

## Special Notices

We are still selling the celebrated Studebaker wagon. The best yet. Wilson & Cantelou.

No matter what you want in the buggy line. We will get it for you if we don't happen to have just what you are looking for. Wilson & Cantelou.

Large assortment of trunks, bags, suit cases, etc. at reasonable prices. Ramsey & Jones.

Ladies' writing desks in mahogany, birdseye maple, weathered oak in mission effect. Open and roller top office desks and office chairs. Ramsey & Jones.

We have now in stock a line of cut glass and chinaware suitable for wedding presents. We invite your inspection. W. E. Lynch & Co.

Look at our buggies and harness before buying, we will save you money. Wilson & Cantelou.

If you want a nice carriage, call and see our line. Wilson & Cantelou.

Large stock of wagon and buggy harness, also parts of harness. See our saddles, bridles and blankets before buying. Ramsey & Jones.

FOR SALE: Appier seed oats at 70 cents per bushel. Georgia Blue Stem Wheat, made 24 bushels per acre this year, at \$1.50 per bushel. Apply to L. G. Watson, Trenton, S. C.

9-11-4t.

We are better prepared to supply your needs in shoes than ever. We have just what the children need for school wear. Come to us when you wish to get the children ready for school. 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.

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 outcry, at Edgefield, South Carolina, 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 tracts; tract No. 1 containing 78 acres and tract No. 2, containing 77 and 19-100 acres; 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 Edgefield, and is well adapted to corn, cotton and all other crops grown in this section. The land lies well, is well timbered, and well watered.

Persons desiring information concerning said land, will please 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 application for Final Discharge.

Whereas, we, Mrs. Mary Smith and Joe S. Smith, as Administrators of the estate of Thos. G. Smith dec'd., have made our final returns in this case, we shall apply unto Judge W. T. Kinnaird, 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.

## Bobby Ellis

By Grace Kerrigan

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

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

The girl glanced across the room 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 smiled 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 heavy thumping of his brave heart.

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

"I don't care if he is—just once," said Helen recklessly.

"That's a proper spirit, my girl," approved 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 fine 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 broad 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 pa will enjoy her right well."

"Who is she, Bobby?"

"Mrs. Watkins—Sally Watkins—the Widow Watkins from Chinquapin."

"Oh!" gasped Helen, for she had heard of the gay Widow Watkins who had created havoc with the hearts of

she said decisively. "If father won't I will come alone."

"Good for you!"

"What time—is it—to be?"

"Ten o'clock sharp. You know where the parson's house is?"

"Yes."

"The widdler 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 like 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 widdler away from his fascinating attentions," cried Bobby gayly. "See you at 10 tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"Sure thing?"

"Yes."

"Good," said Bobby, and if 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 pale face 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 his grizzled hair.

"Well, daughter?" he asked.

"Are you ready to go, dad?"

"Right and ready," he returned promptly.

When he drove up to the door in the 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 wagon.

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

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rawlins," she was beginning, when her father cut in roughly:

"Let her alone, Jim—she's all tired out," and with a vicious cut at his horses dashed away, leaving the angry Rawlins staring after them.

The long drive back to the ranch was a silent one. When they came within sight of the lamp in the window Helen ventured to break the silence.

"Dad, Bobby Ellis and Mrs. Watkins are going to be married at 10 o'clock. I promised I'd go to the wedding. Will you drive me over?"

Bill Main stifled an oath. "Yes—I'll 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.

"I promised Mrs. Watkins I would come," he spoke in a queer voice.

"You knew her before?" asked Helen with sudden intuition of what was to follow.

"Yes—she did what I tried to make you 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."

"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. While 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 father'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 palest 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 dolefully 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 glowed 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 eyes met the pleading blue ones of the pretty widow whom he once loved and lost only to regain now.

"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.

Helen was game. "We will come,"

she said decisively. "If father won't I will come alone."

"Good for you!"

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