SIX

THE EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER



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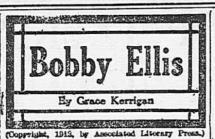
Rubenstein.

Messrs. Rives Bros. as usual have been having a big coat suit sale for ladies the first of September and this year they had such a success with the large line that their former big assorted sales brought the trade this year without the aid of printer's ink and they have now a second lot that will be in and will let you hear from them.-Adv.

We will enlarge our millinery department for the approaching fall season. Our milliner, Miss Gramlin, has arrived to take charge. Many of our new millinery goods have come in and others are arriving daily by express. Soon we will announce our fall opening.

Rubenstein.

Notice of Executor's Sale of Land.



Helen trembled when Bobby Ellis detached himself from the wall-flowers at the schoolhouse dence and slouched across the floor toward her. He crooked his elbow and jarked his head in a stiff bow. In Salt Petre Creek this pantomime was the ousto-

mary invitation to dance. and breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that her father's broad back was turned toward them. Bobby Ellis noted the hesitation and smilled tolerantly. Helen's hand slipped into his arm and in another moment they were waltzing to the strains of violin and cornet. Bobby's arms clasped her closely and she could feel the beavy thumping of his brave heart.

"I expect your pa will be kind of wrathy about this dance, but there was something I had to my to you." said Bobby presently.

"I don't care if he is-fust coce," said Helen reoklessly.

"That's a proper spirit, my girl," ap-proved Bobby. "He still holds you to your promise to marry Rawlins?" "Yes."

"And you told him you'd be a dutiful daughter and marry the old skinflint, so's they could jine all their land together and make the biggest range in the county?" His voice was caressing in its softness, but Helen trembled at its hidden menace.

"Nothing more-has been said. I suppose father takes it for granted, after your quarrel with him. He knows that I haven't seen you until tonight. I hope he won't make trouble.'

"He's harmless for a while," grinned Bobby as he turned her past her parent's bread back.

"Who's that he's talking to?"

"A lady friend of mine." "A friend of yours?" inquired Helen with a catch in her voice.

"Yes-I just made 'em acquainted. Your ps will enjoy her right well." "Who is she, Bobby?"

"Mrs. Watkins-Sally Watkins-the Widder Watkins from Chinquapin." "Obl' gasped Helen, for she had

heard of the gay Widow Watkins who had cracied havoo with the hearts of

she said decisively. "If father won't will come alone." "Good for you!" "What time-is it-to be?" "Ten o'clock sharp. You know where the parson's house is?" "YAR"

"The widder wanted me to ask you to wear white-you see she's set on wearing blue and she says if you should wear pink or red or anything Hhe that it would make her'dress look like an Indian blanket on a piebald pony. I hope I got those colors correct-her hair's red, you know."

"Red and white," corrected Helen sweetly.

"Thank you," said Bobby solemnly as he led her to a seat. "I reckon this is the last dance you'll ever have with me as a care-free bachelor. Next time; I'll be an old married party!"

"I suppose so," said Helen.

"I must go hunt your father up and tear that there little widder away from his fascinating attentions," cried Bobby gayly. "See you at 10 tomorrow ?"

"Yes." "Sure thing ?" "Tes."

"Good," said Bobby, and I Helen could have seen his face she would have noticed that there was a strained look in his eyes.

She saw nothing save the curiously streaked hair of the Widow Watkins and Bobby's tall form bending over her as he calmly carried her away from big Bill Main, Helen's father.

Mr. Main's eagle eyes roamed the room and found his daughter's paleface staring appeal at him. The big cattleman's harsh face seemed-curiously softened as he met her appealing glance, and his eyes wore a hurt look as he pushed his fingers through

buckboard Helen was standing on the steps muffled in wraps. It was cool outside and she shivered. As they were about to drive off the lean form of Jim Rawlins pushed close to the

"See here, Helen," he whined, 'you was engaged to me for the Saratogy Lancers-you know I can't dance any of them round dances, and I been waiting for you-they're starting up

beginning, when her father cut in

out," and with a vicious cut at his horses dashed away, leaving the algry

"Dad, Bobby Ellis and Mrs. Watkins are going to be married at 10 o'clock. I promised I'd go to the wed-

Bill Main stifled an oath. "Yes-I' drive you over, Nelly," he said softly. Helen's eyes filled with tears-he had not called her Nelly since she was a little girl.

come," he spoke in a queer volce. "You knew hor before?" aske 1 Hel-

en with sudden intuition of what was to follow.

on do. Married an old man and I lost her. It's too late now for me to make good to you, daughter, but I'll send Rawlins packing tomorrow. It's retribution on me for standing between you and Bobby."

Scholarship For Sale

The Advertiser has a scholarship in Draughn's Business College that we are authorized to sell for less than the regular price. At y young man or young lady desiring to take a course in Bookkeeping, Stenography or Typewriter should not miss this opportunity. Apply at once at this office.



is the best all-round medicine lever used," writes LA. Steelman, of Pattonville, Texas. "I suffered terribly with liver troubles, and could get no relief. The doctors said I had consumption. I could not work at all. Finally I tried

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and to my surprise, I got better, and am to-day as well as any man." Thedford's Black-Draught is a general, cathartio, vegetable liver medicine, that has been regulating irregularities of the liver, stomach and bowels, for over 70 years. Get a package today. Insist on the genuine-Thedford's. E-70

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Bah Room Outfit



now."

roughly: "Let her alone, Jim-she's all tired

The long drive back to the ranch was a silent one. When they came

ding. Will you drive me over?"

"I promised Mrs. Watkins I would

"Yes-she did what I tried to make

his grizzled hair. " "Well, daughter?" he asked. "Are you ready to go, dad?" promptly.

"Right and ready," he returned When he drove up to the door in the

wagon.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rawlins," she was

Rawlins staring after them.

within sight of the lamp in the window Helen ventured to break the silence.

By virtue of the power conferred upon me, in and by the Will of the late Capt. Henry B. Gallman, I will sell at public out-ory, at Edgefield, South Carolins, on the first Monday in October, A. D., 1912, during the legal hours of sale, all of that tract of land, known as the "Egypt Place", containing one hundred and fifty-five and 19-100 acres.

This land will be sold in two trasts; tract No. 1 containing 78 acres and tract No. 2, containing 77 and 19-100 scres; plats of said tracts will be exhibited on the day of sale.

This land is situate within three or four miles of the Town of Edge field, and is well adapted to corn cotton and all other crops grown i this section. The land lies we'l is well timbered, and well water. 1. Persons desiring information concerning said land, will piezse call on the undersigned at his office.

Terms of sale cash. Papers extra. O. Sheppard.

Executor.

Sept. 11,

Notice.

State of South Carolina, County of Edgefield,

In Probate Court. In re, the Estate of Thos. G. Smith and Mrs. Mary and Joe S. Smith, Administrators-Notice of ap-

plication for Final Discharge. Whereas, we, Mrs. Mary Smith and Joe S Smith, as Administrators of the estate of Thos. Smith dec'd., have made our final returns in this case, we shall apply unto Judge W. T. Kinnsird, Judge of Probate for the County of Edgefield, State of South Carolina, at his office at Edgefield C. H., on Sept. 30, 1912, at 11 o'clock, for final discharge in said case.

Mrs. Mary Smith, Joe S. Smith, As Administrator's. Aug. 28, 1912.

STATISTICS.

"I Must Go Hunt Your Father Up."

the cattlemen and whose name had been coupled with Bobby Ellis lately. Helen looked hard at the fascinating widow who was talking earnestly to Mr. Main. Mrs. Watkins was evidently vain of the wealth of red hair that was generously streaked with white, for she made no attempt to conceal its piebald effect. She had a round pink and white face, sweet and goodhumored, and her smile was good 'to

ee. "She looks sweet," said Helen in spite of the wave of jealousy that rushed over her.

"She is a sweet, good little woman, and she's seen a heap of trouble," said Bobby emphatically. "The best day she ever had was the one on which she planted old Wath al"

"Wat he old?" asked Helen faintly. "About Rawlins' age becaused Bobby methlossly. "She method to help her folks along. The blow she loved was plot then, but he is traded and is pretty well of now-we rich as your pa-as- as seer dispesitioned!" "Perhaps the will making now-is

he a widower? "Yer ha's free enough-but wheth-

er the " marry or not-hm!" "Is at what you wanted to tall

me?" isked Helen coldly. "Something like that," returned Bobby Ellis in her pink car. "I'm going to be married tomorrow morning." The girl in his arms stiffered a little and her hands grew cold. All the pretty color was drained from her

cheeks. She moved her lips to make reply, but no sound came. "I was going to ask your pa to drive you over to the ceremony-the parson

at Red Spider will tie the knot." Helen laughed. "That's funny-I was telling father the other day that I had never been to a wedding in my life. It's good of you to ask-us to your

wedding." "I hope you'll come-everything's arranged. I even got the ring-right hers!" Mr, Ellis thumped his vest pocket suggestively.

"Ig-is Mrs. Watkins-" Helen's voice died away in an agonized whisper.

Bobby Ellis paid no attention to that. "The widder? Bless your heart, yes-couldn't do the stunt without her!" he said cheerfully.

Helen was game. "We will come,"

"You mean-that you care for her now, father?" whispered Helen. "Yes."

Helen leaned her head against her father's shoulder and presently his arm encircled her.

The next morning Bill Main and his daughter drove to the parsonage in Red Spider. Whille Mr. Main tied his horses Helen smoothed the white lawn gown that she wore out of courtesy for the Widow Watkins' red hair.

"It's mockery for me to wear white today," she whispered to herself, for her face was whiter than her frock. Impulse would have taken her a thousand miles in the opposite direction from the scene of Bobby Ellis' wedding, but she understood, or thought she did, why he asked her to be there. It was common gossip in Budlong county that Bobby had been devoted to Helen, and her presence, as well as her lather's, there today would still every voice.

Mr. Ellis and the widow were waiting in the parlor of the parsonage. Bobby was looking white and stern, and the widow was very lovely in pal-

est blue that matched her eyes. "Before I call in the sky pilot," said Bobby rather nervously, "I want to say that this is a game-I did it to get Helen here and the widow helped." He cleared his throat and stared de-Santly at Bill Main, but Bill Main was looking at his daughter.

"I'm going to marry Helen now, and I'd rather do it with your consent than without, sir. What you got to say?" Before Mr. Main could frame a reply Helen had rushed into Bobby's arms. "There's the answer, Bobby," said Bill Main seriously, but his face glow-

ed as if a new light had been kindled within his heart. "If you and Mrs. Watkins will

stand up with us-we'll do as much for you some day," suggested the joyous bridegroom boldly.

Bill Main's errs met the pleading blue ones c' the pretty widow whom he once love! and lost only to regain LOW.

"Might as well take you up now and make a double knot of it," said Mr. Main. "What say, Sally?"

"That is what Bobby and I planned," said the widow demurely.



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P.S. Mr. M. Gary Satcher is with us and will be glad to see his friends