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THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

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SOME TIME.

Some time we shall know why Our sunniest mornings change to noons of rain; And why our steps are shadowed so by pain; And why we often lie On couches sown with thorns of care and doubt; And why our lives are thickly hedged about With bars that shut our loftiest plans to rout.

Some time we shall know why Our dearest hopes are swept so swiftly away; And why our brightest flowers first decay; Why song is lost in sigh; Why clasping fingers slip so soon apart— Why estrangement, space and death rend heart from heart; Until from deepest depths the teardrops start.

—Lillian Gray.

THE DWARF'S LITTLE BROTHER.

A GIRL'S ADVENTURE IN A MEXICAN TOWN.

MISS STANLEY was a pink-and-white English girl; very tall and shapely. The Mexican girls, who on their carriages if they had a block to go, used to look upon her with amazement as she tramped down their steep streets with a fine, swinging, heel-and-toe gait.

She was picking her way one day among the vendors in the plaza, stopping once in a while to give some whining beggar or tattered minstrel a centavo, when she felt her skirt pulled. Looking, she saw a tiny hand hid out, and a child's voice piped the usual formula for alms. The little creature was no taller than a child of four. But the face! It was old and withered. The eyes were sunken and so old! Miss Stanley pulled the bezel to the hair was gray.

"A dwarf," she thought, with a little feeling of repulsion. "How old are you?"

"Fifty-four," piped up the wee thing. Then, true to her sex, "The priest will tell you fifty-eight, but I am a nun, I am fifty-four." She said her name was Rosita.

Rosita, it appeared, did nearly anything for a living, begging preferably, although that is a crowded profession in Y times she sold chicken on a commission. She was the bounty of a young man, a weak but she confessed her jump for the coffee, his dream of straggling jump in rain, she could not resist.

"The brute!" said Miss Stanley, who did not know the man she looked up, pleased, good, the English lady was interested in her, for the expulsive sound of profanity from a feminine source indicated strong emotion, which she construed favorably.

The poor in Mexico are always hungry, and Miss Stanley, knowing this, took Rosita to a little one-room restaurant. The menu was confined strictly to Mexican dishes.

Miss Stanley noticed that Rosita put half her dinner to one side, wrapping the carne and frijoles in tortillas. When she came to a dulcified of some tropic fruit, boiled in a syrup of cane sugar, her little wrinkled eyes looked wistful.

"How can I take some to my little brother?"

Miss Stanley asked another question: "Is this food you have put away for your brother?"

"Yes," answered Rosita, in her squeaky voice, "I take all the care of him. We are alone in the room now, see," she held up the massive key peculiar to Mexican doors.

"Why is he locked in?" asked Miss Stanley, as she directed the mazo to put the dinner in a couple of ollas for Rosita to take to her brother.

"He has combats with the children in the street, and I am afraid some one will get hurt," she answered.

Miss Stanley watched her trot away, laden with the dinner for her brother. So little and so old, unlike many dwarfs not bulky indeed, pitifully thin. It was not until she reached her home that Miss Stanley remembered she had not asked how old the "little brother" was.

She often met Rosita after that, sometimes in the Jardin, where the roses bloomed overhead, and violets nodded underfoot, and the band played sweetly, as Mexican bands do. Rosita would dart from the circling stream of pelado into the inner circle, where the quality walked under the trees or sat on the iron benches. Miss Stanley could seldom resist the little, dirty, badly worked square of drawn-work held out by the tiny hand.

Constance Stanley had no father or mother, and living with a brother who was endeavoring to effect the drainage of "the richest silver mine in the world," she wandered unchecked through the crowded, narrow streets of the old town with a young crida her only safeguard.

She had often longed to explore a dark street that plunged downward from the paved and civilized one. It was damp and murky. A staircase of stone, with crumbling adobe walls, two and three stories high. Across the street's narrow width fluttered strings of washing. The women, with their red petticoats and blue rebozos, made bright blotches of color. The men loafed about, lean and ragged. It reminded her of Naples. The doorways swarmed with babies and dogs—poverty marching always side by side with those innocents.

Down she went. The street made an abrupt turn. At the corner she was startled by seeing, protruding from a hole cut in a squalid doorway, several long, black fingers. They were withdrawn, and she saw, as she passed the door, two blood-shot eyes peering out like beetle's eyes.

"Nina, Nina! the good mother of God sent you, and see what gain will be yours!" Turning, Miss Stanley beheld Rosita at her heel. She had a plate to sell—a coarse, ironstone

The house the brother and sister occupied had been Senator Lopez's, but was presented to Dick, together with a mine worth millions, several black-eyed girls, and what other trifling property Don Felipe owned. However, Dick continued to pay the rent regularly and gazed on the girls from afar. The jagged ramp was lighted in the evening, and when the moon unchained the great double doors, a flood of melody and fragrance rushed out to greet them from the birds and flowers in the dim patio. Dick, in a smoking-jacket, lounged out from the sala to insist that Tony, old boy, should take tea with them. Which he did.

That was the first difference between the brother and sister. Dick adored Tony, and every night they pumped out the mine or rode to hounds over the hills. But Constance detested him, and, contrary to her usual reticence, said so. She tramped around the dirt-table and fifty streets twice as much as before, for she knew it annoyed him. Sometimes she would see him following, and she resented his espionage.

"Why don't you like Tony?" Dick would ask. "You know my theory, Connie, that a sporty man like Dyrast makes the best husband."

"Oh, Dick! who is talking about husbands? I think that a man who is utterly doggy and horsey and takes Browning for his authority on pink-eyes or glanders is a very poor companion. To quote your 'dear Tony,' 'we don't trot in the same class!'"

Dick gave a contemptuous snort. This was one day at luncheon, and Constance, instead of the good cry she pinned for, took a walk. She had not seen Rosita for some time, and she turned her steps toward what Dr. Dyrast called "those cut-throat dens."

She had never seen the street so deserted. All were taking a siesta, even the dogs. As she reached the sharp corner, she heard a thin little shriek full of appeal. She recognized Rosita's voice, and ran with her crida at her side into the low, open doorway she had before so shudderingly avoided.

There, snapping his teeth and rolling his bloodshot eyes, was Rosita's "little brother" tied with strong ropes to an iron pin in the wall—but his arms were free, and he stood there, a giant in size. He had secured the key and had almost pulled the staple from the wall, but Rosita was clinging to his arm and calling for help. To aid her he swung her as a wolf might a rabbit.

He had the key in his black, cruel hands and he brought it down on her untrussed hand.

WORK OF AMERICA'S HEN

HER VALUE IS NOT LESS THAN \$290,000,000 A YEAR.

Worth More Than the Entire Wheat Crop of the Country—Not So Far Behind the Earnings of the Railroads—Could Easily Buy Several States of the Union.

H. W. Collingwood, of the Rural New Yorker, says in the New York World:

Mrs. American Business Hen is one of our most useful citizens. She is a shrinking, unassuming creature, too modest at times even to cackle over the birth of her own egg, leaving that celebration to her husband; and yet Mrs. American Hen has been quietly paying off mortgages, driving wolves from the door and hatching out nest eggs for thousands of featherless bipeds. In 1890 there were in this country

New Hampshire, Vermont, Delaware, Arizona, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nevada, Nebraska, Alabama, Mississippi, Idaho, Louisiana, Arkansas, Montana, Oregon, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico.

In other words, Mrs. American Hen could buy any of these States from one year's egg and chicken money. She could buy in this way New Mexico, Arizona, Wyoming, North Dakota, Idaho and Montana all put together.

The total cost of conducting the Postoffice Department last year was \$90,626,296.84. We can pick out 50,000,000 of our best hens that will cover every dollar of this outlay in one year.

The net earnings of the railroads in 1895 were \$323,196,454. The railroad dividends paid amounted to \$81,975,774. The American Hen paid nearly

REMARKABLE PEAR TREE.

Trained to Grow at the Side of a House in a Wonderful Way.

One of the most remarkable of old trained pear trees that we are acquainted with is the splendid specimen of Uvedale's St. Germain at Weston House, Shipston-on-Stour, the residence of the Countess of Camperdown. The accompanying illustration is published in the Gardener's Magazine. Mr. Masterson, the gardener at Weston House, writes that "the tree is admired at all times of the year, but more especially when covered with large handsome clusters of flowers. In autumn, when laden with quantities of big fruits, it also presents an attractive appearance, and there are many who also admire the tree when the stems are bare, and certainly at this season it is interesting, as the training is a very remarkable. The tree seldom fails to ripen a heavy crop of fruits, cropping right down to the

COLONEL TOM OCHILTREE.

The National Character Who Jested His Bills Through Congress.



TOM OCHILTREE.

representative from Texas. He was conspicuous to look upon, and he rarely said anything that was not conspicuous. He made friends and so good-natured to his enemies and so quick with his wit that the men who were opposed to him were anxious to get over their tilts. He was pointed out on the floor of the House as the first native Congressman from his State. It was also related that his district was wider and longer than many of the States of Europe, reaching over a territory of twenty-seven counties, and running from the Gulf to Eagle Pass, on the Rio Grande. This area comprised 37,600 square miles. He was the only man in the district when power was in consideration. Ochiltree went to the top of capital favoritism at a single bound. He was a prince of story-tellers. The beauty of his humor was that it hit no one so hard as it hit himself. He was a joke to himself. He rarely appeared upon the floor of the Forty-eighth Congress that he did not put the House into a furor of laughter. The country members used to declare that he was more fun than the minstrels. His bills and appropriations were jested through the just always bearing a strong argument why Texas and Texas harbors should be the special care of the country. He called himself the "Bed-headed Ranger from Texas," and the title was enough to get him a hearing before the business committee. It was his custom to send in word to an im-

A Pulpit in the Air.

In the wildest and most picturesque section of Wirt county, near Weston, a huge rock, known as "Devil's Tea Table," hangs over the river, high above the valley. A few weeks ago Rev. John Bonnett, an eccentric mountain evangelist, announced that he would preach from this rock, naming last Sunday as the day for the service. During Saturday night and early Sunday morning the backwoodsmen and their families began gathering at the foot of the rock, and by 11 o'clock over 1,000 persons awaited the advent of the preacher, who soon appeared on the edge of the rock, and delivered his sermon from a pulpit 200 feet above his congregation, his text being, "On this rock I build my church." It was the most unique and impressive service ever held in the State.—Parkersburg, (W. Va.) dispatch to the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Johnson's Chill and Fever Tonic is a ONE-DAY Cure. It cures the most stubborn case of Fever in 24 Hours.

The Lost Pocket Book.

Three years ago a Portland man lost his pocket book that contained \$300. The last he could remember of it was laying it upon his bed. Last Sunday he read in a newspaper the notice of the death of an old friend, and this set him to thinking of his school days. From these remembrances came a desire to look over an old chest containing souvenirs, and in which he thought there was a picture of his former chum. He went to the chest, lifted the cover, and the first thing that met his gaze was the pocket book with the money intact. And now he is puzzling his brains to remember how it came there.—Lewis-ton (Me.) Journal.

Why take Johnson's Chill & Fever Tonic? Because it cures the most stubborn case of Fever in ONE DAY.

No Respector of Persons.

When Admiral de Horsey, at Port Royal, was one night returning to his flag-ship alone, his way to the boat led across the barracks square. A black sentry, one of the West India regiment, was on duty at the gate. The admiral's horse, the admiral's servant, and the admiral's dog, were with him. The admiral's dog, the admiral's servant, and the admiral's horse, were with him. The admiral's dog, the admiral's servant, and the admiral's horse, were with him.

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Successful Skin Grafting.

Ten-year-old Frischer Orter is at her home in Newark, N. J., after a four months' stay at the German Hospital, in that city. The girl was righteously burned on February 26 by falling into a fire at the coal docks on Pacific street. For a time her life was despaired of.

Her burns gradually healed, except one spot four inches in diameter, above the right knee. This refused to respond to ordinary treatment, and it was decided to try skin grafting. Strips of skin were removed from the other leg and bound upon the unhealed spot. They adhered, and gradually over-spread the whole sore and the little girl is now as well as ever.

Picture Market Depressed.

Almost one-quarter of the pictures at the Royal Academy in London this year are portraits. Rather less than 200 of these are in oils, about the same number are in water color, 75 are in sculpture and the rest in engravings. It is supposed that the reason of this great display of portraiture is to be found in the condition of the market, for there is at the present time but little demand for pictures of any other kind.

Quinine and other fever medicines take from 5 to 10 days to cure fever. Johnson's Chill and Fever Tonic cures in ONE DAY.

First Fire Engines.

"The Phoenix" was the name of the first fire engine in England, and it was established in 1682. At that time, in the towns, squirts or syringes were used for extinguishing fire, and their length did not exceed two or three feet. These yielded to the hand fire engine with pipes of leather, which was patented in 1676. Water-tight seamless hose was first made at Bethnal Green in 1720.

A MODERN SCHEMER.

"Mrs. Meeker" observed a friend of the family, "is a very superior woman. She can converse intelligently, I believe, on a thousand different topics."

"Yes," sighed Mr. Meeker, "and she does."

A DECIDED HINT.

"Mother—What in the world ever possessed you to give Mr. Bingo a shaving set?"

"Laughter—He never seems to realize how tender my face is."

THE TEMPTATION TOO GREAT.

Ellen—Why don't you put a couple of oysters on those black eyes of yours?"

Tom—I'd, I tried it twice, but some-how I can't never get 'em no ruder up than my mouth."



SUPREMACY OF THE AMERICAN HEN OVER COMMERCE AND AGRICULTURE PICTORIALY SHOWN.

258,871,125 chickens and 26,738,315 other fowls. In that year the American hens laid 9,836,674,992 eggs. There are now 850,000,000 chickens, which will lay this year 13,750,000,000

twice the profits earned by American railroads.

The total earnings from passenger traffic amounted to \$261,640,598, or less than that of the hens. It cost in

ground. It has never been fed or pruned, and its roots are in the bed of the carriage drive, gravel also encircling the stem at the base, where it measures six feet in circumference. It is

one-half inches. The 13,750,000,000 eggs will, therefore, make a chain 542,218 miles long, while the total weight of this production of hen fruit is at least 853,125 tons.

Does any reader of the World realize what this immense production of eggs and meat means to the country? Here are a few figures for comparison:

Value of silver production..... \$72,510,000
Value of wool clip..... 35,145,439
Imports of tea one year..... 65,457,725
Value of all swine..... 185,529,745
Value of mules..... 103,204,457
Value of horses..... 300,140,186
Value of petroleum products..... 62,338,403
Value of potato crop..... 35,374,220
Value of tobacco crop..... 17,215,558
Total interest on mortgages..... 75,728,077
Cost of Postoffice Department..... 90,626,296
Net earnings of railroads..... 323,196,454
Dividends on railroad stocks..... 81,975,774

The value of all gold produced in American mines in 1895 was \$46,610,000, and all silver \$72,051,000. The value of all minerals, including iron, gold and silver, taken out of Ameri-

can mines in 1894 was \$208,168,768. Americans are given to bragging about our immense mineral resources, and yet you will notice that the hens paid for it all one year and had enough left to just about pay the interest on all mortgages!

Mrs. Hen will earn enough this year to pay the entire State and county tax (which in 1890 was \$143,186,007), and have enough left for every cent of pensions that are paid to old soldiers.

The average cow weighs 1300 times as much as the average hen, and yet all the milk cows in the country have a total value of but \$263,955,545. Mrs. Hen in one year will earn enough to buy every cow, and put the entire tobacco crop in her pocket as well. She could pay out of her year's earnings for all the tea and coffee imported in one year and all the petroleum products, and have enough left to buy all the tobacco grown in 1896. The total assessed valuation of the following States fall below the hen's yearly earnings:

OMAHA'S IMMENSE UMBRELLA.

When Raised It Will Be 250 Feet Above the Earth.

The last Paris exposition had its Eiffel tower, Chicago had its Ferris wheel, Nashville has its giant sea-serpent. The department of concessions of the Omaha trans-Mississippi exposition of 1898 has also received an application for space for the erection of a novel mechanical device. It resembles the framework of a gigantic umbrella more than anything else which might be mentioned. The part corresponding to the stick of the umbrella is an immense cylinder, thirty feet in diameter, constructed of steel plates firmly riveted, making a standpipe which rears its head 250 feet above the level of the ground. At the extreme top of this cylinder are fastened twelve long arms, resembling the ribs of an umbrella. These are steel trusses, reaching almost to the ground. At the lower

end of each of these ribs is suspended a car for carrying passengers, each car having a capacity for twenty persons. These monster ribs are raised by hydraulic power, acting by means of steel cables operating through the cylinder, aided by a mechanism greatly resembling that portion of an umbrella which comes into action when the umbrella is opened. By means of this mechanism the gigantic arms are raised until they are horizontal, the cars in the meantime being carried outward and upward until they reach a point 250 feet above the ground, the diameter of the huge circle formed by the suspended cars being also 250 feet. When the highest point has been reached another mechanism comes into play and the suspended cars are swung slowly around in a circle, after which they are lowered to the ground. The sides of the cars are of glass, so that the passengers may secure an extensive view of the surrounding country.

The University of Palermo has about 1110 students.

OMAHA'S IMMENSE UMBRELLA.

When Raised It Will Be 250 Feet Above the Earth.

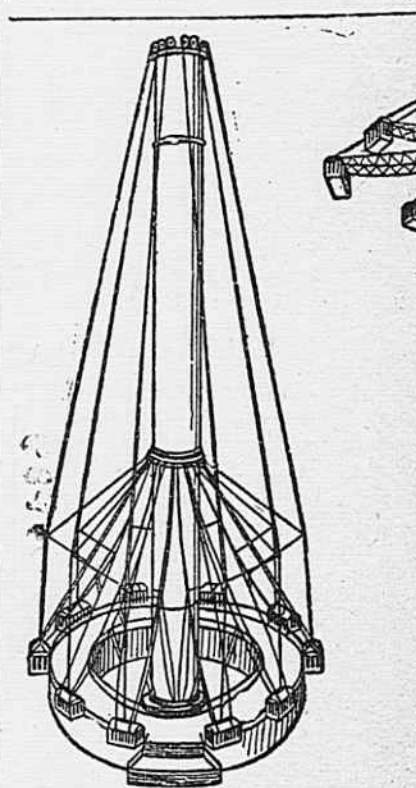
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as the tree is so vigorous as to be capable of carrying very large crops, and yet the fruits weigh from half a pound to one and a half pounds each. The total weight of the crop last year was two hundred weight. Many first prizes have been won from this tree, including firsts at the Crystal Palace in 1894 and 1895.

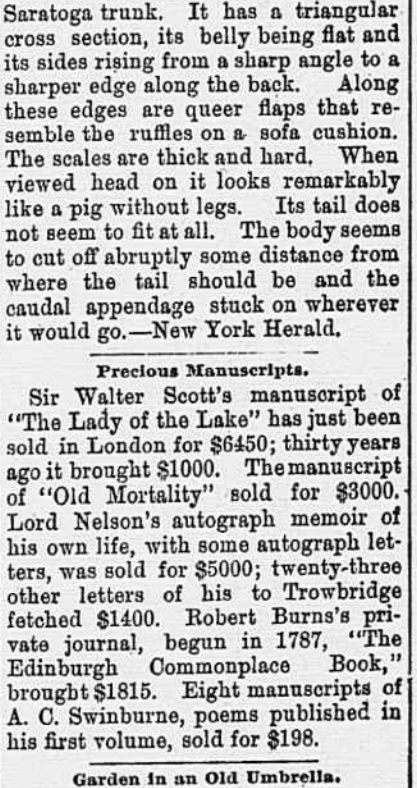
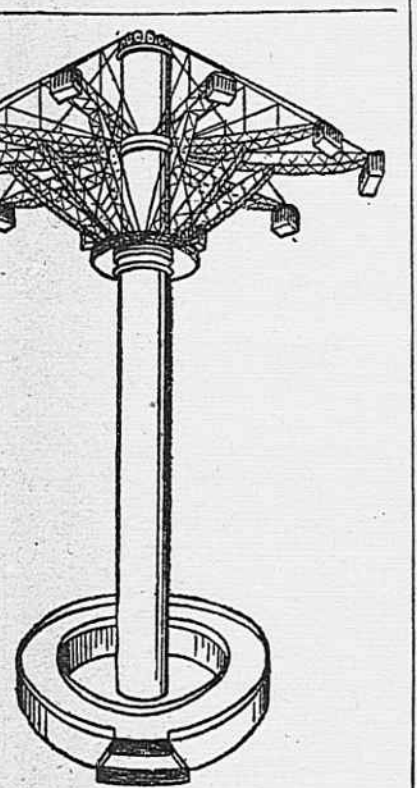
Queer Fish This.

There is a new kind of fish on view in the Aquarium. It comes from Bermuda and is called the "trunk fish." Three specimens are on view.

With a little stretch of the imagination the fish looks somewhat like a Saratoga trunk. It has a triangular cross section, its belly being flat and its sides rising from a sharp angle to a sharper edge along the back. Along these edges are queer flaps that resemble the ruffles on a sofa cushion. The scales are thick and hard. When viewed head on it looks remarkably like a pig without legs. Its tail does not seem to fit at all. The body seems to cut off abruptly some distance from where the tail should be and the caudal appendage stuck on wherever it would go.—New York Herald.



GIGANTIC UMBRELLA FOR THE OMAHA EXPOSITION.



WINTER VIEW OF THE PEAR TREE.

Dear Mother: Tell father I am looking after the mining business in great shape. Mexico is rather jolly. I went to the Governor's ball last night. Only one English girl there, Miss Stanley, awful pretty girl. I knew her brother, Dick Stanley, at Trinity. Won a cup at the three-mile. He's a pretty good sport. Tell Bob if he can get that liver-colored dog of Oglethorpe for eight guineas by her. Look out for Tobin's foot. Don't let the old duffer from the Clancarty stables fool you. Tell all the "old folk" that Master Tony sent them love and wishes them a good night. Love to all and yourself.

After Tony Dyrast had evolved this characteristic missive from his inside, he went out for a swallow of fresh air and to relieve himself of the strain of composition by a long walk.

Constance was very lovely at the dance, in a faint-green brocade, with a quantity of creamy old lace. Some crimson poppies were twisted round her ivory shoulders. One or two more of the flaming flowers shone from her pale-gold hair. Mr. Dyrast complied with his head over her; as he had a lot of possessions in Ireland, among them a rich father and an ancient and honorable ancestry, he could afford to do so.

He was thinking of her as she had looked the night before, when suddenly she appeared, with her servant, coming up from a street dark and deep, like a well, for already it was getting dusk.

On the strength of being at college with her brother, he began with true manly irascibility to take her to task for her imprudence. But Miss Constance tightened up her soft, haughty mouth and, giving him the rear curve of a tweed shawl to study, led him a chase home.

Mateo, the Cross Man, is Dead.

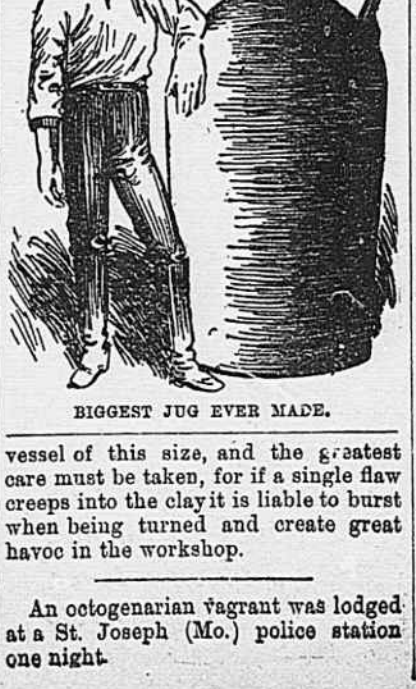
The widely known eccentric character, known as Mateo, the cross man, was found dead just outside of his cabin at Abita Springs, La., by a Choctaw Indian a day or two since. Mateo has been one of the most unique characters of eastern Louisiana for the past thirty-five years. He is about 70 years of age and is 100 years wore from seventy-five to 100 ways worn from his clothing, and his craves attached to his clothing, and was crazed on religion.—New Orleans Picayune.

Garden in an Old Umbrella.

Last summer an ingenious woman found an ornamental use for an old umbrella frame. A large nail was driven in the end of the wooden handle, so it would press into the ground with more ease, the frame was opened and the handle planted in the middle of a round flower bed. A pretty trailing vine that had a white blossom was placed where each wire rib of the umbrella came and twined around it. Low flowering plants were placed around the remaining portion of the bed to keep it in good form.—New York Journal.

The First Prepaid Post.

According to M. Piron the idea of a prepaid envelope originated early in the reign of Louis XIV. M. De Velay in 1663 established a private post, placing boxes at the corners of the streets for the reception of letters wrapped in envelopes, which were to be bought at offices established for the purpose. And it is said that a Swedish artillery officer, in 1823, petitioned the Chamber of Nobles to propose to the Government to issue stamped envelopes for prepaid letters.



BIGGEST JUG EVER MADE.

Nearly as Tall as a Man and Will Hold 175 Gallons.

As a curiosity there may be some interest in "the largest jug in the world," but there is little use for such receptacles. An Illinois pottery firm has constructed an immense jug of the shape and appearance of the familiar little brown jug of history. It is so heavy that several men would be required to lift it high enough for one man to drink out of it.

It is almost as tall as a man, being sixty-one inches high. It is thirty-six inches in diameter and holds 175 gallons. The jug is perfect in every respect, and expert potters have declared it the finest piece of workmanship ever seen.

The owners have been offered handsome sums for the jug by firms desiring to use it for advertising purposes. It is no small task to finish a vessel of this size, and the greatest care must be taken, for if a single hair creeps into the clay it is liable to burst when being turned and create great havoc in the workshop.

An octogenarian fragment was lodged at a St. Joseph (Mo.) police station one night.