

The Manning Times.

LOUIS APPELT, Editor

MANNING, S. C., MARCH 3, 1915.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

WHAT SINS ARE COMMITTED IN THE NAME OF NEUTRALITY.

The American Legion is the thing now to amuse fadists. The suggestion to raise a volunteer army of "First Reserves" gives an opportunity for bravado and exploitation. To our mind the United States had better have a care how it goes about preparing for eventualities; it was this preparedness that brought about the death struggle in Europe, and it is this same preparedness which will get us into trouble sooner or later. Why, some of the jingoes in this country would do something to bring on a conflict just to have their photographs taken in uniforms. Col. Roosevelt not only offers himself but also his sons to carry a provoking chip on the shoulder. In our humble judgment, the best thing the United States can do is to quit playing into the hands of some of the belligerents by furnishing them with material and food to carry on a point without this state into this state, or from one point to another in the state, for the purpose of delivery, or to deliver the same to any person, firm, corporation, or company within this state, or for any person, firm, corporation or company to receive or be in possession of any spirituous, vinous, fermented or malt liquors or beverages containing more than one per cent of alcohol, for his, hers, its or their own use, or for the use of any other person, firm, or corporation, except as herein after provided.

BOG AND HOMINY FOR GLORY. COTTON FOR BANKRUPTCY.

The outlook for this country is not bright at this time, and we have no hesitancy in advising farmers to go slow in their cotton operations this year. If the British authorities insist upon widening their blockade so that no commerce, whether to non-combatants or not, can leave or reach Germany's shores, and the Germans continue their submarine warfare, and their mine sowing operations, it will be almost useless for this country to attempt to raise cotton in 1915, unless it be by those who are able to raise it to store away until the termination of hostilities. If America cannot find a foreign market for this product, our domestic mills will take advantage of the situation to buy what is made for as little as possible, it is therefore well to consider this before undergoing the cost of operations which have such a gloomy prospect in the future. The only hope, as we see it, lies in raising a plenty of hog and hominy. When this is done Asquith can blockade, and Von Hindenburg can wipe out the Russian legions, and Prince Henry can bombard the English towns on the North Sea, and the Sultan may have to flee from Constantinople with his harem, yet the cotton growing farmer of the United States will be able to withstand a siege of commercial depression, because his cribs and pantries will be full for the sustenance of man and beast

NOT KNOWN HERE.

Monday's News and Courier contained a story of a destitute family found near Adams Run consisting of a man 71 years of age with six children ranging from six to 13 years. Sheriff Martin and the Gospel Mission rescued the family and supplied their needs. The head of the family gave his name as R. N. James. He claims to have been living at Walterboro, and has a brother and an aged mother in Sumter. Referring to these unfortunate people, The News and Courier of yesterday says "it is expected that in a short while the family will be sent to Clarendon County where Mr. James, the spetsugenarian father, says he has prospects of securing employment." There is a James family originally of Clarendon, some of whom moved to Sumter a number of years ago, and another James family which has only one survivor, when the article appeared in The News and Courier we thought perhaps the R. N. James spoken of was a Clarendon man, but a careful investigation cannot locate him as being from this county, nor re-

ENGLAND LENGTHENING THE AMERICAN BREAD LINE

(Americans with characteristic sympathy have sent money and shiploads of goods to Belgium. But here in these United States there is suffering and misery as acute as in Belgium. A higher justice has dictated that charity should begin at home. In the following article Mr. James McGuire describes the growing bread line in this country and points out how England is ruining our trade just as she has forced Belgium into an unwilling martyrdom.)

THE GALLON A MONTH LAW.

There are so many inquiries being made of us with regard to the law regulating the shipment of liquor into this state as fixed by a recent Act of the General Assembly that we publish the law in full and will request those seeking further information to secure the same from other sources, as we have been made to work over-time explaining this law.

Following is the so called gallon a month law passed at the recent session of the general assembly, and which becomes effective on March 20.

Section 1. That it shall be unlawful for any person, firm, corporation or company to ship, transport or convey any intoxicating liquors from a point without this state into this state, or from one point to another in the state, for the purpose of delivery, or to deliver the same to any person, firm, corporation, or company within this state, or for any person, firm, corporation or company to receive or be in possession of any spirituous, vinous, fermented or malt liquors or beverages containing more than one per cent of alcohol, for his, hers, its or their own use, or for the use of any other person, firm, or corporation, except as herein after provided.

Sec. 2. Any person may order and receive from any point within the state not exceeding one gallon within any calendar month, for his or her personal use of spirituous, vinous, fermented or malted liquors or beverages.

Sec. 3. It shall be unlawful for any railroad company, express company, corporation or other common carrier to deliver any package containing intoxicating liquors or beverages containing more than one per cent of alcohol to any person other than the consignee, and in no case shall any railroad, express company, corporation or common carrier or person or agent of such railroad, express company, corporation or other common carrier or persons be liable for damages for non-delivery of such liquor or package until the consignee appears at the place of business of the common carrier and signs in person for the package.

Sec. 4. Any person obtaining any such package under any false or fraudulent pretext of any kind, or any agent of any common carrier delivering a package contrary to the provisions of this act shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined not less than one hundred dollars or more than five hundred dollars or be imprisoned in the county jail for not less than thirty days or more than six months or both, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 5. It shall be unlawful for any intoxicating liquors or beverages to be stored or kept in any place of business or club room or house in this state whether for personal use or otherwise, and the liquor or beverages herein allowed to be imported, if stored, must be stored in the home or private room of the person or persons so ordering.

Sec. 6. Nothing in this act shall prevent the shipment or transportation of alcoholic liquor and beverages to or from any dispensary authorized by the laws of this state to sell same in the county of such dispensary.

Sec. 7. Any person violating the provisions of this act shall be subject to a fine of not less than one hundred dollars or imprisonment for not less than three months or both, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 8. Nothing herein contained shall prevent the sale or transportation of alcohol under and in accordance with the statutes of this state as contained in criminal code of 1912, section 799, 800, 802, to 812, inclusive.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

Sympathy for the Belgians is general in America and England has taken every advantage of that feeling to hide her tracks in the work of destroying American commerce on the high seas. The average American citizen is a curious combination of the Yankee trader and the sentimentalist. But we soon forget our sympathy and reaction sets in when the principal American nerves, the pocket nerves, ache and throb too long. He is blind indeed who fails to see that the German cause has greatly advanced in the month of January 1915, in all sections of the United States. Not only is Thought gradually working itself clear, but the American, who wants to be fair, is beginning to warm towards the side where 100,000,000 struggle against 700,000,000, and with the products of the rest of the world aiding this huge majority and neutral countries working over time supplying the Allies alone with armament and war supplies. Over-topping all, the American is commencing to realize that canny England, not Germany, is depriving the United States of her commerce. Never does a German man-of-war seize an American ship for contraband. All of these outrages have been perpetrated by the ruler of the seas. At last Uncle Sam is awake and is questioning England, as she questioned her in 1861 and the average citizen is sitting up and taking notice of the answer.

The cotton planters down south last year, who sold Germany 2,350,000 bales of cotton, are forgetting some of Belgium's horrors in their own woes as they realize that the British embargo cut off the German and Austrian market, drove cotton down to famine prices, enabled the shrewd English cotton mill buyers to buy cotton at a frightful loss to the American planter and, at a huge profit to the English buyer. Your cotton-planter is writing letters by the thousands now telling how the English worked the most successful trade trick known to man and, after making the planter practically give away his cotton, then lifted cotton from the contraband list so that Germany and Austria would pay more for cotton, but all at the expense of the cotton-growers of the south. The suburban man under the soft wool hat in Dixie is digging up his school histories these days to remind his neighbors of Marion the Swamp Fox who hunted the British redcoats out of South Carolina, and he is reading up the riflemen of the swamps and forests of the Southland who drove the last remnants of Great Britain from the United States in 1815 when Andrew Jackson, the son of an expatriated Irish linen-weaver, from Carrickfergus, defeated Pakenham at New Orleans. And when he considers his cotton losses and the history of his country, his viewpoint of Germany changes wonderfully.

Great Britain has destroyed the commerce of the United States, an innocent party in the war, with Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Turkey and to an important extent with neutrals like Denmark, Holland and Italy. Her policy of starving Germany out is actually creating more cases of starvation in the United States than in Germany. There are few unemployed in Germany because the government has succeeded in paying wages, through public and private work, to all left at home. Let us see why so many work men in American agricultural factories are idle. Last year Germany bought of us \$8,000,000 worth of mowers and reapers, hay rakes \$84,000, planters \$80,000, plows \$123,000, threshers \$261,000. At \$2.30 per day in wages, the loss accounts for nearly 5,000 idle men. In brass goods she took \$1,642,000, which loss throws 2,000 brass workers out of work. Starving out the Germans and Austrians will cost the farmers of the United States not less than \$10,000,000 in a year. Germany absorbs one-half of

the exported American wood-alcohol used in the arts. Last year she with Austria took \$50,000,000 of our copper and copper wares. Averaging the wages of the Montana and Michigan miners at \$4 per day that means 40,000 copper miners and workers added to the bread line. In bleached cotton cloth she took from us \$1,260,000, cotton waste \$1,000,000, corsets \$88,000, mixed goods \$178,000, phosphate \$2,700,000, binder twine \$91,000, dried apples \$1,208,000, ripe apples \$1,209,000, apricots \$800,000, peaches \$170,000, prunes \$2,110,000, glue \$78,000, rubber goods \$1,200,000, shoes \$182,000, iron and steel products \$4,800,000, adding machines \$370,000, cash registers \$1,200,000. Now figures are usually dry reading and we will not continue, but the statement can be safely made that England, by declaring practically everything contraband intended for Germany and Austria, excepting cotton, has thrown out of employment and reduced to a state of want from 350,000 to 450,000 men, to say nothing of the fearful curtailment of trade and traffic in other directions.

The oldest living Americans recall the days when the American flag flew over thousands of fast clippers, when more than three fourths of the commerce of his country was carried in American bottoms. He reads in his history how England took advantage of the Civil War to seize American trade and, having destroyed our commerce as our country lay prostrate, the eldest citizen is surprised at the present generation which seems supine and helpless to protect its own products from the dominating power on the high seas. The patriotic American citizen is insisting on an answer to the query why American products on the high seas should not be as sacred as though they were on land. The world may be suffering from Militarism but America surely is declining because she is held at the mercy of a relentless foreign Navyism.

TRIBUTE TO THE JEWS IN SENATE SPEECH.

When we ask whether the foreigner is capable of citizenship and achievement we must consider the Jew. Seek the source of the century-old horrors he has endured and you will enter the caverns of ignorance where dwells the serpent of superstition and its pestilential offspring, persecution. The Jew has been, and in some places still is, an outcast simply and only because he has steadfastly refused to abandon the God of his fathers. For this 8,000 years ago were his burdens in Egypt made greater than he could bear. For this his cities burned, the walls of his capital razed, his temples destroyed, his altars desecrated, his people slaughtered; for this he was carried into captivity by Syrian and Babylonian despots, his land reduced to a desert sown with the homes of murdered millions. Yet, in spite of all, for fifteen hundred years the Jew clung to the horns of his altar, cherished his temple, and revered his God. For fifteen centuries the world was enveloped in the night of bigotry, ignorance, and terror—a night illumined by a single torch of truth, held aloft by the hand of the Jew. The Jew alone during all that period of terror, vice, tyranny, despair and loathsome idolatry, taught the doctrine of one Supreme God. He alone followed a code of laws which embraced every principle essential to liberty, morality, and religion. His laws and his religion were to those of the other nations of the earth as a star of indescribable glory shining through the clouds of a storm rent sky upon a sea of blood. Then came the dawn of Christianity, but its glory fell first upon the land of the Jew. The God mother was a Jewess. The Twelve Disciples were Hebrew fishermen who spread their nets along the shores of the sea of Galilee. From this race we get our religion, from its sacred writings our morals. It preserved the greater part of our knowledge of ancient history. The sublimest examples of sacred poetry and the tenderest expressions of exalted devotion fell from the pens of inspired Jews. Obliterate the work of the Jew before the Christian era and you destroy the old Bible and the Ten Commandments. Strike out the work of the Jew of the

CHARLESTON WILL BE DRY?

The revocation of Mayor Grace's order fixing rules governing the liquor industry in Charleston, may mean that he will endeavor to carry out the policy of Governor Manning, or it may mean "I have proposed what I thought was practical, where it is to be supposed I am informed as to what the people will or will not submit to, but if that does not suit your Excellency have it your way, and we shall await results." In other words, Mayor Grace has frankly said Charleston has no tolerance for prohibition nor have his people any respect for the dispensary, and, therefore, will not submit without resistance to the dictation of the other counties in the state when it comes to the regulation of her internal affairs.

There is only one thing left for Governor Manning to do, that is, to place a strong constabulary in Charleston, made up of true and tried prohibitionists from the country with instructions to never sleep on guard, watch everything and everybody from the Battery to the Ashley Junction, and too, keep a close eye on those long winged birds frequently seen about the dumps, lest they turn out to be airships laden with a beverage which will produce intoxication and contains over one per cent alcohol. It will not do for Governor Manning to counsel with former Mayor Rhett, or present Mayor Grace, or would-be Mayor Hyde with regard to selecting a constabulary for Charleston, because, they are politicians and may mislead him, but he would be safe to counsel with members of the anti saloon league, the law and order league, or the business men's prohibition league of every other community except Charleston; when he organizes his force, he should arm each and every one of them with a spy glass and motor cycle their clothes should be with out pockets, and a muzzle should be locked on their mouths, then will the city-by-the-sea become as dry as Sumter, and Spartanburg and Anderson will envy Charleston's righteousness.

Governor Manning has appointed the tax commission provided for under a recent Act, and in doing so he was especially happy in the selection of Hon. A. W. Jones, comptroller general to be the chairman of the commission. Mr. Jones has been a student of taxation for many years, and if any reforms can be accomplished we believe, that he above all men, will be able to succeed. By this appointment Mr. Carlton W. Sawyer succeeds to the position made vacant by his chief, and we congratulate this young man who has been the right hand man for the comptroller general and is thoroughly well qualified to take up the arduous duties of that complex office.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. J. C. GREENEY & CO., Props., 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 him. WAB & TETZEL, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Drugists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is made internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Congressman Richard S. Whaley, has opened correspondence with W. B. Fleuning, "Foreign Trade Adviser," with regard to the German embargo on kaimin and potash, and we hope he will succeed in bringing about the relief desired, but we fear it is impossible under present conditions, in the meantime Mr. Whaley can insist upon the government sending the machinery it used on the Panama canal to the lowlands of South Carolina that they may be reclaimed, and give employment to many who are eager for work to do. If Mr. Whaley can get Congress to appropriate money to drain our lowlands he will deserve the support of the entire district when he stands for re-election next year. As to his efforts to lift the embargo on kaimin and potash, he is to be commended for trying to please the farmers.

The municipal battle in Charleston promises to be a long and hot one this year, Hon. T. T. Hyde made an early announcement of the candidacy, and now comes the incumbent Hon. John P. Grace into the arena, and in battle arena giving notice to his opponent that he can not eat any idle bread while travelling towards the mayoralty chair, nor can he slip into that chair without first letting the people whose suffrages he is seeking know just what he is, and where he stands on questions they are interested in.

Notice of Discharge. I will apply to the Judge of Probate for Clarendon County, on the 29th day of March next, at 11 o'clock A. M., for letters of discharge as administratrix of the estate of Simon B. Harrington, deceased. ELIZABETH C. HARRINGTON, Administratrix. New Zion, S. C., Feb. 29, 1915

Sale by U. S. Marshal. United States of America: District of South Carolina; In the District Court, Read Phosphate Company vs. W. R. Caskrey and R. J. Caskrey. Under and by virtue of an Order of the U. S. District Court, filed February 20, 1915, I will sell, at Public Auction, at the store of W. R. Caskrey, in the town of Summerton, Clarendon county, S. C., on Thursday, March 11, 1915, at 11 A. M. o'clock, the personal property of W. R. Caskrey levied upon by me, under execution in the above entitled case, consisting of general merchandise, store fixtures, safe, etc. Terms of sale, CASH. JAS. L. SIMS, U. S. Marshal. District of South Carolina.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA County of Clarendon. By James M. Windham, Esq., Judge of Probate. Whereas, R. H. Green, made suit to me, to grant him Letters of Administration of the Estate and the effects of J. G. JOHNSON. These Are Therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and Creditors of the said J. G. JOHNSON, deceased, and they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Manning on the 12th day of March next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my hand this 20th day of February Anno Domini 1915. J. M. WINDHAM, Judge of Probate.

Be Sure You Get This Old Reliable Cough Medicine. Imitations always follow the trail of success. Hundreds of imitations have come and gone since Dr. King's Cough and Croup Remedy began 40 years ago, to loosen the grip of coughs and colds. Be sure you get the genuine. FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND. And avoid the names that sound like it. Here are three easy ways to tell the genuine. 1st—The name of "Foley's." 2nd—The yellow package. 3rd—The Beehive on the yellow package. You cannot get a substitute to do for you what FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND will do. For coughs, colds, croup, bronchial and laryngeal coughs, throat and lung trouble. Buy it of your druggist and be safe. \*\*\* EVERY USER IS A FRIEND. The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head Because of its tonic and laxative effect. LAXATIVE BRONCHITIS IS BETTER THAN ORDINARY QUININE and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the GUYE name and look for the signature of Dr. W. G. FOLEY.

CONQUERING TEMPTATION

By GEORGE A. PEARSON.

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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 knelt 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 so once more, in the Sussex lanes, hearted and true. 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 godded 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. That was the use of being Baron Linfield if he was a scoundrel to boot? Benson sat down and fought his battle out. And as he fought his 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, during his kneel, Natasha glided up to him. She knelt 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. It 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 even take the money from the estate. He would start out for good. 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."

LOVE'S MESSENGER By GEORGE M. GOUGH. (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.) "There were two lonely, longing hearts in Reedville and both beat ecstatically in union. The possessors of the hearts were practically prisoners, beating desperately but in vain at the cruel bars of fate put up by relentless parents. Earle Rodney loved Marah Ellis and she fairly idolized him. He was twenty and she seventeen. Their families were wealthy, but the heads of the families were at enmity in both business and social relations. Mr. Ellis had nipped budding affections in their incipient when he discovered that Marah had engaged herself to Earle. The father of the latter sat down upon the glowing hopes of his impressive son ponderously. Marah was kept practically a prisoner in charge of a vigilant duenna, pending shipment to some isolated relative at a distance. Meantime—poor Earle wandered about the extensive home grounds, read, smoked and grieved. He expected every hour to hear that his lady-love had been sent away, or to receive a mandate to begin his own irksome exile. Lolling in a hammock one afternoon his interest was awakened as a kite came whirling down with a dive, landing in a thorn bush, and lay there pierced and tangled. "They, mister!" hailed an anxious faced lad a few moments later, mounting the garden wall, "that's my kite." "Well, come and get it," directed Earle, and then, interested in any circumstances that alleviated the tedium of the hours, he assisted the boy in getting the kite extricated from the greenery. He was "tying up two pieces of broken tall when a sudden idea shot through his mind in a vivid glow of brilliancy. "See here," he said abruptly, "do you want to be a feller?" "My? Oh, my?" ejaculated his juvenile listener in a sort of ecstasy. "You know where the Ellis people live?" "Oh, sure I do." "Could you break your kite loose, or arrange it any way so you could get an excuse to go into their garden, just as you have here?" "Sure I could," asserted the lad confidently. "Then, see here," and Earle whispered in the boy's ear the substance of a dapper plan. Then he wrote a note and handed it with a dollar bill to the boy. "Now, remember," he warned, "give the note to nobody but Miss Ellis. You land the kite while she's about the garden." "Oh, I understand!" grinned the intelligent lad. Now the plot was carried out. The expert kite flyer manipulated his air sailer just as he deftly calculated. The kite fell within the walled-in garden of the Ellis grounds. That note told Marah to steal from the house at dusk, to reach a certain remote corner of the garden. A light rope ladder would be thrown over the wall. She would fall into her lover's arms on the other side. There would be a hurried scurry to a sheltering grove of trees a bit farther on, where a closed carriage would be waiting. Then the nearest Gretna Green. Oh, how easy! Oh, how delightful! To a dot the plot went through. Flusteringly Marah reached the wall, scattered the ladder, dropped into a fond waiting clasp. "My darling!" thrilled Earle. "Oh, dear! What will become of all this?" breathed the quivering girl. "Love, happiness, forgiveness!" declared Earle buoyantly. "Thunder!" They had reached the carriage. He helped Marah in. She screamed. He got in himself and—collapsed. There, upon the rear seat, blandly smiling, were Dukes and Mrs. Faire. "Discovered—baffled!" cried Earle. "Mistake!" chuckled Dukes, benevolently. "You heartless meddler!" fared out Marah to her duenna. "Dear child!" smiled Mrs. Faire, blandly. "So near happiness!" murmured Earle. "Nearer than ever, my boy!" chuckled Dukes. "I won't go back to that—that prison!" sobbed Marah. "I'll never see her duenna. Dukes, tell them." "Why, yes," said Dukes, "we're not going to take you back. We're going with you." "Going—?" "With you." "Where?" "To the elopement. Double affair—see?" "No, I don't," said Earle. "Well, our hearts have bled for you," explained Mrs. Faire. "We've been your friends all along. Only, you see, we would lose our situations if we helped you—"

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(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.) Benson saw upon the rocks starting 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. This is, however, a matter to be decided by you, and you will be glad to see that the will, made by your father in his last illness. Should you decide to leave the man 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. "Fidelity 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 knelt 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 so once more, in the Sussex lanes, hearted and true. 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 godded 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. That was the use of being Baron Linfield if he was a scoundrel to boot? Benson sat down and fought his battle out. And as he fought his 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, during his kneel, Natasha glided up to him. She knelt 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. It 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 even take the money from the estate. He would start out for good. 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."

LOVE'S MESSENGER By GEORGE M. GOUGH. (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.) "There were two lonely, longing hearts in Reedville and both beat ecstatically in union. The possessors of the hearts were practically prisoners, beating desperately but in vain at the cruel bars of fate put up by relentless parents. Earle Rodney loved Marah Ellis and she fairly idolized him. He was twenty and she seventeen. Their families were wealthy, but the heads of the families were at enmity in both business and social relations. Mr. Ellis had nipped budding affections in their incipient when he discovered that Marah had engaged herself to Earle. The father of the latter sat down upon the glowing hopes of his impressive son ponderously. Marah was kept practically a prisoner in charge of a vigilant duenna, pending shipment to some isolated relative at a distance. Meantime—poor Earle wandered about the extensive home grounds, read, smoked and grieved. He expected every hour to hear that his lady-love had been sent away, or to receive a mandate to begin his own irksome exile. Lolling in a hammock one afternoon his interest was awakened as a kite came whirling down with a dive, landing in a thorn bush, and lay there pierced and tangled. "They, mister!" hailed an anxious faced lad a few moments later, mounting the garden wall, "that's my kite." "Well, come and get it," directed Earle, and then, interested in any circumstances that alleviated the tedium of the hours, he assisted the boy in getting the kite extricated from the greenery. He was "tying up two pieces of broken tall when a sudden idea shot through his mind in a vivid glow of brilliancy. "See here," he said abruptly, "do you want to be a feller?" "My? Oh, my?" ejaculated his juvenile listener in a sort of ecstasy. "You know where the Ellis people live?" "Oh, sure I do." "Could you break your kite loose, or arrange it any way so you could get an excuse to go into their garden, just as you have here?" "Sure I could," asserted the lad confidently. "Then, see here," and Earle whispered in the boy's ear the substance of a dapper plan. Then he wrote a note and handed it with a dollar bill to the boy. "Now, remember," he warned, "give the note to nobody but Miss Ellis. You land the kite while she's about the garden." "Oh, I understand!" grinned the intelligent lad. Now the plot was carried out. The expert kite flyer manipulated his air sailer just as he deftly calculated. The kite fell within the walled-in garden of the Ellis grounds. That note told Marah to steal from the house at dusk, to reach a certain remote corner of the garden. A light rope ladder would be thrown over the wall. She would fall into her lover's arms on the other side. There would be a hurried scurry to a sheltering grove of trees a bit farther on, where a closed carriage would be waiting. Then the nearest Gretna Green. Oh, how easy! Oh, how delightful! To a dot the plot went through. Flusteringly Marah reached the wall, scattered the ladder, dropped into a fond waiting clasp. "My darling!" thrilled Earle. "Oh, dear! What will become of all this?" breathed the quivering girl. "Love, happiness, forgiveness!" declared Earle buoyantly. "Thunder!" They had reached the carriage. He helped Marah in. She screamed. He got in himself and—collapsed. There, upon the rear seat, blandly smiling, were Dukes and Mrs. Faire. "Discovered—baffled!" cried Earle. "Mistake!" chuckled Dukes, benevolently. "You heartless meddler!" fared out Marah to her duenna. "Dear child!" smiled Mrs. Faire, blandly. "So near happiness!" murmured Earle. "Nearer than ever, my boy!" chuckled Dukes. "I won't go back to that—that prison!" sobbed Marah. "I'll never see her duenna. Dukes, tell them." "Why, yes," said Dukes, "we're not going to take you back. We're going with you." "Going—?" "With you." "Where?" "To the elopement. Double affair—see?" "No, I don't," said Earle. "Well, our hearts have bled for you," explained Mrs. Faire. "We've been your friends all along. Only, you see, we would lose our situations if we helped you—"

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STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA County of Clarendon. By James M. Windham, Esq., Judge of Probate. Whereas, R. H. Green, made suit to me, to grant him Letters of Administration of the Estate and the effects of J. G. JOHNSON. These Are Therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and Creditors of the said J. G. JOHNSON, deceased, and they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Manning on the 12th day of March next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my hand this 20th day of February Anno Domini 1915. J. M. WINDHAM, Judge of Probate.

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