Chas, C. Howard

Undivided Pefiots. \$125,000

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Bowser's One Day

THEN Mr. Bowser and finished breakfast

and get out of the house in afteen sec-

forgotten that it was a week day. She

"That's what I'm going to do," he re-

"Are you going fishing or apything?"

out. There are quite a number of things

he meant, but awaited developments

MR. BOWSER TOOK HIM. BY THE EAR.

with h presentiment that the day

would be made lively after his own pe-

for the beginning

culiar style. She had not long to wait

One of the works of art in Mr. Bow-

ser's front yard is a stone dog in an at-titude of repose. The artist meant the

dog to repose, and the dog had always.

been willing but the hoodlying passing

by had other ideas. One of their favor-ite amusements is to enter the yard

over and said nothing about it. An

hour-after breakfast on this particular

anything beyond a wave of the broom-

that ought to be attended to.

If he was going to take a day off.

inorung be did not rush to

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ to Straighten Things Out In a Way That Causes Woe to Many

(Copyright, 1902, he C. B. Lewis J. and leaning upon the gate he pathetically inquired: "Boss, can you tell me if a Christian family lives here? By the looks of the hall rack for his hat things they do but I'm not sure and don't want to make any more mis.

onds. To Mrs. Bowser separprise he sat Mr. Bowser had no repty. down to his cigar and seemed to have "If a Christian family does live here," continued the Tramp, as he partwalted for ten minutes and then asked ly opened the gate, "then I want to say that I haven't had anything to eat for two whole days, and I'm going to apply for a crust of bread. If there are no "crusts lying around I'll take a dime in-"No, ma'am. I'm going to stay right around the house and straighten things stead. I'm no hog, to want all a fainily has got. How is it, boss?"

"Boss" was still silent, but had that tramp been a student of character he Mrs. Bowser didn't ask what things would have been warned by the twitch ! ing of Mr. Bowser's ears that the blood On

had reached the danger point. "I'll come in, boss, and talk things, over with you," he said as he entered the yard. "It's not my fault that I'm down. I used to own the nicest milldam you ever saw, but when the milldam trust got to going it froze"-

That was all he said about the milldams. Mr. Bowser rose up and tackled him and played horse with him, and when he got out of the yard and around the corner he didn't; have breath enough left to tell a policeman whether he had been run over by an ice wagon or knocked sky bigh by a sewer explosion.

The next caller was the iceman. His wagon rattled up in a jovial way, and he seized a chunk of we and gayly bore it to the basement door and yelled "I-c-e!" at the top of his voice. His ; il was still echoing among the house tops when Mr. Bowser appeared before him and asked:

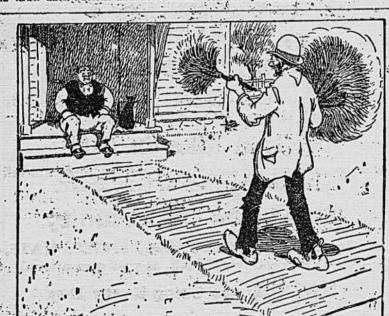
"How much does that chunk weigh?" "Twenty-fixe pounds, of course." "I don't believe it. I contracted with you for twenty five pounds daily, but I have been getting about fifteen. Take "Mrs. Bowser hasn't made no kick." growled the mail. "But I have. Let's see it weighed."

The chunk weighed nineteen pounds and after a little mental figuring Mr. Bowser observed: 1986. bill for shortage, and don't try any

and stand the dog woright or whirl him over on his back. In order to keep peace in the family Mrs. Bowser and looked Mr. Bowser over and constitute and take it dog back as often as he was turned out of some widow's family. As the iceman rattled away upon his

frozen route the grocery wagon arrivalong and decided to stand the dog on basket and kicked the gate open. When Not understood. How trifles often change his head. They did not reckon upon he reached the basement door he at tempted to kick that open also, and stick and a mild protest from the cook, when it resisted he turned in a fire and Mr. Bowser found them easy brey alarm on the bell and executed a war when he suddenly rushed down the dance while waiting for the cook to

front steps and upon them. He posed | open'it. them in ten different attitudes in about. When he was admitted he set up a a minute and a half, and when they whistle and tried to pat the girl on the got out of the yard a summer stock of back, and he was asking her if she old straw hats, buttons and homemade couldn't pass him out a bottle of beer



A FEATHER DUSTER MAN WALKED UP THE YARD IN HIGH HOPES.

suspenders mingled with the stone dog to add picturesqueness to the scene. Mr. Bowser had hardly got over panting from his exertions when the wegetable man called one of the twenty vegetable men passing through the street daily. He called from his wagon on the street, from the carbstone, from_ the gate, from the basement window. He announced that he had beets, potatoes, onions, radishes, cucumbers, asparagus and beans and that the same were of his own raising, and he stuck to his text for ten long minutes.

Then the basement door suddenly opened, and he was looking for the cook to appear and buy out his whole load when Mr. Bowser stepped forth and began performing. He also caused the vegetable man to perform. Beets, potatoes, radishes and cucumbers darkened the air, while asparagus, onions and beans covered the lawn and

told of a bountiful harvest. The vegetable man had been left an walked up the yard in high hopes, but orphan at an early age and had learn- dusted himself and his dusters out ed to depend upon himself, but he was again without making a sale, and a silcaught in the flood and swept off his ver polish man went away saying that feet and rolled over and over until he anybody who threatened his life laid was clear of the yard. When he finally returned to consciousness he was seat-! There were others, and all of them ed on his wagon and was half a mile met Mr. Bowser and went away to reaway and shouting "coal" instead of member him for long weeks, and when

"vegetables." with the cat beside him when, a tramp rest he complacently said to Mrs. Bowwho was "working" the block espied him from across the street and decided "Well, I don't think there are any that he had struck the softest thing of more, and I will now rest up and enjoy the season. Coming across the street 'myself."

when Mr. Bowser took him by the ear and led him outdoors to the and into the back end of his wago "What's the matter?" asked as his car was finally release and the

tears came to his eves "You simply mistook my house for a factory. Don't do it again." During the day an old clo' man called and rang the front-door bell for five minutes. Mr. Bowser simply threw him into the next yard. A popcorn man insisted that the cook call Mrs. Bowser down to taste and to buy, and when she had failed to discourage him Mr. Bowser took him by the arm and led

him out of the gate and warned him of the yawning chasm. A German band got all ready to play in front of the house and go on a collecting tour afterward, but Mr. Bowser beckoned to the leader and held a whispered conference with him, and not a toot was tooted. A feather duster man

himself liable to the law.

the day drew to a close and he lighted Mr. Bowser sat on the front steps a cigar and sat down to a well earned

GEMS IN VERSE

The Ripening Years. In spite of all that poets sing
About our childhood's happy hours It seems to me that ev'ry spring Brings greener fields and sweeter flow-

The foliage upon the trees Seems greener as it reappears; There's something in the very breezo. That grows more sacred with the years.

Somehow with each succeeding June New lusters come into the sky; Some subtle chord in nature's tune Bounds sweeter as the years roll by

We had some offish neighbors once that moved in down the road; We reckoned they was bout the pr folks we'd ever knowed,
An' when we passed 'em now an' then
held our heads up high To make dead sure they couldn't snub us

if they was to try. It really made me nervous, so I jes' An' thought I'd go ahead an' show my gazin' at the view, oked at them an says, "Hello!" An they says, "Howdy do!"

meant it, every word.

o' folks who fling the simple joys of life aside Because they dread the shadow of their An nine times out o' ten you'll find the

swer Howdy do!" -Washington Star.

Not Understood. Not understood. We move along asunder Along the years; we marvel and we won-Why life is life, and then we fall asleep-

Till virtues often seem to us transgres And thus men rise and fall and live and

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted "Oft measure giants by their narrow The polsoned shafts of falsehood and de-Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mold Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of ac-Which lie beneath the surface and the Are disregarded. With self satisfaction

The thoughtless sentence or the fancied long years of friendship and estrange us, And on our souls there falls a free ing blight— Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are For lack of sympathy! Ah, day by day

O God, that men would see a little clearer Or judge less harshiy when they cannot O God, that men would draw a little To one another! They'd be nearer thee, And understood.

On the Plains. The sun sinks low, The golden glow Falls slanting o'er the tawny plain; A gentle breeze From faroff seas A mellow beauty softly reigns-'Tis sunset on the western plains.

The twinkling stars. Through azure bars, Look down upon the darkened plain; The covote's cry Are blended in a long refrain; A mystic, wild enchantment reigns— 'Tis midnight on the western plains.

Long rays of light Wild flowers fair Perfume the air. The god of day in glory reigns 'Tis sunrise on the western plains. -Louis P. Callahan in Pittsburg Dis-

Ambition. Ambition is a circle where men run, Each hoping he the leading place may

Each backward glance shows him Each forward look tells him he He quaffs betimes the red wine of suc-And then aside he casts the empty Another round, and in his eagerness

take up. Ambition is a circle where men run, Each fancying himself may hold the

which he flung away he would

A race with prized guerdon never won Where men go, striving ceaselessly the And think at last their efforts are com-

When, following, they he. the warning The falling of a nearing real's feet.

-W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Tribune.

To grapple fate and fearlessly Defy its stubborn, stern decree Until, disarmed, the terror lies

To look beyond, content to wait And dignify our low estate bending lower, e'er to seek help the fallen, lift the weak;

To take no backward step-to wit, This is the meaning solved, to live.

CEMENT STONES.

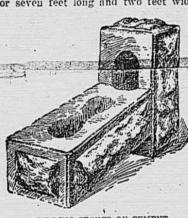
Any Farmer Can Make and Use Them

Comparatively inexpensive machines have been produced which, when used by even the ordinary laborer, can produce cement stone of varying sizes at a cost of 15 to 60 per cent less than kiln run brick and in the east at the same cost as lumber.

The stone can be made to resemble cut stone, thus giving an added beauty to the building. Three hundred pounds of cement and one yard of gravel will make about thirty-seven stones 8 by 10 by 20 at a cost of 10 cents each, \$33.70, even estimating your labor at \$1.50 per day, which will take the place of 800 brick at a cost of \$8 per thousand, \$6.40. Any farmer can make them. It does brick or stone. The inside of the wall can be plastered with a thin coat of cement, thus making the wall and floor one unit. It therefore must be absolutely air tight.

Cement stones do not decay, will endure for generations, are impervious to projeture, are cheaper than any other building material save lumber and, taking into consideration their enduring qualities, are even cheaper than lumber and can be made by any ordinary farm laborer. The building does not require painting, which is a saving in original construction and maintenance. The use of cement stone for building purposes is no experiment, as many large factories, power houses, cold storage plants and residences have been erected of cement stone. The dairy building at the Toronto industrial exposition. Toronto, is constructed of Portland cement stone and is highly recommended by the Canadian commissioner of agriculture. So says a Rural New Yorker writer, who gives further information as follows:

The composition is usually six parts sand and one part cement. Secure good, sharp gravel, which contains a small amount of sand. Do not screen. Do not use sand or gravel that has any surface dirt, hardpan or clay or any particles of decayed wood or other foreign substance. For an economical foundation wall the byproducts of a stone quarry or even cinders or refuse from mines may be used. This means a source of revenue where before the disposal of this waste was an expense. Place sixty shovelfuls of sand and gravel upon a platform, spreading it out three or four inches thick, and then spread over it 100 pounds of Portland cement. Mix thoroughly by shoveling to the center, making a ridge six or seven feet long and two feet wide.



RUILDING STONES OF CEMENT.

Rake it down and shovel it as before, and by handling it two or three times it will be well mixed. If it does not show a good, even color give it another turn, for much depends upon getting the cement evenly distributed. Hollow out the top and put on water enough to moisten it thoroughly. Then shovel as before. It should have water enough to give it the appearance of freshly dug earth. The mixture is now ready for the cement stone machine. There are several machines upon the market, covered by different patents, operated by various devices, some molds which are hand tamped and others by pressure, making the blocks either hollow or solid. The hollow blocks are advocated for the ventilation throughout winter and cooler in summer and reducing the cost of manufacture.

Some face the stone with a mixture of two parts sand and one part cement, thus making an extra strong concrete, greatly adding to the beauty and increasing the Imperviousness to moisture. Samples of the stone are shown in the cut. The stones are removed from the machines upon wooden pellets and placed in the shade and out of the wind and allowed to cure. Each day they are given all the water they will hold. This is continued for ten or fifteen days, when they are ready for use. By various pigt s they resemble brown and other one.

Storing Celery.

Dig up the celery stalks, leaving the roots on, and stand them close together in a narrow trench, tops just even with the ground level. Gradually cover them with boards, earth and manure. Another way is to set them upright upon the floor of a damp cellar or root house, keeping the roots moist and the

News and Notes. The imports of raw silk in the last fiscal year were the largest in the history of the government.

Potato storage requires a uniform and cool temperature, with neither too much nor too little moisture. A "railroad gardener" is said to command a salary all the way from \$1,500

to \$5,000 a year. "Money in bananas" in Central America is the report of a western man who is largely interested in plantations

found rye silage unsatisfactory-sour The improvement of the soil should be one of the chief aims of every

ter are his neglect of accurate asurement, his carelessness with red to the efficiency of his tools and lack of perception of the value of le as a factor in the execution of as much as possible to exclude er subjects:

The involves the choice of the wood,

considerations as to size, the angle of

CARPENTERS IN INDIA.

ments, Tools and Time.

y Are Careless About Measure

e chief faults of the Indian car-

blade and its cutting edge, the wdge and its holding power, the handi and finall; the operation of planne All these operations are capable very simple explanation, and this exicise provokes an emulation among stidents while exercising their reasona plac. He buys the blade and makes therest, but he rarely makes it well. Hebuys a saw blade and makes the hale, and, generally speaking, he spinds the smallest possible sum on his wift in spite of the extra labor the ecromy involves. He must therefore be aught to make as many labor savinglools as possible and to make them He has to be taught the use and repar of a grindstone and how to mont it in wood without metal fit-The hard, tough woods so commoi in India make this an easy matter. The Indian has yet to be taught that grinding and whetting are two distnet operations, the first removing ond producing the cutting edge in a few strokes. His saw is in such bad order that he cuts tenons, as a rule, with a mallet and chisel, and his ignorane of gauges renders him unable to male even twenty articles exactly alike. He rarely knows what size of nall or screw to use on a given job. His screw is always too small .- Cas-

siers Magazine.



Mr. Hogg-What d'ye do with these pictures when you've finished Artist—Oh, I try to sell them.

The Artist-Then I hang them up in

Mr. Hogg-Gad, you must have deuce of a roomful! Where She Drew the Line. He had been reading to his wife-she

had auburn hair and a ready tongue-a lot of hot weather advice. As he repeated the various items that were said to be conducive to personal comfort with the thermometer at 90 she nodded. her head approvingly. "That's all right," she said.

Then he looked back at the paper and added, "Good temper is also a great factor in hot weather happiness." "What idiotic nonsense!" she cried and would hear no more.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Acute Vision of Birds. Birds have very acute vision-perhaps the most acute of any creatureand the sense is almost more widely diffused over the retina than is the case with man; consequently a bird can see objects sideways as well as in front of it. A bird sees-showing great uneasiness in consequence-a hawk long before it is visible to man. So, too, fowls the entire wall, making it warmer in and pigeons find minute scraps of food, distinguishing them from what appear to us exactly similar pieces of earth or gravel. Young chickens are also able to find their own food, knowing its position and how distant it is as soon as they are hatched, whereas a business!"-L. E. Chittenden's "Personchild only very gradually learns either to see or to understand the distance of an object. Several birds-apparently the young of all those that nest on the ground-can see quite well directly they come out of the shell, but the young of birds that nest in trees or on rocks are born blind and have to be fed.-Chambers' Journal.

President For a Day. David R. Atchison of Missouri had the unique honor of being president of the United States for one day, and that was Sunday, March 4, 1849. The term of James K. Polk expired on the morn ing of that day, but, as it was Sunday, the president elect, General Zachary Taylor, was not inaugurated until next day, March 5, In consequence the president pro tem. of the United States senate, D. R. Atchison, was the acting president on March 4, 1849. However, he had presided at a night session of the senate, which lasted until away after midnight of Saturday, and he slept nearly all day Sunday, without realizing the fact that he was president of the United States.

Light Lunch and Music. A country girl in Dublin went into a restaurant for her lunch. She was asked if she would have a meat dinner or "light lunch and music." Being curious, she chose the light lunch and music and was immediately shown into a room where other inquisitive persons L. W. Lighty, a dairy authority, has were eating soup and listening to a spirited if not satisfying performance upon the jewsharp by one of the waiters. She felt at the end of the mea that she had paid high for curiosity. but she could make no complaint.

Wild Animals In Captivity. "Are wild animals happy in captivity?" said the keeper of the zoological gardens, in answer to a question asked by a visitor. "Well, at first thought it may sound strange, but they are hap-

py, and some of them are very, very

"It seems to be the general opinion that when the liberty of an animal used to a free life in the wild woods is k. He has also to be taught to oc- taken away the animal will pine away his mind with the work in hand and die. That's a pretty bit of sentiment, but apparently it's all wrong. You would naturally think that a wild or example, the making of a jack animal in captivity would become dangerous, but such is not the case.

"Take the monkeys, for instance. They look very unhappy, don't they? Why, those little imps play from morning till night, and they're as cheerful as larks, excepting when they are ill. Go in the bird house and listen to the songs, the chirps and trills, then look around for an unhappy bird. Watch ing lowers. No Indian workman buys the bears play and the leopards and other members of the cat tribe roll over each other like little children on a nursery floor."-Philadelphia Press.

There is no reason why a muscle or muscles of the eye should not be fagged out just as the muscles elsewhere do. Let one bear a weight all day long, does he not attribute his consequent headache to the heavy burden he has thinking we could conceive of the results following upon prolonged use of the eye. Nature has done all she could to protect and prolong the usefulness of the eye. No earthly architect ever 99 per cent of the metal and the sec- yet planned a structure that would not rield, crumble and fall, and the house numan, so exquisitely uplifted in curious and mysterious ways, falls and returns to dust more rapidly and surely tiny muscle is potent enough to disturb the whole economy, especially if intercurrent diseases exist in addition to

The Drug Habit.

Men of talent and brilliance whose mental products have pleased and astonished the world and women around whose fascination and charm has revolved many a distinguished social circle have fallen alike victims to this insidious and degrading habit. The false idea that better and more original work can be done by means of such an unnatural stimulus has been the ruin of many noble characters. Whether it be cocaine, morphia, antipyrine, phenacetin-the shameful list grows almost daily-the fact remains that the highest mental and moral principles of the drug habitue are slowly undermined and dragged down to the dust.

able, while thos chemist are hardly less .- London Medi-

"What have you in the larder?" asked the cannibal king of his chef. "Not so much today, your elevatedness." explained the chef. "Nothing except a printer and an actor."

"Oh, well, fix them up some way." The chef bowed several times and rubbed his hands together.

"What are you waiting for?" asked the cannibal king. "Would your serenely altitudinous excellency deign to suggest some method of preparing the two persons-some

new dish, for instance, that would be pleasant to your royal palate?" "Don't go to any bother. Just put the printer in the pi and the actor in And the court jester stepped up and

resigned.-Judge. An Anecdote of Ben Wade. In the early winter of 1861 bluff Ben Wade, the Ohio senator, is credited with saying, "When Chief Justice Taney was ill I used to pray daily and earnestly that his life might be preserved until the inauguration of President Lincoln, who would appoint a Republican chief justice, but when I saw how complete his recovery was and how his life was prolonged I be-

Big Undertakings. "Talk about big jobs," said the cheerful idiot while trying to look serious. "Well," said the victim wearily.

gan to fear that I had overdone the

al Reminiscences."

"Wheeling West Virginia may be some and Lansing Michigan may be rather a big surgical undertaking, but Flushing Long Island isn't such a tiny little sanitary stunt."-Baltimore Amer-

Unfortunate.

Moneybags-How did your banquet

go off, Banklurk? Banklurk-Not as well as it might, you know. The toastmaster called on a gentleman who had lost an arm and a leg to answer to the toast "Our Absent Members."-New Yorker.

Political Economy. "Children," asked the school committeeman, "what is political econ-"Political economy," answered the

precocious son of the district boss, "is getting men to vote for you as cheap as you can."-Green Bag.

Pretty Niece-Uncle Henry, I think every old bachelor ought to be taxed nt least \$500 a venr. Bachelor Uncle-Well, Myrtle, that would be cheaper than marrying.-Chi-

Willie's Bedtime. Willie-Pa, if a war ship is called 'she" why isn't it a woman-c :- war? Father-It's your bedtime, Willie .--

cago Tribune.

NEW SHORT STORIES

How a Great Song Was Made. Bizet, the famous composer of "Car men," and Halevy, his librettist, had a warm argument over the original score of the toreador song. When Bizet submitted it to Halevy's judgment the latter remarked that it was good-too good, in fact.

"It's so good," he continued, "that it will never be popular. The public won't comprehend it. You ought to put more snap and swing into it, and then you will get your encores." "Great heavens!" retorted the plaued

Bizet. "Do you want me to write for the slums?" And he went out of the room in a huff. Thinking over his associate's advice, however, he concluded to try the effect of revision and so changed the score that it bore but little resemblance to its original estate. "Listen to this," he said later, re-

turning to Halevy's apartment. "Here is my toreader idea written down to your popular level." Halevy after listening to it warmly

approved of the new score, and the song was given as we now have it. It was the great success of the first night, while the rest of the opera failed for a time to command popular favor .- Chicago Inter Ocean.

Arthur Was Timid. Chester Allan Arthur was probably the most timid of all the presidents in

the presence of newspaper men-To one newspaper man Mr. Arthur once made a most particular exhibition of what the journalist was always puzzled to define, saying that it may have been personal vanity and it may have been real kind heartedness. The correspondent was walking up Pennsylvania avenue with his son, a little shaver not more than five or six years old. Catching the child under the arms, the dignified chief magistrate swung him to his shoulder and held him there for a moment. Before releasing him the president kissed the child on the cheek. As he swung him down to the pavement Mr. Arthur said:

"When you are an old man you can say that the president of the United States gave you a ride on his shoulder and kissed you before he set you

It Didn't Fenze the Waiter. Henry Ward Beecher was amused when he went into a Bowery restaurant on one occasion and heard the waiter give such orders to the cook as 'Ham and," "Sinkers and cow," etc. "Watch me feaze that waiter with an order which I believe he won't abbre



viate," remarked Beecher at length as the waiter approached. Then he said, "Give us poached eggs on toast for two, with the volks broken.'

But the waiter, who was equal to the emergency, walked to the end of the room and yelled: "Adam and Eve on a raft. Wreck 'em." It is related that Mr. Beecher nearly fainted.-Detroit Free Press.

One He Couldn't Read. During these days of post office investigation a story is told of a postmaster down in Virginia. A young man from New York went to one of the little places in the old state to visit a relative and, having occasion to write, secured a postal card.

"You had better not write anything private on that card," remarked his sister. "The old cobbler who is postmaster here reads every card." But the young man was writing to a chum, and they had been studying shorthand together, so he put his message in pot hooks, curves and dashes

and mailed it. He had not got far from

the office when the old cobbler rushed after him, shouting: "Here, you! Here, you! I can't read what you've written on this card!"

Cardinal Vaughan's Tact.

The late Cardinal Vaughan of England had an irresistible tact that made him well liked in Protestant circles. His good taste in avoiding religious disputations of any kind when in society was one element of his acceptableness. His brilliancy of conversation was another. On one occasion the Duke of Devonshire invited him, with n score of others, to dinner on Friday, quite forgetting the significance of the day to Vaughan, but the cardinal put in an appearance and so completely, engaged the attention of those who sat near him by his flow of wit and elo-

quence that they did not note until the

banquet was over that he had not

touched either food or drink .- New

GEMS IN VERSE

The field where men for little trophics vie, The hollow acclamation lightly won. Allured him not; he loved the quiet sky,

Broken in frame, he smiled to cheat despair
And strove to sing with thin, impede

He lies beneath; in life he vainly tried To breathe large notes upon a flute too Unuttered raptures filled him till he died.

At the way it thundered, And joy lit up his brow.
"My lawn," he chirp
drenching now— My sickly little lawn, the worst

The flowers will raise their

-Chicago Tribune

You may blow up the Ohio till you par-alyze yer jaw;
You may sing about yer Brandywine an' golly bustin' Blue, Yer Maumee an' Big Sugar an' Tip-over-

If you want to see a river that's a whoop in' crackerjack,
Jist you take a double header fur the
old Mus-cat-a-tack.

gate, An' a chap f'm Buzzard Glory is a sparkin' Sister Kate. The box is full of kin'lin', an' the bucket's full of coal: The pancake's on the griddle, an' the sugar in the bowl.

in the pipe, An' they got my city cousin in the woods a-huntin' snipe. a-huntin' snipe.
The cellar's full of apples, an' the fod-

I kin see the water drippin' in the holler I kin hear the gals a-laffin' as they come

me make a track Fur the water beech an' willers on the old Mus-cat-a-tack.

—Charles Asbury Robinson in Indianapo lis News.

A bonny wee cradle comes sailing to me; Salling slone without captain or crew-Bearing one passenger-baby, dear, yo Love's precious chain that you wind round

How came you here along Slumberland Did the moon guide with its silvery beam Or did you know I was waiting alone, Waiting to love and to shelter my own?

While the good angel who brought you Safe watch is keeping. Baby's long journey is over and past; Close to my heart you are anchored at Tender and warm as a dear little dove

Turning and shifting Safe in my arms I will hush you to rest; Cradle, cease drifting. -Evelyn Simms in New Orleans Times

I WIII Go Out. I will go out into cool woodland places, Among old forest trees That have heard many pray'rs, seen many

with these.

To those with eyes to see fountains Yield them security.
If I stay silent they will speak with me

Across the dim lit lawn revealing Another day newborn

The wind talks with the mountains in the dawn. will go out into cool woodland places With open heart and ears
And be a child again, running swift races

With backward reaching years
And laugh again and know God's gift of -H. B. Babcock in London Outlook

August Gardens. There is no summer garden close Where August hath not blest the sod, Tolled mid the lily and the rose And at the twilight walked with God.

-Frank Walcott Hutt in New Orleans

brave; For, though we like it, as a forward child, 'Tis so unsound her cradle is her grave.

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His spirit, native to the mountain air, bled through marshy valleys down

Pray for his soul; his songs are dead with him. -J. E. Barton in Saturday Review.

As It Often Happens. Cooped in his tenth floor office, Mr. Brown Watched the welcome rain come down. He saw across the sky The jagged streaks of lightning fly.

As if to offer their thanksgiving And life once more will be worth living. And still the thunder roared. Forth in the drenching shower

At his customary hour Fared Mr. Brown, Umbrellaless, the wettest man in town, But cheerful; he was homeward bound. He caught his train, and in due time he That, though he'd left the city all a-slop. In Drearyhurst it hadn't rained a drop.

The Old Mus-cat-a-tack. You may talk about yer Wabash an' yer

a-cance; You may preach about an' screech about yer lazy Kankakee, But there's not a single one of them that's

Rooster in the corncrib, peacock on the

der's in the rack; You kin bet it's jolly livin' on the Mus-cat-a-tack the wheels a-hummin' in the little valler mill:

to long ago;
As soon as I kin git a chance you'll see

Slumber Song. Over the waves of a silvery sea

Nothing can sever; Your little life is of my life a part Now and forever.

Resting at last with the lull of the sea

Conscious not even of mother's fond love; Tossing no more on a billowy crest,

Of men, and meet the breeze And sun and rain and dwell awhile

There are calm spirits in the trees and od gods live yet; forests and

Perfumed with pray'rs, I shall espy them Ere evening's torch be raised or when

The paths whereon the waysides bloom She holds as sacred and as dear, And, passing through, she whispers low, "My Lord the Gardener is here."

Times-Democrat. Be not with honor's gilded baits beguiled