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BY W. W. & W. R. BRADLEY.

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THE DAY'S EYE.

O margarites!
Vigilant margarites!
How your hillside home, from the sky to the river,
Shone in the summer heats,
With each of your silver selves a-quivre,
Beautiful margarites!
A hundred thousand hearts of gold
To greet the opening day,
A hundred thousand at night to fold
In silver leaves away.
O margarites!
Delicate margarites!
Oral hued petals, fringed and fine,
Umber hearts with the scent of pine,
You tangle across the autumn's path,
You nod at her from the limestone ledge,
A part of her beautiful aftermath,
You leave to the brown brook's edge,
Or, lost in the heart of the cedar woods,
You scatter in fragrant showers,
To woo her steps to your solitudes,
Beautiful margarites!
—Fanny K. Johnson in Youth's Companion.

LOGICAL ARRANGEMENT OF THOUGHT

A Couple of Illustrative Incidents in a Preacher's Experience.

The appended anecdotes concerning the late President Robinson are given to the public so characteristic and too good to be lost. They are from the recollection of the Rev. Dr. A. J. Sage:
"Once in the classroom Dr. Robinson was expatiating on the importance of careful logical arrangement of thought in discourse, when he drew the following illustration from his own experience: 'Once, when I was preaching, a peculiar incident occurred. I had gone through my introduction and first division, when my memory failed me. I could not recall my second division, but instead of it came up the first point of the application. After vainly trying to recall the missing head, I stated to the congregation that for a special reason I would pass at once to the application. I did so, and when I had discussed the first point, the missing part of my discourse came back to me and I went through it all without further difficulty. On reaching home I set myself down to inquire the meaning of this incident, when I discovered that that which I had planned as the first point of my application should have been really the second division of the sermon. The mind in the activity of speaking had been more loyal to its own principles than I had permitted it to be in the toll of preparation.'
"The doctor was speaking to the class on the importance of keeping the mind free from preoccupying and disturbing thoughts when about to speak extempore. He said: 'I was on my way to preach one Sunday morning, absorbed in my discourse, when a gentleman met me who said, 'Have you heard that—' and he was going to marry Miss—' mentioning two persons in whom I was interested, whose marriage would be particularly unsuitable. The suggestion took possession of my mind, and in spite of my best efforts I could not get rid of it. All through my sermon my thoughts were full of the haunting idea of that unfortunate mistake. My discourse was a failure. You may imagine that my feeling toward the source of this ill timed information was not exceedingly amiable. I could have helped him over a tall fence.'—New York Examiner.

Substitutes For Hay.

It is not an unusual occurrence that the weather in the spring is so dry that the hay crop is short or an almost total failure. It is strange that some way can be devised for irrigating the field to insure the farmer a good hay crop. There is no ration that will take the place of this, and the facilities for making sure of it are anything but satisfactory. Every farmer should set apart a certain portion of his low land for hay. In wet weather he is likely to have a good crop of hay, and in dry times a well cared for field of low land will do much to bridge over the time between late autumn and early spring, when there is nothing whatever out of doors for stock to eat. The practice of sowing millet, sorghum, cowpeas or crimson clover late in the season, when the indications are that fall pasture will be poor, and that the hay crop is altogether unsatisfactory, is becoming general. Cornstalks may be cut soon as the ears are ripe. The earlier they are cut the more nutritious they are and the more valuable for feeding. As a rule, farmers give too little attention to cornstalks, which, when properly cured, are among the most useful of food products for stock, especially so in the absence of an abundance of good hay. Rye makes a good crop, but should never be fed to cows that are giving milk, as it imparts an unpleasant flavor to the milk and is by many persons considered unwholesome.—New York Ledger.

The Mind and Action.

I once asked a class of 16 girls to think intently what it would feel like to lift the right hand and touch the left shoulder. After a few minutes had elapsed none of them confessed having felt a desire to do it. I then dropped the subject and spoke of something else. In a moment six actually did it. Most persons when concentrating attention upon the thought of what a given movement would feel like, find themselves becoming possessed of a desire to do it, and this desire marks the tendency of the thought to produce the movement. But as we not only feel but also see our movements, we find that the thought of what a movement looks like has also motor value and tends to produce it. This is also true of touches and ideas of touch—indeed all or nearly all mental states produce some motor changes in the body, but the motor effects of sensations and ideas of sound, taste and smell are relatively slight.—Professor W. R. Newbold in Popular Science Monthly.

London Restaurants.

In London we are now in advance of Paris in the matter of restaurants. To cite only one, the Savoy, not only is the cooking better, but the comfort and the surroundings are superior to anything in Paris. Wonderful is the progress that has been made. When I was a young man, there were literally no restaurants in London—nothing but the Blue Posts, or the Hummums in Covent Garden, and similar places, where the dinner was of the old-fashioned British inn type.—London Truth.

A man never realizes the superiority of woman so much as when he is sewing on a button without a thimble, pushing the needle against the wall to get it half way through and pulling it through the other half by hanging on to it with his teeth.

Nothing is richer than the inextinguishable wealth of nature. She shows us only wealth, but she is million fathoms deep.—Emerson.

The Egyptians used pencils of colored chalk, and several of these ancient crayons have been found in their tombs.

A MAD REVENGE.

My name is Morgan Grenoble, and today I have reached the turning point of my thirtieth year. People say that I look "odd" with almost snow white hair and wonder how it came to be thus to one so young.
Eight years ago on the 29th of this very month I stood at the altar with Laura Donstock.
I was a telegraph operator and was stationed at Wayburg, a station 20 miles from Stockton and at the terminus of the then D. G. and C. R. railway.
Returning from our honeymoon, I left my wife in Stockton and proceeded to Wayburg, intending to remain at my old post until relieved, which I thought would be in a few days, as my offered resignation had been accepted at headquarters. The engineer on the "up" train was Mark Moore, a rather handsome young fellow, who had been my rival for the hand of the woman I called my wife.
When the train stopped at Moreland's, I alighted from the passenger coach and walked forward to the engine. Mark was busily engaged oiling the machinery.
"How are you, Morgan?" he said as he stepped me and held out his hand. His disappointment seemed to have left him, and he was very pleasant. "Going to Wayburg?"
"Yes."
"Just get in with me, then," he said.
I replied that I would do so, and when the train moved away I was occupying a seat in the engine, chatting with the engineer.

"One hardly notices the ascent, but the descent is an entirely different thing. I was thinking, Morgan, what a terrible thing it would be if an engine with full power on were to become unmanageable at the top of the grade and dash away.
"And if a man bent on revenge were to place a fellow creature bound on the engine, what a terrible death he would hasten to with almost lightning rapidity!"
The following night was dark and tempestuous, and alone occupied the station, watching the little machine before me. That day a new engine had arrived, and Mark Moore had been put in charge of it. From 8 o'clock in the afternoon to 10 I saw him moving about the engine. Until 10 I watched the little machine. Then Mark opened the door and stepped into the small apartment.
"Are you receiving a dispatch, Morgan?" he asked.
"No, Mark. Why do you ask?"
"Because if you are not I wish you would leave the clickers a bit and come and look at my Red Bird by lantern light. I am going to run down grade to Chalmers, reverse the engine and run back. The train will not be due here for an hour, and I can go to Chalmers and return within 20 minutes."
I walked into the great temporary shed where the new and beautiful engine stood, ready to run off at the command of its master.

"I dare not be so long absent from my post at this hour, Mark."
"Pooh, man, there's no danger. You must go with me, Mark."
But I snatched my lantern from the ground and then sprang erect.
"You shall, Morg Grenoble!" he cried, and before I could answer him he dashed me to the earth and planted his knees on my breast.
"Not a word out of you, Morg," he said fiercely, producing a rope. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. You know we were discussing the consequences attending the rush of a maddened engine down the grade. I reckon I won't go to Chalmers, but will send you clear to the bottom of the grade."
"Mark Moore, you are mad," I said.
"Would you murder me in cold blood and others who are coming up on the 11:10 passenger?"
"Yes," he said coldly.
I might have resisted, but resistance would have availed me nothing, for I was constitutionally weak, while he was a lion.

"There!" he said at last as he closed the furnace door. "Everything is ready for your ride. You'll go right through Stockton, but I reckon you won't have time to stop to speak to loving Laura. Goodby, Morg. Write when you get to the foot of the grade."
The engine was moving, and he leaped off.
"May heaven have mercy on your soul, Mark Moore!" I shouted after him.
The grade between Wayburg and Chalmers was quite steep, and before I reached the little town the speed of the Red Bird and its tender seemed to rival that of the telegraph.
The towns with their glimmering lights appeared and were gone in a flash.
The manner in which I was bound permitted me to look out of the window.
I did so, and Stockton, the home of my wife, greeted me with its many lights.
Ahead I saw many people waiting for the 11:10 passenger.
The next moment I was carried past them.
I saw their astonished faces and heard a piercing shriek.
I recognized the voice as my wife's.
There was one hope for me—just one.
Perhaps the operator at Stockton had telegraphed down the grade, and, thus warned, the coming train would switch and save its passengers from death.
Looking out, I saw far ahead the glaring headlights of the southern train.
To me it looked as though it stood on my track. Evidently the train had not been warned.
Suddenly I heard a man shout, "Stand back!" and then, crash! all was dark!

"Is he injured much?" somebody asked.
Sympathizing faces bent over me, and a surgeon was examining my wounds.
"The ties stopped the engine," said the surgeon. "We received a telegram from Stockton informing us that the new engine was rushing down the grade. The southern train was switched off upon its arrival here, and we set to work to pile innumerable ties on the track, which, thank heaven, checked your mad career."
"Telegraph to Stockton," I said, "to my wife."
It seemed as though every bone in my body was broken, and I cannot tell how I ever survived through the prostration that followed.
But I did, to find my hair rivaling the spotless purity of the snow and snows' feet on my youthful forehead.
My rival was never tried, for the third day following his arrest he was conveyed to an asylum, a hopeless maniac.—Exchange.

In Disgrace.

"I understand Susie Smartweed was dropped from the hospital service in disgrace."
"Yes. She used the chief surgeon's best knife to sharpen her lead pencil."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Catfish.

Miss Passe—Dear me! One cannot cross the street without a lot of horrid men staring at one.
Maud Ebbel—They don't look more than once, do they, dear?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ROMANS LIKE SECRECY.

Do Not Want Strangers to See Their Household Arrangements.

It seems to be a part of the real simplicity of the Italian Latin to put on a quite useless look of mystery on all occasions, and to assume the air of a conspirator when buying a cabbage, and more than one great foreign writer has fallen into the error of believing the Italian character to be profoundly complicated. One is apt to forget that it needs much deeper duplicity to maintain an appearance of frankness under trying circumstances than to make a mystery of one's marketing and a profound secret of one's cookery. There are few things which the poor Italian more dislikes than to be watched when he is buying and preparing his food, though he will ask any one to share it with him when it is ready, but he is almost as prone to hide everything else that goes on inside his house unless he has fair warning of a visit and full time to prepare himself for it.
This is perhaps not entirely a race peculiarity, but rather a survival of medieval life as it was all over Europe. There are pretty clear indications in our own literature that the ladies and gentlemen of two or three hundred years ago did not like to be caught unprepared by inquisitive visitors. The silks and satins in which they are portrayed would not have lasted a little time, as they did, if they had been worn every day. As for the cleanliness of those times, the less said about it the better.
In Rome there was a long period during which not a single aqueduct was in working order, and it was a trade to clear a supply of water out of the Tiber from a portion of the yellow mud by letting it settle in reservoirs, and to sell it in the streets for household purposes. Who washed in those days? It is safer to ask the question now than it would have been then. Probably those persons washed who were the fortunate owners of a house well or a rainwater cistern, and those who had neither did not. Perhaps that was very much the same all over Europe. It is certainly to the credit of Trastevere that it is not a dirty place today by Italian standards.—Marion Crawford in Century.

MARY ANDERSON'S WARDROBE.

When She Had but One Stage Costume For Five Five Act Plays.

Three months elapsed between Mary Anderson's first appearance on the stage and her second performance, "a heart-breaking interval," writes Mrs. De Navarino in The Ladies' Home Journal. Manager Macaulay of Louisville then offered her the theater again for a week, and she presented the chief roles in five plays—"Fazio," "The Hunchback," "Evdadne," "The Lady of Lyons" and "Romeo and Juliet." Of her first week's engagement she writes: "At the end of the week I was in debt to the manager for the sum of \$1, the house having been large enough only to cover the running expenses. All I had gained by a week of hard work was a sad heart and a very sore throat. Besides, creditors became unpleasantly importunate, for my scanty wardrobe was not yet paid for. This consisted of a white satin dress, simply made, which did service for all the parts. It sparkled in silver trimmings for Juliet, was covered with pink roses for Evdadne and cloudy with white lace for Pauline. The uniform of the gown owed its many changes to the nimble and willing fingers of my mother, who spent much time each day in its metamorphoses. "A train of velveteen, a white muslin dress and a modern black silk gown, which, like Mrs. Toodles, we thought would be so useful, but which had to be discarded after its first appearance, completed my wardrobe—surely a meager one for five plays of five acts each, requiring at least 12 very different costumes, financial as well as artistic hopes for that week and were disappointed in both. But it proved more successful than was at first thought, for shortly after, Ben De Bar, one of the greatest Falstaffs of his time, engaged me for six nights at his St. Louis theater. At the end of that time found myself in his debt for the sum of \$600, but the houses had steadily improved, and the press was filled with long articles enthusiastic about the present and full of predictions about the future."

The Swiss Bands.

The Swiss bands marched to the music of life and drum or of their own voices, the notation of one of their marching songs being still preserved. The forest cantons also sent a horn with their companies, which instruments were known by nicknames, Bull of Uri, Cow of Unterwalden, and the like. Their sound was long a note of terror to the men of Austria and Burgundy, and made a grand rallying cry for the Swiss in action. But apart from this, these horns appear to be the origin of the bugle horns which still appear on the appointments of our light infantry, and have displaced the drum as the distinctive instrument of the foot soldier. Each company of course had a flag of its own, which on march or in action was posted in the center under a guard of halberds. Whence the main body sometimes was called by the name of the banner (banner). The Swiss were distinguished by the small size of their flags; the landsknechts, on the contrary, to accentuate the difference between themselves and their hated rivals, carried enormous ensigns, and made great play with them. Other nations chose a happy mean between the two.
Uniform was of course a thing virtually unknown in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, though the Swiss, if we are to trust old woodcuts, wore the white cross on a red ground even at Sempach.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Sad Case.

A little girl went with her mother to see a lady who was an assiduous collector of china, and in whose parlor were cabinets filled with her trophies, besides odd plates and dishes, bearing indisputable marks of age, which hung in conspicuous places on the walls.
The child sat quietly during the long call, and while her mother and the china collector talked of matters of mutual interest she looked about her with big, wondering eyes.
"Mamma," she said thoughtfully as she was getting ready for bed that night, "don't you feel sorry for poor Mrs. Haskell without any kitchen?"
"Without any kitchen, child? What do you mean?" asked her mother.
"Why, didn't you see?" asked the little girl in a tone of great surprise. "She has to keep all her dishes in the parlor."—Philadelphia Record.

Universalist Leader.

Two Pictures.
An old farmhouse with meadows wide
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about
And wishes his one thought all day:
"Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"
Amid the city's constant din
A man who round the world has been,
Who, mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh, could I only tread once more
The field path to the farmhouse door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"
—Universalist Leader.

GEMS IN VERSE

The Blizzard.
Make way, make way;
This is my crowning day!
Make way for the blizzard king!
I claim the earth;
She is mine from birth;
O'er her breast I rave and sing.
I wrap her tight;
Pinned on by my crystals pure.
Her bare brown knees
And her naked toes
I hide in my robes secure.
Make way, make way
For a giant's play!
Make way for my royal rout.
The oak trees groan,
And the hemlocks moan,
For the great wild winds are out!
No bird can rest,
On my leaving breast;
No boat can sail on the sea.
E'en man, proud man,
Must defer his plan
And leave all the world to me.
Make room, make room,
For the blizzard's boom;
Make room for my polar waves!
For death off steals
In eddies and rings
And many a victim craves.
The iron horse shrieks,
And his engine creaks
In race with my flying steeds.
I blow the breath
Of his tragic death
Far out o'er the prairie roads.
Aside, aside!
Let the frost king ride!
Look out for my streaming hair!
It curls and swings
In eddies and rings
Through the vales and frozen aits.
Thick robes of down
O'er me and town
I fling as I hasten by,
With howl and roar
Then off to the mountains high!
—Townsend Allen.

The Seven Ages of a Race Horse.

First, the foal,
Wobbly and nursing at its mother's side,
And then the whinnying colt, with gentle eyes
And softly floating mane, friking in paddock,
Nibbling luscious green. Then comes the saddle,
Nervously fought at first, with many a kick,
But later borne with grace. Then daily training,
Months of pampering care and trials on a track,
Traveling and racing under clever hands,
Eager to records make or break.
With cup or land fat prize.
Then strain and as a "selling plater" bartered;
His days of money earning nipped in bud,
For him no more the soft caress of hand,
And he has played his part. The sixth age shows
The horse of gentle breed docked and drawing cab
At least 12 years of age, eyes bulging and mark of whiplash strike, eyes bulging and mark of whiplash strike, and the full, deep breath
Once drawn in measure strong labors
And whistles in its sound. Last scene of all
That ends this strange, pathetic history,
For which "twere mercy to improve oblivion,
Sans tail, sans sight, sans strength, sans everything."
—Florence M. Blair in Rider and Driver.

Best Healer in the World.

Rev. F. Starbuck, of East Raymond, Maine, says: "I have used Bucklen's Arnica Salve for several years, on my old army wound, and other obstinate sores, and find it the best healer in the world. I use it too with great success in my veterinary business." Price 25c at Speed's drug store.

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Youth protesting impatiently;
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Only a little backache first.
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J. W. Powell, proprietor of a general store and coal, wood and ice dealer of Waverly, living at 2010 Blanding St., Columbia, S. C., says: "My son has been afflicted with kidney and urinary trouble from childhood, being unable to control the secretions especially when asleep. Since using Doan's Kidney Pills he has entirely recovered."

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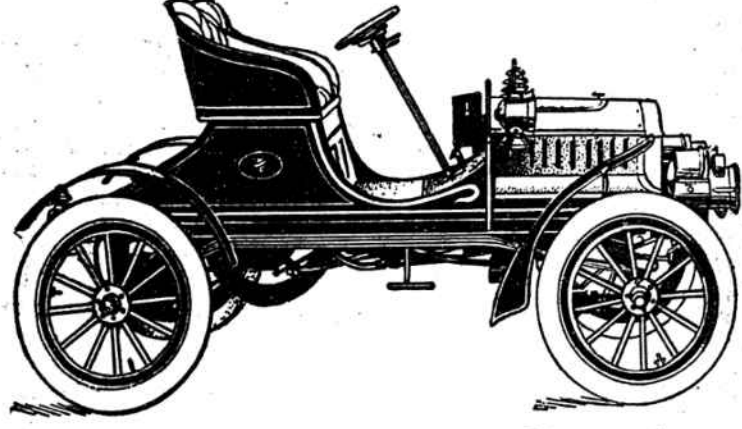
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