

# Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1894

VOL. LIX. NO. 2.

## RUNNING AWAY FROM MAMMA.

Running away from mamma,  
Bareheaded up the street,  
Kicking the dust into yellow smoke  
With little roguish feet.  
Tossing it over his clean white dress  
Into his stocking heels,  
Checking the little wooden horse  
That trundles along on wheels.  
Dreaming away with wide blue eyes,  
And speculating why  
God won't give him the golden ball  
That drops in the quivering sky,  
What is the use of that pretty pink  
cloud,  
Sailing away so high.  
If he can't have a ride in it?  
And it's no use to try.  
If that woman grew with glasses on  
If this house is papa's;  
Why that nice red cow won't talk to  
him  
Looking across the bars,  
Into the neighbors' gates and doors,  
Under their cherry trees,  
Into mischief and out again,  
Wherever he may please.  
Wandering at last to the old church  
steps,  
Little horse and all,  
Climbing up laboriously—  
Too bad if he should fall!  
Pushing in with dimpled hands  
The great doors strong and tall,  
Letting the warm, sweet summer light  
Slide down the shadowed wall.  
Standing still in the solemn hush  
Of chancel, knave, and dome,  
Thinking it is prettier  
Than the sitting room at home  
Not a bit afraid, ah! no, indeed,  
Of the shadows vast and dim,  
Quite at home, and sure it was made  
All on purpose for him.  
The old, old story comes up to me  
Written so long ago,  
About the heavenly temple,  
Where you and I must go.  
The beautiful waiting temple,  
That has no room for sin—  
Something about a little child  
And the way of entering in,  
—Boston Transcript.

## MADAME HERMET.

The insane have for me a peculiar attraction. They dwell in a mysterious realm of fantastical dreams, in that impenetrable cloud of madness, where everything they have loved, everything they have done, comes to them again in an imaginary existence untrammelled by all the laws that govern events and rule the human mind.  
For them the impossible no longer exists, the improbable disappears, magic is real, and the supernatural familiar. The olden barriers of common sense logic and reason break, fall and crumble beneath their freed imaginations, escaping, with fabulous leaps which nothing can arrest, to the limitless land of fancy. They make no efforts to control events, overcome resistances or obstacles, for at their whim they can be princes, emperors, or gods, can possess all the riches of the world, all the good things of life, enjoy all pleasures, be always strong and comely, eternally young, and ever cherished. They only can be happy here below, for, for them, reality is dead.  
I love to bend over their vagrant reason, as one bends over an abyss in whose depths foams an unknown torrent, come from one knows not where and bound one knows not whither.  
Still the strongest fancies of madmen are in sane and familiar ideas, strange because no longer enchaind by reason.  
Their capricious source fills us with astonishment merely because we have not seen it spout forth. Nevertheless, the insane always interest me, and I constantly hunt them out, irresistibly attracted by that commonplace mystery, madness.  
So, one day, while visiting one of their asylums, the doctor who was escorting me, said:  
"Wait. I want to show you an unusually interesting case" and he opened the door of a cell where a woman, about 40 years of age, still beautiful, was seated in an arm-chair and gazed persistently at her features in a hand-glass.  
As soon as she perceived us she rose, ran to the opposite side of the room, picked up a veil and, after carefully covering her face returned to respond to our greetings by a slight movement of her head.  
"Well," said the doctor, "how are you this morning?"  
She sighed deeply: "Oh, ill, very ill, sir; there are more marks every day."  
He replied decisively:  
"No, I assure you that there are not. Indeed, you are mistaken."  
She leaned toward him to whisper:  
"No, I am sure. I counted ten pore-pit-holes this morning, three

on the right cheek, four on the left, and three, too, on my forehead. It is frightful, frightful! I shall no longer dare to see any one, not even my son—no, not even him! Nothing can be done, I am disfigured for life," and, sobbing bitterly, she dropped heavily into her chair.  
The doctor seated himself near her, and said in a low, consoling tone:  
"Come, show them to me. I know they are not serious. With but a slight cauterization I can efface them all."  
She shook her head in denial, but did not speak. He then tried to raise her veil; but she seized it so strongly with both hands that her nails pierced it.  
The doctor once more strove to coax and re-assure her:  
"Come, you know that I always get them away, those ugly marks—that no one can see them in the least after I have attended to them; but if you will not show them to me, of course I cannot cure you."  
She murmured:  
"Well, you I do not mind; but I do not know the gentleman who is with you."  
"He is also a doctor, who will care for you still better than I."  
Then she allowed her face to be uncovered, suffused with blushes from emotion and the shame of being seen. She lowered her eyes, turned her head from side to side to avoid our gaze and stammered:  
"Oh, how I suffer at showing myself like this! Horrible, is it not? Horrible!"  
I contemplated her with the utmost astonishment, for not the slightest mark, spot, or scar was visible on her countenance.  
She turned to me, her eyes still lowered, and said:  
"It was while taking care of my son that I caught this frightful disease, sir. I gave him my beauty, poor child! Well! I did my duty, and my conscience is at rest. If I suffer, only God knows it."  
The doctor had taken from his pocket a small camel's hair brush.  
"Sit still," said he, "and let me fix those spots." She turned her right cheek, and he began touching it here and there as lightly as though placing small dots of color. He then treated the left cheek in the same manner; next the chin and forehead, and exclaimed:  
"Look, they are all gone, all gone!"  
She took up the mirror, contemplated herself fixedly for some moments, with the keenest anxiety, striving, if possible, to discover something; then said with a sigh:  
"No, they no longer show much. I thank you infinitely."  
The doctor had risen. He bowed to her, showed me out, and following after said, as soon as the door was closed:  
"I will tell you that unfortunate woman's cruel history. Her name is Madame Hermet. She was exceedingly beautiful, very coquettish, sincerely beloved and entirely happy. She was one of those women who have nothing in the world but their beauty and the desire to please, to sustain, cherish, and console them. The constant care of her complexion, her hands, her teeth, and each visible charm occupied every hour and all her attention.  
"She became a widow with an only son. The child was brought up as are all children of greatly admired society women; nevertheless, she loved him.  
"He grew tall, and she—old. Did she see the fatal crisis approaching? I cannot tell. Did she, like so many others, look each morning for hours at the skin, once so delicate, transparent, and fresh, now beginning to wrinkle a trifle under the eyes, to change beneath a thousand strokes, still imperceptible, but which would grow deeper, day by day and month by month?  
"Did she also see increase, slowly but surely, the long forehead lines, endure the torture, the abominable torture, of the small hand-glass, that one cannot decide to lay down and yet throws angrily aside to seize upon again and view nearer, still nearer, the calm, odious ravages of approaching old age? Did she lock herself into her bedroom ten or twenty times a day, leaving for no reason the drawing room and the conversation of friends, to gaze once more on the work of destruction, to view with despair the slow progress of the ill that no one else seems yet to see; but that she, herself, sees so clearly?

She knows where the ravages are greatest, the bites of time the deepest. And the glass, the little hand-glass in its graven silver frame, tells her abominable things, for it seems to speak, to smile, to mock at her while it foretells all that is yet to come, all the bodily suffering, and atrocious mental torment which she must undergo until the day of her death, which will be that of her deliverance.  
"Did she weep, distracted, upon her knees and pray, pray, pray that One who thus kills human beings, and gives them youth but to make age more unbearable, and lends them beauty but to take it quickly back again, did she pray and supplicate Him to do for her what He has never yet done for any—to leave her until death her freshness, grace, and charm? Then, comprehending that she implored in vain the inflexible Unknown who hastens the years, did she beat her brow and wring her hands in an agony of silent despair?  
"Doubtless she endured all those tortures for this is what happened: "One day—she was then 35 years of age—her son, aged 15, fell ill.  
"He was confined to his bed because any one could determine the cause of his suffering or its exact nature. A priest, his tutor, watched constantly beside him, while Mme. Hermet came morning and evening to see him.  
"She would come in the morning in her dressing gown, smiling and perfumed, and ask even before she passed the door:  
"Well, Georges, are you not better?"  
"And the big boy, with his face swollen and red from fever, would reply:  
"Yes, mother, dear, a little better."  
"She would remain a few moments in his room, look at the vials of medicine with an expression of disgust, then exclaim, suddenly: "Oh, I've forgotten some thing very important," and run quickly out.  
"At night she would appear in a low-cut bodice, in still more of a hurry, for she was always late, and would have just time to ask:  
"Well, what did the doctor say?"  
"The tutor replied:  
"He has not yet decided, madam."  
"At length one night the tutor answered:  
"Madam, your son has the smallpox."  
"She uttered a cry of terror and fled.  
"When her maid entered her bedroom on the morrow she smelled a strong odor of burned sugar, and found her mistress in bed, trembling with anguish and with cheeks pale from want of sleep.  
"Mme. Hermet asked, as soon as her blinds were drawn:  
"How is Georges?"  
"Oh, not well at all to-day, madam."  
"She rose at noon, ate only an egg and a cup of tea, as though she had been ill, then went out and learned of a druggist how to guard against contagion from smallpox.  
"She returned at dinner time loaded down with vials, and went immediately to her room, where she saturated herself and her clothing with disinfectants.  
"The tutor awaited her in the dining room. As soon as she met exclaimed, in tones of deepest emotion: "Well?"  
"Oh, no better. The doctor is very anxious."  
"She began to sob, and could eat nothing whatever.  
"On the morrow at daybreak she sent to inquire, and receiving news no more favorable, passed the entire day in her room, where smoked innumerable small braziers that gave forth pungent odors.  
"Her servant also stated that she could be heard moaning all night long.  
"A week passed thus, during which she did nothing save take the air an hour or two in the afternoon. She asked for news every hour, and wept bitterly each time they were worse.  
"On the eleventh day, in the morning, the tutor having had himself announced, entered her apartment, his face pale and grave, and refusing to seat himself, said:  
"Madam, your son is much worse and asks to see you."  
"She fell upon her knees and cried:  
"Oh, my God! I shall never

dare! Help me, oh, my God!"  
"The priest replied:  
"The doctor has little hope, madam, and Georges is waiting for you."  
"Then he left her.  
"Two hours later, as the young man grew weaker and again called for his mother, the tutor went once more to her room and found her yet upon her knees, still weeping and repeating:  
"I cannot! I cannot! I am too afraid. I cannot!"  
"He strove to persuade, to fortify, to decide her, but succeeded only in bringing on an attack of nervous paroxysms of long duration.  
"The doctor, having returned toward night, was informed of her cowardice, and declared that he would bring her, willing or not.  
"But after having exhausted all arguments, as he took hold of her to carry her to her son, she clung to the door with such obstinate grasp that it was impossible to move her.  
"Then, when they had abandoned the struggle, she prostrated herself at the physician's feet calling herself a wretch and begging for pardon.  
"But, oh! he will not die! she screamed. "Tell me he will not die! Tell him I love him, worship him!"  
"The youth was in the agony of death, and feeling that he had but a few last moments, he implored to persuade his mother to come and bid him adieu. With the presentiment which the dying often have, he seemed to know and comprehend all that had taken place, and said:  
"If she fears to enter, beg her just to come by the balcony to my window, that I may at least see her bid her good-bye in a look, since I must not kiss."  
"The doctor and the tutor returned once more to the woman.  
"You incur not the slightest risk," they declared, "for there will be a window pane between you and him."  
"She consented, covered her head, took up a bottle of smelling salts, and made three steps upon the balcony, then, suddenly hiding her face in her hands she moaned:  
"No, no. I dare not see him—never—I am too ashamed—too afraid, no, I cannot!"  
"He tried to drag her, but she clutched the rails in desperation, and groaned so piteously that she attracted the attention of passers-by in the street below.  
"And the dying boy still waited, his eyes turned toward that window for a last look at the sweet face of his dearly beloved mother.  
"He waited long and night came. Then he turned his face to the wall and spoke no more.  
"When day broke he was dead.  
"On the morrow she was insane."  
**An Additional Charge.**  
Green Bag.  
A lawyer once said of Judge Underwood of Georgia that when the Judge was presiding and the criminal docket was before him he seemed to forget that justice was blind, and in spite of himself would raise the bandage a little. After he had charged the jury it was exceedingly dangerous for the defendant's counsel to ask for an additional charge. William Glenn had been defending a big, strapping town boy who was charged with an assault and battery upon a smaller boy.  
The big boy had been imposing upon the little fellows, and one of them hit him with a switch and ran. The big boy pursued him, threw a stone at him, cut a bad gash in his head and laid him up for a week or two. The Grand Jury found a true bill, and after the closing speech by the Solicitor the Judge charged the law very fairly, and then asked if there was any other charge that counsel desired.  
Glenn rose, and, with some tone of apprehension said: "I believe your Honor omitted to charge that self defence may justify an assault."  
"Yes," said the Judge, as he straightened up and fired up. "Yes, gentlemen, there is such a law, and if you will believe from the evidence that this great big double jointed, biggisted young gentleman was actuated by fear and self-defence when he ran after that poor little puny, tall-fellow boy, and because he couldn't overtake him picks up a rock big enough to knock down a steer, and threw it at him and knocked him senseless, then can find for the defendant. Any other charge, Bro. Glenn?"  
"I believe not," said Glenn.

## PROCESS OF MIND READING.

**A Discovery Made by Two Foreigners at Chicago.**  
CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—Two young foreigners who met for the first time at the World's Fair have developed a new process of mind reading that is believed by experts to be the brain communication Edison has been trying to discover, and which he calls mentalegraphy. F. Huger, a Norwegian, in charge of exhibits in the Danish section met Richard Foss, a visitor from Copenhagen, and they became close friends. Unconscious of any unusual mental communication, they frequently told each other of what they were thinking, and soon made the startling discovery that it was an easy matter to read each other's thoughts. To them it was neither an art nor a science, but an unexplainable phenomenon.  
They have given careful study to the question, and have come to the conclusion that their brains are as telephones at opposite ends of an invisible wire. At a private exhibition before several newspaper men numerous tests were given them that they carried through successfully. Every effort was made to detect system of signals, but the result was always the same.  
**Brief Notes.**  
During the twelve years of its existence, the Church Extension Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has assisted 2,500 churches, and expended \$700,000.  
The first convert to Christianity in the Empire of the Mikado was Murata Wakasanokami, in 1855.  
The London Women's Christian Association has 140 branches, of which 40 are institutions and homes. The membership is over 14,000. There are two gymnasiums, and drill is taught. There are also classes in cookery and dressmaking. Christian Endeavor societies in the reformed Church in America raised for missions, from February 1 to October, 1893, \$3,073.20. There are 346 societies in the denomination.  
The progress of Christianity is seen in this: The Bible is now translated into the language of nine-tenths of the human race while in the early ages by only one-fifth.  
"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." The first convert in Corea was led to inquire into Christianity by reading a heathen tract against it. He was baptized July 11, 1886.  
The Methodist Episcopal Church, South had an increase of nearly 40,000 members in 1892.  
The issues from the American Bible Society in November were 95,210 volumes; issues since April 1, 1893, 698,379 volumes.  
**The Salt Rub.**  
New York World.  
Various sanitariums and private hospitals are using the salt rub and it is becoming so popular that some Turkish bath establishments are advertising it as a special attraction. It is just as good for well people as sick ones, is the most refreshing of all the baths and rubs ever invented, only excepting a dip in the sea itself, and is matchless in its effect upon the skin and complexion. With all these virtues, it is the simplest, most easily managed of all similar measures, and can be taken at home easily. Put a few pounds of coarse salt, the coarsest you can get, sea salt by preference, in an earthen jar, and pour enough water on it to produce a sort of bluish, but not enough to dissolve the salt. This should then be shaken up in hand-fuls and rubbed briskly over the entire person. Of course it better to have it rubbed on by another person, but any one in ordinary health can do it for herself or himself very satisfactorily. This being done, the next thing is a thorough douching of clean water, preferably cold, with a brisk rubbing with a dry towel.  
The effect of elation, freshness and renewed life is felt immediately, and the satiny and increased clearness and brightness of the complexion swell the testimony in favor of the salt rub.  
Taking the earth as the center of the universe and the polar star as the limit of our vision, the visible universe embraces an aerial space with a diameter of 420,000,000,000 miles.  
Gutta serena was introduced into Europe from Malaga in 1852. The annual consumption now amounts to 4,000,000 pounds.

## A LOVER'S RUSE.

**Pretended to Shoot Himself to Win Back His Sweetheart.**  
Philadelphia Press.  
Richard Tucker, chief in the West Canal Company's office at Moconaga, near here, won back the love of his sweetheart, who had rejected him in a rather peculiar manner last night. He boarded with Mrs. Bowman, and some months ago fell in love with her pretty daughter, Mary. The wedding was set for the end of this month, and preparations for the ceremony were in progress, when on last Monday night, Tucker saw Miss Bowman walking along the road with another young man.  
He called and demanded an explanation but the girl said none was necessary, and aided that she would never marry him, and then ordered him from the house. In the evening he returned to apologize, but she was obdurate and refused to forgive him. Thereupon he threatened to drown himself. She was not affected in the least. He then went outside and the next minute she heard two shots fired. She with her mother rushed outside and found Tucker stretched full length on the ground, a smoking pistol beside him.  
The girl fainted and was carried into the house while Superintendent Large and others carried Tucker to his room. All this time Tucker was gasping and was apparently unconscious. As soon as she recovered Miss Bowman rushed into the room where he lay and threw herself upon him, asking his forgiveness before he died. After she had sobbed hysterically for some minutes to the surprise of everybody, Tucker sat up and said: "Well now that you find you love me, I'll get up."  
He had fired in the air and was

## RATTLERS BY HUNDREDS.

**The Experience of a Negro Boy While Rabbit Hunting.**  
Philadelphia Times.  
A dispatch from Harlem Switch, Tex., to the Philadelphia Times, says:  
A negro boy named Isaac Munroe recently struck a bonanza near here in a fallen tree, from which he drove and killed over 300 rattlesnakes. Munroe was out hunting rabbits with his dog, and was in full chase of a "mule-ear" when the little creature ran into the hollow end of the tree.  
It almost immediately ran out again, and even before the dog could seize it rolled over and over on the ground in great pain, the boy observing that blood was issuing from what appeared to be numberless pin-pricks all over its body. Before he could notice anything else of its symptoms the dog had torn the rabbit to pieces. Then curiosity to know what had happened to the rabbit in the tree, Munroe tried to drive the dog into the trunk, but the cur evinced a decided objection to entering it, and had to be beaten before it would venture to do as his master desired.  
It had barely gotten its body inside when, with a shrill yelp, it backed out, whining and bleeding in the same unusual manner as the rabbit. The boy now stooped down and looked into the tree, but though he fancied that he could see several points of light, he could find nothing to account for the singular appearance of the dog and rabbit.  
**A SURPRISE FOR MUNROE.**  
Not contented with this the negro was foolish enough to thrust in his arm to see if he could not

## FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

SELECTED.  
It is the joy of truth to be looked in the face.  
A genius is never taken to be one by his looks.  
Praise and doubt cannot both live in the same heart.  
Are you making any plans that reach beyond this life?  
There is as much kill in a selfish heart as there is in a musket.  
If you wear religion as a cloak your soul will freeze to death.  
The devil can no more hurt a Christian than mud can soil sunlight.  
To behold who is truly great on earth we shall have to be in heaven to look.  
Perseverance can accomplish wonders, but it can't make a bad egg hatch.  
No power on earth or in heaven has any right to outrage any one to do wrong.  
When God turned Adam out of Eden he sent an angel with him whose name was Hope.  
Make pure thoughts welcome in your mind, and God will be sure to come into your life.  
It won't do any good to pray for the South Sea Islander as long as you won't speak to the man who lives in the next house.  
Be such a man, live such a life, that if every man was such as you and every life like yours the earth would be God's paradise.  
The world says come to me and I will foil you; the flesh says come to me and I will destroy you; Christ says "come to me and I will give you rest."  
A woman in Paris, during a lockjaw while trying to make a crocodile understand her, had the jaw fractured when the crocodile tried to force it open.  
Among the Kondeh people, who live on Lake Nyassa in Africa, the favorite form of suicide is to enter the water and allow one's self to be devoured by a crocodile.  
When irritated the sea cucumber, a species of hothouria, can eject all its teeth its stomach and digestive apparatus, and reduce itself to a simple membranous sac.  
The ordinary folding fan is supposed to have been invented in Japan, in the seventh century, by a native artist, who derived the idea from the way which a bat closes its wings.  
William Black's latest serial story will appear in Harper's Bazar. Its title is "Highland Cousins," and the first instalment is announced for the issue dated January 5th.  
The recent general elections for members for the New Zealand House of Representatives presented one phrase of almost world-wide interest in the fact that for the first time in British colonial history all women over 21 years of age were accorded the right to vote. It is gratifying to record that they eagerly availed them selves of the privilege. A Wellington correspondent says that "they registered in thousands, and though out the whole election campaign displayed a most laudable desire to learn their new duties."  
**SWIFT'S SPECIFIC**  
FOR renovating the entire system, eliminating all Poisons from the Blood, whether of scrofulous or malarial origin, this preparation has no equal.  
**SWIFT'S SPECIFIC**  
"For eighteen months I had an eating sore on my tongue. I was treated by best local physicians, but obtained no relief; the sore gradually grew worse. I finally took S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles."  
C. B. McLEMORE, Henderson, Tex.  
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TREATISE on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.  
**Book's Cotton Root COMPOUND.**  
A recent discovery by an old physician, successfully used monthly by thousands of ladies, in the most perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of imitations! Book's Cotton Root Compound, for the cure of all diseases of the female system, is sold in bottles of 50 cents in postage in letter, and we will send, sealed by return mail, one bottle free to any lady in the United States, on payment of 25 cents. Address: Book's Cotton Root Compound, No. 5 Flour Block, Detroit, Mich.  
Sold in Edgefield by G. L. Penn & Son and druggists everywhere.