

**CONQUERING TEMPTATION**

By GERTRUDE A. PEARSON.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

Benson lay upon the rocks, staring at a letter beside him. In front of him the blue waves rippled in the sunshine. The air was warm and balmy. It would have been difficult for anyone not acquainted with the country, and the temperature of July, to realize that this was Alaska.

"Dear Mr. Benson," ran the letter. "We beg to inform you that, in accordance with the terms of your late father's will, all the property except the limited estate entailed, goes to your younger brother. You are, however, Baron Linfield, and, as such, are now the owner of Linfield Manor. Kindly wire us instructions as to your plans."

"We wish to add that, inasmuch as the upkeep of the estate far exceeds the rental, it would be to your interest to sell this to your younger brother. There is, however, a codicil to the will, made by your father in his last illness. Should you decide to leave the woman with whom you are living, an annual sum of five thousand pounds is to be paid you, to enable you to keep up your title respectably."

"Faithfully yours,  
"Dench & Dench."  
"The woman with whom he was living," Benson saw the words staring at him out of the typewritten page. His father had known. He had married a half-breed.

Natasha had been educated at a mission school, and, save for the jet black hair and rather high cheek bones she might have passed for a white woman. But in the eyes of his acquaintances she was a squaw, and he a squaw-man. He had married her when he was desperately lonely in the remote North, and half-crazed with drink besides.

Natasha had redeemed him. She had thrown the whisky bottles away. She had made him a home. She had loved him, and he had loved her, too.

A violent revulsion of feeling came over Benson. He seemed to smell the Sussex air, to see the beautiful country of his birth. He had friends, many, in England.

Benson resolved to run away. He could walk to the nearest port and catch the morrow's boat. He would leave everything to Natasha. She would doubtless go back to her own people.

He saw her watching him silently that night. Like a faithful hound she knew his moods—her lord's moods. Natasha watched him with a dumb, aching at her heart. She had seen the change in him.

At midnight, when he thought Natasha was sleeping, Benson arose noiselessly from his couch. He had his mackinaw and overshoes ready, for the nights were cold.

When he had disappeared Natasha kneeled at the bedside a moment in prayer. She prayed to the God of whom the missionaries had told her, as she had never prayed before. Then she slipped out after him.

As Benson strode along the trail all memory of Natasha seemed to slip from him. He was a boy once more, in the Sussex lanes, heartfree.

He remembered the final angry scene with his father, the old man's futile wrath at the son who had dishonored his name.

It had been the act of a goaded man, desperate for money, but Benson could only hang his head before the old man's scathing words.

"If ever temptation comes to you again, sir, remember what you have done and try with all your might to conquer it," he had said.

Suddenly he stopped dead. Why, this was the temptation of which his father had spoken. He was doing now a thing still more dishonorable than that which he had done before. What was the use of being Baron Linfield if he was a scoundrel to boot?

Benson sat down and fought his battle out. And, with her woman's intuition one who watched him from a near hiding place knew that the God of the mission people was wrestling with his adversary for Benson's soul.

The agony on the man's face was stronger than the suffering on hers. Forgetting all, daring his wrath, Natasha glided up to him. She kneeled at his side and put her arms around him.

And, in this position, she whispered something to him, a woman's secret that made his heart leap as hers was beating then.

Benson rose to his feet. The haggardness was gone from his face. He saw his duty. He saw the years of ease and dishonor stretching before him, on the one hand, and, on the other, years of honor. He could make himself respected. If he could not win recognition for Natasha, he could for his daughter—or his son. And the heir would be Baron Linfield, if it was a boy. If a girl—well.

Natasha drew his arm through hers, and together they went back in silence toward the cabin. They entered, and Benson, taking out the letter, deliberately tore it to pieces. He would not answer Dench & Dench. He would not even take the money from the estate. Let the dead past go.

Benson put his arms about Natasha. She was pretty and girl-like, this little wife of his. He knew now, too, that the heart of a woman beats the same, and always true, whether beneath a pink or olive skin.

"It's all right, Natasha," he said cheerily. "There won't be any more scraps of paper."

**GRAY FEATHER**

By GLADYS GORDON.

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Over to the westward lay the serrated ranges of the Sweetwater mountains. In the foreground was a green and fertile valley through which trickled a silver stream.

Helen Madison, sitting on her sturdy little pony, climbed to the top of Eagle hill and looked down into the valley, looked across the valley, looked everywhere save into the face of the strong, brown young man who was waiting for her to speak.

"Helen," he said at last, and his voice was stern.  
"Yes?" She turned a cold face to his. There was no fire in her dark eyes, no love—nothing. Save, perhaps, disdain and indifference.  
"You have not forgiven me?" he asked slowly.

"There is nothing to forgive. You are free to choose your own way—I gave back your freedom last night."

"I know—I did not believe that you would throw me over just because I wanted to make this venture with Dickman; I have invested every penny in that abandoned mine, but I have faith in its development, though it is a hazardous undertaking in more ways than one."

"I was satisfied to marry you and settle down on the ranch with you," said Helen obstinately. How could she explain to Dan Summer that her hurt lay in the fact that he was willing to postpone their wedding in order to speculate in the old Mizpah mine in the hope of getting a fortune out of it? Dan would never know why she had refused to countenance his going—nor why they had quarreled.

"I know—dear, I know," he said, smiling tenderly at her averted face. "But I have made the venture—the die is cast—yet you will not forgive me, you will not wait?"

"It is too late," she said.

"Then, it is good-by?"

"It is good-by."

She did not turn her head as he rode down the hill. When he had disappeared from view she shook her shoulders and breathed deeply. "Oh, it's good to be free!" she cried, devoutly.

"Pretty lady so glad—hear cry," said a dry voice at her elbow.

Helen turned quickly and saw the squat form of a demure little Indian squaw astride a ragged pony.

"You frightened me!" she cried with an unsteady laugh.

"How, Gray Feather?"

"How?" saluted Gray Feather solemnly.

"Oh, you have papoose with you! Do let me see him!" cried Helen, touching the bundle on Gray Feather's back.

Gray Feather swung the cradle around to her arms and uncovered the sleeping face of the dark-skinned Indian baby. "Him grand papoose," she smiled fondly.

"Have you named him yet?" asked Helen, touching the little fingers.

Gray Feather grunted response.

"What do you call him? Strong Arm, like his big father?"

"No—my man no want papoose called Strong Arm; so we name him for big, kind man who save my man's life one day. Indian love white brother, Dan Summer, name papoose—Dan Summertime—he always smile like big white brother—so!"

"You send away white brother?" asked Gray Feather softly.

"No—he went because he liked to dig in a horrid old mine better than he loves me!" burst out the girl impetuously.

"Indians say there is much gold in Mizpah mine," said Gray Feather thoughtfully. "Him go away—mad?"

"Yes—that is—I was angry with him. I—I hate him!"

"I hated my man once," said Gray Feather gravely. "Long ago before he take me for squaw. He go away on hunt; I say, 'stay,' he laugh and say 'go to wigwam little squaw-to-be; men must hunt for food.' My man he lose himself on hunt that time—me almost die for sorrow; then I go and walk and walk and trail step by step for three days and nights till at last I find him, hurt, most dead for thirst. Me drag him ten miles to home! You will go after big white brother—and tell him leetle papoose Dan Summertime send him kees good-by?" she asked bluntly.

"Yes, Gray Feather, I will take the kiss to him," cried Helen radiantly. She leaned over and kissed the unwinking baby, and then pressed her lips on Gray Feather's cheek. "I shall love you always, Gray Feather!" she whispered softly, as she shook the reins and started her pony into action.

"Good-by, white sister!" waved Gray Feather as Helen rode away. "Don't forget Dan Summertime kees!"

And the rosy glow that bathed Helen's face was not the reflection of the sunset.

**Moderation.**

"Why," said the scornful knocker, "that doctor gives bread."

"Merely bread?" said the cheerful patient. "How considerate of him not to prescribe beefsteak!"

**It Wouldn't Crack.**

"This author says: 'She tried to smile, but failed.' What do you suppose he meant by that?"

"Probably her face was enameled."

**White Man With Black Liver.**

The Liver is a blood purifier. It was thought at one time it was the seat of the passions. The trouble with most people is that their Liver becomes black because of impurities in the blood due to bad physical states, causing Billiousness, Headache, Dizziness and Constipation. Dr. King's New Life Pills will clean up the Liver, and give you new life. 25c. at your Druggist.—3

**Southern Railway Premier Carrier of the South**

Schedule effective April 18, 1915.

Trains arrive from

No.	Time
208 Augusta, Trenton	8:20 a m
230 Columbia, Trenton	10:55 a m
232 Charleston, Aiken	5:05 p m
206 Columbia, Tienton	8:35 p m

Trains depart to

No.	Time
209 Trenton, Columbia	7:20 a m
231 Trenton, Augusta	10:10 a m
229 Aiken, Charleston	11:20 p m
290 Trenton, Augusta	7:40 p m

Schedules published only as information and are not guaranteed. For further information apply to

J. A. TOWNSEND,  
Ticket Agent.  
Edgefield, S. C.

**SCHEDULE CHANGES SOUTHERN RAILWAY Effective Sunday, April 18**

Train No. 231 will leave Edgefield 10:10 A. M., leave Trenton 10:35 A. M., arrive Augusta 11:50 A. M.

Train No. 229 will leave Edgefield 11:20 A. M., arrive at Aiken 12:35 P. M.

Train 207 will leave Edgefield 7:20 P. M., arrive Augusta 9:25 P. M.

Corresponding changes in schedules of trains at intermediate points. For additional information communicate with

J. A. TOWNSEND,  
Ticket Agent.  
Edgefield, S. C.

**MANY TROUBLES DUE TO AN INACTIVE LIVER**

Many of the troubles of life such as headache, indigestion, constipation and lack of energy are due to inactive livers.

**GRIGSBY'S LIV-VER-LAX**

is a natural, vegetable remedy that will get the liver right and make these troubles disappear. It has none of the dangers or disagreeable effects of calomel.

Get a 50c or \$1 bottle of this splendid remedy from your druggist today. Every bottle bears the likeness of L. K. Grigsby, who guarantees it through.

**Land for Sale**

Life is too short to go on renting land, when you can buy a small farm for almost the rent money.

I have land in small lots around Johnston, and near Batesburg, Meeting Street, Celestia, Rocky Creek or Fruit Hill, Ropers and near Edgefield, and lots and stores in the town of Edgefield.

TERMS EASY

**Arthur S. Tompkins**  
Edgefield, S. C.



GEO. F. MIMS

OPTOMETRIST

Eyes examined and glasses fitted only when necessary. Optical work of all kinds.

EDGEFIELD, S. C.

**Notice of Final Discharge.**

To All Whom These Presents May Concern:

Whereas, Thos. H. Rainsford has made application unto this Court for Final Discharge as Administrator in re the Estate of Mrs. Bessie T. Rainsford, deceased, and as Guardian of John Rainsford, Benjamin T. Rainsford and Floyd F. Rainsford, on this the 21st day of April 1915.

These Are Therefore, to cite any and all kindred, creditors, or parties interested, to show cause before me at my office at Edgefield Court House, South Carolina, on the 22nd day of May, 1915 at 11 o'clock a. m., why said order of Discharge should not be granted.

W. T. KINNAIRD,  
J. P. E. C., S. C.

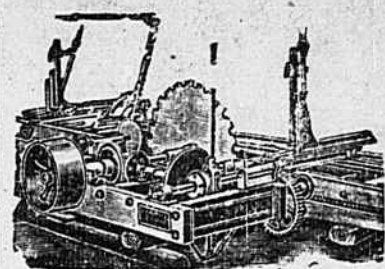
April 21, 1915.

**Make the Old Suits 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.  
SHEPPARD BUILDING

**Dr. King's New Discovery**  
KILLS THE COUGH. CURES THE LUNGS



Light Saw, Lathe and Shingle Mills, Engines, Boilers, Supplies and repairs, Portable, Steam and Gasoline Engines, Saw Teeth, Files, Belts and Pipes. WOOD SAWS and SPLITTERS

Gins and Press Repairs.

**Try LOMBARD,**  
AUGUSTA, GA.



**DRINK Chero-Cola**  
THERE'S NONE SO GOOD

5c

Chero-Cola is sold only in the original bottle with the label on it. This insures your getting the genuine article in its perfect state and never varying in its uniform individual Chero-Cola flavor.

Call for —

**Chero-Cola**  
THERE'S NONE SO GOOD

In a Bottle—  
Through a Straw



**Insist on MASTIC PAINT**

It is true economy to paint your buildings with Mastic Paint, because it is the best paint your money will buy. It will cost you just as much to paint your property with inferior paint as it will with Mastic Paint—"The kind that lasts." Results will prove this to you in a short while. Be on the safe side and

**Specify It In Your Contract**

For almost half a century Mastic Paint has stood the test of time.

It is the unadulterated combination of the finest Pure White Lead, Zinc Oxide, and Genuine Linseed Oil in correct proportions.

You don't run any risk when using Mastic Paint. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. It covers more surface, lasts longer, and, therefore, is more economical than any other paint. Keeps your house bright and attractive and enhances its value.

**There's a Pee Gee Finish For Every Purpose**

Adamant Floor Paint, Crocstain for Roofs; Pee Gee Semi-Paste Roof and Barn Paint, Pee Gee Carriage, Implement and Wagon Paint, Re-Nu-Lac, for refinishing woodwork; and other popular Pee Gee Finishes.

For Sale by

**Stewart & Kernaghan**

Edgefield, South Carolina

**FREE**

Beautifully illustrated book, "Homes, and How to Paint Them," also color card. Ask us also for other Pee Gee Paint booklets and color cards, or write direct to  
Pee-Gee-Gaulbert Co., Incorporated  
Louisville, Ky.