

SNAKES' NESTS CLEANED OUT

Pennsylvanians Probably Set Record for "Bag" of Rattlers 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.

LOOKING FOR JAN

By L. HOLLAND.

There walked down the gangplank bridging the little strip of water which bubbled between the great ship and pier a blue-eyed, golden-haired little Norwegian girl. No one noticed her; no one spoke to her. She had come to the strange country to look for Jan. For a long time she had had no word from him. The dear father and mother had died, so Gundrun sold the little moss-roofed home which nestled among the snow-capped hills of her beloved Norway and had come across the sea to find the dear lover. It all seemed so simple and easy that she almost felt she might see him standing on the pier watching for her. Surely everyone would know him, he was so big and handsome, so good and so kind and so wise. Oh, no one knew so much as Jan. And from her full heart there rose a little Norwegian song, so wild and free, so weird and sweet—a song of Jan's, one he had taught her, for Jan could write songs, and no greater joy had Gundrun than in singing them.

Jan was not on the pier waiting for her, and when she asked for him, no one heeded her questioning.

Oh, how strange and cold this new country was—no one knew anyone else, everyone was in such a hurry, all seemed so busy—did they ever rest? How unlike the quiet, peaceful home across the sea!

Indignation held sway among the nurses of the big emergency hospital, for Miss Elton, the superintendent, had committed a crime without precedent. She had received as a probationer Gundrun, the little dining-room maid.

"And if she gets through her probation and is accepted, I shall go," declared the head nurse.

"And I shall stay," retorted the surgery nurse, for between them was fierce rivalry and they made it a point never to agree with one another in anything.

"I suppose you think we couldn't run the place without you," sneered the first speaker.

"Not quite so bad as that, dear," returned the other, "but I will say, there are nurses in this hospital whose resignation would be much more readily accepted than mine." This thrust silenced her rival, who made up her mind, however, that whatever the outcome of Gundrun's probation, she, the head nurse, would remain if for no other reason than to spite "that conceited thing" in the surgery.

The outcome was in Gundrun's favor. Quiet, gentle and thoughtful, she proved herself in every way worthy of the profession and ere long not one among that blue-and-white gowned band of women who flitted about from ward to ward and from bed to bed carrying relief and comfort to suffering humanity, but were glad to have Gundrun their friend.

Among the patients there was not one whose eye did not brighten as it rested on the prettily rounded figure, the crown of golden hair, the deep blue eyes, so gentle and loving, and yet so sad. At night, in the dimly lighted halls in whose shadowy depths is needed no abnormally imaginative mind to conjure up many a gruesome sight; in the cold, white surgery, where in the wee, small hours of the proceedings of the preceding day were all too vividly pictured on the unusually acute sense; in the long wards with the narrow, white beds ranged in rows against the walls, with the dull yellow light casting an almost death pallor on the sleeping faces, quiet and sad little Gundrun strangely harmonized, as she glided silently along the dim halls, in and out of the gloomy wards, freshening a rumpled pillow, moistening fever-parched lips, soothing to rest with soft, caressing hand an over-wrought brain and pausing to each bedside to assure herself of the comfort of each sufferer in her care.

"Be watchful of the man in number forty," warned the doctor as he said good night. "He's threatened with a high fever and I want to check it if I can."

When Gundrun finished her rounds she stole into the sickroom. On the bed lay a tall, blond man, his flushed, heavily bearded face but half discernible in the soft light.

She straightened the disordered bed, cooled the hot pillow, bathed the flushed face and burning hands, and then, seating herself in a little, low chair at the bedside, stroked with soft and cooling hand the throbbing brow. But in vain. It seemed as if sleep would never again close those burning eyes. Finally she thought herself of the little Norwegian song—Jan's song—she used to sing in the dear land she feared she would never see again. Sweetly, yet softly, her voice rose and fell, and as she sang her thoughts were over the sea.

Unheeded lay the sufferer at her side, unheeded the shadowy halls, the dim wards, the great, strange city itself. She wandered again in the green fields of her dear Norway, her Jan at her side, gazing down at her with eyes full of love and tenderness.

"Gundrun, Gundrun!"

She turned. Her heart stood still. The song froze on her lips. Leaning toward her with outstretched arms, his eyes filled with a strange, sweet eagerness, was Jan.

Fainting, trembling, she fell on her knees at the bedside.

"Jan, my Jan," she cried, and, clasped in his arms, his lips pressed to hers, he melted into her dream.

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ONE CAN BE TOO HUMBLE

Always Well to Remember the World Is Apt to Take a Man at His Own Value.

Humility is called a virtue. It is so unless carried too far. A man is usually taken at his own value. If he makes too little of himself, he is likely to be thought of little worth. The unduly humble man will lack the strength of character needed for success. He will have little influence in society and will not be fitted to hold responsible positions. While too great opinion of one's self stands in the way of progress, too great humility is worse. Conceit receives many knocks in life and may be taken out of a man; too much humility seldom receives the needed encouragement. Conceit in a child is soon corrected, when he comes to mingling with other children in schools. Too great humility gives his schoolmates a chance to put upon him and treat him as an inferior—a chance which will seldom be neglected. A child may become crippled in spirit for life in this way. Even teachers sometimes fail to see what is the trouble with the child and to give him the encouragement he needs. Beware of breaking down a child's self-confidence. Irreparable injury may thus be done him. Train him to feel that he is of value and is able to do what there is for him to do. Think well of yourself if you would have others think well of you.—Milwaukee Journal.

SPORT ONLY FOR STRENUOUS

Harpooning Devilfish Differs Somewhat From Pastime So Much Beloved by Ordinary Fishermen.

The extraordinary shape, huge size, and vast power of the big devilfish, or manta, give him an evil reputation, which is heightened by his black coloring. A queer peculiarity of this coloring is that the black pigment comes off on anything touching it. Kneeling on one of the devilfish when it was drawn up on the sand I arose with my knee completely blackened. The skin is not only very tough, but is also very rough, being covered, like that of an old shark, with dermal denticles which scarify the skin if a naked arm or leg is drawn across it. The big mouth is practically toothless, entirely so as regards the upper jaw, while the lower jaw has a small dental plate which differs in the two sexes. In spite of its size the manta is in no way dangerous to man unless attacked; but when harpooned its furious energy, tenacity of life and enormous strength render it formidable; for it can easily smash or overturn a boat which is clumsily handled, and if the ropes foul an accident is apt to occur.—From "Harpooning Devilfish," by Theodore Roosevelt, in Scribner's Magazine.

Saving Czar's Aurochs.

Kartsoff, former master of the hunt for Emperor Nicholas, who now administers the formerly imperial domains at Gatchina, the residence of the Dowager Empress Marie, has taken measures to prevent the destruction of seven surviving aurochs, the only European bison now known with certainty to exist in Russia. Until lately a large herd was maintained in Nicholas' vast forest at Bieloviesh, White Russia, ten from which were sent to Gatchina before the war. When the Germans occupied Bieloviesh they killed and canned hundreds of aurochs. It is not known if any survive at Bieloviesh, but before the killing two were presented to the Stockholm Skansen park. After the revolution, the Gatchina populace organized an aurochs' hunt, considering the beasts "imperial" and therefore fair game. They killed three. M. Kartsoff's measures aim at preserving the remainder.

Kaffirs in France.

"Somewhere in France there is a large camp of Kaffirs," says a correspondent of the Spectator. "When I first saw them, my British ignorance and prejudice made me jump to the conclusion that they were the scum from the mines of South Africa. To my utter astonishment, however, I have since discovered that 80 per cent of these blacks (Basutos and Zulus) are the product of our mission schools.

"They are Christian men—have their own native Padre—and thirty or forty of them knew all about Donald Hankey, and were quite familiar with his book, 'A Student in Arms!' There may be white camps where the same may be said of them, but I haven't come across them yet."

Slashes Russ Alphabet.

Russian Minister of Education Manuiloff is ruthlessly cleansing the Cyrillic alphabet of superfluous. By decree he has abolished the specific Russian letter "yat," confusion of which with "e" is one of the woes of schooling, abolished also the use in Russian of the Greek "theta," formerly used indiscriminately with "phi," and finally abolished the "hard sign" placed after consonants.

The reforms excite mixed feelings. Children and utilitarians rejoice, but the novelist, Leonid Andreyeff, says that "such changes rob our classics of their traditional form and atmosphere. We feel we are reading dialect."

Sure Sign.

"The war will end in two weeks," he said as he estimated the decrease in the size of his apple pie, in a one-arm cafeteria.

"Where do you get that dope?" asked the next chair neighbor.

"Well, I have a brother who enlisted today and he never held a job longer than two weeks in his life."

A FAMILY MEDICINE

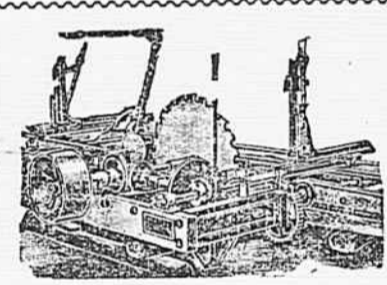
In Her Mother's Home, Says This Georgia Lady, Regarding Black-Draught, Relief From Head-ache, Malaria, Chills, Etc.

Ringgold, Ga.—Mrs. Chas. Gaston, of this place, writes: "I am a user of Theford's Black-Draught; in fact, it was one of our family medicines. Also in my mother's home, when I was a child. When any of us children complained of headache, usually caused by constipation, she gave us a dose of Black-Draught, which would rectify the trouble. Often in the Spring, we would have malaria and chills, or troubles of this kind, we would take Black-Draught pretty regular until the liver acted well, and we would soon be up and around again. We would not be without it, for it certainly has saved us lots of doctor bills. Just a dose of Black-Draught when not so well saves a lot of days in bed."

Theford's Black-Draught has been in use for many years in the treatment of stomach, liver and bowel troubles, and the popularity which it now enjoys is proof of its merit. If your liver is not doing its duty, you will suffer from such disagreeable symptoms as headache, biliousness, constipation, indigestion, etc., and unless something is done, serious trouble may result.

Theford's Black-Draught has been found a valuable remedy for these troubles. It is purely vegetable, and acts in a prompt and natural way, regulating the liver to its proper functions and cleansing the bowels of impurities. Try it. Insist on Theford's, the original and genuine. E 79

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EDGEFIELD, S. C.

Citation.
The State of South Carolina,
County of Edgefield.
By W. T. Kinaird, Probate Judge.

Whereas, J. E. Ouzts has made suit to me, to grant him Letters of Administration of the Estate and effects of A. Clark Ouzts, deceased.

These Are Therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and Creditors of the said A. Clark Ouzts, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Edgefield, South Carolina in my office on the 17th day of January (1918) next, after publication thereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my Hand, this 29th day of December, A. D., 1917.

W. T. KINNAIRD,
Probate Judge E. C.
Jan. 1, 1918—3t.

Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 50c

Fertilizers for 1918

We beg to announce that we are now ready to deliver fertilizers for this season, having secured a liberal supply which we have on hand in our warehouses ready for delivery.

Haul your fertilizers now while you can get your supply. Do not wait until there is congestion of freights, when you cannot get goods shipped.

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