PLANTERS LOAN AND SAVINGS

President.

Chas. C. Howard.

Pays Interest

VOL. LXVIII.

There they stood in the failing light;

As plain to be read as open books;

And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

And their life-blood went to color the tide.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1903.

NO 36.

Cashier.

ROLL CALL.

"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear, From the lips of the soldier who stood Two stalwart soldiers into the line, Bearing between them this fierbert Kline, Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

And "Here!" was the word the next replied. "Ezra Kerr!"-and a voice answered, "Cvrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man hat seen him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell. "Here!"—but no man replied,

winds sighed, And a shudder crept through the cornfield

These men of battle, with grave, dark looks, "Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke: 'Deane carried our regiment's colors," he

"Where our ensign was shot I left him While slowly gathered the shades of night. The fern on the hillsides was splashed with Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him drink; And down in the corn where the popples Were redder stains than the popples knew; He murmured his mother's name, I think and Death came with it and closed his eyes.

For the fee had crossed from the other side For that company's roll, when called at That day, in the face of a murderous fire.

That swept them down in its terrible ire night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight Numbered buttwenty that answered "Here! -Nathaniel Graham Shepherd.

my reward-my wife? Don't you call

ters and gifts to Kate Oakes? Every

The man's voice, slow and dazed:

"My letters to Kate! My gifts to Kate

There was a mistake somewhere. Why

Dolly, surely Kate gave you all the let

ters and gifts I sent her? You remem-

ber your father was displeased because

I would not study law, and when I

would not write to each other during

spirit; I could not write to you, but

I did write to Kate for you. She was

voice, sweet, tender, almost joyous:

"Do you know, Jack, I love this bit

of rocky coast better than any other

spot on earth! Nowhere else in all the

world are the sunsets so beautiful. Just

look at the sky now! That perfect

"Do you remember the first summer

you came down here with Tom? You

were a big, handsome college boy, and

I was a spoiled child, who would go

everywhere with you and Tom. You

were so good to me always, and so pa-

tient. Do you remember how we used

to fish from that level rock down close

to the sea? You used to carry me in

"You came here every summer after

that." The voice became low and sad:

And when Tom died-I was sixteen

that I could not love him. Do you re-

member how a begged you to be my

came the best summer of all, whon-

you know what happened, and we plan-

name and fame you would win. I was

so proud of you, and we were very hap-

bear it. If only I had known!"

me that you loved me before!"

The man's voice, hoarsely: "Don't

The woman's voice, ineffably tender:

"It doesn't matter so much, now that

we know, Jack. You did love me, and

The man's voice, brokenly: "Loved

you, Dolly, little sweetheart! Did I

The woman's voice, quickly: "No

no, Jack! We have no right no. But

know, and life is not so very long, and

The man's voice, deep, tender, trem-

love you? Oh, Dolly, I have always-

brother in Tom's place?"

then-you came down here to comfort

your arms over all the rough places.

glory of color would drive Turner mad

Twas a victory; yes, but it co t us dear-

An Undercurrent.

By Florella Estes.

There was a man's voice, and a years, buoyed up by my faith in you, woman's, and through them both the and the thought that you were to be insistent voice of the sea.

The woman's voice, clear, trainante, that a cruel blow. Don't? My God! I began in a superficial, well-bred so- was nearly crazed! ciety tone: "How strange, Mr. Dwight, The woman's voice, frantic with that we should meet here after-dear pain: "Stop, you shall not talk so to met dare not thin; how many years! me. It was you who were faithless. Do So unexpected, but delightful, I am you think I did not know of your let-

The man's voice, deep, musical, for- one in our set knew, for she boasted of mal, replied: "I do not think it very your devotion to her. Oh, my heart strange, Mrs. Van Ness. The places one was broken, and my pride hurt beyond knew in one's youth always have a endurance! And when Mr. Van Ness strong attraction, and draw one back asked me to marry him, I was gladto mera soon or late. But perhaps it is glad although I did not love him-for somewhat singular that we both should as his wife no one would ever know cheose this summer for our visit to how you had hurt me. And six months old Nanepachenict-after so long an later you married Kate." absence. Pardon me, I think you said Silence, broken only by a quivering this is your first visit since-

The woman's voice, quickly, "Yes." Doubtfully, "I don't know that it was really very prudent for us to come down to the rocks together."

The man's voice, hastily: "Why, not, Mrs. Van Ness? What harm can come from it?' The woman's voice, hesitatingly

"Oh, no real harm, of course; only went to Germany to complete my -you know people might say unkind studies, he made us promise that we things-because-The man's voice, coldly: "Because we my absence, hoping our love would

are married, and your husband and my die of silence and separation. I kept wife are at their hotels, you were go- the letter of my promise, but not the The woman's voice, wistfully: "Yes. I did write to Kate for you. She was People do not know that we are old such a friend to us both, and she knew

friends-such very old friends-and- our situation. I believed I could trust The man's voice, dryly: "Oh, yes,

very pleasant; but one doesn't know just where to begin when-" After a pause the woman's impatiently: "When what?"
The man's voice, slowly: "When

there are things to be left out-things we can't talk about." 21. . . .

Silence a moment, then the man's voice, lightly: "Well, Mrs. Van Ness, you certainly have had no reason to complain of your lot during the last ten years. Ten years! It doesn't seem possible. You are not changed in the least. I could fancy you just the same little Dol-I was going to say you have had a very brilliant career, if one may trust the society columns of our newspapers. I have read very often about the beautiful Van Ness, her gowns and Courts of Europe, her dinners and re- me; for I had no one in all the world ceptions in New York, her charities, and everything else that goes to make up the life of a rich and fashionable

The woman's voice, quiet and even "And you? Surely you have been hap- Silence. The woman's voice, clear py, for you have accomplished the and happy: "And two years after things you planned to do. If the papers have kept you informed of my frivolous life, they have at the same ned your future, and talked of the time told me of your achievements in the world of science."

The man's voice, indifferently: "Hap- py, and-" py? Ah, well! I have had my work. Earnestly: "Yes, thank God, I have Dolly! For God's sake, don't! I can't had my work; it has been everything Slowly and thoughtfully: "And yet I have not accomplished what I once hoped to do-what I ought tohave done-in ten years. Somehow, I you were true to me? Say it again, lost a great deal of my early ambition. Jack. It can't be wrong for you to tell

Things have not seemed worth while." A pause, then the man's voice, almost timidly: "You have been hapру?"

The woman's voice, cynically: "We modern society women have little time it won't be so hard to bear, now we to think whether we are happy or not. We do not probe our deeper feelings to know if they still live." A bitter lit- perhaps, sometime-somewhere-" A tle laugh, "Society has no use for little catching sob. deep feelings, and we cannot afford to cultivate anything which society does ulous: "God bless you, little sweetheart! God help us both!" not dernand."

The man's voice, softly: "You have

The gorgeous crimson and yellow of the sunset had faded to dull purple, The woman's low and tremulous: "I and twilight had fallen on sea and children, perhaps?" land. The fretful voice of the sea had had one. She was but a little thing grown soft and slumbrous with the when-if only she had lived!" ebbing time, and peace brooded every-The man's voice, tenderly: "Forgive where, save in the hearts of the chilme, I did not know. I have had no

A man and a woman arose from the ock, and, ar they passed the niche Silence a moment. The man's voice, where I, unseen, had witnessed the quietly: "Ah, well! I suppose no man's pageant of departing day, and had life is just what he planned it to be. heard rehearsed the supreme tragedy He must do his duty as he sees it, and of life, the man raised the woman's let happiness take care of itself. I have hand to his lips, and gazed silently on tried to do that all these years. But I have always longed to know that you her uplifted face, glorified with the love which through all time "endures, were happy with the lot you had chosand is patient."-The Household-Leden. I have tried hard not to blame you,

thought it was a cruel blow, Dolly, a The woman's voice, hot and bitter: "You talk of unkind thoughts! You talk of a cruel blow! I think you have forgotten who struck that blow."

certainly was not I."

had done it. do you mean, Dolly? I don't understand. In God's name, don't you call it a cruel deed for you to have married another man the day before I reached my bedrom window! you know how much I loved you, and I looked at all the windows before I silences, had rejoined the world of that I had worked hard those long did it!"-New York News.

PRIVACY OF THE SEA. "Herbert Kline!" At the call there came LANDSMEN HAVE AN ADEQUATE IDEA OF ITS VASTNESS.

Voyage of Three Months and Its Impressions Upon the Traveler-They were brothers, these two; the sad

> which they live glides gently and leisurely forward, their impatience grows until in some it almost amounts to a disease. This condition of mind is not favorable, to say the least, to a calm study of the characteristic features of ocean itself. Fow, indeed, are the passengers and fewer still are the sailors who will for the delight of the thing spend hour after hour perched upon some commanding point in wideeyed sight strengthening gaze out upon

Upon those who do there grors steadily a sense of the most complete privacy, a solemn aloofness belonging to the seas. The infrequent vessel, gentle though her progress may be through the calm waters of the tropics, still strikes them as an intruder upon this realm of silence and loneliness. The voices of the crew grate harshly inon the ear as with a sense of desecration such as one feels upon hearing loud conversation in the sacred peace vessel heaves in sight, a tiny mark hard as the men. The scow is tighter

a point from which the eye can faintly calculate the immensity of her sur-

roundings. This sense of solitude induced by contemplation of the ocean is exceedingly marked even on the best frequented routes and the most crowded (?) waters. To enter into it fully, however, it is necessary to sail either in a cable ship, a whaler, or an old slow-going merchant sailor that gets drifting out of the track of vessels. Even in the English channel one cannot but feel how much room there is. In spite of our knowledge of the numbers of ships that pass and repass without ceasing along what may truthfully be termed the most frequented highway in the watery world, there is an undoubtedly reasonable sense induced by its contemplation that however much the dry land may become overcrowded the sea will always be equal to whatever demands may be made upon it for space. There are many harbors in the world, at any rate landlocked bays that may rightly be called harbors, wherein the fleets of all the nations might line in comfort. And their disappearance from the open sea would leave no sense of loss. So wide is old ocean's bosom. Perhaps this is even now more strongly marked than it was fifty years ago. The wonderful exactitude with which the steam fleets of the world keep to certain weldefined tracks leave the intermediate breadths unvisited from year to year. They are private places whither he who should desire to hide himself from the eyes of men might hide and be certain that but for the host of heaven, the viewless wind, and the silent myriads beneath, he would indeed be alone. They are of the secret places of the Almighty.

Occasionally the great steamships that lay for us the connecting nerves of civilization penetrate these arcana, for their path must be made on the shortest line between two continents heedless of surface tracks. And the wise men who handle these wonderful handmaids of science know how private are the realms through which they steadily steam, leaving behind them the thin black line along which shall presently flash at lightning speed the thought-essence of mankind. The whaler, alas! is gone; the old leisurely South Seaman to whom time was a thing of no moment. Her ruler knew that his best prospect of finding the prey he sought was where no keel disturbed the sensitive natural vibrations of the wave. So these vessels saw more of sea solitude than any others. Saw those weird spaces unvisited even by wind, great areas of silky surface into whose peaceful glades hardly rolled a gently undulating swell bearing silent evidence of storms raging half a world away. So, too, upon occasion, did, and does, a belated sailing ship such as one we met in the southern seas bound from the united kingdom to Auckland that had been then nine months on her passage. Into what dread sea solitudes she had One day mother called Tommy and intruded. How many, many days had Mabei to go down the garden with elapsed during which she was the solitary point rising from the shining plain into the upper air. Her crew had a wistful look upon their faces, as of men whose contact with the world they dimly remembered had been effectually cut off. And truly to many,

All the tracks along which ships travel are but threads traversing these private waters, just litle spaces like a trail across an illimitable desert. And oven there the simile fails, because the track across the ocean plain is imaginary. It is traced by the passing keel and immediately it is gone. And the tiny portion of the sea surface thus furrowed is but the minutest fraction of the immeasurable spaces wherein is enthroned the privacy of the sea .--London Spectator.

CITY'S PIER DWELLERS.

Queer Abodes for a Part of New York's Population.

When an alarm of fire was sounded last Monday from the foot of East Sixty-second street the firemen hustled out of their quarters with all the speed they were capable of, as the alarm had been sent in from the neighborhood of Flower hospital, which is at Sixtythird street and avenue A.

The firemen were greatly relieved to find that the fire was not in the hospital, but they were surprised to find that it was on the pier. As the engines and trucks, the fire patrol wagons and the battalion chief raced down Sixty-second street from First avenue they saw a mass of black smoke rising apparently from the East river, and they at first thought that some vessel was on fire, but they soon got near enough to understand the situation.

"Another dock on fire and the last one was only a week ago," one fireman said to another.

Burning piers are of recent occurrence, and, in the opinion of firemen, unless something is done to change the conditions which are favorable to the origin of such fires there will yet be a disastrous blaze on the water front. There is a Street Cleaning Department dump at the foot of East Sixty-second street and it was under the dump that the fire started. Considerable damage was done to the pler, the dump and the scow which was tied up there before the blaze was extinguished. Luckily, the flames did not extend to any of the shipping in the neighborhood.

The firemen made an investigation as to what started the blaze, and so did the inspectors of the street cleaning department, and they decided that ians who have their home under the such as it is men, women and child en Home and Farm. live there. The men are engaged in the work of "trimming" the scows, which carry the city's refuse to its final destination. The trimming consists in sorting the paper, rags and other material which may be turned into

come along and empty their loads into the scow.

Then the men, women and children scramble about with iron hooks, turning over the refuse. In warm weather the children have but little clothing on, but their half naked bodies are coated thickly with dirt. The women, too, are scantily clad, for they live in semidarkness under the dump when not at work on the scow, and when so engaged they are not on public view except from passing boats.

They live under the dump winter and summer. They cook, eat and sleep there, and not even the close proximity of so much water can keep them clean. There are a number of such dumps along the North and East rivers, where Italian families are domiciled, and whose lives are passed amid the surroundings of the city's refuse. Truant officers don't think of going

there for children of a school age. It was found that the fire last Monday was caused by the family cooking stove falling to pieces while the woman was at work on the scow. The family midday meal was on the stove, but the arrival of several loaded street cleaning carts induced the woman io dren and the boarders in trimming the

A similar fire occurred in one of the dumps further up the East river a short time ago. The firemen say the matter is serious, from the fact that such fires are a menace to shipping .-New York Sun.

The Force of Imagination.

Max O'Rell died as he had lived, passing humorous messages about among his friends. During his tour through Australia some years ago death was once close upon him, as it seemed to him at the time. Lying in bed one night in a Bush hostelry, worried by mosquitoes and thinking of the snakes against which he had been warned, he became aware of the presence alongside him of a cold, treacherous snake, probably a death adder, as it was only about three feet long. Death from the bite of this playful adder is rapid and painless, and the Frenchman recorded afterwards his reflection that it was better perhaps to die that way than of gout or rheumatism. After an hour of agony, however, he slipped out of bed, struck a light, and went about the room searching for the favorite walking stick he had carried specially for defence against reptiles. After a weary and nervous hunt he found it at last among the disordered bedclothes!-London

Sugared Timber. periments, of a method of so treating and hardness. The treatment to which the timber is subjected is, roughly speaking, that of saturation at boiling high temperature. The result is to leave the pores and interstices of the news of her safety came in the nature of a message of resurrection. Books of account concerning her had to be reopened, mourning garments laid aside. She had returned from the any tendency to split or crack.-London Globe.

It is rather difficult to give the di-

mension of a creamery to suit all conditions. However, there is this fact to be borne in mind: The working rooms of a creamery should be built small, compact and convenient, in or der to save labor in keeping the creamery clean. As an approximate estimate I should say that a creamery handling milk from 400 to 600 cows should contain from 900 to 1200 square feet of ficor space, not including coal space and store room.-Oscar Erf, of the University of Illinois.

Spreading Manure.

When the manure is not decomposed in the heap it must be decomposed in the soil before the plans can utilize It as a food, and the sconer the manure is spread the better it will be for the crop. As it is difficult to spread manure on plowed ground, owing to the labor of hauling over the rough, soft ground, the method practiced by those who plow twice is to spread the manure on the unplowed ground, plow it under and leave the ground in the rough (not harrowing), and when the land is cross-plowed later on the manure is more intimately mixed with the

Guineas.

The value of guinea fowls is underestimated by the average farmer, doubtless due to the fact that so few really know of their genuine merits. Guinea fowls are truly the watch dog of the farmer, and at the first approach of danger their signal of warning is instantly sounded. No hawk or crcw, mink or weasel can encroach on their preserves, and at night, woe to the prowler who disturbs their rest. They are good layers of small, though deliciously flavored eggs, and their flesh, though dark, possesses a gamey flavor not found in any other domesticated fowl. They are hardy and seldom subject to any of the many diseases that afflict the barnyard fowls. They is was accidentally started by the Ital- are useful and need to be better known to be appreciated, and their ability to pier or dump. It is a queer place for hustle for their fcod makes them an human beings to have their home, but economical fowl for every farmer .-

Producing Good Bacon.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Experimental union at Guelph Professor J. H. Grisdale, Ottawa, mentioned a few facts in connection with commercial value. The men only are hog-raising and the production of good supposed to do the work, but in real- bacon, which apply with considerable of some huge cathedral. And when a lity the women and children work as force to conditions in the Western try. He said: "Properly cared

Airy, roomy, light quarters right sort. If space is an Adam. consideration, as it usually is, esp cially in winter, then let the small space be well ventilated, well lighted and kept clean. Large runs are not necessary where the other conditions are provided. The quality of the feed supplied is undoubtedly an important consideration. Barley is unsurpassed as a feed for the production of firm bacon. Oats also are excellent. Where skimmilk or whey can be secured it is an infallible guarantee of a good quality of bacon."

Feeding for Eggs. Cooked feed for the morning meal is excellent, if composed of the proper ingredients and fed regularly. A good mixture may be made of equal parts of cornmeal, fine middlings, and bran, ground oats and ground meat. This should be stirred in a pot of cooked vegetables, while boiling hot, until the mass is very stiff. The mixture should be seasoned with salt and cayenne pepper. Potatoes, beets, carrots and turnips, clean and free from decay, will be acceptable. The above contains a variety of food elements, and such go out to help her husband, the chil- as compose the egg and the bone and muscle of the hen: The fat forming elements not being prominent. For the noon meal, wheat is the best single grain. It may be scattered in chaff or leaves on the feeding floor. The night feed should be whole corn. Plenty of grit should be accessible at all times. Unless the morning feast can be given early, we would advise putting a little dry meal in a vessel for them to pick at until their breakfast is ready .- Mrs. C. Carpenter, in The Epitomist.

Feeding Working Horses.

The average farm house has but little road work to do during the winter, and, as a rule, is not well fed. As a result he is in poor shape to take up the work of the farm in the spring. While is is unnecessary to feed horses who are doing little anywhere near a full work ration the food must be of a character to keep up the strength of the animal and enable it to respond fully to the increased ration when it is given in the spring. In other words when the increased ration is given the horse should not be in such poor shape that it will require this ration to subdue the state of semi-starvation in which it has been during the winter. One of the best authorities on horses in the country makes it a practice to feed a bran mash throughout the year, the mash consisting of four quarts of bran moistened with scalding water and fed quite hot. This is given at least twice a week. The mash keeps the bowels in good condition and keeps the horse, which has been on short rations during the winter, from running down badly. Attention should also be paid to the working horses in the matter of care, especially during the spring. They will perspire easily, and if not properly cared for, catch cold. A good plan is to clean the animal as soon as it is brought in from the work of the day, and blanket it while eating. By the time it is necessary to close up for the night the blanket may be removed and the horse will have dried off and be in shape to enjoy its night's

Hens and the Family Garden. "I am a green hand in the country, and don't know just what to do with

rest.-Indianapolis News.

too much, and lay few eggs. But if I let them loose they dig in my flower beds, eat up my early peas and take my strawberries. What shall I do Plant your strawberries where you

can most conveniently surround the plot with wire netting two or three feet high. Surround your vegetable plot in the same way. This netting is not expensive bought by the roll, and if properly cared for, will last for twenty years. It should be rolled up when out of use, and stored in your barn. You will find that hens will not jump over a two-foot barrier of this sort. If they do, kill them off and raise a stock of Plymouth Rocks. My white Leghorns are turned very readily. Once in a while a jumper is found. and the best place for her is in the

Hens are particularly fond of gcoseberry, eating them as soon as they are in blossom. I am obliged to surround my gooseberry plants with netting very early in the spring. Hens are invaluable on the country place and with a little care they can be allowed to run loose. Feed them carefully and thcroughly three times a day, and near the barn, and you will not find them very troublesome. I presume that those who have but a few bushes of raspberries will be ooliged to surround them also with netting. In my case I allow them to roam freely through my berry gardens and vineyards. They rarely touch a currant, and they meddle only with those grapes that are near the barn and are allowed to hang low.-E. P. Powell, in New York Tribune Farmer.

Turnips a Summer Crop.

The root crops are greatly overlooked in this country, but in Europe no farmer would expect success without the aid of turnips, beets, carrots, parsnips or potatoes, for it is well known that under very favorable conditions 1000 bushels may be grown upon an acre, though such yields are exceptional and the averages are much less. In England much of the literature devoted to agriculture is of stock raising and root, or bulbous crops. When it is considered that the English farmer pays an annual sum for rent equal to the cost of a farm in the United States, and that he makes sheep and turnips pay all the expense, it should encourage our farmers to give more attention to the mutton breeds of sheep and to the advantages of the root crops as food for stock. Farmers should carefully select seed from the best varieties, and also from the best plants, as well as make comparative tests, in order to determine the most suitable varieties for each particular farm, as well as the quality and also the yields. By so doing the varieties can be greatly improved. In fact, by selection the farmer can double his

small and way, and they have noticed wonderful changes in corn, wheat, oats and other plants that have been made by selection. The root crops have also been improved for every year new and better varieties are offered, but more work is before those farmers who are willing to improve in that direction. The improvement of farm root crops

-mangels, turnips, etc.-should be done with regard to diminishing the amount of water contained therein and increasing the proportion of sugar, starch and protein. Experiments made in England show that all roots have a tendency to contain an excess of water, which in itself is valueless, and some varieties are claimed to contain water to a harmful degree. In the root crops a small deviation in the percentage of water materially affects the feeding value, as a ton of one kind may contain twice as much solid matter as a ton of another variety. It is an advantage, as well as a necessity, therefore, that the farmer ascertain the weight of the solids in a crcp. This he can do by sending samples to the state experiment station. The specific gravity of the root is a guide to its keeping quality, and the specific gravity of the juice is a guide to its feeding quality, hence, when its density is highest in both the juice and the whole root, the value of the crop for feeding is the greatest. The farmer can easily ascertain these facts without the aid of the experiment station, but the station can assist him in arriving at a knowledge of the proportions of sugar, protein and mineral matter contained. The proportion of sugar in roots is important, as the more sugar the greater the value of the roots as assistants in fattening the animals. The farmer who knows something of the value of roots may secure a more valuable crop with less yield than from a larger crop that contains a low percentage of solids and an excess of water, and he should, therefore, endeavor to become thoroughly informed in that di-

Roots add value to all other foods, because of the fact that during the winter, when dry food is the rule, the use of turnips, beets or carrots gives a change from the dry ration to a more succulent kind. Digestion is, therefore, promoted, and all kinds of food become more thoroughly digested and assimilated. Cooking roots for stock is not now practiced, compared with formerly, as inventors have introduced slicers and pulpers, which prepare such foods for stock with but little labor and with rapidity, thus placing before the farmer of today advantages which he should not overlook. It is somewhat late for putting in crops of beets and carrots, but July is the month for growing turnips. Since much injury has been done crops in some sections this year by drought and floods, the farmers who may give their attention to turnips will largely recover their loss of feeding material. The turnip crop is now one of the cheapest produced on the farm, considering the large yields that are possible, as seed drills, wheel hoes and hand cultivation enable the grower to put in the seed and keep down the weeds with as little outlay per acre as for corn. The turnip is a summer and fall crop, and can be grown in a short time. The growing of but one acre of turnips will provide the farmer in the winter season with a food that is valuable from dietary point of view, even if it is low my hens. I guess other folks are in in solids and contains a large proporthe same fix. If I house them they cost | tion of water,-Philadelphia Record.

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RECIPES.

Eggs with Tomatoes .- Fry some ripe tomatoes in a very little butter, pulp them through a coarse sieve; beat up three or four eggs (according to the size of your dish), add to the tomato, and then

Asparagus in Cream.-Wash and rim a bunch of green asparagus cut into small rieces; cover with beiling water and blanch for about three minutes. Then pour off the water and drain asparagus well Put into another saucepan with a little warm water, a tablespoonful of but ter, teaspoonful of sugar and a large slice of onion. Set over the fire, where it will simmer slowly for half an hour; remove the onion and add a cup of cream thickened with one egg; seacon to taste with pepper and salt, and

Fish and Rice for Breakfast .- Put half a cup of boiled rice and one table spoonful of butter in a stewpan; when hot add the same amount of minced cold cooked fish; season with salt and accountably paused for an instant pepper; add two hard boiled eggs, and looked down; then, without recovchopped; serve with toast; cold cooked cod, haddock, turbot and sole are the preferable fish to serve in this manner; a dash of nutmeg is an improve not have reached the hall. Hartzel

Small Soda Biscuit .- One quart of sifted flour, three level teaspoons of baking powder, half a teaspoon of salt and butter the size of an egg. Sift flour, powder and salt together several times and mix well, then rub in the butter with a flexible knife until well mixed. Gradually mix in sufficient cold milk to make a soft smooth lough, roll out on a slightly floured poard about an inch thick, and cut out with a small biscuit cutter. Bake or ten minutes in a quick oven. Sour ilk and soda may be used instead of he sweet milk and baking powder. Bift the soda with the dry ingredients, allowing half a teaspoon to cup of

GENUINE SALLY LUNN.

Genuine Sally Lunn is a Southern bread raised with yeast. It is always raised, baked and served in the same vessel-a stone pudding dish. Sift and warm one quart of bread flour, and add to it a cupful of warm milk, a cupful of warm water and half a cupful of melted butter. Beat the flour, water and butter together until they form a smooth batter; then add, one by one, four eggs, and finally four teaspoonfuls of good, homemade yeast or a quarter of a yeastcake melted in tablespoonfuls of water. Add a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the mixture until it blisters well, and turn it into a buttered pudding dish to rise. It should rise six or eight hours in a warm place until it is two or three times its original bulk. Let it bake for three-quarters of an hour in moderately hot oven and serve it hot on the supper or breakfast table .-New York Tribune.

Lord Hugh Cecil is in some ways the most distinguished and remarkable of Lord Salisbury's sons. He is a regular "chip of the old block," full of intense convictions, flery eloquence and yet not without something of the wiliness which so often stood his mighty ancestor in good stead when dealing with his imperious mistress, Elizabeth. Lord Hugh is full of the powerful religious feeling which has long distinguished certain members of his family; he is, as all the world knows, one of the principal pillars of the High Church party. There is a project of spending about

\$50,000,000 in draining several of the largest Egyptian lakes to secure valuable land for agricultural purposes.

QUICK THINKERS.

How Tricky Plays Help Out in Tight

Many pieces of work that affect the results of baseball games are not speciators remain ignorant of just exactly what brought the victory. An excellent case in point has "Lave"

Cross for the principal figure. The Athletics were playing Chicago last year in one of the closing games when the pennant race was hotest. The score was a tie. Cross was on first and Hartsel on third. One man was out. The captain started to steal. The throw to catch him was fast and accurate, and he was nailed fully five feet from the base. But although he had not a chance he slid head first and sent up a cloud of dust that en-

veloped himself and the shortstop. Hartsel made a break for home. Just as Davis, the Chicago shortstop, was about to throw the ball he unering himself, let go of the ball and made a gorgeous overthrow. Had the catcher been ten fet tall he could tallied the run that won the game. Cross, who had been forgotten in the excitement that attended the play at the plate, picked himself up from the dust and came to the players' bench grinning all over his face.

"Why did you slide, 'Lave'?" asked "You never could Manager Mack. have made it."

"Did you see that wild throw?" responded the smiling captain, "Yes."

"I was responsible for it." "Why?" asked Mack.

"I pinched his leg just as he raised his arm to send it home."-Philadelphia Inquirer.

COOKING ACCESSORIES. Among the new supplies for the kitchen are some handy little articles for

the use of cooks of a scientific turn of mind, as well as for inexperienced cooks. With the aid of the thermometer there is no need of putting the cake

into an oven that is too hot or too cold, or of one cooking eggs or anything else that requires just so many minutes. The kitchen thermometer is, indeed, an indispensable article to would-be good cooks. A new device is the microscope, which serves a very essential purpose

in washing and cooking fruits and vegetables and of deciding by the state of the meat the exact time and methods for cooking it. This invaluable little kitchen utensil brings to the light all lurking bacteria which would otherwise find a way into the stomach. The household indicator, which lists all supplies, is another important cul-

inary factor, and by its means one can know even to a box of matches just what has been ordered, thus simplifying the rather complicated books and bills.-Brooklyn Eagle. Running Extraordinary.

If we would see the most remark-

able racing in the world we must go to the cave-dwellers of Mexico. Endurance and distance covered are more esteemed among these people than speed in running. They will run a distance of 170 miles at a stretch, going at a slow trot, running steadily and constantly. Frequently a letter has been carried from Guazapores to Chibuahua, a distance of over 600 miles, in five days, the carrier living all the time on a simple diet of pinole. a finely ground corn mixed with water into a thin kind of gruel.

or to harbor unkind thoughts of you, ger.

The man's voice, firmly: "It was not I, surely."

The man's voice, excitedly: "What

She took them to the greenhouse, where a quantity of soot had been scattered all over the floor of the green-The woman's voice, as firmly: "It house, and the path in front of it. Mother asked each child if he or she

> Both answered in the negative. Then "Oh, Tommy, I saw you do it out of "No, you didn't," said Tommy, "for

The By-Gone Whaler-Wide Indeed Is Old Mother Ocean's Bosom. Whether expressed or implied, there

is certainly a deep-rooted idea in the minds of shore dwellers that the vast fenceless fields of ocean are in these latter days well, not to say thickly, populated by ships; that, sail or steam whither you will, you cannot get away from the white glint of a sailing ship or the black smear along the clean sky of a steamship's smoke. There is every excuse for such an attitude of mind on the part of landward folk. Having no standard of comparison against which to range the vast lonely breadths of water which make up the universal highway, and being mightly impressed by the statistics of shipping owned by maritime nations, they can hardly be blamed for supposing that the privacy of the sea is a thing of the past. One voyage in a sailing ship to the Australasian colonies or to India. if the opportunities it afforded were rightly used, would do far more to convince them of the utterly wrong notion possessing them than any quantity of writing upon the subject would do. But unhappily, few people today have the leisure or the inclination to spend voluntarily three months upon a sea passage that can be performed in little more than one. Even those who by reason of poverty or for their health's sake do take such passages, almost invariably show signs of utter weariness and boredom. As day after day passes, and the beautiful fabric in

the face of the sea,

Among new uses to which sugar has recently been put is in the preservation of timber. Much interest has been aroused by the announcement, as the result of a prolonged series of extimber as to secure, even from soft wood, a largely increased toughness point with a solution of sugar, the water being afterward evaporated at a wood filled in with solid matter, and the timber vulcanized, preserved and seasoned. The nature of moderately soft wood, it is claimed, is in this way changed to a tough and hard substance Without brittleness, and also without