

"WAKE" IS OLD INSTITUTION

Custom Most Prevalent Today in Ireland Well Known to the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans.

"The custom of 'waking' the dead, with the drinking, smoking and conversation of the large company of neighbors who assemble in the house of mourning, appears incongruous and repulsive to those who are unacquainted with its remote origin or the kindly and humane motives which underlie it," says Michael Macdonagh, in the English Review. "The wake is a very old institution. It existed among the Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans, Shakespeare and Scott give instances of medieval revels in honor of the dead. The custom survives in a different form, but with somewhat identical motives, among the Irish, almost alone of the ancient peoples.

"Waking" means, for one thing, 'watching.' The English way of leaving the body shut up in a room, all alone, would be most repellant to the Irish nature. It would be regarded as desertion. The Irish keep close company with their dead until the very last moment of the burial.

"The body is clothed in a shroud made in imitation of the habits worn by certain orders of friars and in the hands, crossed reverently on the breast, is placed a crucifix. The walls near the bed are hung with clean white sheets on which are pinned bunches of flowers, laurel leaves and holy pictures. Lighted candles, seven in number, are on the table. They are symbolical of hopes and aspirations relating to the dead. That he or she has been cleansed of the seven deadly sins, possessed the seven gifts of wisdom, understanding, counsel, fortitude, knowledge, piety and fear of the Lord, and the seven principal virtues.

"First entering the room where the body lies the visitors kneel and say a prayer for the eternal salvation of the departed soul. Afterward in the kitchen, snuff, pipes and tobacco, whisky and stout are served to the company. The dead person is in his house for the last time, and, as host for the last time, dispenses hospitality.

"Memories of his kindness and good nature are revived by the neighbors. 'Tis he that had the bright smile and cheery word whenever you met him, and no matter what you might want of him, sure you had only to say the word to get it with a heart and a half."

He Got a Seat.

Speaking of street cars reminds one of the latest—the very latest—thing in wording heard on a local traction line.

This was sprung on an unsuspecting world the other night—morning, rather—about three o'clock.

The springer told about it to his office mates the next morning as follows:

"I'm so used to standing up in the street car that I don't know how to sit down any more, actually," he said. "I feel more rested standing up than sitting down. We always like what we grow accustomed to, of course—sort of force of habit; strong thing, you know, as all our well-known psychologists agree.

"The other afternoon I stood up for two miles, and finally a lady got out, and a motherly looking woman said to me, 'Here's a seat,' and I said, 'It's a pretty seat, all right.'

"But that night I started to tell you about—believe me, boys, if you want to get a seat on a Washington street car go home at three o'clock in the morning. It is pretty late, I'll admit, but the lateness of the hour has its compensation.

"I got on, and there wasn't anybody else on the car, but I got a seat, boys; I got a seat!"—Washington Star.

Meat Is Scarce.

Patrick J. Kennedy and Thomas Carr, farmers of Templeton, Ind., came to Indianapolis with three carloads of hogs and cattle, and after waiting all day at the stock yards were told that there was no demand for them, says the Indianapolis News. The price on hogs fell from \$17.60 to \$17.10 while they were at the yards and finally they had to sell 12 of the choicest hogs from one car at \$17. They were told that these hogs were too fat. The razor-backs, comparatively speaking, brought \$17.10. The cattle could not be sold.

After this experience the two went to a stock yards restaurant nearby and ordered steak. It was Tuesday and, therefore, a meatless day.

"We can't buy beef or pork," said the waitress. "All we have for you is fish and oysters. Meat is very scarce, you know."

"Yes, we know," said Kennedy, as he gave in and bought a substitute.

Businesslike and Efficient.

It is considered worthy of notice in the papers that a woman has "held down" a job as agent at a railroad station somewhere in the West and that a woman was agent at a Maine station for a few weeks. People must have short memories not to recall that the agent of the important Grand Trunk station at Lewiston a dozen years ago was a woman, who held the job for some time. And the writer can testify that she was businesslike and efficient, for she once kept him waiting at the ticket window for ten minutes by the clock while she finished the job she was doing on the books.—Oxford (Me.) Democrat.

Adding to it.

"I fear you are too pretty a nurse for this case."

"Why so?"

"The patient already has palpitation of the heart."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Substitute

By REV. L. W. GOSNELL
Assistant Dean, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.—Matthew 20:28.

A "ransom" is a price paid to secure freedom for a slave or to set a person free from liabilities or charges. Jesus Christ proclaims himself the ransom for sinners.



The text makes clear that it was not merely by living his life but by giving it. In death, that Christ redeemed us. Many become confused at this point. Of course, Christ's perfect life was essential to his worthiness as a sacrifice, for the Lamb must be without blemish or spot. But even though he had lived his perfect life, there would have been no salvation for sinners had he not gone to the cross. In the strong words of Bishop Moule, "His life had to do with his being all-worthy. But it did not, in whole or in part, constitute the sacrifice." The Apostle Peter sums up the matter thus: "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers, but with the precious word of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot."

His life was given "for" us, that is, "instead of" us, for so the word may be translated. The idea of substitution cannot be removed from this expression. An illustration of the thought is found in Exodus 30:12: "When thou takest the sum of the children of Israel after their number, then shall they give every man a ransom for his soul unto the Lord." The half-shekel given by each man was "atonement money," "to make atonement for their souls" as the succeeding verses make clear. The people were considered not as doomed but as ransomed by the atonement money paid instead of their death. Just so, Christ's death takes the place of ours.

The reality and solemnity of the substitution of Christ for sinners is set forth in Galatians 3:13: "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, having become a curse for us." The old revival hymn well expresses the amazing and glorious fact:

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned he stood;
Sealed my pardon with his blood;
Hallelujah!

The death of Christ cannot be understood save as the death of the sinner-fleecer. This alone explains the agony and bloody sweat of Gethsemane and the plea, "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me." Christ would not be worthy of the respect paid even to soldiers who have gone without flinching to death, or to martyrs who have sung at the stake, if his death were no different from theirs. But if we understand that he was entering into the shadow of the cross upon which he would bear the sins of the world, we can understand his shrinking horror of it all.

As to what Christ suffered on the cross we must speak with reverent reserve. But his cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" must not be emptied of its awful content. Bishop Moule points out that Christ could not suffer that personal remorse for sin which must be one awful element of the future woe of sinners; yet his cry on the cross "at least favors the belief that the all-blessed Sufferer willed to bear, and the Father to ordain, the personal experience of desertion such as enters into the final doom." The bishop wisely adds, "The reverent disciple will avoid all detailed speculation in such a matter." But well may we sing:

None of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Or how dark was the night the Lord
Went through,
To find the sheep that was lost.

What a price has been paid for our redemption! Surely we could ask for no more; God himself could ask for no more and Satan is silenced in view of the work done on the cross. Christ's cry, "It is finished," answers all the questions which could be asked in heaven, earth or hell.

We need only fall down and thankfully accept the deliverance bought by his precious blood.

A Christian girl lay dying. With much effort she moved one hand to the other and, after feeling the palm for a moment, whispered, "No nail; his hand was pierced with the nail." With even more effort she raised her hand to her brow and, after feeling it, said, "No thorns; his brow was crowned with thorns." Finally, her hand stole to her side, and with triumph she cried, "No spear; his side was pierced by the spear."

Answer to Prayers.

With childlike confidence we await, undisturbed, our Father's answer to our prayers, knowing he will give us that which with fuller knowledge we should ourselves seek.—Bishop Westcott.

IN DUEL TO DEATH

Brave Old Buck Proved Himself True Knight.

Exhibition of Woodland Chivalry That Impressed Hunters in the Florida Everglades So Much They Spared the Victor's Life.

A couple of hunters on the border of the Florida Everglades were surprised to hear the wild snorts and whistles of a buck in flight, mingled with the plaintive bleats of a doe in distress—a combination of sounds that was unaccountable. The men crept cautiously up, and in five minutes reached the edge of an open glade.

In the center crouched a doe, wild with terror. By her side was a fawn only a few hours old, still too weak to follow its mother, while the old buck, with bristling hair, and antlers lowered, stood by, snorting in rage and defiance. His eyes, green with rage, followed some object moving in the palmetto scrub on the border of the glade.

Looking carefully, the hunters saw a young panther passing backward and forward in an effort to turn the flank of the defense and get at the fawn. A wiser beast would have abandoned the attack as soon as such a defender went on guard, but this panther was evidently in the full flush of his first strength, and without experience of the prowess of an old buck at bay.

Forward and back he crawled, splitting and snarling, only to find the buck always between him and the doe. At last he crouched for the spring. The buck, snorting grimly, braced all his muscles for the coming crash; he appreciated his danger, but dared the worst. The doe whimpered and closed her eyes, but did not desert her fawn.

The panther rose in the air and came down within ten feet of the buck. Then the buck went into the air, and falling with his feet together on the struggling cat, seemed to stab him through and through. Immediately the buck rose again and landed a dozen feet away. Then he lowered his head and plunged at the panther.

There was a confusion of flying dirt and grass, and again the deer sprang away. There were now deep cuts on his head and neck, and his antlers were splashed with red.

The panther now tried to creep away, but again the buck leaped, snatched with his feet together and sprang away. The cat now lay gasping, while the buck watched him with his hair stiffened into a mane and eyes that nearly bulged from his head. Then the hunters walked forward.

When the buck saw them he must have realized that he was completely in their power. His proud crest fell, and he lost all the swelling part of the victory; but still he showed no intention of deserting the doe, but moved off and stood beside her. She crouched down again with the fawn.

The hunters walked over quietly and examined the panther. He was very badly cut up. Both shoulders were broken, and the antlers had passed repeatedly through his body. During the examination the buck stood quietly in plain view, and no gladiator saluting Caesar and conscious of being about to die ever showed more dignity.

Without a word the hunters walked off the field and left the old knight alone in his glory. Had he not shown knightly qualities—the chivalry that protects the weak, the courage that braves all odds in a good cause, and finally a dignified submission to what seemed the inevitable?

Praised for Devotion to Duty.

When the city of Norfolk, Va., was threatened with the complete destruction by fire of its thriving business section early in January, every available fire-fighting force at hand and from nearby towns was called into the battle. At the height of the fire the enlisted men of the United States navy on duty at the navy yard and in the harbor were called on to help not only in subduing the flames but controlling the crowds. To a man they gave a splendid account of themselves. Among these men was John Joseph McLoughlin, a chief boatswain's mate. Although he had worked all night, had narrow escapes and was drenched to the skin with ice-cold water, McLoughlin declined a relief when it was offered and remained on duty continuously until the danger was passed. For this conspicuous service he has been commended by Secretary of the Navy Daniels. McLoughlin enlisted in the navy in 1908 at New York.

Had Enough Eggs.

First Barber—I bet that fellow is a bum actor.

Second Barber—Why?
First Barber—When I asked him if he wanted an egg shampoo he put on his hat and walked right out.

Immense Export of Oils.

More mineral oils were exported from the United States during the fiscal year 1917 than ever before, the total amounting to 2,749,438,434 gallons.

Either One.

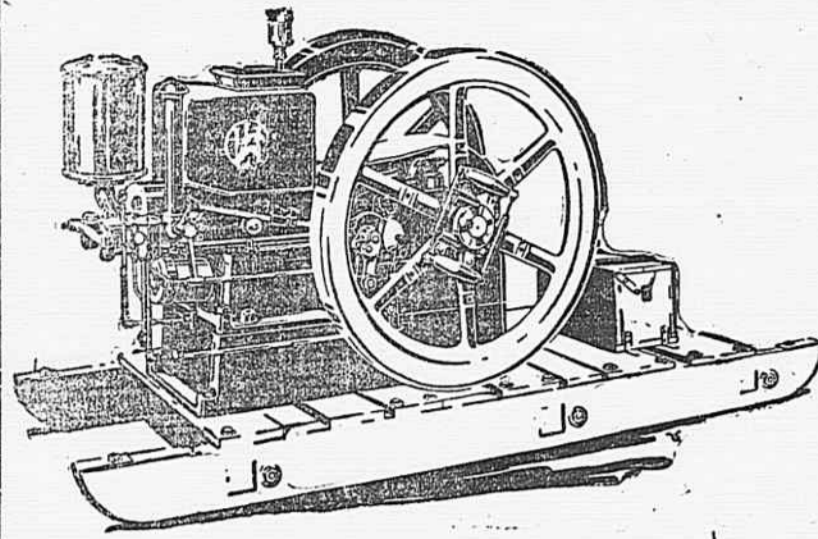
He—He's got an awfully red nose, but he swears he never touched a drop in his life.
She—Maybe it's water color.

No Danger.

"Don't take me out in the breakers. I feel so dizzy."
"Then it's all right, if your head's swimming."

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TEACHERS' EXAMINATION

The next regular teachers' examination will be held Friday, May 3. White applicants will report at courthouse; colored applicants at Macedonia school building. Work begins at 9:30 and closes at 5:00 P. M.

W. W. FULLER,
Co. Supt. of Education.

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