Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR. EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1897. VOL. LXII. NO. 33.

THE HEART'S SUMMER TIME.

When fall the wintry flakes of frost it's summer-time somewhere—
Violets in the valleys—bird songs in the air;
The chilly winds, they only blow the lily's lips apart;
It's summer in the world, my dear, when it's summer in the heart.

When gray the skies are glooming it's summer in the dells,
In the merry song of reapers, in the tinkling of the bells;
The sweet south-skies are brightening as with springtime's magic art,
But the sweetest season, dearest, is the summer in the heart.

Still, still the birds are singing and still the groves are green,
And still the roses redden and the lovely lilies lean;
Love fades not with the season; when summer days depart,
It's summer still, my dearest, in the Eden of the heart.

—Atlanta Constitution.

How Polly Saved the Express.

KANE CREEK was a railroad crossing on the S. and C. C. Railroad about two miles from the division terminal at Mercer. It was in the midst of a scrubby pine forest, with a sandy road crooking out from the trees on one side and into the trees on the other. There were only two or three houses, a little general store with a porch like the visor of a military cap, and a schoolhouse, all arranged in a scraggy row along the railroad track. The dusty red depot was an oasis in the midst of a cinder desert, with a great many telegraph wires singing overhead.

A dozen trains whirled through Kane Creek every day with only a shriek of greeting and a whipping wake of fine sand. Only two of them paid the slightest attention to the girl in a blue gingham dress who stood in the little observation window. One of them was the way freight which stopped at Kane's every time it came along while the conductor handed the girl a bundle of yellow papers and received another like it in return. The other was the night express westward bound from St. Paul, and running at forty miles an hour. It was a splendid train—ten cars, with the finest engine on the road, big No. 606. As its glaring eye flashed around the bend in the direction of Mercer the girl in the gingham dress often thought of the great train as a powerful and ferocious beast snorting and roaring westward on a race with the sun. It was a beast, but it was well trained, and she knew the hand that trained it. When the train was a mile away there were always two blasts on the whistle. Everyone else in Kane's thought they meant simply, "Wake up, look out!"—for that is what all locomotives say at every crossing—but the girl in the gingham dress heard "Hello, Polly," and darted out on the platform and waved her handkerchief. As the great train thundered nearer a hand was thrust from the engineer's window, and although it was usually dark, she could see the flutter of something white, and oftentimes as the engine darted past the station she heard the blurred sound of a voice and caught the glimpse of a grimy face and a blue jean jacket. And then she went back to her place in the little station with a sigh of deep contentment.

For it was a moment of great joy to Polly Marshall when her father's engine went through. Polly was the station agent at Kane Creek—any one could have told that a woman presided in the little depot, for was there not always a bouquet in the window and dainty pictures surrounding the grimy time-tables on the walls, and a kitten curling upon the door-step? At seventeen Polly had gone in asassistant to learn telegraphy and when Clark, the agent, was called to Mercer the company had left the independent girl in charge. She and her father lived in one of the wooden houses a stone's throw back from the depot, and since Polly's mother died they had been everything to each other.

Engineer Marshall was a big, silent man, and his companions, some of them, thought him gruff and ill tempered, but to Polly he was always tender as a kitten. Often when she was a little girl he took her down with him to Mercer on his engine, and while she sat on his black leather seat at the cab window, clinging on with both hands, he explained to her how the big black creature under them was started and stopped, what this brass crank was for, and how, when the engine squeaked here or squealed there, a little oil was needed in this cup or in that crevice. And Polly had learned to know an engine as well as she knew the neat little pantry in the house at home. Indeed, she had more than once managed the levers and the throttle, although it was very heavy work for a girl to do.

It was one night late in the fall that Polly Marshall had need of all her knowledge of engines. She was sitting at her desk in the little observation window, a shaded light throwing its rays down on her telegraph instruments and the sounder clicking sleepily. Suddenly she was startled by the sudden call of her number. Instantly her fingers sought the keys, and she gave the answer that signified that she was all attention.

"Look out for——" clicked the sounder, and then it suddenly ceased, and try as she would Polly could get no further communication with the station next to the eastward. What could the trouble be? What was she to look out for? Polly sprang to her feet, remembering that the night express, of which her father was engineer, was the next train due. Could anything be the matter? She ran out on the dark platform to see that her lights were all in place and that the switches were properly set, so that the express would slip past the station without an accident. Then she went back and called up Mercer.

"Can you get Pinckney?" she asked.

Pinckney was the station which had sent her the warning dispatch so mysteriously interrupted. She knew the operator at Pinckney well—every night he told her of the approach of her father's train, and whether or not it left his station on time.

"Pinckney quiet; can't get answer," was the report of the wires. "What's the trouble?"

Polly answered as well as she could, and Mercer made another attempt to arouse Pinckney.

Her father's train was now due. It should be whistling cheerily at the lower bend. Polly stepped out on the platform and peered up the track. Yes, there was the familiar headlight—she would have known it among a hundred. Then came the whistle "Hello, Polly," and Polly ran back into her office much relieved and sat down to warn Mercer. At that instant she heard a peculiar cracking sound that sent her heart quivering deep in her bosom. Then there was the shrill scream of the locomotive whistle, suddenly interrupted, as if the hand that had drawn the lever had been struck from its place. Polly knew it was a cry of distress. It seemed to say "Help" in a long, tremulous wail. Instantly Polly darted outside and flew up the track. Already the express should have thundered past the station, but she could see its headlight a hundred yards or more away. The train had stopped.

With a hundred terrifying questions flashing through her mind Polly ran on through the gloom. When she was almost within range of the big headlight she saw a half-dozen armed men swarming around the engine, she heard fierce oaths, and then the engine started up again. She saw in an instant that it had been cut free from the train. In the cab window, where her father usually stood, there was a big, unfamiliar figure, managing the lever and throttle. Terrified, Polly sprang to one side into a clump of bushes. As the locomotive passed her on its way up the track she saw that the man in the cab wore a black mask on his face, and then she knew what had happened. She understood why Pinckney had tried to warn her and then failed. Robbers had held up the train and were preparing to rob the express car.

For a moment Polly was torn with doubt and terror. Had they shot her father? She knew that he never would submit to have his train captured without a struggle. Should she go to him? Then she remembered her station and the telegraph, and without a moment's delay she was flying down the track toward the depot. She would send for help to Mercer.

In front of the little depot she stopped and the b[illegible] man sprang from the cab w[illegible] darted across the platform. [illegible] what she was doing, ran up on the other side, the side of the engine, and, raising up, peered into the cab. She half expected to see her father's body lying on the floor, for she had heard much about the terrible deeds of train-robbers.

Through the cab window she could see the robber sitting at her own little desk in the depot sending a message. It flashed over her all at once that he was wiring Mercer that the express was delayed, thus preventing any alarm. The robber had pushed up his mask and she saw him plainly.

What should she do? She dared not enter the office, and she, a mere girl, could be of no service where the robbers were making their attack on the train. If only she had the little revolver that lay in the drawer of her desk—she set her teeth as she thought what she would do with it.

At that moment three shots rang out, clear and distinct, from the detached train. The man at the telegraph instrument sprung to his feet and ran to a side window in the waiting-room and looked up the track.

Now was her chance. Hardly thinking what she did, Polly sprung to the engineer's side of the cab, threw back the reverse lever and opened the throttle steadily. The big steel wheels began to turn, very slowly at first. Farther and farther the throttle opened and faster and faster turned the wheels, and yet they did not go half fast enough to suit Polly, who was now glancing fearfully over her shoulder.

Suddenly the depot door was thrown open and she saw the robber darting up the track. He had his pistol in his hand. He was pointing it at her and shouting for her to stop. But the engine was now going at good speed, and, run as he would, the robber could not catch it. But he stopped and fired, the bullet ripping through the cab cover above Polly's head.

The engine was now tearing down the track at full speed. Polly knew that it must be fired or it would not go far, and so, leaving the throttle open she sprang to the coal pit, flung open the fire hole, and with the heavy shovel in her small white hands threw in load after load of coal. When she returned to her place she could see the first signal light of Mercer already blinking into view. She pulled down on the whistle cord and the engine shrieked its distress.

Five minutes later Polly strained at the heavy reverse lever, turned hard on the air-brake and brought the great iron horse to a sudden standstill. How she ever managed to stammer the story she never knew, but in a few minutes the engine was headed back with half a dozen armed men aboard of her. Behind them came another load of men on a switch engine and two men were racing up the street of Mercer calling the alarm.

They heard firing before they reached Kane Creek, but it ceased soon afterward. The robbers had gone. They had taken with them much plunder from the passengers, but they had not been able to get into the express safe, although they were at work drilling it open when relief came.

From the time that the engine stopped Polly was missing. When the rescued and excited passengers and express messengers began to crowd around and inquire the Mercer men remembered her. A party of them went out to find the girl who had brought help to the beleaguered train.

In a little clump of bushes they heard a man moaning, and an instant later they saw Polly kneeling in the sand, with [illegible] father's head in her lap, crying bitterly. And they gathered up the brave engineer and his daughter and carried them down to the train, cheering all the way.

Engineer Marshall was not badly hurt, and he was able to be in Mercer when the general manager of the road thanked the blushing Polly officially and offered a new and better position in Mercer. And of course all the passengers and express messengers heard about Polly's brave deed and said a great many pleasant things about her, but Polly, being a sensible girl, only blushed and said that she had to do it, and that any other girl would have done the same under like circumstances—which no one believed, of course.

Later, when the robbers were captured, Polly was able to identify one of them positively—the one who had run the engine—and through him the entire party was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Some insects are in a state of maturity thirty minutes after birth.

Doctors say people in Ireland who live on the potato never have gout.

A man in South Dakota believes that he has found uranium on his farm.

A German doctor of reputation prescribes aluminum as a cure for rheumatism.

A means of renewing the filament in electric light burners has been discovered.

Sydney, Australia, has a flashlight town clock, so that the correct time may be seen miles away.

Crocodiles, like ostriches, swallow pebbles and small stones for the purpose of grinding their food.

Iron has for ages been a favorite medicine. Nearly 100 different preparations of iron are now known to the medical chemists.

The rarest metal is didymium, and its present market price is $4500 per pound. The next costliest metal is barium; its value per pound is $260.

Lord Kelvin says the earth has been habitable for thirty millions of years. He does not believe that it is so inconceivably old as the earlier scientists declared.

England is trying submerged cannon. Oaken beams twenty-one inches thick and the hull of a ship protected by three inches of boiler plate were pierced by a solid shot from one.

The French lens which throws electric rays 100 miles to seaward, and which was a part of the French Government's exhibit at the Chicago Fair, is to be placed in the Barnegat (N. J.) [illegible]

to believe that the true reason for their barking was their endeavor to talk to man. Wild dogs howl and whine, but do not bark. In the wilds of Egypt the shepherd dogs make a soft, peculiar noise, but it does not suggest barking.

Russia's Growth.

Many years may elapse before Russia can become a leading manufacturing country, but her growth toward industrialism has recently been shown in a remarkable manner at the "All Russian" exhibition in Nijni Novgorod. Besides her extensive sulphuric acid industry, Russia is opening up important manufactures of chromate salts, vitriol, phosphates, lead, zinc, tin, strontium and copper salts and mineral dyes, and platinum is almost a Russian monopoly. In medicinal plant growing the progress in Russia is very great. Six castor oil factories, all working from native grown seed, were represented at the exhibition, and oils of peppermint, wormwood, caraway, fennel, anise and pine needles were also shown. The output of Russian benzine has grown from 31,500 gallons in 1882 to nearly 1,570,000 gallons in 1894. The petroleum industry is the second largest in the world. One firm alone owns 188 miles of petroleum pipe lines. It has an enormous fleet and owns 1157 tank wagons for the conveyance of its products by rail.

The industry of the dry distillation of wood in Russia is only just beginning. In Northern Russia, away from the railways, there are still many thousands of square miles under wood, yet up to the present only one-half per cent. of all the rosin and but a slightly larger proportion of the turpentine used in Russia has been of home manufacture.—New York Herald.

Insurance of Dogs.

A novel insurance company has been organized and is already doing a large business in this city insuring dogs against loss, stealing or impounding. This is done by registering the dog with this company with its full description, and receiving a tag to be worn with the city license tag.

The company has a man at each pound to release any dog bearing such a tag and return it immediately to the owner. This is a great advantage, as dogs often contract diseases in such a place. It also saves both dog and owner much misery, anxiety and trouble, to say nothing of the expense and tiresome traveling and red tape which are necessary to rescue a dog from the pound.—Chicago Tribune.

Hadrian's Wall.

Hadrian in A. D. 120, built a stone wall from Bowness, near Carlisle, on Solway frith, to the river Tyne, near Newcastle, England. It was eighty miles long and garrisoned by 10,000 troops. It was from twelve to twenty feet high at various points, eight feet thick at the top and was provided with a gallery in the rear, which enabled its defenders to take their stand with only head and shoulders visible to the enemy. At every quarter of a mile there was a castle with a garrison of troops. Beacon lights and signals were used, and on an attack, whether by day or by night, the news was at once flashed up and down the wall from sea to sea.—Atlanta Constitution.

CULTURE OF BANANAS.

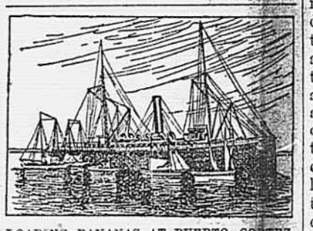
A CENTRAL AMERICAN INDUSTRY OF GREAT PROPORTIONS.

The Banana Has the Foremost Place in the Importation of Tropic Fruits to This Country—Easy of Cultivation—Big Returns to the Banana Farmers.

As a table delicacy and a fruit now universally sought and consumed by the American people, says Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, the banana readily and easily takes the foremost place of all the vast products of the tropics. It has been but a brief span of years since this dainty and toothsome denizen of Central America became generally known, especially to the vast interior cities of the United States. But the intimacy which steam navigation has established between this country and the tropics, as well as the rapid transit to points remote from the seaboard, has rendered possible a most stupendous traffic in the most delicate and perishable fruits. Under such favorable and encouraging conditions, the banana trade, with almost incredible rapidity, has increased from a few thousand clusters, eighteen years ago, to the enormous annual importation of over five million bunches.

If tradition is to be relied upon, the banana has an ancient and royal lineage from the earliest and mythic epochs of human career. The fruit is also known in the East as "Adam's Fig," which fortifies a claim made of its having furnished, from its great broad leaves, the primeval costumes of our first parents. It is considered the musa paradisica of the botanists, and its vast spreading foliage would have easily invited selection as a covering for the nakedness of those early dwellers in the Garden of Eden.

Contrary to the prevailing idea, the banana is not indigenous to the Western hemisphere, as its first roots were brought over to America by a monk in 1516, and was first cultivated in Honduras. It is natural, therefore,



LOADING BANANAS AT PUERTO CORTEZ.

that the first country of its adoption should now be the foremost in its

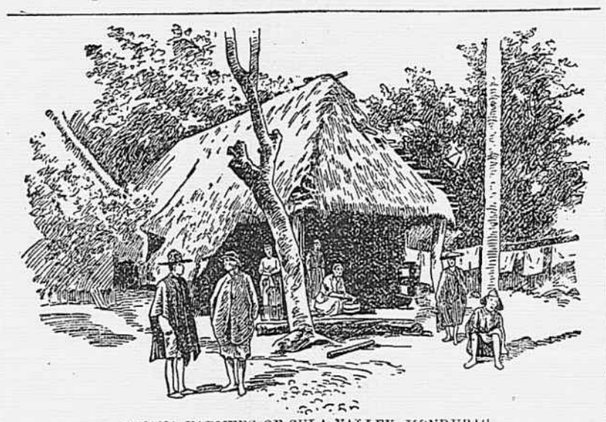
A BANANA SHED, NICARAGUA.

sound extravagant, if not incredible, to our American farmers, but it is nevertheless a fact, which can be substantiated by a number of our citizens, who have settled in this country and are making small fortunes. Land can be obtained very cheap, and to clear it up and prepare the first crop has been computed to cost nine dollars per acre. The natives care but little for any more than their immediate necessities, and consequently are mostly the laborers of numerous enterprising foreigners, who constitute the bulk of the banana farmers. The opening of new markets and the greatly increased demand for the fruit has stimulated the clearing and opening of many new and extended farms during the past three or four years. There is always a certain and sure sale for the product, as each farmer, at the very beginning of the planting season, can contract for the sale of his entire crop to any of the competing lines of steamers which regularly visit the coast. If he chooses this course the only thing that should concern him is proper attention to make the yield as great as possible, having no uneasiness as to his market. The competition for the business has become very strong and many additional

NATIVE MESTIZO LABORERS.

Barios, as this will traverse the Montagua Valley, one of the richest sections of Central America.

The trade of Honduras, confined also to the Atlantic side, is the most extended of all the tropical countries. Her leading banana ports are Puerto Cortez, Ceiba and the islands of Utilla and Ruatan, although some fruit is also taken from Tela, Truxillo, Irione and Gracios a Dios. The bulk of the imports, however, come through Puerto Cortez, the terminus of the Honduras Railroad, which traverses the great Sula and Ullna valleys for a distance of forty miles. This section



BANANA FARMERS OF SULA VALLEY, HONDURAS.

months after this slip is put in the ground it will furnish its first bunch of bananas, and one only requires a machete and a forked stick to gather the fruit. When ready to cut, the bunch is taken four feet from the ground, in order to allow the moisture to drain back into the stool of the plant; the forked stick receives the bunch and lets it easily to the ground and the stalk is allowed to decay and enrich the soil. Suckers soon shoot out from the stump and all but two are cut away and planted elsewhere. One average bunch will stand about four feet in height, weigh ninety pounds, have twelve handles or clusters and contain 180 bananas. An acre will produce about 250 bunches during the second year after planting, and an average yield for the future of 300 bunches per annum. The price of the fruit fluctuates slightly during the season, but averages at the steamer from twenty to thirty cents per bunch, and to the frugal and careful farmer this represents a profit of thirty-five or forty per cent. This may

The banana trade of Costa Rica, confined exclusively to Port Limon, shows the most rapid growth of any other Central American country. Its product, raised mostly in the canton of Matina, has grown from an output of a few thousand clusters in 1882 to 1,500,000 bunches for the present year. According to the statement of Consul Delgado, at New York, that city alone has received about 700,000 bunches during 1896, while the receipts at New Orleans from Costa Rica have been fully as much, if not in excess of that figure. From calculations made, on reliable statistics, the approximate banana production of Central America for the present year is as follows:

	Bunches.
British Honduras	325,000
Spanish Honduras	1,750,000
Guatemala	450,000
Nicaragua	600,000
Costa Rica	1,600,000
Total	4,725,000

This is considered a very conservative estimate, and if the amount of local consumption, rejections and loss from over-mature fruit is considered, the product will easily aggregate over five million bunches. Add to this the amount of the fruit brought from Jamaica, Colombia, Cuba and other sources, and the whole will approximate very close to eight million bunches. Engaged directly in this business are about thirty steamers and an equal number of sailing vessels, while double that number are engaged in the traffic in connection with other products of the tropics.

The Latest in Woman's Coiffure.

This new movable strip fringe is a boon to wheelwomen and dwellers by the sea. It is an English idea not yet

NEW "TRANSFORMED" COIFFURE.

seen here. It is fixed to a single strand easily concealed among the front locks and does not heat the head.

How to Keep Flowers Fresh.

Some people are not aware that flowers will keep fresh much longer if the stems are set in a dish of sand than if they are plunged simply into water. Put the flowers into a vase as usual; then carefully sift into the vase by means of a funnel sufficient sand to fill it nearly to the top, shaking it so that the sand will settle down among the items. Gradually add water until it stands a very little above the top of the sand, and replenish the water as often as needed.

The Discoverers of Anæsthesia.

The credit for first using anæsthetics, which has done so much to lessen human pain, must be shared by three men; Wells, of Hartford, Conn., who employed nitrous oxide in 1844; Morton, of Boston, who tried ether successfully in 1846, and Sir J. Y. Simpson, of Edinburg, who introduced chloroform a year later.

A company of men and officers of the British ship Intrepid were taken from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico by the English colony of the capital city, at an expense of $3000, and gave concerts there which captured the town. The men were entertained and as well pleased as the citizens.

HEN KILLS A "RATTLER."

A Fierce Duel in Which "Biddy" Whipped the Snake.

Attorney Ben T. Hardin, of Kansas City, Mo., is never happier than when he has a gamecock under each arm. He is an enthusiastic breeder of fowls, and

A HEN WHIPS A RATTLESNAKE.

raises nothing but game chickens. Occasionally the chickens raise trouble. They raised a rumpus about a week ago, and as a result Mr. Hardin was treated to the novel sight of a fierce duel between a hen and a rattlesnake. The lawyer was proudly watching his pets wander towards the bushes at the further end of the yard, when suddenly one of the hens gave a cry of alarm. It was too late. The seven rattles on the tail of a big snake sounded, and an instant later the fowl was struck. A hen by her side, instead of running away, got her fighting blood up, saw a chance for a good battle and pitched in. She fought scientifically, and proved that she knew a good deal about the vital spots of a snake. She made a few passes, dodging for advantage, and before the reptile realized its danger one fierce peck at the back of its head ended its existence. The hen that was bitten by the snake died in agony.

GOLD BRICK WORTH $72,000.

A Solid Cone of the Precious Metal, One-Third Actual Size, as Pictured.

A solid cone of gold was received in New York recently by the agency of the Bank of Montreal, from the Caribou Hydraulic Mining Company, of British Columbia. The chunk was the result of about two months' work

GOLD BRICK, ONE-THIRD ACTUAL SIZE, WORTH $72,000.

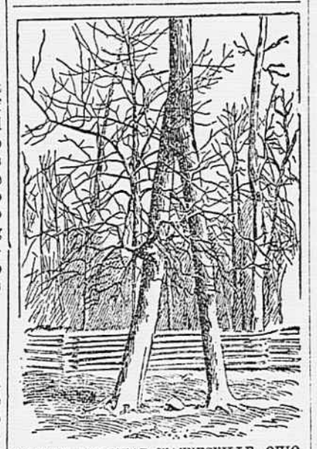
at the mine, which is largely owned by officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

The precious mass was taken to the United States Assay Office. It weighed 4149.90 ounces Troy. In appearance it resembled a sugar cone, save that the sides were more rounded and the apex not so pronounced. It measured nine inches at the base, was ten inches high, and is worth $72,000.

A Remarkable Double Tree.

The accompanying cut of a double ash is from a photograph taken by Professor William Werthner, of the Dayton High School. The tree, writes A. F. Foerste, in the Scientific American, stands near Waynesville, Ohio. It is a very symmetrical coalescence of two blue ash trees, five feet apart at the ground and at fifteen feet above joining to form a perfect trunk that extends to a height of some seventy feet. Each tree is from fifteen to eighteen inches in diameter, and each trunk, as well as the upper bole, is perfectly normal, nor does the fork show any signs of a flattening, ridge or one-sided coalescence. Hence, the union must have taked place when the trees were saplings.

Is this a "natural graft," or did some Indian possibly use the saplings as part of his wigwam support and tie



DOUBLE ASH NEAR WAYNESVILLE, OHIO.

them so tightly as to induce a coalescence? The size of the trees (considering the slow rate of growth of the blue ash) seems to make them antedate the white settlers in Ohio.

An ordinance prohibiting screens in saloons has been adopted in Cleveland, Ohio.

Texas is to tax cigarette dealers to the tune of $1000 a year.

PREVENTION OF HAILSTORMS.

Success of Aerial Explosions in Swiss Vineyards.

The American rainmaking experiments are sufficiently fresh in the memory to lend a peculiar interest to a report recently submitted to the state department by the consul at Zurich regarding a curious practice that has grown up among the grape growers of certain sections of Austria which is, in effect, the exact reverse of the rainmaking theory. It is none other than the prevention of storms by aerial explosions. The owner of extensive vineyards found that his profits were disappearing with the frequent destruction of his vines by hailstones. These storms are common and severe in Austria, especially on the southern slopes of the Bacher Mountains, and as the soil is peculiarly adapted to the growth of the grape the question arose whether some means of preventing the fall of hail could not be devised. The explosion experiment was tried, and to the date of the report it had met with unbroken success. The method is simple. On each of six of the most prominent summits surrounding the vineyards the owner erected a station, built of wood, for the shelter of a battery of heavy mortars, ten at each station. The neighboring peasantry, themselves small vineyard owners, have been trained to the duties of manning the batteries, and at the slightest sign of the approach of a storm the men assemble and at a given signal fire all the mortars simultaneously. Each mortar is loaded with about four and a half ounces of powder; the report makes no mention of a projectile. The bombardment of the clouds is continued until the moisture is scattered and the storm is prevented. At the first trial of the system last summer after a few moments' firing the cloud wall opened up in the form of a funnel, the mouth rising in consecutive rings, gradually expanding until the clouds scattered and disappeared. This process was accompanied by no hail or even rain. During the summer the firing was undertaken six times, and always with the same result. Thus it appears that while man may not be able to force nature to work at his bidding he may at least compel her to remain idle for a time.

Why take Johnson's

Sacred Stone of the Oneidas.

From time immemorial until the last warrior of the numerous Oneidas had passed away to the happy hunting grounds of his people, the various tribes of this famous race carried with them wherever they went a huge bowlder, which was used upon sacrificial altar. Around it was celebrated the feasts of the dead, while often the very sight of it provoked the fearful war dance. The stone's last resting place was on the summit of one of the hills near Utica, N. Y., from whence it was removed to Forest Hill Cemetery in the town named. Among the other Indians the Oneidas were always referred to as the people with the stone, and they called it oinota, meaning a man who had sprung from a stone.

CULTIVATING THE WIDOW.

"Somebody must be cultivating the widow."

"Yes?"

"Anyway, her weeds have disappeared."