

**THE FIRST SEPARATION**

Newspaper Clipping Proved a Dove of Peace.

By LUCY CLAIR ATKINSON.

Edith Forsyth was leaving to spend a couple of weeks at Old Point Comfort. As the train pulled out she waved her dainty little handkerchief to Fred, and in a few minutes was swiftly borne out of sight. It was Edith's first separation from Fred since their wedding. Way down in Fred's heart there was a feeling of satisfaction over the idea of returning for a short time to his bachelor habits. Their little apartment, so cosy and homelike, bespoke the artistic temperament and ingenuity of Edith, and Fred anticipated with delight having his old college chum, Arthur Wilson, come around in the evenings to chat of old times.

Before leaving, Edith discharged the cook, and decided that Fred could take his meals at the restaurant around the corner. This arrangement presented a glowing picture to Fred in the premises.

For the first week everything worked smoothly. Fred wrote every day and sent the local newspapers, thus keeping Edith in touch with the happenings at home. Meanwhile the quietude of the rooms began to pall on Fred, who missed Edith's warm greeting and other little attentions to which he was accustomed every afternoon on his return. Wilson came nearly every evening, but he, too, was getting to be tiresome.

Fred, with his cheerful disposition was disappointed to see Wilson turning cynic, which was the case during the last few months. It did not improve his frame of mind to see his married friends out with their wives at the summer amusements the town offered, and it seemed of all their married acquaintances that only he and Edith were separated at that particular period.

Edith's letters were full of the ideal time she was having, without the slightest mention of returning. The two weeks were up and it was near the end of the third, when Fred wrote Edith he had a touch of malaria and had had to call in the doctor. This brought a prompt response, hoping that he would be entirely well by the time the letter arrived. That plea failing, Fred then wrote that the hired girl who cleaned the apartment had left and that Edith's most cherished articles of furniture were covered with dust and in fact everything was going to rack and ruin. This brought a reply from Edith telling him not to worry that she would not be home for some time and would have a general clean-

"Well, I have exhausted myself so must leave you now to think a way out alone. You'll soon have Mrs. Forsyth back in town. By-by, old fellow."

Fred found himself meditating over and conjuring a thousand means to use to carry his point. But none seemed practicable. Finishing his letter to Edith he was sealing the envelope when a brilliant idea occurred to him. He would try it. There was nothing to lose and maybe much to gain. The daily newspaper had to be sent. Going to the desk, Fred picked up a pair of scissors and in the neatest manner possible cut out a space of about two inches from the news column, wrapped the paper and addressed it to Edith.

He was careful, however, to save the clipping. Two days later a letter came from Edith asking for a copy of Tuesday's Globe. Fred smiled exultingly as he took cognizance of the fact that it was Tuesday's paper that he had clipped. Dispatching the janitor for a Globe of that date Fred proceeded to clip the same item, before mailing it to Edith. A second demand came for a Tuesday's Globe with particular emphasis made on an "unclipped copy." By this time Fred was too jubilant over the success of his scheme to let it fall through. He ignored that part of the letter concerning the clipping and mailed another copy clipped in precisely the same place as the first two.

The climax came sooner than Fred expected. On his return from the office late the next afternoon he was not a little surprised to be met by his wife in all the majesty of righteous indignation. Fully convinced that Fred was trying to conceal some escapade from her, Edith had taken the next train for home after receiving the third suspiciously clipped paper.

She was determined to surprise and face him with the evidence of his guilt, as she held the carefully preserved three copies of the Globe.

The little clipping in the desk drawer saved the day and proved to be the dove of peace for their marital troubles.

Arthur Wilson peeped in that evening, and Edith insisted on telling him the joke on herself, which made Fred feel like the hero of a melodrama.

"Well, Mrs. Forsyth, what do you think of a man's way?" For reply Fred drew Edith to him and kissed her, vowing inwardly that he would accompany her the next time she went away. (Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

**CARELESS TO THE VERY LAST**

John Polkinhorn's Final Chance to Leave Behind One Good Record Was Not Taken.

Everybody knew that John Polkinhorn was the carelessst man in town, but nobody ever thought he was careless enough to marry Susan Rankin, seeing that he had known her for years. Susan was the owner of a comfortable place and was thrifty, while John hadn't and wasn't either, and that might have had something to do with it, but anybody could see that John was paying a good deal more than it would have brought at public vendue. Some said it was more Susan's doing than John's, because she never could keep a hired man more than a month, and she was bound to have help of some kind.

Whatever it was, they married, and John had a home to live in and somebody to look after him, and Susan had a man around permanently. They got along about as well as a good many do, and John certainly earned his board and keep, though Susan said if she ever married again she wouldn't marry anybody as careless as John Polkinhorn was.

One day after five years of it John hung himself in the attic, where Susan use to dry the wash on rainy days, and a carpenter, who went up to the roof to do some repairs that John couldn't do, found him there. He told Susan, and Susan hurried up to see about it, and sure enough, the carpenter was right. She stood looking at her late husband for about a minute—kind of dazed, the carpenter thought—and then she spoke.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed. "If he hasn't used my new clothesline, and the old one would have done every bit as well! But, of course, that's just like John Polkinhorn."—Lippincott's Magazine.

**She Took the Offer.**

She was a girl of about nineteen, and the book she carried under her arm as she entered the second-hand book store was plainly marked a dollar and a half.

"Fifteen cents," replied the dealer as he held it in his hand.

"Mercy on me!" she exclaimed.

"What's the matter?"

"That book cost \$1.50."

"Well?"

"The hero kills the girl he loves."

"Well?"

"And you only offer 15 cents?"

"That's all. You see, the author has brought out another book in which he not only kills the girl he loves, but her whole family and the hired girl and two policemen besides."

"Oh, I see," replied the maiden.

"And it will be 20 cents if you get that and read it and want to bring it here."

"Oh, that's it? Well, I'll take the fifteen for this now and bring in the other next week. Edward is very, very good about buying me the new books as fast as I give him their titles. One murder, 15 cents; five or six murders, 20 cents. I'll drop him a hint!"

**Master's Sale.**

State of South Carolina—County of Edgefield—In Court of Common Pleas.

Alice Hancock, plaintiff, against Marion Hancock, Thomas Hancock, Fannie Hancock, Alice Hancock, Walter Hancock, Arthur Hancock, Julia Z. Hancock and Estelle Hancock, defendants.

Pursuant to the decree in this cause, I will offer for sale at public outcry to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House, in the town of Edgefield, county and State of South Carolina, on sales day in March 1913, the same being the 3rd day of said month between the legal hours of sale the following described realty to wit:

All and singular that tract of land containing one hundred and fifty eight (158) acres more or less, situate in the county of Edgefield, State of South Carolina, and bounded by the lands of Mr. Luther W. Reese, Mrs. S. F. Holder, Mr. J. W. Hudson and Mrs. Estelle Scott.

Terms of sale cash. Purchaser to pay for papers.

Feb. 5, 1913.

S. M. Smith, Master E. C., S. C.

**Notice, Trustees, and Teachers**

The clerk of each district board of trustees is requested to write in ink, the words "Final claim" on margin of duplicate pay warrants when it is presented at close of any school, white or colored. Teachers will take notice that their final claims will not be approved unless accompanied by a correct annual report.

W. W. Fuller, Co. Supt. Ed.

**Make the Old Suit Look New**

We are better prepared than ever to do first-class work in cleaning and pressing of all kinds. Make your old pants or suit new by letting us clean and press them. Ladies skirts and suits also cleaned and pressed. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Edgefield Pressing Club

WALLACE HARRIS PROP.

**PROFESSIONAL**

DR. J. S. BYRD,

Dental Surgeon

OFFICE OVER POSTOFFICE.

Residence 'Phone 17-R. Office 3.

A. CORLEY, Surgeon Dentist. Appointments at Trenton on Wednesdays. Crown and Bridge work a specialty.

James A. Dobey,

DENTAL SURGEON,

Johnston, S. C.

OFFICE OVER JOHNSTON DRUG CO.

**Headache**

is one of the common symptoms of womanly trouble, and the cause has to be removed before you can rid yourself of it entirely. A medicine that merely kills pain, does not go to the seat of the trouble, and kill the cause. What you need is a woman's medicine—one which acts directly, yet gently, on the womanly organs.

TAKE

**Cardui**

The Woman's Tonic

After having used Cardui, Miss Lillie Gibson, of Christman, Texas, writes: "About three years ago, I was just entering womanhood, and was sick in bed for nearly nine months. Sometimes I would have such headaches, and other aches, I could hardly stand it. I tried Cardui, and now I am cured of all my troubles. I shall praise Cardui as long as I live." Cardui is the medicine you need. Try it. E-69

**WANTED**

White Boys and Girls from 12 to 25 years old to learn to spin and weave in Bagging Mill; will start pay at from

**\$4.35 to \$5.40**

Per week while learning. After learning can earn from

**\$6.00 \$10.00**

Per week

Mill runs 57 hours per week, 1-2 day Holiday Saturday. Families having 3 or more boys or girls to work can get new houses, with bath, electric lights and, and water, and all modern conveniences at very reasonable rent within 5 minutes walk of mill. If interested fill in coupon below and mail to us.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

How many in family wanting work \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to **Charleston Bagging Mfg. Co.**

CHARLESTON, S. C.

**Guano! Guano!**

We handle Southern States Phosphate & Fertilizers Company's Goods.

P. & F. A. D. Bone  
Augusta High Grade, Acid of all Grades.

These goods are now in the warehouse ready for delivery.

**Jones And Son.**

**Augusta's Leading Jewelry Store**

Our stock of silverware, decorated china, cut glass, gold, silvery jewelry, diamonds, watches and silver novelties was never larger.

DESIGNS ARE NEW

Everything is from the leading and most reliable manufacturers in the country.

Let us supply your needs. We have never been better equipped in every department, and what is best our prices are very reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Will be a pleasure to show you through our stock.

706 Broad St. **A. J. Renkl** Augusta, Ga.

**Horses And Mules**

I am now located at Edgefield in the western part of town at the place of Mrs. Emma Marsh and will have on hand mules and horses for sale or exchange.

**B. L. HOLSTON**



Proceeded to Clip the Same.

ing on her return. Fred was in despair and plainly showed it when Wilson dropped in that evening for the usual chat.

"Rather down in the mouth, old man. What's the trouble, Mrs. Forsyth not sick?"

"O, nothing, just a little upset with the housekeeping business."

"That's a small matter. Leave everything alone until it is time for your wife to return. I can bet you, she will be able to handle the situation," said Wilson.

Fred sat musing as he puffed the rings of smoke from his pipe, but wheeling around suddenly said in almost determined tone:

"Look here, Arthur, I am scorching between two flames—my pride and my inclination. Edith has been away four weeks, and I just cannot stand it any longer. You can see for yourself the apartment is all upset and in nothing like the condition it was the first week after Edith left. Then, I am tired of myself. When you are not here there's nobody to talk to, nobody to greet one, nobody to care what old hour one chooses, to come home. It is simply this, I've got enough! When a man's wife is away, home ceases to be home. You may think this is all tommyrot, but you get married and try it."

"Well, why don't you write Mrs. Forsyth to come home, or you run down to Old Point Comfort?" suggested Arthur.

"That's just the point. Why, Edith would give me to death for not being able to get along without her, so I won't write for her to come home, and I can't leave until the chief clerk gets back from his vacation."

"Well, why don't you frame an excuse such as illness or something of that kind, that will bring Mrs. Forsyth some?" asked Wilson.

"That doesn't work with a girl like Edith; I've tried it."

**Don't Read**

If not interested. But you are obliged to be interested where money is to be saved in the purchase of necessities of life both for yourself and livestock. We are now in our warehouse, corner of Fenwick and Cumming streets, two blocks from the Union Passenger Station where we have the most modern warehouse in Augusta with floor space of 24,800 square feet and it is literally packed with Groceries and feeds from cellar to roof. Our stock must be seen to be appreciated. Our expenses are at least \$450.00 a month less since discontinuing our store at 863 Broad street, and as goods are unloaded from cars to warehouse, we are in a position to name very close prices. If you really want the worth of your money see or write us

**ARRINGTON BROS. & CO.**

Augusta, Ga.

**Kentucky Stock**

Our second car of horses has just arrived They were purchased in Kentucky by our Mr. B. B. Wilson in person.

Come in to see us when you need a good horse or mule at a reasonable price

**Wilson & Cantelou**