

# Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1892.

VOL. LVII. NO. 39.

## I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW

I hear the low winds sweeping  
Through every bush and tree,  
Where my dear mother's sleeping,  
Away from home and me.

Tears from my eyes are flowing,  
And sorrow shades my brow;  
Cold in the grave she's sleeping,  
I have no mother now.

I see the pale moon shining  
Upon the sacred stone;  
The rose bush round is twining,  
Like me, is all alone.

Like me this rose bush weepeth—  
Cold dew drops damp the brow;  
My dearest mother sleepeth,  
I have no comfort now.

My life is, oh! so lonely,  
My heart is troubled sore;  
Her dearest presence only  
Could make me weep no more.

She's gone from me to heaven,  
Deep sorrow shades my brow;  
The sacred tie is broken,  
I have no mother now.

Sad was the hour of parting,  
She said in words so sweet:  
"My loved ones, I am dying;  
We meet in heaven meet."

Oh, yes, I'll meet you, mother,  
On that eternal shore,  
And there we'll live together,  
Where parting is no more.

Yes, when this life is over,  
And time shall be no more,  
With loved ones and with mother  
We'll live forever more.

## HE HAD THE BULGE.

Three things recently happened at Squolhollow which had never come to pass there before. It had been born anew, through legislative incorporation, into a full-fledged city; it had erected a new jail, and it was head over heels in debt.

In the glory of new existence, official heads swelled rapidly. The mayor and council were soon obliged to have larger hats, while as for the new city marshal, Solomon in all his glory took a back seat as compared with him. At least, that is the way Pete Langhorn felt, as he smoothed himself in his new blue regimentals, and if he did not know his own feelings, who else could?

But the city, like the village, remained perversely peaceable. For a month or so the new jail stood without an occupant. Pete was in despair, especially as the emoluments of his office depended largely upon fees. Fees would not come in without arrests, and as yet Pete had swung his baton only upon the empty air.

"If some one don't do something pretty quick," he growled one evening, as he watched a down freight train slow up in passing the Squolhollow station, "blame me if I don't arrest myself!"

But at that very moment fate was prepared to be kind. A box car slid open, and a man plunked himself almost at the city marshal's feet. He was battered, and tattered, frowsy, and red. Flith enveloped him like a garment, he reeled as he walked, and his breath suggested rum, garlic, and garbage.

"Stealing rides, eh?" said Pete, as he collared the man. "Well, you've lit out that cypress into the wrong town."

Then he walked him off to jail. In the morning the mayor, wearing the first blithe smile which his official countenance had worn in a week, fined Bunkdown Bob fifty dollars for vagrancy, with the alternative of six months in jail.

Pete waltzed him back to the new iron-grated cage, as gaily as if he were accompanying an angel back to St. Peter's gate.

"Tell you what, boys," said he that night to a group of political chums, "Jed Rakes" (the jailor) "lowed he'd got a surecure. I reckon I've showed him a little different. That fellow can't pay a cent fine. He'll serve his time, an' Jed's wife'll have to cook his vittles. Tell you what, Squolhollow's no place for tramps, outsider our new jail."

As days rolled by, however, Bunkdown Bob made himself comfortable. Three warm meals a day, a dry bed to sleep in, no work to do, and winter coming on, presented a combination of fortune's favors hitherto as inaccessible as it was alluring.

When his first month of official service was up, Jailer Rakes walked round to the city treasurer's office, and presented his account for feeding and caring for the prisoner.

## good care of your prisoner.

Squolhollow's going to boom, and we want everything to look fat and jassy."

Jailer Rakes jammed his hands deep down in his pockets, and went back immersed in cogitation. "Rachel," said he to his wife, "we've got to wait on this blamed town another month for my money. Don't you give that fellow but two meals a day from this time on."

Rachel nodded, but kept up the usual number, for she was kind-hearted, and hated to break Bunkdown Bob's heart by paralyzing his stomach.

When month number two was up, Jailer Rakes again presented himself for payment.

"Good Lord, man!" snapped out the treasurer, for he was mad on his own account now, "how can I pay you when I can't pay myself? There ain't a blanked nickel to the city's credit yet, and what's more, I'm afraid there won't be before you and I go to the poor-house."

"Why the—look here! I can't live and keep the jail on wind. Ain't some of the other fellows got their pay yet?"

"No. Pete Langhorn wants to resign, and Mayor Doolittle swears he'll sue the town for his'n."

"Shoot me if I don't turn the prisoner loose!" said Mr. Rakes. And so he attempted to, but Bunkdown Bob refused to be turned loose.

"Do yer think I'm a plum fool?" quoth he, thrusting his head out from under the warm blankets in his bunk. "Here it is almost Christmas, cold as blue blazes, and a foot of snow on the ground. I've got four months to serve and I'm going to serve it—see?"

Then he curled himself up for another snooze. Mr. Rakes went to the mayor.

"I'm going to resign," said he. "Living on nothing and boarding yourself is an awful responsibility. That cussed tramp out there is eating me out of house and home."

"Turn him loose."

"He won't go. Swears he'll serve his time, and that I've got to feed him. Yet what can I do, if the infernal town won't feed me?"

In this perplexity the city solicitor was consulted.

"Can't I kick the fellow out?" asked Mr. Rakes after the situation had been fully explained.

"Yes, you could, but suppose the fellow brought a suit against you for assault, and against the city for damages for breach of contract? We fellows won't draw any pay yet, for several months, that's flat. And we can't fatten this lazy lout until spring without a dollar, nor we can't turn him out, I don't see but what we'll have to compromise."

The next morning a group of three presented themselves before Bunkdown Bob, hats in hand, and with the humility of the impecunious.

"Not yer yer giving us?" exclaimed Bob, with his nose in the air, after he had heard the city's case stated. "Do yer think I am going to turn out such weather as this?"

"Come now," said the solicitor airily. "We can make it worth your while. How much'll you take to quietly abscond by the next down freight that comes along?"

"One thousand dollars—"

"Why, man, you're crazy. You're lucky to get off as it is. Take a dollar and make yourself scarce."

But Bob knew how to haggle, and came down to one hundred only after an hour of hot argument. The city officials nearly bankrupted themselves to raise the sum, and breathed freely only when Bunkdown Bob saluted the town from the tail end of a cattle car, as it rolled away.

So long, gents," he called to the mayor, who had furtively seen him off. "Look for me back next fall."

"If he sh's up again in a century he'll murder him," quoth the city's head.

"Amen!" ejaculated Jailer Rake.

A report of a French duel has the following interesting conclusion: "M. Lelache having fired his shot, it was not the turn of M. Bobocoe to discharge his weapon. He waited calmly for a moment, brought up his pistol, awaited the word—and fired in the air. This was not, however, so great an act of magnanimity as might be supposed, for his antagonist had climbed a tree."

Lucie—"Ned made a ringing speech last night, Mommer," Mommer—"Um—um—um" Lucie—"Yes. He asked me to be his wife."—The Jewelers' Circular.

## Torture of Damiens.

(Paris, Old and New.)

It was in front of Notre-Dame that by order of the prince, dukes, peers, and marshals of France, assembled in the Grand Chamber of Parliament. Damiens was condemned to do penance before being tortured and torn to pieces. He was to be tormented, by methods no matter how barbarous, until he revealed his accomplices and was also required to make the amende honorable before the principal door of Notre-Dame. Thither in his shirt, he was conveyed on a sledge, with a lighted wax candle in his hand weighing two pounds; and there he went down on his knees and confessed that "wickedly and traitorously he had perpetrated the most detestable act of wounding the king in the right side with the stab of a knife;" that he repented of the deed, and asked pardon for it of God, of the king and of justice. After this he was to be carried on the sledge to the Place de Greve, where, on the scaffold, he was to undergo a variety of tortures, copied from those appointed for the punishment of Ravaillac. Finally his goods were to be confiscated, the house where he was born pulled down, and his name stigmatized as infamous, and forever forbidden thenceforth, under the severest penalties, to be borne by any French subject.

Damiens had been educated far above his rank. His moral character, however, was peculiarly bad. His life had been one perpetual oscillation between debauchery and fanaticism. His changeableness of disposition was noticed during his imprisonment at Versailles. Sometimes he seemed thoroughly composed, as though he had suffered nothing and had nothing to suffer; at other times he burst into sudden and vehement passions, and attempted to kill himself against the walls of his dungeon or with the chains on his feet. As in one of his furious fits he had tried to bite off his tongue, his teeth were all drawn, in accordance with an official order. When the sentence was read to him, Damiens simply remarked: "La journee sera rude." Every kind of torture was applied to him to extort confessions. His guards remained at his side day and night, taking note of the cries and exclamations which escaped him in the midst of his sufferings. But Damiens had nothing to confess, and on January 28 he was carried with his flesh lacerated and charred by fire, his bones broken, to the place of execution. Immediately after his self-accusation in front of Notre-Dame he was taken to the Place de Greve, where the hand which had held the knife was burnt with the flames of sulphur. Then he was torn with pincers in the arms and legs, the thighs and breast, and into his wounds were poured red hot lead and boiling oil, with pitch, wax and sulphur melted and mixed. The sufferer endured these tortures with surprising energy. He cried out from time to time, "Lord, give me patience and strength." "But he did not blaspheme," says Barber in his narrative of the scene, "nor mention any names."

The end of the hideous tragedy was dismemberment. The four traditional horses were not enough. Two more were added, and still the operation did not advance. Then the executioner, filled with horror, went to the neighboring Hotel de Ville to ask permission to use "the axe at the joints." He was, according to Barber, sharply rebuked by the king's attendants, though, in an account of the tragedy contributed at the time to the Gentleman's Magazine (and derived from the gazettes published in Holland, where there was no censorship), the executioner was blamed for having delayed the employment of the axe so long. There are conflicting accounts, too, as to the burning of the prisoner's calves. It was said on the one hand that the garde des seaux, Machault, caused red hot pincers to be applied in his presence to Damiens' legs at the preliminary examination; but another version declares this to be a mistake, and ascribes the burning of his legs to the king's attendants, who, seeing their master stabbed, are represented as punishing the assassin by the unlikely method of applying torches to his calves. The torture of Damiens lasted many

## A Dead Man's Face.

About half an hour before the train reached Baker City, says a writer in the New York Sun, I happened to look up from my book and noticed the man on the seat ahead of me, who was turned so that he was riding backward. His face was pale, his teeth clenched and he had both hands clamped on his heart. I ran for some water, but before I returned he had fallen over. I helped him up, gave him water, and then whisky, and presently he asked: "Are we near Baker City?" "Yes, within a few miles." "Please raise the window." "What's the trouble?" asked. "Something about the heart. Please feel in my hip pocket. Do you find a revolver there?" "Yes." "Pull it out and see if it is all right." "There are six cartridges here, and the weapon seems to be in perfect order." "Thanks. Turn me to the window—so. Now give me the gun." "But you can't hold it." "I've got to. That's the whistle for Baker, isn't it?" "Yes." "Then you'd better move back a seat or two. A thousand thanks for all you trouble."

I moved back, having a dim suspicion of trouble ahead, but not seeing how I could interfere. As the train ran slowly into the depot he pulled back the hammer and braced himself. As it stopped he made a move of his wrist and hand, uttered a groan and just then there were loud cries on the platform. All of us ran out of the car. A man was being held by two others, while a third had taken his pistol and was saying:

"That's all right, Tom, but it's no use to shoot a dead man."

I looked up at the car window. There sat my fellow traveler, eyes closed, jaw down and the mark of death so plain on his face that all could read it. His finger was on the trigger of his pistol and the barrel of the weapon rested on the window sill. Death had come to him while his finger pulled at the trigger: send some one else to eternity.

## Mildry Brown's Awful Crime.

Gov. B. R. Tillman, of South Carolina who is at the Hoffman House, was seen yesterday by a World reporter regarding the execution of Mildry Brown, a 16-year-old colored girl, at Spartanburg, Friday.

"She was convicted," he said, "of one of the most diabolical, cold-blooded murders in the criminal annals of the state." The testimony showed that she deliberately procured some carbolic acid, opened the infants' mouth while it was asleep and poured the liquid down its throat. The Charleston News and Courier pleaded for executive clemency on account of the girl's age. Another influential paper said the law should take its course.

"Two long petitions, one signed by citizens of Gaffney City, where the crime was committed, urging me not to commute the death sentence, and another one in favor of a commutation, were sent to me. I found that our courts had decided that fourteen was the age of consent, and in view of the atrocious nature of the murder I decided to let the law take its course"—N. Y. Herald.

## His First Experience.

He loved her—very much. He thought he had never loved half so much before. And she? Well, she may have loved him; that he didn't know—he hadn't asked her. She was twenty. She was the most beautiful creature he had seen. Her hair was black—as ink; her skin was white—as milk; and her eyes—how brilliant they were! They seemed to look into his soul. And he wondered if she knew it. He had never seen anybody so ravishing to look at—not even in fancy. He had never before left his food half-tasted on his plate—not even at the country hotel. He had never before found it a task to close his eyes at night—not even when he had been sick with fever. As for her, she would take his hand as they walked along the beach, and when the water spread further than she expected on the sand, she would cry: "Look out, Harry, dear!" or the like. He presumed he ought to be happy—there was no reason why he should not be; others in

## THE DRUNKARD.

On feeble and unsteady legs He walks as if he trod on eggs.

When'er he has to give or take His hands, as with the palsied, shake.

To meet your gaze he vainly tries With'dull, bleared, and bloodshot eyes

Compelled to bear the sign, he shows A swollen, coarse, and crimson nose.

His pimpled, blue, and bloated face Of manliness has not a trace.

All people near him shun like death His permeating, sickening breath.

With ruined health, shattered nerves He suffers tortures he deserves.

Sad children and heart-broken wife Through him endure a wretched life.

Abhorred and shunned by friends once known He wanders through the world alone.

Soon losing self-respect he goes In needy, torn, and dirty clothes.

With raging, hot, increasing thirst Which can't be quenched he's ever cursed.

In vain he takes the pledge to stop; With will power gone he has no prop.

Asylums, drugs, "gold cures" he tries Make him insane—unless he dies.

Down, down, he sinks until in time He in the gutter reeks with slime.

From borrowing he begs until For drink he'll steal or even kill.

Delirium tremens' horrid sights He sees. With imps and snakes he fights

At last with tramps his doom is sealed And then he goes to Potter's Field.

And after that? Alas, who knows Where any slave of liquor goes?

They have their hell on earth confessed They can't have worse. So let them rest.—H. C. Dodge, in Chicago Sun.

## An Eccentric Man's Coffin.

The eccentricities of an old age are often more startling than the pages of romance, as the following will prove: An esteemed but eccentric old gentleman who lived in a Maine village has had his wishes carried out by being buried in a coffin in the shape of a chair.

For the last fifteen years he had been unable to rest except in an easy chair, and in that position he purposed to rest in the grave. His friends endeavored to dissuade him from his eccentric notion, but he ordered a cabinet maker to construct the curious casket, which was finished before his death. It was substantially built of white oak with walnut trimmings. He left instructions to have his body placed in a sitting position, the wrists strapped to the arms of the chair, the limbs to its legs, and the head and neck to its back. A glass panel was in front. All these instructions were carried out and the coffin placed in an upright position in a huge box. The chair coffin was kept on exhibition in the room of the deceased for six weeks previous to his death and he took special satisfaction in displaying it to his friends. He was 90 years of age, a wealthy farmer, and was loved and honored by his neighbors.—New York World.

## Difference in Eloquence.

The difference between the eloquence of Demosthenes and of Cicero, is thus described by a certain writer: "When the people heard Cicero they said 'What admirable language! What graceful gestures!' But when they heard Demosthenes they said 'Let us go and fight Phillip.' The one gained the praise of the multitude; the other moved them to action. The one attracted the attention of the people to himself; the other directed their attention to the work before them. The former style of eloquence may suit the popular lecturer very well, whose business is to please the crowd, but the latter is what the minister of the gospel wants. His object is not to please men but to do them good; not to attract their attention to himself, but to point them to Christ. He who has attained to gospel eloquence is not the one whose eloquence is praised and admired by all, but the one who forgets himself and is forgotten by other in the message which he delivers. To speak of a minister's splendid style and graceful gestures is sometimes doubtful praise. It were better his style were such that the people would think but little about it after they had gone and would hardly know whether he had gestures at all or not in thinking of the truth he had proclaimed. The truly eloquent man is the one who makes people think of what he says rather than how he says it.—[A. R. Presbyterian.]

There is little more tantalizing to a man than to go home with something in his mind he wants to scold about, and find company there, and be obliged to act the agreeable.

When Jumbo, the mammoth elephant, was dissected, a pint and a half of gold, silver, copper, and bronze coins were found in his stomach. In the lot there was coins of three kingdoms, two republics, five dukedoms, two principalities and one dependency.

## Chloroform in Typhoid Fever.

Dr. P. Werner, physician to the German Hospital at St. Petersburg, has treated with the greatest success, so says Merck's Bulletin, one hundred and thirty cases of typhoid fever by using a one-per-cent solution of chloroform (La seim. Med.). In pursuing this form of treatment the author was prompted by the work of Behring on the microbicidal action of chloroform upon the bacillus of typhoid fever; but he was not familiar with the observations of Dr. Stepp, of Nuremberg, who in 1890 successfully administered chloroform in case of typhoid fever. Dr. Werner employed, as has already been said, a one-per-cent solution of chloroform, patients taking one to two tablespoonfuls every hour or two, night and day, without interruption, as long as the fever was at its height.

As the disease abated the dose was progressively diminished, although, even after the fever had completely disappeared, the medicine was continued for some time, several teaspoonfuls being given each day. In all the cases where this treatment was commenced before the tenth day of the disease, the most favorable results were obtained; the patients did not present the regular typhoid condition; the general symptoms were limited to fever with feebleness and want of appetite; the tongue never got into that coated, dirty, and loathsome condition so characteristic of typhoid fever; the thirst, habitually so intense, disappeared in about two days; and the diarrhoea and meteorism progressively diminished and soon disappeared altogether. Bedsores were never observed and relapses were very rare. When the treatment with chloroform was commenced late, the disease being already in the third week, such extremely favorable results were not attained; but even in such cases the treatment proved very useful and was always well borne. Nevertheless, in four cases Dr. Werner observed a jaundice, which in one instance was sufficiently pronounced to advise a suspension of the medicine. Three of these cases were in children; the fourth occurred in a young man. It might be remarked, in conclusion, that the observations of Dr. Werner agree in every respect with those of Dr. Stepp. The treatment of typhoid fever by chloroform appears to be deserving of the attention of the practitioner, not only on account of its efficacy, which has been proved by two investigators independent of each other, but also because of its great simplicity.

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## TO EXPEL SCROFULA

from the system, take

**AYER'S Sarsaparilla**

the standard blood-purifier and tonic. It

Cures Others will cure you.

## Land for Sale.

450 ACRES of land five miles north of Edgefield, half in woodland.

On the place there is a comfortable dwelling house, barn, stables, blacksmith shop, store house, excellent well of water, and springs, and five or six tenant houses in good condition. Excellent neighbors, and the health is proverbial.

The soil is good and will produce anything that will grow in this latitude. The place will be sold as a whole or divided to suit purchasers into lots of 50 acres. For particulars apply at the ADVERTISER'S OFFICE.

## Notice to Teachers.

TEACHERS and applicants to teach will please take notice that the time for examining those who wish to teach in the public schools in Edgefield county has been changed from the first Friday and Saturday in October to the 3rd Friday and Saturday of the same month. Friday has been set apart for the examination of white applicants and Saturday for colored.

JOHN B. HILL,  
S. C. E. C.

## For Sale or Rent.

UP to the 1st of October the beautiful place belonging to John R. Abney in the suburbs of Edgefield village can be bought. Besides the residence and servants' houses and stables, there are three tenant settlements on it. The place contains 148 acres, about 100 of which is cultivable, and the balance in woods. It can be bought as a whole, or in three parcels of from 40 to 60 acres each.

Only \$1,000 cash required, the balance on time.

D. R. DURISOE, Agt.

## Splendid Farm For Sale.

202 1/2 ACRES of fine land, about two miles from Trenton, 100 acres just cleared, and made ready for the plow, balance in woods. Borders railroad 3/4 mile. On it are 2 dwellings, 1 barn, 1 crib, 4 stables, buggy house, wagon shelter, horse block, and a good well, all complete and brand-new. The land is well and is beautiful. Good water. Good opportunity for watermelon-raising, as there is a railroad switch on the place. Now is the time to get the cream of a newly settled place. Will sell cheap and on easy terms. If desired will sell on the installment plan. For particulars apply to

D. R. DURISOE,  
Real Estate Agt.  
Edgefield, S. C.

## Tax Notice.

WILL be at the following places, to wit: at the residence of the collector, for the purpose of collecting taxes. The levy for the present fiscal year is as follows: For State tax, 4 1/2 mills; ordinary county, 2-1/2 mills; bridge, 1 mill; court expenses, 3-1/2 mills; school tax, 2 mills; total, 10 1/2 mills. There are three tenant settlements on it. The place contains 148 acres, about 100 of which is cultivable, and the balance in woods. It can be bought as a whole, or in three parcels of from 40 to 60 acres each.

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