

Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1892.

VOL. LVII. NO. 48.

APOCRYPHAL DISCOVERY.

Great Interest in the Finding of the MSS. of the Apocryphal of Peter.

Great interest in the religious world attaches to the publication in Paris of a translation of the recently discovered manuscript of the Apocryphal Gospel of Peter. It is a document of the early half of the second century, and the copy discovered in an Egyptian tomb is judged to have been made in the eighth century. This new account of the resurrection is given: "There was a great voice from heaven, and the soldiers saw the heavens open and two men descending thence with a great light and approaching the tomb, and the stone which was put at the door rolled away of itself, and departed on one side, and the tomb was opened and both the young men entered it. When, therefore, the soldiers saw it they awakened the centurion and the elders, for they, too, were hard by keeping watch, and as they declared what things they had seen, again they see coming forth from the tomb three men, and the two supporting the one, and a cross following them. And of the two the heads reached unto the heavens, and the head of him that was led over-passed the heavens, and they heard a voice from the heavens saying: "Hast thou preached to them that sleep?" and an answer was heard from the cross, "Yes."

There was also found a copy of the lost Apocrypha of Peter. This is a most valuable discovery, for, as the translator indicates, it furnishes the origin of most of the early Christian ideas of hell. Much of the later literature on the subject is traceable to this now restored document. A single quotation shows its nature: "And I saw also another place over against that other, and it was a place of chastisement, and those that were being chastised, and the angels, that were chastising, had their raiment dark according to the atmosphere of that place, and there were some there hanging by their tongues, and these were they that blaspheme the way of righteousness. And I saw the murderers and them that had conspired with them, and into a certain narrow place, full of evil reptiles, and being smitten by those beasts and wallowing there thus in that torment, and there were set upon them, as it were, clouds of darkness, and the souls of them that had been murdered were standing and looking upon the punishment of those murderers, and saying: "O God, righteous is Thy judgment." In the same strain the punishments of adulterers, persecutors, blasphemers, false witnesses and usurers are described.—London Times.

What we want is unity. The devil's forces are bound together. You can't strike at one gambling place without affecting every gambling place in the country. The dancers in church. Some of you want to get 'em this way and some want to get 'em in that. Some of you sweetly say moral union is the best way to get at them.

Moral suasion! You can't tell a hog out of a cornfield. You have got to set the dogs on him.

As long as you preach against sin and the devil it is all right, but when you begin to preach against sinners and devilment, you raise Cain.

The rich man in the church who pays a big amount to the church, and expects to be let alone is simply paying a high license on devilment.

I don't believe in high license. If a thing ought to be stopped I don't believe it ought to be licensed at all.

It is said the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church. If that's so we are about out of seed.

The Best Crop.

The best crop of cotton reported at this office was made by H. A. Wingo near Inman. He planted 8 acres with the Bahama seed. This is a large boll, early variety. He made 11,491 pounds of seed cotton. The weight of lint was 4,022 pounds. That was a 502 pound bale to the acre. There were about 200 pounds of the top crop to gather when his report was made. He used 5 sacks of the Basin Company guano, 2 sacks of Granby acid phosphate and 250 bushels of cotton seed. He put in the cotton seed with about half a sack of guano and bedded on it. He ran in the balance of the commercial fertilizer with the seed when he planted. He cultivated rapidly, going over his cotton every week if possible. Putting the cotton seed at 15 cents a bushel the cost of the manure per acre was \$6.72. Mr. Wingo had a tenant, who is a good farmer, that used 23 sacks of guano on 23 acres of land that was in a fair condition. He worked his crop reasonably well and made only nine bales, one bale more than Mr. Wingo made on eight acres. The tenant's fertilizer cost him \$2.91 an acre. If he had put the 23 sacks on 11 acre and put a little work in the way of preparation and cultivation, we believe he would have made as much as he gathered from the 23 acres.—Spartanburg Herald.

Two Important Traits.

Last evening I was talking to a man of years and wisdom, who accumulated a fortune from his business experience; a man whose name is at the head of one of the greatest commercial houses in New York, and, having these editorial comments in mind, I said to him: "To what trait in a boy's character, which will be of most value to him in after life, do you believe a mother should pay the most attention?"

"Honesty, first," said this millionaire merchant; "then, thoroughness."

And the more one thinks of this simple statement, the more fraught with wisdom will it be found.

The great value of thoroughness is understood and appreciated by just about one or two young men out of every ten in business life to-day. The tendency with the average young man is to "rush" things, to get a thing through, no matter how it is done. It is the end he seeks, forgetting that some people are apt to examine into the means by which some ends are attained.

It is not at all surprising to me why some young men do not succeed in business when I see the methods they adopt to attain success. They want to succeed, but they do not want to do the work necessary for success. They want large salaries, good positions, but short hours and little to do, and even that little they will not do well.

If there are two Americanisms that have wrought more evil than any other, I think it is the one of "Oh, it is good enough!" and the other of "It will do," when a thing is about half or three-quarters done.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Sam Jonesisms.

The devil's crowd are getting more disreputable every day. We have seen the day where a man could go in a saloon and still be considered respectable; when a gentleman could get drunk and still not forfeit the opinion of the community that he was a gentleman. But now nobody but a vagabond goes into a saloon.

Time was when a man could sell liquor and be a gentleman, but now a saloon keeper in your city dares not lift his head when there is anybody decent about.

The girls who dance the Germans were once looked upon as the best ton, but Lord bless you, that isn't so any more.

Things are finding their level, that's all. We are sifting things and everything that is little enough to go through the after we just let it go.

The dancing business is getting more disreputable, I am thankful to say. A man or woman who now patronizes the dance doesn't enjoy any religious respect.

There isn't a nigger in town who believes these dancing people has any religion.

What we want is unity. The devil's forces are bound together. You can't strike at one gambling place without affecting every gambling place in the country.

The dancers in church. Some of you want to get 'em this way and some want to get 'em in that. Some of you sweetly say moral union is the best way to get at them.

Moral suasion! You can't tell a hog out of a cornfield. You have got to set the dogs on him.

As long as you preach against sin and the devil it is all right, but when you begin to preach against sinners and devilment, you raise Cain.

The rich man in the church who pays a big amount to the church, and expects to be let alone is simply paying a high license on devilment.

I don't believe in high license. If a thing ought to be stopped I don't believe it ought to be licensed at all.

It is said the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church. If that's so we are about out of seed.

KILLING OF T. G. LAMAR.

The following is the testimony taken before the coroner's jury in the matter of the death of T. G. Lamar, of which we had an account last week.

Dr. J. F. Wyman: I was at my dwelling house in Aiken, S. C., and heard four or five shots, and started toward place of shooting and was met by a man who said Tom Lamar was shot and come at once. I ran there and found Mr. Lamar lying in street. He gasped twice after I got there, and died. Post mortem: The wound in left side just under left arm, supposed to be a pistol bullet wound, was in my opinion sufficient to produce death although there were some gashes on scalp back of head that might have caused death, from a club that struck there, which might possibly cause death from concussion of the base of the brain.

J. F. WYMAN, M. D.

Kinloch Chafee, sworn, testified: I was standing in front of Hahn & Co.'s grocery store about 7 o'clock this evening; I heard some scuffling at Blalock & Co.'s bar, and immediately the deceased T. G. Lamar, Robert Gaston, and R. A. Chafee came out of said bar on sidewalk. Lamar was in center, Gaston on his left and Chafee on right; Lamar drew back as if to strike, whereupon they insisted on his going to the guard house. He again resisted, dragging Chafee partially in front of him; whereupon the firing began by T. G. Lamar. The first two shots fired at R. A. Chafee, the first taking effect in his stomach; the second missing him completely; whereupon he [Lamar] was struck by Chief Gaston, with partial effect with a stick. He immediately fired upon Gaston. As soon as he had fired on Gaston, Gaston struck him again, when Lamar wheeled, with his left side facing the bar-room door. A pistol shot was fired by R. A. Chafee. He [Lamar] fell, and I went to him and saw he was dead. I turned and went to my brother. The first shot was fired in concealment, which struck R. A. Chafee. Saw no pistol then. The last two shot I saw the weapon plainly.

[Signed] GEO. K. CHAFEE.

VERDICT OF JURY.

We, the jury, find that the deceased, T. G. Lamar, came to his death by wounds in the head from a stick in the hands of Chief of Police Gaston and from a pistol shot in the left side, fired by Mayor R. A. Chafee.

On Tuesday morning the following additional testimony was taken by the Coroner.

John Blaylock, sworn, says: I was standing at my door there when Lamar drove up in front; he asked a boy to hold his horse, and he got out and come and spoke to me and shook my hand; he says to me: "I owe you a little account, and I have come here tonight to settle it;" he says to me: "Come in and let me have a drink;" says: "I have a little business with D. S. Henderson; I will get some money from him; I owe one or two other little debts that I want to pay up, as I am going to leave Aiken;" I went behind the counter and waited on him gave him a bottle of whiskey and soda and he poured out his drink, and was drinking when Chafee and Gaston stepped up to him at the counter, and Chafee said to him: "I will have to arrest you and lock you up." Before speaking to Lamar however, Chafee told me I had no right to sell Lamar a drink, and told me not to sell any more; Lamar's answer to Chafee was: "I have not done anything to be arrested for; I simply came here on business with D. S. Henderson; I am going to get some money, pay up my debts, and leave town." Chafee replied: "I am going to lock you up." He says: "No; I want to see Henderson, and I promise you I will leave town." Chafee says: "No; I am going to lock you up." Lamar says: "I have not done anything and I am not going to be locked. They then backed against the wall, and Chafee ran his hand behind Lamar to see if he had a pistol about him. They started out the door, and in a minute or two after they cleared the door in the dark I heard a pistol shot. At that time I went to the door and around the corner, and I saw the flash of another pistol, I jumped back, as I didn't want to get hit. After first shot Chafee came in and passed me and went back as far as

IT WAS NOT A GHOST.

He Was Not Dead Though Pronounced So By a Physician.

New York, Dec. 15.—The Herald says Thomas Hyland, an inmate of the Kings county hospital in Flatbush, had a thrilling experience recently, which resulted in spreading the report that the county buildings were haunted. Hyland, who is about fifty years old, had been in the hospital about six months, suffering from rheumatism and heart trouble.

It has been the custom of young physicians from the Long Island college hospital, to give three days' service each week at the Flatbush hospital.

One of the young physicians, whose name Dr. Duryea, the medical superintendent, refused to divulge, was called about midnight to look at Hyland, who Richard Turner, the attending nurse of ward 5, thought was dead.

After investigating the case the doctor pronounced the man dead, and Tierney and Joseph Dobbs, another nurse, were ordered to remove the body to the morgue, which is in the rear of the hospital.

Dobbs and Tierney were summoned at two o'clock to remove another corpse. When they arrived at the morgue and opened the door they were terrified by the sudden apparition of Hyland wrapped in a blanket. He bolted by them and ran toward the hospital. The nurses dropped the burden they were carrying, and springing over the fence took to the road, running in opposite directions. Tierney ran toward East New York while Dobbs made for the city.

Hyland, in the meantime, who was not at all dead, rushed to his cot in ward 5, and hiding himself in the blankets, slept peacefully until morning. At daylight another commotion took place when the patients, who are nearly all cripples in that ward, woke and saw Hyland in that cot. They hurriedly dressed themselves, picked up their crutches and canes and hobbled to Dr. Duryea's office, where they demanded their certificates of discharge. The doctor, who was amazed at the action of the cripples, asked for an explanation. He was told by them that they wanted to go home, as the place was haunted. They could prove it, they asserted, by Hyland's ghost was lying in his cot.

Dr. Duryea was laughing heartily at what he supposed was their illusion. But on going to the ward himself however, he was astounded to find Hyland sleeping there. The fears of the other patients were soon set at rest on finding that it was Hyland himself, and not his ghost.

The occurrence was explained as the result of suspended animation.

I asked Hyland yesterday to relate his experience. He said he could not remember how long he had been unconscious when he came to himself on a marble slab with only a sheet for a covering. The place was icy, and looking around he saw other bodies lying on slabs.

Not fully realizing where he was he turned towards a man with a long beard on a slab near him, and "Say, where are we?"

Night Watchman O'Connell, who was outside when he heard the voice, ran away. Hyland then got off the slab. After searching about the place he found a blanket, which he wrapped about his shivering body. Then he pounded at the door, and shouted for some one to let him out. It was not until Tierney and Dobbs, came at about 2 o'clock that he was released from the place.

Tierney, who returned to the hospital a few days after the exciting episode, said yesterday to me that he was never so frightened in his life, and would never be the same again. Dobbs absolutely refuses to return to the hospital.

WILL DIE IN A GLASS JAR.
A Spiritualist Will Keep His Spirit a Prisoner.

MUSKOGON, Mich., Dec. 4.—Geo. Francis Dobson, a spiritualist of this city, has perfected a scheme, he thinks by which he hopes at death to be able to prove positively to those still in the material state that his spirit exists. He went to Pittsburg a short time ago and obtained a large glass cylinder so constructed that it can be sealed airtight quickly. In this cylinder he has suspended with fine copper wires two pieces of

metal so light that they may be brought in contact with each other by the slightest motion of air within the cylinder. Wires pass through the cylinder, one being connected with a battery and the other with a telegraphic instrument. He has made arrangements for his friend, just before the spirit leaves his body, to seal him in the cylinder, so that his spirit may be kept from departing and at the same time be enabled by a series of systematic disturbances of the air within the cylinder to communicate with his friends through the telegraphic instrument. He is dying with consumption, and the public probably will not have long to wait for the test of his experiment. If it should prove successful his friends are pledged after three days to unseal the cylinder and allow the spirit and then seal up and bury the remains.

Have you Learned.
To appreciate that cheery, bright neighbor?
That some people are better, sweeter than they seem?
That he who accepts many gifts pays dearly for them?
To come in with pleasant thoughts and a cheery word?
To defer the discussion of vital questions until after breakfast?
To make the best of the dreary weather, the brown landscape and gray sky?
That to get something for nothing is contrary to the laws of nature and mankind?
A new and important lesson from the books you read, the work you do or the people you meet?
That you do not always serve the greatest, highest ends by carrying out your own petty plans?
Not every woman, who arrives at middle age, retains the color and beauty of her hair, but every woman may do so by the occasional application of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It prevents baldness, removes dandruff, and cures all scalp diseases.

The unhappy affair enshrouds three of the best families of Aiken in gloom, and is unaffectionately lamented by every member of the community.

CONDITION OF THE WOUNDED.
On Monday night it was feared that Mr. Chafee's wound would prove fatal, but there was a decidedly more hopeful feeling last night. Drs. Glass and Wright of Augusta and Drs. Croft and McGahan, of Aiken, made an examination of the wound Tuesday morning. They made an exploratory incision at the point of entrance and cut down to the peritoneum, and found that the ball had been deflected to the left by the rectus muscle, and did not enter the rectus muscle, and did not enter the peritoneal cavity. They expect to find the ball lodged in the muscle of the back on the left side. Late last night he was resting quietly, and now great hope is entertained for his speedy recovery.

Chief Gaston is not doing so well. He suffered intense pain all day Tuesday, and the chances all appear to be against him. Great sympathy is felt for him and family. He was a faithful officer, and never flinched when duty called him to performance.

A SKETCH OF THE DECEASED.
Mr. Thomas G. Lamar was a son of the late Col Thos G. Lamar the hero of Secessionville. He was born and reared in Beech Island and was about forty-four years old. He was a man of great energy and possessed fine business qualities. He did as much to develop the kaolin industry in Aiken County as any man living. He was well known in and out of this County and had a great many friends. His greatest curse was the liquor habit, and when under its baneful influence he was wild and reckless, and at times overbearing, but during his sober moments he was gentle and gentlemanly. As a husband, he was tender and affectionate, as a father loving and kind as a friend true and staunch. Tom Lamar when sober was a kind-hearted, whole-souled man, and his sad ending is greatly to be regretted. He leaves a wife and three children who have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in their sore affliction.—Aiken Journal and Review

Laughter.

In his "problems of Health," Dr. Greene says that there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good hearty laughter. The life-principle of the central man is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on the particular mystic journey when man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to lengthen his life conveying, as it does, a new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

THE MARQUIS.

An incident related in the biography of Sir Provo Wallis, admiral of the British fleet, brings home to the reader the cruel nature of war. It occurred during the war of 1812. An American captain had taken a fine ship to Lisbon, where she had sold her cargo for the use of the British army under Wellington, and received several thousands of dollars in return, which were on board. Meantime war had been declared, and on her homeward voyage she fell a victim to the British squadron. One of the principal objects of her captors was to obtain information. The American captain was sent on board the Shannon, which afterward captured the famous Chesapeake—but was kept in ignorance of the war and of the fact that he was a prisoner.

He answered unreservedly all the questions put to him, and Captain Broke, who greatly disliked the deception he had been obliged to practice, now felt it difficult to make the prisoner acquainted with the next step which must be taken. At length he forced himself to say: "Captain, I must burn your ship."

"The American, overcome by surprise, faltered, "Burn her?"

"Lead I must."

"Burn her for what? Will not money save her? She is all my own—and all the property I have in the world. Is it war, then?"

"Yes," said Broke.

Both parties were painfully moved, and the scene did not end without a tear from each, but duty was duty, and the prize was destroyed.—Youth's Companion.

The Story of "Maud."

Few people knew Tennyson and his peculiarities better than did his neighbor Mrs. Cameron, the well known photographic artist, who made a fine series of character portraits by photography to illustrate Tennyson's poems. The history of her search for and selection of models for these characters is interesting. Maud was a starving Irish girl, who served her both as model and waiting maid.

The sequel to the story of Mrs. Cameron's Maud is too pretty not to be given. When Mrs. Cameron held her exhibition in London, Maud was sent up with a chaperon to explain the pictures to the public. A gentleman came in one day, and after having asked several questions left. A year or two afterward he passed into the Indian civil service, but before starting for the east he went down to Freshwater and knocked at Mrs. Cameron's door, begging for Maud's hand. The beautiful Maud was willing, and they were married.—New York Tribune.

Cape Colony is the natural habitat of the largest known species of earthworm. It is a soft, scales-like thing between six and seven feet long, and much resembles our common angle worm.

Some people say that it is very bad luck indeed for a baby to see itself in a mirror before it is a year old, though why this should be so considered it would be difficult to tell.

Good mucklage may be made of dextrin two parts, acetic acid one part and water five parts. Dissolve all by heating and then add one part of alcohol.

A remedy of great value for cats and dogs is sweet oil. Put two tablespoonfuls in their milk and they will rarely refuse to take it.

Some people prefer to line their stoves with pottery's clay instead of brick, and it is said to answer the purpose very well.

AYER'S PILLS

cure constipation, dyspepsia, jaundice, sick headache.

THE BEST

remedy for all disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels. Every Dose Effective

Fair Notice.

FORBID any person hunting or otherwise trespassing on my lands. Any such trespassers will be dealt with according to law.

LUKE CULBREATH.

Notice of Final Discharge and Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned will make a final settlement in the Probate Office for Edgefield county on the estate of Robert Jennings, deceased, on the 4th and 5th days of January, A. D. 1893, and will, on said day, apply for a final discharge from said estate.

W. D. JENNINGS, Sr., and J. H. JENNINGS, Executors of Robt Jennings, dec'd.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Crayon, Pastels and Oil

PORTRAITS made at prices to suit the times.

Childrens' Photographs a specialty.

The Photographs now made WILL NOT TURN YELLOW.

R. H. MIMS.

J. M. COBB,

Edgefield, S. C.

Six Great Leaders!

\$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00

GENTS' SHOE.

\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50

LADIES SHOES.

Every Pair Warranted Solid.

Of 24 dozen pairs of these goods sold last season—only 2 pairs have been returned for repairs. This record cannot be beaten by any shoe dealer in the State. When you want a GOOD Shoe go to

J. M. COBB.

H. C. PRINGLES, President. I. A. HAUSER, Manager.

Saw Mill Machinery,

Engines, Boilers,

Fittings and Mill Supplies

Founders & Machinists.

Georgia

Iron Works,

AUGUSTA, GA.

Correspondence Solicited.

THE

Electric Saloon

All Night Restaurant

IS LOCATED AT—

1102 Broad St., - AUGUSTA, GA.

We specially call the attention of our Edgefield friends to the purity of our brands—all best Whiskies can be had. North Carolina Whiskey at \$1.00 per gallon—good. Give us a call.

J. W. SMITH, Prop'r.

THE DICKS HOUSE

Private & Transient Board.

603 Ellis Street, Corner Washington.

AUGUSTA, - - CA

Charges Reasonable.