

TERMS

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This notice will be strictly adhered to.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1908.

NOTICE.

Beginning with May 1, 1908, the subscription price for THE RECORD is as follows: One year in advance \$1.00. One year on time \$1.25.

No paper will be continued after May 1 that is one year or longer in arrears.

C W WOLFE.

3-26-af

PRIZES FOR RURAL SCHOOLS.

Announcement by Rural School Improvement Society for 1908.

The South Carolina School Improvement association offers thirty-five prizes to the schools of the State for the most decided material improvement made during a given length of time.

1. Improvements must be made between November 1, 1907 and December 10, 1908.

2. Prizes will be awarded to schools where the most decided material improvements have been made during the time mentioned.

3. Under material improvements are included local taxation, consolidation, new buildings, repairing and painting old ones, libraries, reading rooms or tables, interior decorations, beautifying yards, and better general equipment.

4. No school can complete for any of these prizes unless it is a rural school. No town with more than 500 population shall be eligible to the contest.

5. All who wish to enter this contest must send names and descriptions of schools, before improvements are made, to the president prior to October 1st.

6. All descriptions, photographs and other evidences showing improvements must be sent to the president before December 15th, 1908. The chairman of the board of trustees of any school that is completing for a prize must approve all descriptions before and after improvements are made.

7. Prizes will be awarded in checks at the annual meeting of the South Carolina School Improvement association, December 31st, 1908. The prizes are to be used for further improvements in the schools receiving them.

MARY T. NANCE, Pres., Columbia, S. C.

Weak women get prompt and lasting help by using Dr Shoop's Night Cure. These soothing, healing, antiseptic suppositories, with full information how to proceed are interestingly told in my book "No 4 For Women."

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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[Continued from last week.]

died the cards in his box intently and that his fingers caressed the top one ever so softly during the instant the eyes of the rest were on Glenister.

"Come on," insisted Roy boarsely; "turn the cards."

"You're on!" The girl felt that she was fainting. She wanted to scream. The triumph of this moment stifled her—or was it triumph, after all? She heard the breath of the little man behind her rattle as though he were being throttled and saw the lookout pass a shaking hand to his chin, then wet his parched lips.

"It's work, little girl—hard and thankless work, that's all. This country is intended for young men, and I'm too far along." His eyes grew grave again, and he squeezed her fingers nervously as though at the thought, "It's a terrible country this. I—I wish we had never seen it."

"Don't say that," Helen cried spirit edly. "Why, it's glorious. Think of the honor. You're a United States judge and the first one to come here. You're making history; you're building a state; people will read about you."

"Of course I'll go if you think I'd better," she said, "though I'm not fond of Alaskan society. Some of the women are nice, but the others— She shrugged her dainty shoulders. "They talk scandal all the time. One would think that a great, clean, fresh, vigorous country like this would broaden the women as it broadens the men—but it doesn't."

"I'll tell McNamara to call for you at 9 o'clock," said the judge as he arose. So, later in the day, she prepared her long unused finery to such good purpose that when her escort called for her that evening he believed her the loveliest of women.

Upon their arrival at the hotel he regarded her with a fresh access of pride, for the function proved to bear little resemblance to a mining camp party. The women wore handsome gowns, and every man was in evening dress.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Helen as she first caught sight of it. "It's just like home." "I've seen quick rising cities before," he said, "but nothing like this. Still, if these northerners can build a railroad in a month and a city in a summer why shouldn't they have symphony orchestras and Louis Quinze ballrooms?"

"I know you're a splendid dancer," she said. "You shall be my judge and jury. I'll sign this card as often as I dare without the certainty of violence at the hands of these young men, and the rest of the time I'll smoke in the lobby. I don't care to dance with any one but you."

After the first waltz he left her surrounded by partners and made his way out of the ballroom. This was his first relaxation since landing in the north. It was well not to become a dull boy, he mused, and as he chewed his cigar he pictured, with an odd thrill, quite unusual with him, that slender, gray eyed girl, with her coiled mass of hair, her ivory shoulders and merry smile.

"Hold on, Alec," he muttered. "You're too old a bird to lose your head." However, he was waiting for her before the time for their next dance. She seemed to have lost a part of her gaiety.

"What's the matter? Aren't you enjoying yourself?" "Oh, yes," she returned brightly. "I'm having a delightful time."

"When he came for his third dance she was more distrust than ever. As he led her to a seat they passed a group of women, among whom were Mrs. Champlain and others whom he knew to be wives of men prominent in the town. He had seen some of them at tea in Judge Stillman's house and therefore was astonished when they returned his greeting, but ignored Helen. She shrank slightly, and he realized that there was something wrong. He could not guess what. Affairs of men he could cope with, but the subtleties of women were out of his realm.

"What ails those people? Have they offended you?" "I don't know what it is. I have spoken to them, but they cut me."

"Cut you?" he exclaimed.

It? I can't understand myself."

CHAPTER XIV.

"MY dear Helen, don't you realize that my official position carries with it a certain social obligation which it is our duty to discharge?"

"I suppose so, Uncle Arthur; but I would much rather stay at home." "Fut, fut! Go and have a good time."

"Dancing doesn't appeal to me any more. I left that sort of thing back home. Now, if you would only come along!"

"No; I'm too busy. I must work tonight, and I'm not in a mood for such things, anyhow."

"You're not well," his niece said. "I have noticed it for weeks. Is it hard work or are you truly ill? You're nervous; you don't eat; you're growing positively gaunt. Why, you're getting wrinkles like an old man!"

He took her cool hand and pressed it to his cheek, while the worry that haunted him habitually of late gave way to a smile.

"It's work, little girl—hard and thankless work, that's all. This country is intended for young men, and I'm too far along." His eyes grew grave again, and he squeezed her fingers nervously as though at the thought, "It's a terrible country this. I—I wish we had never seen it."

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"What ails those people? Have they offended you?" "I don't know what it is. I have spoken to them, but they cut me."

"Cut you?" he exclaimed.

"Yes." Her voice trembled, but she held her head high. "It seems as though all the women in Nome were here and in league to ignore me. It dazes me. I do not understand." "Has anybody said anything to you?" he inquired fiercely. "Any man, I mean?" "No, no! The men are kind. It's the women."

"Come, we'll go home." "Indeed, we will not," she said proudly. "I shall stay and face it out. I have done nothing to run away from, and I intend to find out what is the matter."

When he had surrendered her, at the beginning of the next dance, McNamara sought for some acquaintance whom he might question. Most of the men in Nome either hated or feared him, but he espied one that he thought suited his purpose and led him into a corner.

"I want you to answer a question. No beating about the bush. Understand? I'm blunt, and I want you to be."

"All right." "Your wife has been entertained at Miss Chester's house. I've seen her there. Tonight she refuses to speak to the girl. She cut her dead, and I want to know what it's about."

"How should I know?" "If you don't know, I'll ask you to find out."

The other shook his head amusedly, at which McNamara flared up.

"I say you will, and you'll make your wife apologize before she leaves this hall, too, or you'll answer to me, man to man. I won't stand to have a girl like Miss Chester cold decked by a bunch of mining camp swells, and that goes as it lies." In his excitement McNamara reverted to his western idiom.

The other did not reply at once, for it is embarrassing to deal with a person who disregards the conventions utterly, and at the same time has the inclination and force to compel obedience. The boss' reputation had gone abroad.

"Well—er—I know about it in a general way, but of course I don't go much on such things. You'd better let it drop."

"Go on." "There has been a lot of talk among the ladies about—well, er—the fact is, it's that young Glenister. Mrs. Champlain had the next statement to them—er—him—I should say—on the way up from the States, and she saw things. Now, as far as I'm concerned, a girl can do as she pleases, but Mrs. Champlain has her own ideas of propriety. From what my wife could learn, there's some truth in the story, too, so you can't blame her."

With a word McNamara could have explained the gossip and made this man put his wife right, forcing through her an elucidation of the silly affair in such a way as to spare Helen's feelings and cover the busy tongued magpies with confusion. Yet he hesitated. It is a wise skipper who trims his sails to every breeze. He thanked his informant and left him. Entering the lobby, he saw the girl hurrying toward him.

"Take me away, quick! I want to go home."

"You've changed your mind?" "Yes, let us go," she panted, and when they were outside she walked so rapidly that he had difficulty in keeping pace with her. She was silent, and he knew better than to question, but when they arrived at her house he entered, took off his overcoat and turned up the light in the tiny parlor. She flung her wraps over a chair, storming back and forth like a little fury. Her eyes were starry with tears of anger, her face was flushed, her hands worked nervously. He leaned against the mantel, watching her through his cigar smoke.

"You needn't tell me," he said at length. "I know all about it."

"I am glad you do. I never could repeat what she said. Oh, it was brutal!" Her voice caught, and she bit her lip. "What made me ask them? Why didn't I keep still? After you left I went to those women and faced them. Oh, but they were brutal! Yet, why should I care?" She stamped her slippered foot.

"I shall have to kill that man some day," he said, flicking his cigar ashes into the grate.

"What man?" She stood still and looked at him.

"Glenister, of course. If I had thought the story would ever reach you I'd have shut him up long ago."

"It didn't come from him," she cried, hot with indignation. "He's a gentleman. It's that cat, Mrs. Champlain."

He shrugged his shoulders the slightest bit, but it was eloquent, and she noted it. "Oh, I don't mean that he did it intentionally—he's too decent a chap for that—but anybody's tongue will wag to a beautiful girl! My lady Malotte is a jealous trick."

"Malotte! Who is she?" Helen questioned curiously.

He seemed surprised. "I thought every one knew who she is. It's just as well that you don't."

"I am sure Mr. Glenister would not talk of me." There was a pause. "Who is Miss Malotte?"

He studied for a moment, while she watched him. What a splendid figure he made in his evening clothes! The cozy room with its shaded lights enhanced his size and strength and rugged outlines. In his eyes was that admiration which women live for. He lifted his bold, handsome face and met her gaze.

"I had rather leave that for you to find out, for I'm not much at scandal. I have something more important to tell you. It's the most important thing I have ever said to you, Helen." It was the first time he had used that name, and she began to tremble, while her eyes sought the door in a panic. She had expected this moment, and yet was not ready.

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Announcement!

Having purchased the stock and good will of F. C. Thomas' Stables I invite all my old friends and patrons to visit me and let me give prices on

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"That bet is off! The cases are wrong!"

sea smells struck him clean and fresh. As he went homeward he heard the distant full throated plaint of a wolf dog. It held the mystery and sadness of the north. He paused and, baring his thick, matted head, stood for a long time gathering himself together.

At the same moment Cherry Malotte came hurrying to her cottage door, fleeing as though from pursuit or from some hateful, haunted spot. She paused before entering and flung her arms outward into the dark in a wide gesture of despair.

"Why did I do it? Oh, why did I do

[Continued on page 5.]