

GOOD ROADS

DOUBLE LOAD ON GOOD ROAD

Farmers Haul Two Wagons Hitched Together to End of Improved Highway—Single on Poor Road.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

To see what really happens at the end of the good road, a public road specialist of the department recently had observations made in different sections of the country. The observers noted many country-bound teamsters who drove two loaded wagons, hitched one behind the other, to the end of the good road, and then found it necessary to leave one wagon by the roadside to be returned for later, while all the power of their teams was devoted to hauling a single wagon over the unimproved road.

Farmers bound for the market frequently were seen to haul wood and similar products to the beginning of the good road, there dumping them, and returning for a second load. When this arrived, the two loads were consolidated and easily hauled by a single team the remaining distance to market over the improved highway.

In one section of the country where oxen are still used teamsters were observed to bring their loads over the dirt roads with two or three yokes of oxen. When the beginning of the good roads was reached, the teamsters would unhitch the extra animals and finish their journey with a single yoke.

EXCESS WATER HURTS ROADS

Cold Weather Does Not Cause Injury, No Matter Whether Road Is Earth, Gravel or Macadam.

Water, not cold, is the cause of the deterioration of roads in winter. Cold weather does not in itself injure roads no matter whether they are earth, gravel or macadam. In fact an earth road will stand more traffic when it is solidly frozen than at any other time. Excess water, however, is always detrimental to a highway. When cold weather turns this water into ice, the damage that it does is greatly increased. Ice occupies considerably more space than the water from which it is formed, and every person who has lived in a cold climate is familiar with the powerful bursting effect of water when left to freeze in a confined vessel. The same action takes place when a wet road freezes to any considerable depth. It simply bursts or, as we generally term it in road parlance, the road heaves. Later, when the frost leaves, the road is disintegrated and ruts badly. If this process is repeated a number of times during the winter, a gravel or macadam road may be practically destroyed while an earth road may become entirely impassable.

A dry road will not heave. Rock, gravel, sand and even clay when perfectly dry contract slightly on freezing.



Well-Drained Road.

In order to expand on freezing, these materials must contain or be mixed with water, and the more water they contain the greater the expansion which takes place. But so long as the road remains frozen, the damage does not become apparent. Hence the frequent and erroneous idea that it is the thaw which injures the road. The injury was done when the water in the road froze and the particles of the road surface—broken stone, sand, still fine particles of earth or clay—were pushed apart by the expanding power of the freezing water. The thaw merely allows the ice to melt and assume its original volume as water.

The remedy is self-evident. Keep the water out of the road. The time to begin preventive measures is before the rains begin. If the road goes into the winter thoroughly dry with the surface and drainage in good condition, the chances are extremely favorable that it will come out all right the following spring.

KEEPING UP DIRT HIGHWAYS

Farmers Can Have Good Roads by Grading to Drain Off Rainfall and Keep Surface Smooth.

We all want good roads and when we find out what is the really permanent highway we will want that also in line with the modern idea of building for keeps.

In the meantime farmers can have good dirt roads by grading to drain off the rainfall, and by dragging to keep the surface smooth and hard.

The Road Scraper.

Where is your road scraper? Have it ready to use on the roads after every rain. Persuade your neighbor to do the same.

Increase School Attendance.

Figures show that school attendance increases importantly wherever country roads are improved.

Expenses for 1914.

In 1914 the United States expended for road work a quarter of a billion dollars.

THE CROSS-EYED COOK

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks had been married only a few months, but already they had had nine cooks, and most of the time had been without a servant at all. After each and every departure of the presiding dames of the culinary department of the Brooks household, Mrs. Brooks declared that she was sick and tired of fooling with them, and that thereafter she would do all the cooking with her own fair hands. Mrs. Brooks was long on enthusiasm, but a trifle short on experience and skill, and after a week or two of wheat cakes with all the taste and juiciness of asbestos, chops with all the endurance and elasticity of rope-ends, and coffee that tasted like a chill tonic, Mr. Brooks was wont to declare that she was simply wearing herself to a frazzle; that he wasn't going to have it any longer, and that a cook must be immediately signed up.

It was on the first evening after they had moved into a new flat, and just after Mr. Brooks had taken a stand of this sort that Mrs. Brooks announced that she had that day engaged a new cook, who had promised to appear on the following morning.

On his return home from the office the following evening, instead of Mrs. Brooks, he met at the door of the flat an apparition that made him give a perceptible start before he could control himself. It was a huge, bony, white-turbaned negress, with a complexion of Stygian blackness and the cross-eyeddest pair of cross-eyes that Brooks had ever seen in a human being.

He walked back into the flat wondering where his wife could be. That person came bounding in almost at that instant, explaining that she had just run out for some flowers, the occasion being one that seemed to call for some celebration. "Have you seen her?" she demanded.

"Oh, it's a her, is it?" said Mr. Brooks. "I'm glad you told me or I might not have known. Yes, I have seen her, and I am still a trifle weak from the shock."

"What is the name of this ill-favored daughter of Ham?"

"Gwendolyn," replied Mrs. Brooks.

"Gwendolyn," repeated her husband, sinking weakly down upon a couch.

It was a very agreeable odor that smote Mr. Brooks' nostrils as he lifted the cover from Gwendolyn's dishes. And they proved to be no false heralds. Not many times in his life had he sat down to so satisfying a meal, he soon found himself saying. Sipping a cup of delicious coffee, Mr. Brooks lit a cigar, pushed his chair back from the table, and forthwith pronounced the gargantuan Gwendolyn the original pearl of great price. Mr. Brooks, in fact, was so pleased and satisfied that he could not resist the temptation to tease his young wife a little.

"I might have known, though," he said gloomily, "that there would be some thorn to the rose. How could you have deliberately invited bad luck by bringing a cross-eyed negro into the flat just as we have moved into it?"

Mrs. Brooks looked up in alarm. Her eyes widened. "Why, really, are they bad luck?" she inquired anxiously.

"Are they bad luck?" he repeated solemnly. "Do you mean to tell me that you've lived almost twenty-two years and never heard that about a cross-eyed negro. Why, my dear child, they're almost the worst luck there is."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Brooks, looking as if some horrible calamity had already befallen. "What are we going to do about it?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Brooks. "We'll just stand pat. You see it may be years and years before this bad luck happens, so there's no use worrying about it."

Meals at the Brooks flat continued to be enjoyable. Gwendolyn remained gloomy and silent, but she proved herself a born cook, and Brooks wended his way homeward every evening with great satisfaction in the thought of the dinner that was waiting him.

It was a month or two after Gwendolyn's initial triumph that Mr. Brooks went home one evening and found his wife cooking dinner and also herself in the kitchen. She explained that it was Gwendolyn's afternoon off.

It was after her husband had eaten bravely through the meal that Mrs. Brooks gathered herself together and suddenly burst out:

"John, just now I told you only a half truth. It is the cook's day off, but she isn't coming back any more."

"What?" almost shrieked Mr. Brooks. "What has happened?"

"I've discharged her," said Mrs. Brooks almost tearfully.

"Discharged her!" shouted Mr. Brooks. "What does all this mean?"

"Well, you see, Harry, it was like this," began Mrs. Brooks tremblingly. "I was feeling lonesome today while you were gone, and I picked up a novel telling about a young bride who lost her husband on their honeymoon, and it was so sad I cried and cried. And then the horrible thought came to me—what if you should die! Then I remembered what you said about cross-eyed negroes bringing bad luck. Gwendolyn was working in the kitchen and the awful thought came to me that if you died it would be because of her, and I would lose my mind and go staring mad thinking how it was me that brought her into the house. The thought preyed on me till I couldn't stand it any longer, so I just went in and discharged her."

Mr. Brooks sank back into his chair in dumb stupefaction and then with a suppressed groan he, metaphorically speaking, fainted dead away.

HAVING NO HOPE

Aliens From Christ Are Without Hope and Without God in the World.—Eph. 2:12.

"Ye were at that time separate from Christ, alienated from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of the promise, having no hope, and without God in the world."—Ephesians 2:12, R. V.

These words describe the appalling condition of the Ephesians before they were saved, but I wish to impress upon you just three words in this dark picture: "Having no hope." Better be without anything else than be without hope. We may be in great present distress, but if we have a good and sure hope for the future, it matters little. We may have great present prosperity, but if we have no good hope for the future, it is of little worth.

Three Classes.

There are three classes who have no hope.

First of all, the man who denies or doubts the existence of a personal God, a wise, mighty loving Ruler of the universe, has no hope. Man's only rational foundation for hope for the future is the existence of an intelligent, beneficent and omnipotent God, ruling nature and the affairs of men.

The man who denies the truth of the Bible has no hope.

The only conception of God that gives a man a good basis for expectation for the life that now is or the life which is to come is found in the Bible.

The man who believes in the Bible but does not accept and confess the Christ the Bible presents as his own personal Saviour and Master, has no hope. Have you accepted the Christ of the Bible as your own personal Saviour, and are you confessing him before the world as your Lord, and are you proving that to be an honest confession by doing as he says? The Bible holds out absolutely no hope to any except those who accept the Saviour whom it is its main purpose to reveal.

Have No Hope.

We see, then, that the atheist and the agnostic have no hope; that the infidel and skeptic have no hope; that the orthodox believer in the Bible who rejects Christ as a personal Saviour and Lord has no hope. In what sense have they no hope?

They have no hope for the life that now is, no well-founded and sure expectation of blessedness for the life that now is. In the first place, they have no guarantee of continued prosperity. They may be very prosperous today, they may have perfect health, a comfortable income, hosts of friends, every earthly thing that heart would desire; but unless they are right with God unless they have accepted his Son Jesus Christ and therefore have a right to claim the promise of the Bible as their own, there is absolutely no guarantee that these things which they now possess will continue to be theirs 24 hours. A thousand things may occur to change it all.

Life Is So Uncertain.

It takes but one little snip of the shears of fate to sever the cord of life. Of course, if a man is a true Christian this fact has no terrors for him; for what men call death is simply departing to be with Christ, "which is very far better." No man out of Christ has a good hope for the next ten minutes.

But infinitely worse than this is the fact that they have no hope for the life that is to come. This earthly life is but a brief span at the very longest.

But eternity is long; how it stretches out! The farther we look ahead the longer it stretches out. It is an awful thing to have no hope for eternity. The man out of Christ has no hope of blessedness after death. No, there is no light in the grave for the Christless man. There is no hope of glad reunion with friends who have gone or who may go. The believer loses his friends, but he does not sorrow as those who have no hope.

Which Will You Take?

Friends, which do you prefer, the no hope of one who is out of Christ, or the glorious hope of the one who has received Christ as his Saviour, surrendered to him as his Lord and Master, and confessed him as such before the world? You have your choice. Everyone has his choice. Which will you take?—Rev. R. A. Torrey, D.D.

What Fear Means.

There will be no fear in heaven. God will be reigning there; and wherever he reigns fear cannot exist. Fear is distrust of him; and that means, even though we do not realize it at the time, the doubting of God's faithfulness and sufficiency, and the disputing of his reign in our hearts. So that fear is not only dangerous, it is in itself disaster. The saying, "I feared a fear, and it came to pass," is often sadly true in the Christian life. If we fear that we may fail before temptation, we have already failed in the sin of distrust; and further failure before the coming temptation is guaranteed—unless we trust Christ as our life and let his perfect love cast out fear.

God the Supreme Nurturer.

It lies in the nature of God to communicate his own perfection to his creatures. Such a God is a God of self-impacting love, who can never be satisfied with giving until he has given all he has and all he is. Hence he is the supreme nurturer, and the goal of creation is a community of souls in whom he has perfected his own image.—Susan E. Blow.

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DORN & MIMS



There are so many things—best things—that can only come when youth is past that it may well happen to many of us to find ourselves happier and happier to the last.—Ellot.

WINTER FRUITS.

At this season of the year when canned fruit is disappearing as well as the jams and jellies, we are forced to think about dried fruits.

In preparing dried fruit it is well to remember that it needs a good soaking to restore the moisture lost by drying. No amount of cooking will soften the fruit as soaking overnight will do. Dates and figs are so rich in sugar that they do not need soaking as a rule.

A most delicious marmalade may be made of the fresh orange, grapefruit, and lemon, using one of each sliced as fine as possible, discarding the seeds. Cover the sliced fruit with three quarts of cold water and let it stand overnight, or better 24 hours. Then simmer for an hour and a half and again let stand overnight. The next day add five pounds of light brown sugar and cook slowly until the fruit is clear. Turn into glasses and cover as for ordinary jelly.

Spiced Prunes.—Soak a pound of large prunes overnight in water to cover. In the morning stew in the same water until soft, adding a two-inch stick of cinnamon, the grated rind of half a lemon, six cloves; while the fruit is still hot add a half a cupful each of vinegar and sugar. Chill before serving.

Prune and Apple Roly-Poly.—Roll out a rich pastry very thin, heap on it two cupfuls of finely chopped apples and a cupful of drained, stoned, and slightly chopped, stewed prunes. Roll up and place in a deep saucepan; cover with boiling water, a cupful of brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Bake one hour and serve with whipped cream and the sauce in which it was cooked.

Cranberries are also delicious, spiced as one does other fruit. To three quarts of berries use three and a half pounds of brown sugar, two cupfuls of vinegar, a tablespoonful of allspice, a teaspoonful of cloves and a three-inch stick of cinnamon. The vinegar, if very acid, should be diluted. The spices may be removed before putting in the glasses if desired.

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