



Washed, scrubbed, shaved, shorn and clad in raiment put at his disposal by the indefatigable Hartley, Cameron appeared wonderfully well-looking. Indeed I was amazed by his appearance and by his condition. I had feared to find him a mental and physical ruin. I had feared even for his life. And he had come to us, if we might judge by outward seeming, stronger, more robust, less nervously relaxed than when he disappeared.

"At first," he told us, as we sat at breakfast in a little upper room of the hotel, Evelyn close on his right, Dr. Addison at his left, and I opposite him, "I suppose I did surfer, whenever I was conscious, which, fortunately, I think, was comparatively seldom. They dosed me almost continuously with what I believe to have been some attribute of opium, so that even in my waking moments I was not wholly normal. In this way, of course, I lost all count of time. And so, too, I am unable to give events in sequence. My first conscious moment after being on the deck of the Sibylla found me strapped in a narrow berth on a rapid, but rather rough-riding craft of apparently much smaller dimension than the yacht, and with a Chinese boy sitting beside me. You can fancy my startled amazement at the sudden transition. In vain I asked questions. In vain I struggled to rise. Then I shouted, and the Chinese boy lighted what appeared to be an ordinary joss-stick on a stand at the head of my berth, and withdrew from the tiny cabin. Insensibility followed quickly. After that I have a vague, dreamy recollection of eating something with a strange, spicy flavor, which seemed only to add to my stupor. Once I dreamed—at least I think it must have been a dream—that I was in a dark box, so cramped that my bones ached, and that far away above me were little holes through which the light came in luminous fan-like rays that glowed against the black."

"I'm inclined to think it was no dream," I put in, recalling the newspaper story I had read in my broker's office, in Wall street. "The probabilities are that you were shipped in that box from Fall River to New York, and a certain influential Chinaman, called Yup Sing, knew all about it." "It's quite possible," Cameron went on. "I know that it was very difficult to distinguish, in those days, between dreams and realities. Eventually, however, I awoke to find myself on the Glamorganshire, quartered with the men in the forecabin, a beard well grown and my clothes the coarsest sort of mariner's outfit. For a while I was far too ill for labor. The reaction from the drugs which had been administered caused me the keenest suffering. But, gradually, I came about, and was set to work with paint pot and brush. The humanity shown me at this time was surprising. I couldn't comprehend it. But I realized eventually that my strength was being fostered for future torment."

"Why didn't you explain, dear, to the captain?" Evelyn asked, with one of those bursts of naivette that contrasted so charmingly with her usually abounding good judgment. Cameron smiled. "I couldn't get near the captain, my child," he returned, indulgently. "It wasn't because I didn't try. The officers ridiculed my assertions as pipe dreams, and when, at each port, I pleaded to be allowed to communicate with our consul, I was only kept under stricter guard."

And so his story continued, interrupted at intervals by questions from one or another of us, until we had the whole wretched tale of cruelty, including the final chapter which preceded the rescue. When he learned that every stoker and trimmer, save himself, had been ordered on deck, still hoping against hope that the outside world had at length been moved to intercession in his behalf, he demanded to be allowed to go with the rest. And when his demand was refused he rebelled, fighting his way to liberty with an iron bar from a cinder-tub, which he had purposely concealed for such emergency.

I have no inclination to test patience by detailing all the events and recording all the dialogue of that happy day. Much that happened and much that was said I must leave to the imagination of those that read. But I cannot refrain from the statement that Cameron's meeting and reconciliation with his old friend Dr. Addison was one of the brightest spots in a delectable constellation. The meeting between Evelyn and her uncle was an episode, too, to touch the sensibility of the most apathetic. And if there had lingered a single doubt as to the wisdom or expediency of accepting their companionship on my expedition of rescue it must have been dispelled by the emotional thrill which these scenes provoked.

Our homeward voyage, which all of us were anxious should not be delayed, was by way of Naples. Hartley, who appeared to be able to go and come as he pleased, accompanied us that far, and our farewells to him, on the deck of the Kbenig Albert, were combined with a fervor of gratitude that exhausted our powers of expression.

Evelyn begged me to be permitted to kiss him good-bye, but there I was forced to draw the line. Her caresses in my own direction had not, up to that moment, been so lavish that I felt I could spare any of them, even for this young Englishman, notwithstanding my abundant appreciation of the inestimable service he had rendered, and that was precisely what I told her, when on the first evening out, she had demanded to know my reasons for refusal.

"You're a very selfish man," she retorted, with a pout. "And I'm not at all sure, now, that I shall ever kiss you again. Besides—" And there she stopped.

We had reached the after end of the deck in our post-dinner promenade, and had paused there, leaning on the rail, to watch the phosphorescent gleam and glitter among the turbulent white wake-waters. Cameron and Dr. Addison were talking over their cigars in steamer chairs amidships, and the girl and I were alone together for the first time since her uncle's restoration.

"Besides?" I repeated, questioningly. The big blue eyes she turned to me were never more roguish.

"Besides," she said, low-voiced and with a just perceptible quiver, "until you keep your promise, I don't see that you have any right to dictate to me."

I knew very well what she meant. Ever since Cameron had come running backward around that deck-house corner—I think even at the minute I recognized his naked, smut-covered shoulders—I had had that promise in mind, and had longed for the moment of its fulfillment. But till now not even the briefest opportunity had offered. Nevertheless, her present mood was too entirely winsomely lovable to be neglected, and the impulse to prolong it by teasing too strong for resistance.

"Keep your promise?" I queried, mingling with assumed perplexity a certain suggestion of injury. "Have I ever failed you in anything?"

She turned away now, silently, and the eclipse of the eyes I loved left me suddenly repentant; still I persisted.

"Have I ever failed you?" I asked again. Quickly her gaze came back, and her eyes had taken something of the cold, snapping fire of the phosphorus.

"Since you don't remember," she said, "it's of no consequence. Only you were so sure that you couldn't forget."

"Give me a hint," I begged, still cruel. "When did I promise?"

"I couldn't be so unmanly," was her retort, looking away again.

"Was it before we came over here, or since?"

"Before," after a pause.

"Long before?"

"Not very."

"Where? At your house?"

"Yes."

"In the library?" I asked, with a glance behind for possible intruders.

She turned quickly and found me laughing.

"Oh, you dear, silly, lovable, delightful child!" I cried, and the echo of my words was carried far astern, as my arms went about her and held her close, and my kisses fell thick and fast on her ripe, tender little mouth.

"What need had I to keep such a promise?" I asked, when in mercy I pruned that she might get her breath.

"Why should I ask you to tell me that you loved me, when I could read it in letters as long as your glances and as bright as your smile?"

And if we left Cameron and Dr. Addison much alone together during our homeward voyage, who that still remembers their own happy days of young love dreaming can blame us?

intimate friends, including most of the wedding party.

It was after midnight, and Cameron and I were alone together in his mahogany and green study; he at his writing table and I in the same adjacent leather chair in which I had sat a twelvemonth ago while listening to the story of the incised portrait.

As was not unusual we had reverted to that time and to certain of the incidents therewith connected; and I had been trying to make clear to Cameron, as I had already frequently tried to do, the peculiar difference between McNish's expression and his.

"In individual feature," I said, warming to my subject, "there never was in all the world before, I believe, such similarity. And in repose, the ensemble, I should say, was equally identical. But when it came to—"

And there Cameron checked me. "Clyde," and his tone was strangely grave, it seemed to me, "you'll pardon my interrupting you, I know. I understand what you would say, probably better than I could from your putting it into words. And I want to tell you why I understand. Indeed I've wanted to tell you for a long while, but whenever I've got to the verge of it, I have balked."

He paused here to shake the ash from his cigar, reaching across his desk for a receptacle, and somehow the gesture reminded me of that of McNish as he had thrown out his arm which held the letter, and so exposed the telltale tattooing.

"I have never told you, Clyde," he resumed, his eyes turned on the glowing tobacco ember which he had just bared, "anything about my birth or my family. But now that you are to become one of us, in a way, it's only fair that you should know; for though Evelyn's mother was but my half-sister, still the girl gets the same blood through her grandsire."

"Yes," I said, "I know that. Evelyn told me that much. I know, too, that you were born in Scotland; and the very name of Cameron is a pretty good guarantee of family worth."

"My father belonged to a rather poor branch," he confessed, "and like many poor men he had a large number of children. There were ten, all told, and when my poor mother died, it became a serious problem how to take care of my little ones. I was among the youngest, not over seven, and I had a twin brother."

As he said this Cameron, who had been desultorily drawing figures on his writing pad with the end of a penholder, abruptly shot his gaze to mine and caught the quick question of my eyes.

"Yes," he said, without change of tone, "yes, you see, now, don't you?"

"McNish!" I murmured.

"McNish," he echoed. "Donald McNish."

"But," I began, "I don't quite—" and I thought of the letter from McNish's mother.

"Oh, it is clear enough," he went on. "Some of the children were put out to live amongst neighbors, and eventually, my father and the rest of us came to this country. The others he left behind, promising to send each month the money for their keep. Donald he left with a couple named McNish, who had no bairns of their own, and when the boy grew to be a big lad, and my father, who in the meantime had been successful here and married again, sent for him to come to America, word came back that he had been dead a twelvemonth."

"And your father believed it?"

"Oh, yes, for they returned the back pay he had forwarded, and sent a lock of my brother's hair, I think, and a trinket or two that had been his as a kiddie."

"Afterwards, though, you learned that he was still alive?"

"No," was Cameron's answer. "We never heard. Had it not been for that marked resemblance gathering me in to the net spread for him, I should probably never have known. And Clyde," he added, "ever since I learned of his having been there, in town, I have been wondering. Do you think it possible that he ever realized that he was in his brother's house?"

"Hardly," I said. "It doesn't seem likely, though; unless the name and the—He must—Oh, certainly," I stammered, "he must have realized that we mistook him for—yes, for some one named Cameron. He answered to it readily enough; he even insisted that he was Cameron. And if his mind was clear enough to put two and two together, why, knowing that he had a twin brother in America, it would seem—" And there I stopped my floundering, for Cameron had risen to his feet, and smiling, tolerantly, was waving a hushing hand at me.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I've argued it all out in just the same way, dear friend. And yet we never can be certain, can we? Only I have thought, if he might have realized it, and have been able to have played the part, and stayed, and taken up my life and lived it for the rest of his, I might have gone on and taken his punishment to some purpose. For I have had more than my share of the good things, Clyde, and maybe if poor little Donnie had had even half my chances, it would all have been so very, very different."

He still thought of him as the child brother he had parted from long years ago in Scotland, and as such he would ever remember him. I was glad then that he had stopped me when I had tried to draw for him the difference in their faces. For it was such a difference! Looking at Cameron now with the lamp of true greatness alight behind those plain features, I marveled that I could even have seen a vestige of likeness in the brutal, soulless face of his twin brother.

And then, for the first time, too, I really understood.

THE END.

GREENS DEFEAT THE WHITES.

Next Game, Monday Night, Will Probably Decide Championship.

In the beginning of the last round of the Y. M. C. A. Bowling tournament the Greens defeated the Whites Thursday night by a majority of eleven pins. The match was an exciting one, the result being uncertain until the very end of the third game. This is the last time these two teams will bowl and consequently each one was eager for the victory. The result of the game leaves the Whites on the bottom with the Greens next to them on the ladder.

The first game resulted in a victory for the Greens by 57 pins. The second game went to the Whites by 32 pins and the third to the Whites by 14 pins, leaving the Greens the victors by a narrow margin.

IN A TERRIBLE CONDITION.

Passengers Complain of the Condition of Yard at Station.

"The condition is one to be deplored," "It's a shame to put up with such conditions," were two expressions heard from persons as they were getting on trains at the Atlantic Coast Line passenger station Friday morning. The condition referred to is indeed one to be deplored and one which should not be put up with. The ground all around the station is muddy and little puddles of water and mud are formed inside and outside the gate. Along the tracks and between the shed and the tracks "slush" is the only word which will describe the condition of the ground in the passenger station yard. In the rear of the station the conditions are just as bad, if not worse and are an eye-sore, although they do not call for such caustic comment from passengers as there is not the necessity of wading through this slush.

It is understood that the officials at the station have repeatedly made reports of these conditions to higher officials of the road, but as far as is known no notice has been taken of these reports and requests for improvements, at least no action with this end in view has been noticeable. Board or concrete walks throughout the yard are badly needed, and should be installed. At least the road would gain the popular favor of the traveling public, if it should make the needed changes, instead of losing it as it certainly is to a great extent by allowing present conditions to prevail.

MOORE FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR.

House Member from Abbeville County Announces Candidacy.

Columbia, Feb. 20.—Mr. J. Howard Moore, Representative from Abbeville, definitely announced tonight that he would be a candidate for Lieutenant Governor next year hence.

1,000 Buildings Burned in Japan.

Tokio, Feb. 20.—A great fire, which occurred in the center of Tokio today, destroyed a thousand buildings. These include several churches, the Baptist Tabernacle, the Salvation Army Hall, the School of Foreign Languages and several other schools. The fire burned fiercely for five hours and troops were called out to guard the section.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.—Advt.

A Freak Egg.

A hen's egg the shape of a ram's horn was brought to this office Thursday for the editor's inspection. The egg was about three inches in length, being about three-quarters of an inch in diameter at the large end and gradually tapering down to a quarter-inch diameter at the neck of the crook, when the size was again expanded. The egg was exactly the shape of species of squash, long with a decidedly crooked neck. The egg was laid by a Leghorn hen belonging to Mary Nelson, No. 518 S. Main Street.

Methodist Minister Recommends Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Rev. James A. Lewis, Milaca, Minn., writes: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been a needed and welcome guest in our home for a number of years. I highly recommend it to my fellow-sufferers as being a medicine worthy of trial in cases of colds, coughs and croup." Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a trial and you are confident you will find it very effective and continue to use it as an occasion requires for years to come, as many others have done. For sale by all dealers.—Advt.

A REAL STATE FAIR.

SOCIETY TO NAME PERMANENT SECRETARY—CONSTITUTION IS AMENDED.

Membership of Executive Committee Decreased from 14 to 9.—Other Matters Considered.

Columbia, Feb. 21.—The effect of the constitutional changes made by the State Agricultural and Mechanical society at its meeting on Wednesday night is to change entirely the system of administration of the society. One of the most important changes is that relating to the personnel of the executive committee.

The beneficial results of the Corn exposition were clearly reflected in the attitude of the society on Wednesday night. W. W. Bruce's resolution thanking The State company for the part borne by it in securing the exposition showing the appreciation of the society in having the exposition held in South Carolina.

Under the old section of the constitution relating to the committee, it was composed of 14 members, all ex-presidents of the society and the officers acting as members ex-officio. By the amendment adopted Wednesday night, the size of the committee is decreased to nine members, one from each congressional district, together with the president and vice president of the society. The offices of assistant secretary and general superintendent were abolished, the secretary in lieu of the latter officer being authorized to employ such assistance as might be necessary, with the consent of the executive committee.

In the hands of the executive committee is placed the authority to employ a secretary of the society and to fix his compensation. The secretary will be in the employ of the society for the entire year, working under the direction of the executive committee.

The proposed amendments to the constitution and by-laws of the society were presented for the consideration of the organization by a committee composed of E. F. Taylor, chairman; Richard I. Manning, T. C. Hamer, S. J. Summers and G. A. Guignard.

The comparative smallness of the executive committee renders it easier to secure a quorum for the transaction of business. Five members, according to the revised constitution, are sufficient to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

The first important business that faces the new executive committee is the election of a secretary. The name of George H. Stevenson was suggested by Mr. Taylor, vice president of the society, who stated that his services were available, his present salary was \$3,000 a year. Action on the matter, however, was deferred until the committee has a chance to investigate the situation further.

As published yesterday, the executive committee now consists of J. A. Banks, president, and E. F. Taylor, vice president, and the following committeemen from the respective congressional districts: First district, S. G. Stoney; Second district, T. B. Watson; Third district, T. J. Kinard; Fourth district, J. D. W. Watts; Fifth district, B. H. Boykin; Sixth district, J. N. Kirvin; Seventh district, R. I. Manning.

Are You a Cold Sufferer?

Take Dr. King's New Discovery. The best cough, cold, throat and lung medicine made. Money refunded if it fails to cure you. Do not hesitate—take it at our risk. First dose helps. J. R. Wells, Floydada, Texas, writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery cured my terrible cough and cold. I gained 15 pounds." Buy it at Sibert's Drug Store.—Advt.

ARRESTED FOR STORING LIQUOR.

C. C. Ratliffe Found Guilty of Unlawful Storing of Liquor.

Claude C. Ratliffe, a young man who operates a pressing club in one of the rooms at the Hotel Sumter, was arrested Friday morning on the charge of storing whiskey for unlawful purposes and upon his trial before the recorder he was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of \$100 or serve 30 days in jail.

Ratliffe is a young man fairly well known among the young men of the town. He has been here several months and in the pressing club business for about three months. The arrest was made Friday morning by officers H. G. McKagen and A. D. Owens and in the place at the time was found a box containing 23 half pints and 17 pints.

Another liquor case was that against John Hopkins, porter on the "Shoody" train between Orangeburg and Florence. Hopkins was arrested for transporting liquor for unlawful purposes. He put up a bond of \$50, which was forfeited upon his failure to appear for trial.

The Best Cough Medicine.

"I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy every since I have been keeping house," says L. C. Hanson, of Marburg, Ala. "I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used. My children have all taken it and it works like a charm. For colds and whooping cough it is excellent." For sale by all dealers.—Advt.

FOOD PACKAGE LABELS.

Senate Passes Bill Requiring That Net Weight and Contents be Plainly Announced.

Washington, Feb. 20.—Plain labeling of food packages, with the net weight and contents before they are sold to the public, is required by a bill passed by the senate today, which already had passed in the house. Slight changes made in the senate bill require a conference committee of the two houses before the measure is sent to President Taft for signature.

The proposed law would require the net weight and measure of the food product to be conspicuously displayed on the outside of each package. It would not affect package goods sold for 18 months after the law becomes effective.

A provision added by the senate would give the secretary of agriculture authority to establish rules for the regulation of certain variations in weight of certain package goods selling for more than 6 cents.

*F. E. Walling, a farmer living near Yukon, Ind., strongly recommends Foley's Honey & Tar Compound and says: "I have been advised by my family doctor to use Foley's Honey & Tar Compound for my children when there was a cough medicine needed. It always gives the best of satisfaction and I recommend it to others." Sibert's Drug Store.—Advt.

Our idea of a frank Democrat is a man who will confess that he can eat up the pie counter without half trying.—Wilmington Star.

*W. S. Skelton, a merchant at Stanley, Ind., says he would not take \$100.00 for the relief a single box of Foley Kidney Pills gave him. "I had a severe attack of kidney trouble with sharp pains through my back and could hardly straighten up. A single box of Foley Kidney Pills entirely relieved me." Sibert's Drug Store.—Advt.

A good citizen attends every meeting called in the interest of his city. The indifferent citizen stays home and wonders what the meeting will do.—Wilmington Star.

*Conductor S. L. Miller, Norfolk, Neb., on Bonebrake Division of C. & N. W. Ry. Co., recommends Foley Kidney Pills and says: "I have used Kidney Pills with very satisfactory results and endorse their use for any one afflicted with kidney trouble. They are all right." Sibert's Drug Store.—Advt.

It is not news to say that "sweet sixteen" is the same as it always was if not a little more so.—Wilmington Star.

*When Burton Holmes recently gave his celebrated travelogue on "Panama" at Orchestra Hall, Chicago, he was seriously interrupted by continual coughing of the audience. So one annoys willingly and if people with coughs, colds, hoarseness and tickling in throat would use Foley's Honey & Tar Compound, they could quickly cure their coughs and colds and avoid this annoyance. Sibert's Drug Store.—Advt.

Marriage License Record.

A license to marry was issued Thursday to S. F. Ferguson and Ellen Rhame, colored, of Sumter.

Health Warning.

"Chilled and wet feet result in congesting the internal organs, and inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, with rheumatic twinges and pain in back, generally follow. Use Foley's Kidney Pills. They are the best medicine made for all disorders of the kidneys, for bladder irregularities, and for backache and rheumatism. They do not contain habit forming drugs. Tonic in action, quick in results. Sibert's Drug Store.—Advt.

Real Estate Transfers.

W. Ervin Brunson and Marion L. Brunson to The Sumter Trust Co., lot on Main Street, \$5 and other considerations.

*Mrs. S. S. S. Van Buren St., Kingston, N. Y., (full name furnished on application) had such decided benefit from using Foley's Honey & Tar Compound that she shares her good fortune with others. She writes: "Foley's Honey & Tar Compound brought my voice back to me during a severe case of bronchitis and laryngitis. Oh, how many people I have recommended it to." Sibert's Drug Store.—Advt.

If a man is a growler it doesn't make any difference if everybody rushes him to the limit.—Wilmington Star.

No Need to Stop Work.

When the doctor orders you to stop work it staggers you. I can't say, you know you are weak, run down and failing in health day by day, but you must work as long as you can stand. What you need is Electric Bitters to give tone, strength and vigor to your system, to prevent break down and build you up. Don't be weak, sickly or ailing when Electric Bitters will benefit you from the first dose. Thousands bless them for their glorious health and strength. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50c at Sibert's Drug Store.—Advt.

There were many prisons who remarked last week on the foresightedness of the ground hog, calling him a "wise old fellow," but what have they to say about him this week.

Mothers Can Safely Buy

Dr. King's New Discovery and give it to the little ones when ailing and suffering with colds, coughs, throat or lung troubles, teething, diarrhoea, once used always cured. Mrs. Jesse Crawford, Sumter, S. C., writes: "My King's New Discovery changed our boy from a pale weak sick boy to the picture of health." Always helps. Buy it at Sibert's Drug Store.—Advt.