon was not as well attended as it might have been and as the attendance is a big factor in the games, the people should come out and encourage the members of the teams by their presence and boosting.

Rub-My-Tim will cure you.

ARCHIBALD DENIES GUILT.

Through Counsel, Asks for Suspension of Judgment.

Washington, July 9.—Counsel for Judge Robert W. Archibald of the commerce court, against whom articles of impeachment have been reported in the house, issued a statement today in the judge's behalf asking that public opinion in the case be suspended until the accused jurist has had an opportunity to present his defense to the senate, which sitting as a court, will try the charges against him.

Rub-My-Tim will cure you.

THE NEWS FROM WEDGEFIELD.

Comments on State and County Politics—Corn Poor and Cotton Looking Well—Personals.

Wedgefield, July 9.—Both of the national conventions are over now so the minds of our county folks will naturally turn to state and county politics again. I think it is well enough for the candidates in the county to have a few meetings in order to become acquainted with the folks and also to discuss the county issues.

The State campaign it seems has outlived its usefulness. It looks as if it is the sole purpose of some candidates to try and prove the other to be the thief, liar and traitor.

Let us hope, though, for the dawn of a brighter day, politically, for our State when all factionalism and strife shall have disappeared.

Mr. Editor, lots of us agree with your expressions in your editorial of sometime ago. Such things as the Terrens' system of land registration offering better educational advantages for the country at large now to make our homes more sanitary, and numbers of other things should be discussed freely by those offering themselves for the legislature. The question as to politics, are you a Jones man or a Bleese man should have nothing to do with the selection of representatives from Sumner county to the legislature. We want men who will look out for the interest of the citizens of the county at large.

The section right around here had its first good rain since the 17th of June this afternoon and no doubt will be of great benefit to crops. The prospect for a corn crop is the poorest ever seen in this section. The condition of the soil, wet and cold during the spring, must be the excuse. The condition must have been similar to that summer we have heard of in the eighties when frost was seen every month in the year except July and August.

The cotton crop is looking fairly well.

Miss Jannette Thomas is visiting friends at Kingstree.

Mrs. M. M. Mellette is spending sometime with relatives at Olanta and Greeleyville.

Miss Eunice Cain is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. N. Thompson, near Greeleyville.

Misses Marion Mellette and Harold Chandler spent last Sunday with relatives at Bennettsville.

Mrs. R. L. Harvin and daughters, Misses Minnie and Thelma, are spending sometime with relatives at Pine-wood.

Mrs. E. M. Mellette is visiting her sister, Mrs. O. H. McMillan, at Mullins.

Rev. J. N. Wright after spending a few weeks at Glenn Springs has returned home, having been greatly benefited by his trip.

Rural Policeman Norris has a good eye which he is using successfully on the pistol "toters" these days. He gets one or two every week.

Wedgefield and Hagood will play their first game of the season here on Thursday afternoon. A good game is expected.

I failed to mention in my last correspondence that Miss Annie L. Dwight of Wedgefield, first honor graduate of Gallander College, Washington, D. C., had returned home.

BUSINESS HOUSES BURNED AT OLANTA.

McLendon-Cole Co., Lose Store and Stock of Merchandise.

There was a very considerable fire at the busy little city of Olanta on the morning of the 4th. The large frame building occupied by the McLendon-Cole Co., was burned with all the stock of goods consisting of general merchandise and owned by the company.

The loss is estimated at about \$11,000 and the insurance on it at about \$6,000. The origin of the fire is not reported.—Florence Times.

A Narrow Escape For Auto Party.

The motor car of Miss Annie Timmons, driven by Miss Maudie Sturges, ran into a ditch on the Timmonsville road near the city yesterday and the occupants, Miss Maudie Sturges, Mrs. Chas. Spencer and her baby, and Miss Myrtle David were saved from being crushed under the car only by the top catching on the opposite side of the ditch. The car would have gone into the ditch on top of the party.—Florence Times.

Walk-Overs Win Second Victory.

The health officer stated Tuesday in answer to questions of the Item reporter that he was kept busy these days putting disinfectants in puddles of standing water in the northern and western parts of the town, but that nothing along sanitary lines could be satisfactorily accomplished until better drainage was put in in these sections.

Bleese and Charleston.

News and Courier, July 10.

Governor Bleese having accused this newspaper of misrepresenting him in its report of the campaign meeting in Charleston, and The News and Courier having shown that the language to which the Governor raised objection had been revised and written by him with his own hand, Governor Bleese yesterday telegraphed us as follows:

To the Editor of The News and Courier: I stand by what I wrote and by what I said. Neither is a threat as reported and as charged by your paper and was not so intended. Simply a promise to give Charleston what she wants, which I will do. Please publish this. Cole L. Bleese.

Columbia, S. C., July 9, 1912.

Publish it. Of course we are publishing it. Let us republish also the statement which Governor Bleese wrote, which he subsequently disclaimed, and which he now says that he will "stand by." Here it is:

"I will be Governor the last part of August, all of Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec., and 21 days in January and if you want Government by injunction & metro police vote for Jones & for the rest of this year & the next 2 I will do my best to give it you."

Governor Bleese denies that this is a threat. He denies that it was so intended. He claims that it was "simply a promise to give Charleston what she wants."

For our own part we are perfectly content to leave it to the individual judgment of the individual citizen as to what Governor Bleese's words mean and what they were intended to mean.

It is perfectly evident that he is trying to back out of the position which he took last Friday. He may have said more than he purposed saying. He may have said more than he recollected saying. Nevertheless, his own words as spoken at the Governor's Hall and his own words as written by himself and published by us are conclusive that his "promise to give Charleston what she wants" was and is contingent upon whether or not Charleston votes for Jones at the primary election to be held on the 27th of next August.

Call the Governor's statement a "threat" or call it a "promise" as you like. The fact that stands out clearly is his disposition to reward his friends in the only way he knows how to reward them, that is by conniving at their defiance of the law; and to punish his enemies by invoking against them such powers as are vested in the office which he chances to occupy.

We repeat that neither in Charleston nor anywhere else in South Carolina in the progress of the present campaign has Governor Bleese made any appeal for re-election to those who love decency and the desire of whose hearts it is that the majesty and dignity and righteousness of the law shall be vindicated.

Certainly his appeal for votes in Charleston has been addressed on the one hand to those who are so lacking in virtue or in patriotism that for the sake of their own private gain in one way or another they are willing to sacrifice their city and their State; and on the other hand to those who can be spurred on by craven-hearted fear to do that which should make them despise themselves and should cost them dearly in the respect of their fellows.

We venture the opinion that there is not a man in Charleston County, be he who or what he may, who knowing Cole L. Bleese honestly regards him as a fit man for the Governorship; but "the ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib."

Governor Bleese does not labor under the necessity of uttering in words either "threats" or "promises" in order to get votes. Unless the cause of decency shall be shamelessly betrayed those who cast their ballots for him in this county upon the 27th of next August will do so in at least ninety-nine cases out of every hundred for the same reason that water runs down hill.

In the Police Court.

The following cases were tried in the police court Tuesday:

D. L. McDaniel, drunk and carrying concealed weapons, \$5 or 10 days, and \$15 or 20 days, on the two charges, respectively.

B. F. Scott, riding bicycle on forbidden sidewalk, tried in absence and sentenced to pay \$2 or serve four days.

Elliott McCray, carrying drunk and disorderly conduct, \$10 or 20 days on each charge.

Walk-Overs Win Second Victory.

The Walk-Overs won their second victory Wednesday morning when they defeated the Britons by the score of 9 to 8. The game was an intensely interesting one to the spectators, the victory belonging to either side up to the last.

Batteries for the two teams were Walk-Overs, Mason and Bradford, Britons, Bradham and Barrett.

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