

**SNAKES' NESTS CLEANED OUT**

**Pennsylvanians Probably Set Record for "Bag" of Rattles Constituting One Day's Work.**

John L. Klingaman, who never before knew any fear, so it is said, was badly scared while picking huckleberries on Broad mountain, near Glen Onoko, when he stepped on a huge rattlesnake which struck at his ankle, slightly lacerating it, though not poisoning him, a Mauch Chunk (Pa.) correspondent of the New York Sun writes.

The big snake coiled to strike a second time, when Klingaman heard rattles all around him. Seizing a club, he killed the one on which he had stepped, and then went after the others, which had drawn up in battle array. After a fierce fight he killed them all without receiving a scratch, and on counting them he found that he had killed nine big rattlers, the smallest of them measured three feet in length. He took the largest, 43 inches long, with 12 rattles and a button, home with him. It was the biggest snake of the kind seen in this locality in many years.

While Klingaman was busy slaughtering one nest of rattlesnakes, one of his companions, some distance away from him, had an encounter with another nest of eight rattlers, killing every one of them.

Rattlesnakes are more plentiful in this section than in any previous season. Members of Company F, Thirtieth regiment, National Guard, engaged in this vicinity, have killed many of them this season. In one instance one of the troopers was bitten, but recovered.

**CAREFUL MOTHER**



Mrs. De Style—I mustn't let my social activities make me neglect my children.

Her Secretary—Quite right, Mrs. De Style; send them a marked copy of this paper. It outlines my plans for August in full.

**Pear Delight.**

Make a square cake with following recipe: Break four eggs into a bowl, add six tablespoonfuls of sugar and beat for 15 minutes over another bowl of boiling water. Remove from water and beat until the mixture is cold and thick; remove beater, sift in three-fourths cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder; mix carefully, add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, a few drops of red color, and six tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Pour into a square, greased and papered tin and bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes. Turn out and remove the paper. Cool, spread over with whipped and sweetened cream flavored with one-half teaspoonful of almond extract, sprinkle over with pink coconut and put halves of stewed or canned pears on the top with a star of whipped cream in the center of each.

**Raising Prices in Japan.**

A bag of rice, which only a few years ago cost \$1.25, now sells at \$2.50, an increase of 100 per cent. But this staple is only typical of nearly all other articles of household use. No legitimate reason exists for this increase. Rice is raised in Japan. Wages are slightly higher, no doubt, but not sufficiently so to add 100 per cent to the cost of an article of necessity. Such a rise in price of necessities is an avoidable hardship, observes East and West. The government can check it, if wisely directed. The rice market, like wheat in America, should be the last to suffer from violent manipulation. It is the food of the people and government should fix a limit for its price.

**Had a Use for It.**

The Mother (overhauling little Tommy's wardrobe)—Oh, Charles, just see what that dreadful child has been carrying about in his pocket! A real cartridge with a bullet in it. He might have been blown to bits.

The Father (with a glowing consciousness of assisting his country at a critical time)—Just put it in a cool place for tonight, my dear, and I will leave it at the war office on my way to business.

**LISZT SPOILED BY ADULATION**

**Great Piano Virtuoso Never Employed to Best Advantage the Great Gift That He Possessed.**

It is only when we remember Liszt's profession that we can read the riddle he presents. From childhood up, he was the idolized piano virtuoso. He was petted and adored all his life. He was smothered all his life under the adulation showered upon him in every capital of Europe, showered upon him in every tangible form by women of the highest society. His was not a character profound or fine enough to right itself. He never managed to develop out of that stage, to contact with truly nourishing things. On the contrary, he became completely uprooted, came to exist entirely in this modern Capua, came to love it and to crave the rose leaves and the clouds of perfume. His music is largely an inspiration toward it, an attempt to perpetuate about him the admiration and adulation, the glowing eyes and half parted lips, the heaving bosoms. It is a mechanism for procuring for himself the Pascha power he desired. Indeed, beside Liszt, Chopin seems a veritable anchorite. True, Liszt interested himself in music for another reason. If it served to procure him the particular "place in the sun" that he craved, it furnished him also with a most engaging pastime. He interested himself in music as one might interest oneself in a sport as one becomes more proficient in it. He studied its rules, its teachings, its tricks. With what keenness he mastered them his compositions show. But that interest was only minor. The other was the major.—Paul Rosenfield, in Seven Arts Magazine.

**FEW BIRDS SING IN AUGUST**

**Midseason Month Noticeable for the Absence of Music From Nature's Feathered Creatures.**

Once upon a time when we had something to say about August we spoke on it as nature's silent month, remarks the Terre Haute Star. Almost instantly we were reproved by readers who said that in August the locusts and some dozens of their kin made the month noisy, if not musical. Confessedly, when we wrote of August as the silent month, we were thinking of birds, not bugs.

The song sparrow, the red-eyed vireo and sometimes the ovenbird try to take from August its value as a synonym for silence, but of what account is the music of three when their thousand fellows refuse to sing?

August is the molting month and molting is a painful process. The birds do not feel like singing, and, mostly, they do not sing, but it is highly probable that they would not, even if nature were not insisting on a change of feathers. The reason is that the season is late. Housekeeping was pushed forward because roofs were likely to leak.

August, however, for its main part, will hold its silent record. It is the midseason and it shows forth together some of the beauties of summer and of fall. The belated rose blossoms with the early aster and the goldenrod stands between. August has neither the full glory of burning July nor of cool September, but it shares in some small part of the glories of each.

**Poets and Coffee.**

Poets have neglected coffee; partly because poets are greatly under the influence of tradition, partly because coffee is a hard word to find a rhyme for; one had hoped that vers libres would give scope to coffee lovers. But the vers-librettisti and vers-librettistae (those gentlemen and ladies who write poetry for the eye and the ear rather than for the intelligence) have been equally negligent. Philosophers do not care for breakfast. Kynt took a pipe and a stroll for his morning meal, and if we were to inquire into the habits of the extremely modern poets we should be likely to find that they are equally reckless of breakfast. I suspect them of gruel or mutton broth.

To return, as I have said, no poet has celebrated coffee. Shakespeare came too soon. Pope has a mere reference:

Coffee, which makes the politician wise, And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.

But in Pope's day coffee was an affair of afternoon and company did not appeal to romantic sentiments as breakfast coffee does.—Henry Dwight Sedgwick in the Yale Review.

**Why We Read.**

We should not, supposing each of them to render life as he saw it, quarrel with Fielding, whose idea of cause and effect is that drinking makes a man a fine, genial fellow, any more than with Zola, who wrote a book called "L'Assommoir." Actually "Tom Jones," since it is a more filtered work—since it is a product of the author's experience of life, whereas Zola's book is a product, not of experience, but of tabulations—"Tom Jones" will probably have a more persistent vitality. It is a rendering of life as it is, such as it is, a picture of manners. It interests because it excites our curiosity. After all, we most of us read because we want to know—because we want to know so many things.

**Corrected Description.**

"Your boy tells me his father is saying such queer things, Susan. Is he out of his head?"  
"De doctah, mum, says as how ho is deleterious wiv de fevah, mum."

**Reasons!**

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**The Best Hot Weather Tonic**  
GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC enriches the blood, builds up the whole system and will wonderfully strengthen and fortify you to withstand the depressing effect of the hot summer. 50c.

**Notice of Final Discharge.**

To All Whom These Presents May Concern:

Whereas, Henry Salter, Guardian has made application unto this Court for Final Discharge as Guardian in re the Estate of Willie and Ruth Salter, Minors on this the 13th day of October, 1917.

These Are Therefore, to cite any and all kindred, creditors, or parties interested, to show cause before me at my office at Edgefield Court House, South Carolina, on the 20th day of November, 1917 at 11 o'clock a. m., why said order of Discharge should not be granted.

W. T. KINNAIRD,  
J. P., E. C.

Oct. 13, 1917—4t.

**Land For Sale.**

We, the undersigned executors of the estate of Mrs. Bettie Williams, deceased, will offer for sale at public auction on the 15th day of November at the late residence of the said deceased the following real estate 133 acres of land, more or less, bounded on the North by lands of Bub Claxton; East by lands of Lewis Lybrand; South by lands of Hodge Moyer and West by lands of John Claxton, and located in Edgefield county four miles south of Ridge Spring. Good school and church in one mile of place. Terms of sale cash.

C. W. Salter,  
Rhetha Lybrand,  
Executors.

10-15.

**Give Courteous Attention When Telephoning**

Concentration and courteous attention given to a telephone conversation is a mark of respect that will be appreciated.

Frequent interruptions and requests to repeat mar the pleasure of the talk. Concentrate on what is being said and talk with a smile. Courtesy is like oil to machinery—the lack of it will cause friction and friction in telephone talking is a thing to be avoided.

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**SOME STRIKE IT RICH BUT A SURE WAY IS TO PUT A LITTLE IN THE BANK EVERY WEEK**

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E. J. Mims, Cashier; J. H. Allen, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS: J. C. Sheppard, Thos. H. Rainsford, John Rainsford, B. E. Nicholson, A. S. Tompkins, C. C. Fuller, E. J. Mims, J. H. Allen

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I am now selling cotton seed Meal and Hulls—7 per cent. meal and old-style hulls. I buy in car lots direct from the mills, and can sell as low as the lowest.

Attractive price on meal and hulls in exchange for seed.

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**BIG STOCK OF FALL MERCHANDISE**

We desire to inform our Edgefield friend that our buyers went into the Northern and Eastern markets early, and we secured the best stock we have ever bought. We are showing the largest line of Clothing for Men and Boys that we have ever shown. We also have a big stock of Staple Dry Goods that we bought early.

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We extend a cordial invitation to the ladies to come in to see our Millinery and Ready-to-Wear Department. We have all of the latest shapes and trimmings, and our milliners can make just the hat you want if we haven't it in stock. We are showing the largest assortment of tailor-made suits for women that has ever been shown in Augusta. All the new fabrics in the popular colors. Do not fail to come in to see us at the same old stand, where many Edgefield people have been trading for years.

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