Edgefield Advertiser.

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CLARK'S HILL LETTER.

Mrs. Sharpton and Mrs. Mc Donald Entertain. Mrs. Middleton Observes Her 68th Birthday.

There is a feeling of spring in the air, which is most encouraging to farmers. This short month will soon be gone, and so little work has been done as yet on the farm, except by the orchardists, who have their trees in good shape for the bumper crop which has been promised them for this year.

No large cotton acreage is being spoken of; in fact the farmers both black and white, have pledged themselves to reduce their cotton farms this year. The representative of the Rock Hill plan, Mr. Freeman of Parksville, was through our section last week interviewing our farmers and they all became very much enthused, and promised to make great reduction.

One man who last year planted only two acres, said this year he would cut that in half: If all will adhere to that plan, cotton will soar high in price this fall.

The pea thresher of which mention has been made, was practically tested a few days ago and gave entire satisfaction, threshing out the peas perfectly and making a nice quality of hay.

On the 14th Mesdames Sharpton and McDonald complimented their friends with a valentine party in honor of the Saint who presides over the destinies of that day. Everything was in accord, the invitations being issued on dainty little hearts. And strings of hearts were suspended from the chandeliers in the hall, dining room and parlor. The refreshments which consisted of a salad and sweet course were

Mrs. Eugenia Middleton celebrated her 68th birthday on St. Valentine day, as the legend runs, he does influence our lives for good, he showered all things lovely on this dear woman on her natal day.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Adams spent the week end with friends in Augusta.

The Stork left a beautiful little girl, Hattie Elizabeth, with Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Nixon on Saturday last.

Revival Services.

Although the weather was still unfavorable on Sunday morning, the meeting at the Baptist church began under very favorable circumstances. The music was unusually good, with a large choir participating. Dr. M. D. Jeffries preached on "Hindrances to being on the right side," and his appeal was very effective. Mr. Reynold sang a beautiful solo, "I'll go with Jesus all the way." Dr. Jeffries very cordially invited and urged every one to attend the services, and expressed the hope that the roads would soon improve that the friends from the country might be able to attend. At the close of the service, Mr. C. A. Holmes presented himself for membership by letter from Red Hill church.

Keep Your Windows Open.

Don't sleep in a closed room.

Fresh air is the basic requisite to good health. A sealed chamber is a breeding place of disease.

The lungs utilize all the oxygen they breathe and expel their impurities in your exhalations.

Within an hour a man consumes all the oxygen in the average room. If the windows and transoms are down and the door is shut, thereafter he breathes foul poisons.

Rural communities should by reason of natural advantages be practically immune from the "white plague;" but statistics how a greater percentage of consumptives among farmers than any other class of people.

Who isn't familiar with the deadly parlor with its stale atmosphere where for days at a stretch whole generations of malignant germs are permitted to incubate undisturbed. A week often passes without the admission of sunlight. As well spend an afternoon in a smoke-filled tunnel as remain in such a pesthole.

Open the windows even in the rain—far better to spoil a few trumpery lace curtains and spot the carpet than to jeopardize your health.—Augusta Chronicle.

Care for the Old.

I love old people. They are so sweet and interesting and gentle that it is not only a delight to be with them, it is also a much-needed lesson in good manners. Then they've lived through so much, that wisdom has come to them, and patience, and they appreciate every little thing that is done for their pleasure. And we do so pitifully little! We intend to go and see them, and we don't; we intend to take them flowers, and we don't; we intend to remember them at Christmas and on their anniversaries, and we don't; and by and by while we are intending, they quietly fall asleep, and it is too late, and instead of precious memories of kindly deeds, we have only shriveled, blighted regrets for all that we left undone.—Mrs. Patterson, in the Progressive Farmer.

White Town School.

I have been reading so many nice letters from other schools, I thought I would write, too. We are progressing nicely in our studies. As we have two fine teachers, we can't help but learn. It is very kind of you, Mr. Editor, to encourage us in this way, but don't think we should crowd your valuable columns with our school letters, or they will become a nuisance. One of our good students, Ethan White, has been absent from school this week on account of sickness and we hope he will soon be with us again.

We are glad to state that our Sunday School Supt., Mr. Wash Hamilton, is up again after a continued illness.

Well, I guess the ground hog knew his business when he returned to his den, as the weather since Feb. 2nd has been the worst of the winter.

We had a Snow. It was the loveliest of the season. We had great fun at school (for we have not lost a day from this recent bad weather) playing snow ball, making snow men &c.

The high water has washed up the upper bridge on Stevens Creek, which will greatly inconvenience the people of our section who wish to visit McCormick.

Miss Corrie Freeland and Mr. J. C. Wells were quietly married at the home of the bride at 6 o'clock Wednesday Feb. 14.

Now, Mr. Editor, I will give you our Honor Roll for the past month, and wish to make mention of the fact, that Osborne Freeland's name was by some mistake left off the Honor Roll last month. If this letter escapes the waste basket, you shall hear from us again, but not often enough to weary your patience. The Honor Roll is as follows:

First Grade: Sarah Maun, 93; Bennie Ridlehoover 93 and Minnie White, 91.

Second Grade: Myrtis Roberts, 94; Lona White, 91.

Third Grade: Osborne Freeland, 91.

Fourth Grade: Georgia White 93; Emmie Reynolds, 91; Marbie White, 91; Ruby White, 92; Ruth Walls, 90; Thomas Mann, 94.

Fifth Grade: Gussie Barden, 92; Ninie White, 94; Rallie Holliday, 92.

Sixth Grade: Pearl Ridlehoover, 96; Earle Reynolds, 92; Denny White, 92.

Seventh Grade: Bessie Medlock, 92; Belle Reynolds, 92; Maggie Medlock, 94; Effie White, 92; Carrie Walls, 92; Claud White, 91; Tillman White, 92; Willie Barden 92.

Eighth Grade: Ruby Ridlehoover, 96; J. T. Holliday, 93, Walter Rearden, 94. W. B.

There was a sentence in The Progressive Farmer of January 13th in small type that ought to be printed in about as big type as the New York Journal carries. The sentence we have in mind was a quotation from Mr. F. H. LaBaume, of the Norfolk and Western railroad, and read as follows:

"I wish that for every gallon of whiskey carried on to the farms of the south, the purchaser thereof was compelled to buy two gallons of paint instead—and the price paid for one gallon of common red liquor will buy two gallons of good paint in any market."—Progressive Farmer.

JOHNSTON LETTER.

Surprise Marriage. Sunbeam Valentine Party. Miss Dobey Entertains Y P. B. Silver Medal Contest.

The news of the marriage of Miss Lula Mae Oxner, now of Hephzibah, Ga., to Mr. Clark Crouch, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., was a happy surprise to the friends here of both these young people. The marriage occurred in Augusta, at the Presbyterian parsonage, on the 14th. It seems that considering the youthful age of the bride, there were some objections, so the young couple, under pretext of a day's pleasure trip to Augusta, and accompanied by several friends, used this means as an occasion to have their vows consummated. The bridal pair left soon after for the home of the groom, in Tennessee, stopping for a two day's visit to friends in Johnston. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. Luther B. Oxner, who resided here for many years, but moved to Hephzibah during last year.

Mrs. W. J. Hatcher entertained her Sunbeam band with a Valentine party last week and all enjoyed immensely being together, and playing games and getting valentines at an improvised post office. Mrs. Hatcher was surprised with a valentine in the shape of a basket filled with luscious fruits, and adorned with numerous red hearts. All took turns after being blindfolded, at attempting to pin a small red heart in the exact center of a huge red heart on the wall.

Mr. Will Hoyt, of Augusta, spent the week end here with his brother, Mr. J. P. Hoyt.

Friday evening was very pleasantly [illegible] by the Y. P. B., the organization entertaining, and each member invited one to come. The hours were all too short for the young people and an enjoyable conclusion was the course supper served.

There was a silver medal contest at the Methodist church on Sunday morning, and the young ladies who took part were Misses Essie Lybrand, Nell Beckham and Eulie Satcher. At the conclusion, Miss Lybrand was decided to be the winner. At the Tri-County Convention of the W. C. T. U., she, with Miss Cleavie Moyer, who won the other silver medal offered here, will compete for the gold medal.

Invitations have been received here to the marriage of Mr. Hilliard Carlisle Wright, of Athens, Ga., to Miss Elizabeth Amelia McNeal, of Louisville, Ky., which will take place on February 20th at 7 p. m., at the home of the bride. Mr. Wright is the second son of the late Mr. P. L. Wright, who [illegible] his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Turner celebrated the 46th anniversary of their marriage on February 14th, with a dining.

Mr. J. W. Hardy has returned from Hawkinsville, Ga., where he spent a week with his son, Mr. Eric W. Hardy.

Mr. O. D. Black visited his brother Mr. J. M. Black at Hamlet, N. C., last week.

Mr. Wilmot Ouzts is at home from a special visit to Tennille, Fla.

Master Mark Toney celebrated his 13th birthday on Saturday with a candy pull. Many pretty gifts were brought him by his friends.

Mrs. Victoria Hart is having a neat cottage erected on her lot near the high school building.

The moving picture show on Friday and Saturday evenings are attracting crowds and on each evening, the one holding the lucky number will be presented with a box of Huyler's.

Miss Mary Gwynn was hostess for the new century club on Tuesday afternoon, from 4 to 6 o'clock. the meeting being held with her at the home of Dr. S. G. Mobley. The course of study for the club this winter has been especially interesting. The first book was of "Africa," which held one's attention with its account of teeming life and changes, and full of strange scenes of the dark continent. The present study book is "Egypt," wondrous in ancient grandeur, the book being of highest authority. The lesson was taught by Mrs. Albert Dozier. After the books were laid aside, tables were arranged for the tempting refreshments which the charming young hostess served.

At a meeting of the D. of C. it was decided to organize a children's chapter, and Miss Edith Coleman was appointed the leader. On Saturday afternoon she will call a meeting for 4 o'clock to be held at her home, and an organization will be effected. With the many boys and girls here in town, a splendid chapter can be had, and it is especially hoped that the parents will be interested and have their children come to this first meeting.

Teach Children the Care of Their Possessions.

A boy who leaves his book upside down on chair, table, or maybe floor, his bat under the tree where he was playing, whose new overcoat lies across his bed, whose new ties are crumpled down in one corner of the chiffonier drawer—this boy as a man will leave his plows where he finished using them, will allow his farm machinery and wagons to "take the weather," and his disposal of his clothing will be a great trial to his wife.

In a girl, carelessness with small belongings is even more inexcusable, if possible, than in a man. A woman should be the soul of neatness and neatness is not easily acquired in mature years unless made the daily habit of the child.

Give your child a certain place for his belongings. If you can afford a playroom, that is well; but [illegible] do that. A closet with several shelves or even large a box in a certain corner of the room will provide a definite place for the [illegible] Require your children to return their toys to their proper places, [illegible] to their proper shelves [illegible] for a child's clothing. The mother should see that the children brush all dust from their clothes, fold them carefully and put them away. Boys as well as girls should be taught to clean and press their clothing. Teach them to carefully put away collars, handkerchiefs, ties, articles of jewelry, souvenirs, etc.

All this requires time in the beginning, but saves time in the end for both ourselves and those who come after us.—Mrs. Robert Scott, in The Progressive Farmer.

Things That Count.

One of the striking characteristics of successful persons is their faculty of readily determining the relative importance of different things. There are many things which it is desirable to do, a few are essential, and there is no more useful quality of the human mind than that which enables its possessor at once to distinguish which the few essential things are. Life is so short and time so fleeting that much which one would wish to do must fain be omitted. He is fortunate who perceives at a glance what it will do, and what it will not do, to omit. This invaluable faculty, if not possessed in a remarkable degree naturally, is susceptible of cultivation to a considerable extent. Let anyone adopt the practice of reflecting, every morning, what must necessarily be done during the day, and then begin by doing the most important things first, leaving the others to take their chance of being done or left undone. In this way attention first to the things of first importance, soon acquires the almost irresistible force of habit, and becomes a rule of life. There is no rule more indispensable to success.—Great Thoughts.

Old Aunt Sally, the highly esteemed cook in a southern family, was frequently praised for her culinary skill and on one occasion, when a number of guests had been to dine with the family, a remark was made touching the beautiful appearance of Sally's pie, which showed a very pretty scallop on its edge.

Inquiry being made as to how the old lady managed to get such an even design, Sally was summoned to the dining room and the question was duly put to her.

The emotions of the guests may be imagined when the old lady replied:

"Oh, dat's easy. I jest uses my false teeth."

How to Begin the Garden.

If the garden hasn't a good fence around it, now is the time to put it there. Poultry wire is cheap, and you cannot have a good garden if the chickens help you work it. And don't select some out-of-the-way piece of ground that can't be used for anything else for the garden. Put it near the house and on the best piece of ground that can be had. It is not necessary, as some seem to think, that the garden be a large piece of ground. Don't make it large unless you can keep it properly. Intensive cultivation is what you want rather than the extensive. Nothing looks worse than a poorly kept garden. If you haven't done so before now give the garden a heavy coat of good stable manure. Apply broadcast.—L. A. Niven, in The Progressive Farmer.

Winter Evenings on the Farm.

What do you do these long winter evenings on the farm? wrote a woman to her friend who lives on her farm. I was there when the letter came, and when we read that part of it we both laughed contentedly.

"These long winter evenings on the farm," repeated the contented woman. "If she only knew it, they are all too short. Why, evenings on the farm are the happiest part of the day." And her cosy sitting room and beaming face emphasized what she said.

"But I suppose she does wonder what I do with myself," she went on. Well, I can tell her that an evening on the farm makes up for anything that may have gone wrong during the day.

"The stovewood may have been out too long, and every farm woman knows how troublesome that is, and how often [illegible] and the [illegible] have been a failure, but I can [illegible] self to it all by the time the evening comes and we gather for a happy hour about a big log fire.

"My husband has a quiet hour for reading; I have my sewing and mending, or darning, or letters to be answered. And we plan about the farm and the house; we talk about farming methods and all kinds of experiments and decide that we must invest immediately in certain improved implements that our neighbor across the river has bought, and we look into the advertising pages of the farm papers.

"And when my husband makes out his list, I venture to suggest some things in the way of new kitchen utensils and he looks over the advertisements with me and we select enough things to furnish my kitchen throughout.

"Then perhaps I hear the baby stirring in the next room, and I tip toe in to cover him up, and my husband calls out that he sees something else we must have, some wonderful labor saving device—and I come frowningly out and tell him not to talk so loud and wake up the baby.

"And I take another look at the bread which has been 'set to rise' in the kitchen, and the man of the house gives a vigorous poking to the fire and asks if I have enough stovewood to last through the next day.

"Evenings on the farm—why they are the happiest part of the day.

"A farm woman who can gather her little brood about her for a cozy hour these winter evenings knows the real meaning of the word home."

Not so Sure.

There's a certain minister whose duties sometimes call him out of the city. He has always arranged for some one of his parishioners to keep company with his wife and little daughter during these absences. Recently, however, he was called away so suddenly that he had no opportunity of providing a guardian.

The wife was very brave during the early evening, but after dark had fallen her courage began to fail. She stayed up with her little girl till there was no excuse for staying any longer and then took her upstairs to bed.

"Now go to sleep, dearie," she said. "Don't be afraid. God will protect you."

"Yes' mother," answered the little girl, "that'll be all right tonight, but the next time let's make better arrangements."

PARKSVILLE NEWS.

Rev. T. H. Garrett's Resignation Greatly Deplored. Mr. Wallace Seigler a Happy Father.

It pains your correspondent to announce that our pastor, Rev. T. H. Garrett yesterday resigned his pastorate here, consisting of Parksville and Modoc churches. The pastor stated that it pained him to leave us, but other fields were open to him though he had not accepted other work. With many regrets the church accepted his resignation. Mr. Garrett is a godly man and a fine gospel preacher, and the prayers of this church will follow him and his interesting family. The writer was not present yesterday but was informed by competent judges that the sermon of Mr. Garrett's was as usual, a most excellent one. Parksville is saddened by this resignation not expecting to get a better preacher, or more consecrated man, in fact it is a calamity to the entire west-side, and to the association, and many will be pained to hear of it not connected with his pastorates.

The sun comes out beautifully this morning after a week of unpleasant weather, and I am glad to say that many believe that a fairly good stand of grain has survived the cold. At one time many thought the oat crop destroyed, but we now hope for a fairly good crop though on account of so much cotton not much small grain was sown.

The farmers are getting anxious for sunshine so that they can commence to prepare for another crop. Many too [illegible] picking cotton.

We are sorry to report the illness [illegible] position of Mr. [illegible] has been confined [illegible] this morning [illegible] speedy recovery.

Miss Eunice Abrams, who [illegible] ry, whom we reported sick here a fortnight ago, [illegible] recovered, and has returned [illegible] much invigorated, having gained much in flesh in Parksville [illegible] mate. Miss Abrams was a guest at the home of Miss Martha Dorn, and the young people surely miss her joyous smile and vivacious personality. She will have to return often to attend the meetings of the "Bureau."

The happiest man in the Reboboth section that we know of, is Mr. Wallace Seigler, the proud father of a bouncing boy whose name is John Clarence. All the child's daddies, grand-daddies and great-grand daddies were named John, except one named Clarence, commonly called "Clark" so to call the child John with the addition of Clarence means that he is named for his male ancestry for six generations back. Wallace is hopping and skipping this morning stopping the holes in the house for the entrance of the cats, but it was suggested instead, he was fixing to keep John Clarence at home fearing he might make his exit if things didn't suit him. He is indeed a fine boy and we congratulate the happy parents.

Mr. Gordon Blackwell went over to Double Branch, Ga., Saturday to visit his sick wife whom we are glad to say is convalescing.

Mr. R. S. Ridlehoover made a trip to Augusta to-day on business.

Rev. B. H. Covington filled his regular appointment yesterday afternoon at the Methodist church, his text being, "Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Mr. Covington is a fluent speaker and a consecrated young man.

More Anon.

For Drivers to Remember.

Provide your horse with a large warm blanket for such times as he is standing still and exposed to the cold.

"Don't ever use the whip simply because you have it. It is a very poor driver who makes a blow the starting signal.

Give the horse an occasional full day's rest. It will add to his value and capacity for work.

Always be kind to your horse. It pays.—Dumb Animals.