

THE GARRET OF OUR STATUTE BOOK.

In almost every home there is a garret, a cuddly hole, a plunder room, into which or thro which the accumulations of a generation are stored away.

The garret sometimes runs over with two-legged chairs, rat-nest carpeting, disabled rockers seats of old paper's congressional record, ect.

Year after year these garrets are filled up with things that ought to go to the junk man, things that have absolutely no value.

It is not very different with our statute book. Old obsolete laws which have served their day and generation are relegated to the statute garret until the garret is full and running over.

Senator Graton spying the thing at once set about to get the sightless old relic of Henry the VIII back to the garret no, not to the garret but to the trash heap and ash hopper, where it properly belongs.

Senator Graton is to be complimented on his good taste in removing such a thing from the front parlor of the statute book. This suggests that there are other laws on our statute book that ought to have the blue pencil run thro them.

Great interest is awakened in corn culture. Counties all over the state are forming corn clubs and preparing for a great year in demonstration work.

It costs nothing to join. Each boy is to plant just one acre. He may select his own land. He may choose his own fertilizer.

Almost any school boy can work an acre of corn and never miss a day at school or a lesson on account of the corn.

Write to him give him your name and enter the lists. He has called a meeting see his notice elsewhere.

New Law as to Bagging and Ties.

"That from and after the approval of this act it shall be unlawful for any person firm or corporation engaged in the business of buying cotton in this State as principal or agent, to deduct any sum for bagging or ties from the weight of any bale of cotton, when the same is properly packed and wrapped in not more than nine yards of bagging and six ties, of the kind that is now used in the custom of trade."

Old Farmer honestly thinks that there is not an officer in the entire land who is not receiving more pay than he deserves, more money than he is worth, "Old Farmer" is perfectly honest about it, he earnestly, honestly, believes what he says.

The above is the text of a bill offered by Mr. Wells to prevent any deduction for bagging and ties in the buying and selling of cotton.

It is a good law and ought to pass. The farmers of the South have been berated because of the way they pack their cotton, and in many instances justly so.

Let them pay for the packing. The great French Astronomer and star gazer, Camille Flammarion, has made a statement to the effect that by his calculations the tail of Halley's comet will envelope the earth on May the nineteenth.

For several hours the comet will brandish her fiery caudal appendage in our faces. The comet will pass between the earth and the sun at 2 o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth.

What is the effect of the comet's tail snishing over our little home world will be to be seen. She is coming on this home stretch at millions of miles per day and will soon be visible to the eyes without the aid of any glass.

That Ground Hog. What is he? We all mixed up on wood chuck and wood cock and ground hog and ground squirrel and chip monk et alias res, and we do not know our grounds on the Ground Hog question.

Natural history says his habitat is from Maine to South Carolina, that he is 18 inches long, that he is good to eat, that he is also called wood chuck from a Cree Indian word, of chuck which has no connection with the word "wood"—but what is he? Is he a native of Abbeville county? Have you seen him?

We cannot accept his weather prognostications until we become better acquainted with him. Some one will please give us an introduction to him.

Mr. Hall Improving. Mr. Garry Hall is rapidly improving. Mr. Hall has many friends here who are anxious to see him restored to health.

Old Farmer. In the Laurensville Herald of last week is an interesting and spicy piece anent taxes, written by "Old Farmer."

"Old Farmer" is one of these fellows who looks on taxes and the plague with the same emotions. "Old Farmer" was red in the face when he finished his remarks on Governor Ansel's asking for higher salaries.

back the "good old days" when he hauled his cotton a score of miles to market, before the railway put in its appearance the "good old days" of wooden plow stocks and guano hords.

Old Farmer would rather ford a creek than to cross on an iron bridge. He would rather ride 400 miles, mule back, than put in a telephone. He would rather smell fire and brimstone than the smoke of a gasoline engine.

High Bread. Many causes are attributed to the high price of living. The Democrat says it is the tariff. The Republican says that it is the Democrat's monkeying with the tariff that has brought about such a state of affairs.

Again, in the Spring of the year eggs are very plentiful. In the Spring of the year eggs are cheap, 15 cents per dozen. In the fall of the year eggs are scarce. In the Spring of the year yams are worth \$1.00 per bushel.

Again, in the Spring of the year watermelons are scarce. In June watermelons bring fancy prices. In August watermelon are plentiful. In August watermelons are cheap. One year we make fourteen million bales of cotton. In that year cotton sells for 14 cents.

Having noticed all these things it is difficult for us to go to tariff or some book on astronomy for an explanation for the present high cost of living.

EAST END.

What "M" Sees and Hears on His Rounds About the City and Along Route No. 3. Last Saturday an examination was held in the Court House by Postmaster Tolbert for census enumerators for Abbeville county.

Mr. Tom Stallings, Abbeville's express agent, who has been very ill for several months, is now slowly improving. His nurse left Monday for her home in Chester.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl C. Page after an extended visit to their home people left Monday for their home in Columbia.

Mr. Sallie Hammond and Mr. J. J. Blanchard of this city were married at the home of the bride in Fort Pickens last Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock by Rev. Dr. A. C. Wilkins.

Miss Clara Wham has been elected as teacher of the Factory School to succeed Miss Rosa Maxwell.

Miss Lizzy Fenney is spending several days in the city last Saturday and Sunday with her cousin, Miss Emma Penney of Sharon.

Rev. Henry Stokes is suffering from a severe cold, and was so hoarse last Sunday morning that he was unable to preach, although he conducted the other services and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Mr. John Tarrant of Mt. Carmel, with his two pretty daughters, were among the welcome guests in the city last Monday. Also our old friend, Mr. John Wells.

Mr. Claude Gambrell was out on Route 3 last week looking after the sick. President Lincoln's birthday has not been made a legal holiday. Therefore the R. F. D. boys will not have it as a holiday.

GEMS IN VERSE.

The Little Streets. "Tomorrow I'll do it," says Bennie. "I will by and by," says Beth. "Not now—pretty soon," says Jennie. "In a minute," says little Beth.

If I were you, I'd see my path of duty So plain and straight, without a curve or bend And walk upon it, without swerve or falter, From life's beginning straightway to its end.

If I were you, I'd live upon a pittance And save up money for a rainy day And never buy a thing upon several weeks' time, but of pleasure by the way, And then I'd be so cheerful, never blue, I would, if I were you.

If I were you, I'd stay in old inebriates And be consistent all the way along. No matter what the strong arm of life is Temptation, trials, sorrows, loss among, All this and more I'd do, I would, if I were you.

If I were you, I'd find some gentle woman Who gave you sweetness, trust and sympathy, I would not turn to them for consolation, But seek alone the barren friendship tree, Nor so find a broader mental view, And, no; I would not—not if I were you.

If I were you, I'd see my path of duty So plain and straight, without a curve or bend And walk upon it, without swerve or falter, From life's beginning straightway to its end.

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Our 3rd Year Here

Has just closed, and we wish to thank our friends and patrons for their liberal patronage during the past year and respectfully solicit a continuance of same.

Our Business is Growing

We have many more customers today than we had a year ago—people from quite a distance are trading with us. They say that our stock is the equal and our prices a little better than some of our neighboring towns.

Our Greatest Aim

Is to hold our customers—we want every one of them satisfied—and in order to accomplish this we will make greater efforts then ever before to keep

The largest and best stock of building material carried in this section.

Some of the things we control here are just a little better; we mention a few of them—

Gaffney Lime, Acme Cement Plaster, Lehigh Portland Cement, Magnolia and Paroid Roofing.

When in need of any of these brands remember we are their agents. Yours very truly,

Abbeville Lumber Co.,

SAME OLD STAND, PHONE No. 2.

The Class of Patrons a Store Has is the Best Evidence of the Kind of Goods it Sells.

Why? Simply because we carry the kind of goods discriminating people want—the choicest of everything.

ELECTA COFFEE

A coffee of rare flavor—made so by handling the world's choicest crop in the one best way, from picking to packing, so as to produce a coffee of highest quality.

House for Sale

I will sell my house and lot on Vienna Street, the house formerly owned by S. J. Link, on easy terms.

Abbeville-Greenwood MUTUAL INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Property Insured, \$1,850,000 February 1st, 1910.

J. B. BIAKE, Gen. Agent Abbeville, S. C.

J. FRASEY LYON, Pres. Abbeville, S. C.

Wanted a Crutch. When Editor J. P. Soseman, of Cornelia, N. C., bruised his leg badly, it started an ugly sore.

Took All His Money. Of an all man earns goes to doctors or for medicines, to cure a Stomach, Liver or Kidney trouble that Dr. King's New Life Pills would quickly cure at slight cost.

LaGrippe pains that pervade the entire system, LaGrippe coughs that rack and strain, are quickly cured by Foley's Kidney Pills.

Blue Bidge Railway Co.

Table with columns for Station, Eastbound, and Westbound times.

Foley's Kidney Pills

What They Will Do for You They will cure your backache, strengthen your kidneys, correct urinary irregularities, build up the worn out tissues, and eliminate the excess uric acid that causes rheumatism.