

Satisfactory Bargains

By Molly McMaster

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Celia had chosen the suburb of Kew as a splendid place for her experiment in advertising. It was not far from town, and the houses seemed to be of a more or less distinctive character.

"The people there no doubt would appreciate 'tistic interiors," argued Celia as she boarded the train.

The train was crowded. "They are always crowded," was her comment as she trailed through the car looking for a seat. If she could not find an unoccupied seat Celia always chose to sit beside a man. "They usually sit quiet and read their papers," she ruminated as she sat down beside a good-looking man who, though ample of frame, did not occupy more than half of the seat.

He scarcely looked up when Celia slipped quietly down beside him. His eyes when the train had pulled out of the tunnel swept in every vestige of the passing landscape.

Once or twice he sat up quickly and peered at some vanishing scene and once his arm touched her shoulder. Celia drew into her corner of the seat. The young man evidently mistook her drawing away for peevishness and after apologizing with exaggerated politeness he returned to a more frigid contemplation of things passing.

Celia felt a certain relief when the train pulled in at Kew. Nor did she observe, in her hurried exit that the young man also had left the train.

Had she known it would not have mattered now for Celia's mind was intent on looking for an old house that would seem lost to all chance of ever having another occupant.

She strolled about and began to fear that there were no old houses in Kew and that she would have to try another suburb. She turned a corner and there! A lovely old haunted-looking house lay in the midst of a hopelessly dilapidated garden.

Celia drew a breath of joy. The sign that bore the agent's name was almost a thing of the past, but Celia



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managed by dint of close scrutiny to make out the name of an agent in Kew.

She peered into the big rambling rooms within and another breath of joy escaped her. Genius lurked in Celia's eyes. She knew that with time and the consent of the agent she could turn the inside of that old house into a veritable dream of beauty. She cast a regretful glance at the unkempt garden and shook her head.

"My house will have to shine like a jewel if I want people to see it through this awful ruin of grounds."

But her spirits were in no way dampened by the outlook, but she had her dreams about landscape gardening that would set off the house.

Once within the tiny office of the agent, Celia made known her desire. "There is an old tumble-down house down there." She pointed her finger in the direction whence she had come. "I want you to let me make over the interior at my own expense." Celia smiled upon the agent.

"I am sorry," he said, and really felt so, "but a chap has only ten minutes ago—"

"Don't tell me I can't have it!" Celia felt on the verge of tears.

"That house has been vacant about fifteen years, and now two people want it. This young chap wanted to do something to the garden—he says it will enhance the value of the property and give him the advertising he needs."

"O!" Celia breathed joyously. "My plans wouldn't interfere in the least with his. Do you suppose he would mind my doing the interior?"

The agent knew that if the girl looked at the landscape gardener with those appealing gray eyes he would no doubt buy the house for her.

"You might suggest it to him. His name is Gaynor—Tom Gaynor." The agent smiled as Celia hurriedly left the office. This was certainly his lucky day.

Celia approached the man who was

should be with a woman of sufficient wealth and position to further them."

Mr. and Mrs. Brereton were too dazed to speak. Miss Graham continued fluently:

"John is very young, and at present might be foolish enough to risk a brilliant career. To avoid this I would immediately take him away from Beverly were he not under contract to finish a series of sketches of the surrounding country for the man—I forget his name—who lives in that fine house on the top of the hill. And so, for I know how unhappy it would make you all should Miss Rosalie be united to a man whose family would distinctly regard the match in the light of a mesalliance. I have come to ask that you may find it convenient, should you have some relatives in another town, to let your daughter visit them for a few weeks, or until those pictures are finished. I feel that under the circumstances I am really not asking too much."

Miss Graham paused as if for an approving reply. None came, though the mouths of her two listeners had opened wide.

"I know," she said, "when you think it over you will come to my opinion, and that in this matter, which is such a vital one to me and his poor grandmother, who does not yet know the risk John has been running, I may count on your support."

Ingratingly Miss Graham held out her hand, first to Mrs. Brereton and then to her husband. Mechanically, dazedly, each took it in turn and accompanied her to the door.

When Miss Graham was well out of sight she burst into a ripple of merriment. "That scene goes into my next story," she said.

Late that afternoon there came a most cordial invitation to John Chandler, Esquire, from Mrs. Brereton, begging him to come to dinner quite informally and then accompany Miss Rosalie, her husband and herself to the theater.

The invitation was promptly accepted, and every one remarked how especially lovely Rosalie Brereton looked that night, and how pleased Mr. and Mrs. Brereton seemed at the prospect of what every one knew was a coming match.

WITH HIS AUTOGRAPH AWAY

Goes Society's Yell Pest, Ever Signature in Quest, and the Curses of the Guest, in His Wake.

His mind curls up in signatures across a fly leaf page. In every other matter he is sensible and sage, but antics with his fountain pen condemn him to a cage.

He gathered at a banquet to a literary lord and tried to trace his monicker in salt across the board the while our guest of honor made a speech that fairly soared. And when the speech was ending he sat up and looked alert which made him seem absorbing all the wisdom of the spurt of oratory's finish—where the speaker bulged his shirt. O, he was up to something and we passed around the wink as the whole address finished and the orator did sink to his chair for further orders and perhaps another drink.

Then the chairman did his blameworthy to string out a brief which started with an uproar and which finished with a sigh. Next, he said, we'd hold reception if right quickly we'd pass by. So the hero of the evening tired his arm at shaking hands—good fellow, frat, Masonic, and a dozen different brands of hearty sort of squeezes they pass out in western lands. The lineup was quite cheerful though it did tread down on toes, but the bunch was quite good natured in its semi-full dress clothes. Slowly they passed by the author, who struck up a classic pose.

In that cheerful line of grabbers there befell a sudden stop. All those of us behind him then believed we'd have to drop, for the busy autografer now was on the job to "cop." The hero of the evening held the fatal fountain pen and with a nervous flourish he inked tracks just like a pen as he signed a "first edition" and then signed a book again. He grew a little weary when he'd scratched in volume five. Why, that author looked as if he'd like to eat some one alive, but if there was trouble coming it did not, alas, arrive.

Well, at last the scene was ended and the line began to sway, and the eager autografer tucked his merchandise away, though we felt we'd like to wipe off that triumphant look so gay.

Too Strenuous Imitation.

Henry Bassett, a theological student of Philadelphia, suffered severe injuries recently as the result of a baptism if fire inflicted on him by his companions during his "initiation" into the college fraternity. It is the custom occasionally to observe weird rites and ceremonies and sometimes to practice dangerous jokes when admitting candidates to academic fraternities. Bassett was blindfolded and saturated with an alcoholic liquid, which was rubbed into his hair. Much of it trickled down his neck and on to the light material of which the youth's costume was made. Somebody lighted a match and held it near the candidate's head, and in an instant the flames leaped high in the air, burning him severely before they were extinguished.

Stroke of Misfortune.

"Lord Landpoore had a hard blow the other day, which threatens to strip him of all his resources." "Dear me! What was it?" "The blow he gave his rich, high-spirited American wife in the face."

CHURCH DIRECTORY OF THE COUNTY

For sometime the editor of The Advertiser has been endeavoring to compile a complete schedule of all of the religious services held in all the churches of the county, but we have not yet been able to complete the list. The following are the appointments which have been sent in to us, and additions will be made until the list is complete:

REV. E. C. BAILEY, Presbyterian. EDGEFIELD. 1st and 3rd Sundays 11 a. m.

TRENTON. 1st and 3rd Sundays 8 p. m. 4th Sunday 11 a. m. JOHNSTON. 2nd Sunday 11.15 a. m., 4th Sunday 8 p. m.

REV. HENRY B. WHITE, Baptist. STEVENS CREEK: Every second Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

REV. G. W. BUSSEY, Baptist. RED OAK GROVE: First Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and Saturday before.

DR. W. S. DORSET, Baptist. JOHNSTON. Every Sunday morning at 11 a. m. and every Sunday night at 7.30 except 5th Sundays.

REV. P. E. MONROE, Lutheran. ST. JOHN'S. Johnston. Preaching 2nd Sunday 11.15 a. m. 4th Sunday 7.30 p. m., 1st 7.30 p. m.

MT. CALVARY. Preaching 1st and 3rd Sundays 11.15 a. m. GOOD HOPE. Preaching 2nd Sunday 8.30 p. m., 4th 11.15 a. m.

REV. FOSTER SPEAR, Methodist. MCKENDREE. Third Sunday morning 11 a. m., 1st Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

REV. H. E. BECKHAM, Methodist. JOHNSTON: First and fourth Sunday mornings at 11 a. m. Second and third Sunday night at 7.30.

HARMONY: Third Sunday morning at 11 a. m. Sunday afternoon at 3.30.

SPANN. Second Sunday morning at 11 a. m., 4th Sunday afternoon at 8.30.

J. E. JOHNSTON, Baptist. BOLD SPRINGS: First and third Sunday mornings 11 a. m.

GRAVES L. KNIGHT, Baptist. TRENTON: 2nd and 4th Sunday mornings at 11 a. m.

REV. J. C. BROWN, Baptist. PHILIPPI: Second and fourth Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock.

REV. J. R. WALKER, Methodist. EDGEFIELD: Preaching every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and every Sunday night at 8:30, except third Sunday morning and first Sunday night. Prayer meeting every Wednesday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

TRENTON: Third Sunday morning at 11:00 and first Sunday afternoon at 4:00.

MILL CHAPEL: First Sunday night at 7:45.

REV. R. G. SHANNONHOUSE, Episcopal. EDGEFIELD: Preaching, first and third Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Wednesday afternoon.

TRENTON: Second Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. First and third Sunday afternoons at 3:30 o'clock.

RIDGE SPRING: Fourth Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

BATESBURG: Second and fourth Sunday afternoons at 5 o'clock, and fifth Sundays.

DR. M. D. JEFFRIES, Baptist. EDGEFIELD: Every Sunday morning at 11:30 and every Sunday night at 8:00, except fifth Sundays. Prayer meeting Wednesday night at 7:30.

HORN'S CREEK: Third Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

REV. P. P. BLALOCK, Baptist. BEREA: First Sunday at 11 o'clock. GILGAL: Third Sunday at 11 o'clock.

REV. B. H. COVINGTON, Methodist. BARR'S CHAPEL: First Sunday at 11 o'clock.

PLUM BRANCH: Second and third Sunday at 11 o'clock.

PARKVILLE: Second and third Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

DOTMAN: Fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock.

MERIWEATHER: Fourth Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

REV. J. T. LITTLEJOHN, Baptist. RED HILL: First and fourth Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock. Third Sunday at 11 o'clock.

REPUBLICAN: First Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

REHOBOTH: Second Sunday at 11 o'clock.

COLLIERS: Third Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

ANTIOCH: Fourth Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

REV. P. B. LANHAM, Baptist. CLARK'S HILL: First Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

EDGEFIELD MILL: Second Sunday morning.

HARDYS: Third Sunday morning. Mt. ZION: Fourth Sunday morning.

REV. R. EARLE FREEMAN, Baptist. PLUM BRANCH: First Sunday at 11 o'clock. Third Sunday afternoon at 3:45.

Mt. CARMEL: Second Sunday morning.

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PRAYER

By Rev. William Evans, Director Bible Course, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT.—Lord, teach us to pray.—And He said unto them, "When ye pray, say, Our Father.—Luke 11: 1, 2.



No subject can be of greater importance to the Christian than that of prayer. It is the Christian's vital breath. His spiritual nature can no more live without prayer than his physical nature can live without breathing. "Let me breathe or I die," says man; "let me pray or I die," says the Christian. Prayer is the native air of the child of God.

What is Prayer?

Prayer has been defined as "An offering up of our desires unto God for things agreeable to his will, in the name of Christ, with the confession of our sins and thankful acknowledgment of his mercies." Yet prayer is more than this; it is a dialogue, not a monologue; it is a vision as well as a voice; it is a revelation as well as a supplication. Prayer is not a mere venture and a voice of mine, but a vision and a voice divine.

In the heart of every one prayer is a sense of need, but a sense of need is not prayer. Prayer is asking for a felt need and asking God, not the universe, for it. Prayer is more than an asking, it is a receiving, a hearing, a learning of God, a converse and communion in which he has much to say and we have much to hear and learn.

The day in which we live is so full of possibilities that an intelligent man will not consider anything impossible. Years ago Morse was considered a fool because he asserted the possibility of communication between Washington and New York. Likewise Marconi was laughed at when he first advocated the idea of wireless telegraphy. Time and experience, however, have proven that these men were wise and not foolish.

Prayer is made possible to the Christian because of the revelation Christ has brought to the world, of the Father. It is only when we understand the true nature of God that prayer becomes possible. This revelation is brought to us only through Christ's interpretation of God. The god of science and philosophy does not furnish any incentive to pray. Bain, the scientist, describes the god of science as a double-faced something—mind and force—which lie behind all natural phenomena.

God is Called Father.

It is a remarkable thing to notice in almost every instance in the New Testament that when God is referred to in connection with prayer he is called Father. This in itself is an encouragement to prayer, as well as indicating that prayer is a possibility. It is expected that a child will ask its father for things it would not ask a stranger for. The fatherhood of God is not only a motive to prayer, but at the same time a thought which makes prayer both desirable and possible.

Do I find it hard to do as some people tell me—namely, "to pray all night"—let me not be discouraged, but remember that "like as a father" God deals with his children. I do not ask of my own child that he agonize all night when presenting to me a request. But you may say, "I am not sure that I obey properly." I reply, "Like as a father." Does an earthly parent not grant his child any petition until he properly obeys? "Like as a father." But, you say, "I do not understand God." Who does? Shall a father not grant a child's request until he is understood by the child? Then the child's request will never be granted. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

But the Father to whom we are to pray is an almighty Father, one who is absolutely sovereign and omnipotent. There are no difficulties with God, and we must always remember that "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Whatever may be our opinion of the unchangeableness of God's laws, we must never forget that every promise made to the prayerful soul shall be fulfilled by a sovereign God, even though ten thousand of what we call unchangeable laws need to be (so called) broken.

Is it not true that we ourselves break laws to supply the needs of our own children? If my little child is dying of a burning fever in the middle of August and calls for ice when the temperature registers 100 degrees, if I know enough I can make ice, even though the temperature stands at 100, and answer the prayer of my child. If my boy is falling from a third story window, and hearing his frightened call I rush to his help and catch him ere he touches the ground I not only save his life, but I break what may be called an unchangeable law—namely, the law of gravitation. So may we believe all things are possible with God.

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Successors to The Wilcox & Gibbs Guano Co. Charleston, S. C.

HIGHWAY OF LIFE
ON THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE HE DID NOT HEED THE ADVICE

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