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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

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THE LAST SUMMERS.

I would not die in springtime,
When nature first awakes—
When men get out their wheelbarrows,
And apes, and hoes, and rakes,
And twist their backs, and plant their
seeds,
And wait to hear them sprout,
While yet they stoneth their neighbors' hens
That come to scratch them out.

I would not die in summer,
When everything is ripe,
And fallen man is writhing
And raw cucumber's stripe;
When baseball cranks are talking,
And all the landscape o'er
Is sprinkled thick with flowers
And 'garden sassa' galore.

I would not die in autumn,
When football has the call,
And long and hard you see the training
Some other youths to maul;
When politics is booming—
The driving force is hand,
And older mills are running
Throughout the happy land.

I would not die in winter,
E'en though it be so drear,
For then, you see, there's Christmas,
With its goodly cheer,
No, I'd not die in winter,
Nor summer, spring, nor fall—
And come to think it over,
I would not die at all.

—Boston Post.

A Romance of New York.

HE habitues of a small French restaurant on the West Side were recently the guests at a humble wedding reception, which was the upshot of one of the most pathetic chance meetings that ever were brought about by the surging ocean of cosmopolitan life in this greatest of cosmopolitan cities.

The customers of the restaurant constitute one of the elements of the little world of which the American metropolis is made up, and for two or three months a Russian artist and a Polish piano teacher formed a separate microcosm in that world. The other frequenters of the place are Frenchmen, French Canadians, Swiss and Belgians, but Aleksey Alekseevitch Smirnov and Panna (Polish for Mrs.) Roushitzka are natives of Russia. It was not until they had taken their supper at the same table every evening for several weeks that each of them became aware of the other's presence. Both like the sudden discovery of a close blood relationship. But there was a far more interesting and, as it has since proved, a far more important revelation in store for them.

Panna Roushitzka was a woman of thirty-five, a well-preserved brunette, slender and stately, and with features somewhat irregular, but full of typical Polish grace. She had been educated partly in Russia and partly in Paris. She had come to New York, after losing her husband, with a brick military carriage, a military steel-gray mustache and band hair ungreased with silver save at the temples, he appeared in the prime of health and activity, while his never-failing good humor and hearty, sonorous, genuinely Muscovite laughter made one feel in the presence of a young man of twenty-five. That had been his actual age when he left his native country, and after some three decades of peregrination in Western Europe he had at last settled down in New York. He is a jack of all trades and master of quite a few, and although free-hand drawing is one of his strongest points he is clever enough with his pencil to meet the requirements of a small electro-engraving establishment, where he has steady employment at a modest salary.

The language of the restaurant is French, spoken with a dozen different accents. One day, however, when the soup was exceptionally satisfactory, and Smirnov, who is something of an epicure, was going off in ecstasy over it, a word of his native tongue escaped his lips. "Slavny (capital) soup!" he murmured to himself, as he was bringing the second spoonful under his moustache.

The piano teacher started.

"What is that you said just now—'slavny soup'?" she inquired, with a flush of agreeable surprise.

This was the way they came to speak Russian to each other, and from that evening on it was the language of their conversations at the restaurant table. Although there are many thousands of Russian-speaking immigrants in New York, the artist and the music teacher felt in the French restaurant like the only two Russians thrown together in a foreign country, and the little place which had hitherto drawn them to the quality of its suppers and its genial company now acquired a new charm for them.

They delighted to converse in Russian, and the privacy which it lent to their chats, in the midst of people who could not understand a word of what they were saying to each other, became the bond of a more intimate acquaintance between the two. They were reticent on the subject of their antecedents, but both were well read and traveled, and there was no lack of topics in things bearing upon Russia, Paris, current American life, the stage, art, literature and the like. The glib old Russian was full of the most interesting information and anecdotes, and their friendship growing apace, he gradually came to introduce into his talks bits of autobiography, though they were all of the most modest nature, and he seemed to steer clear of a certain event which formed a memorable epoch in the story of his life.

Panna Roushitzka neither asked him questions nor saw fit to initiate him into some of the more intimate details of her life, though by this time it was becoming clearer to her every day that her Russian friend was in love with her and about to approach her with a proposal which she was by no means inclined to accept. And yet, like many another woman under similar circumstances, she was flattered by his passion, and, being drawn to him by the magnetism of sincere friendship, she had not the heart to out their agreeable acquaintance short.

He procured some lessons for her, escorting her home after supper and took her to theatres and public lectures. All of which attention she

Panna Roushitzka remained petrified. After a while she made out to inquire: "Stankovitch, did you say?" "Why have you heard of him? For some of his family?" Smirnov asked, eagerly.

"No, I am simply interested in what you are relating. Proceed please."

"Well, he was the most delightful fellow in the whole lot of us, but he did not know how to take care of himself, and paid his life for it, poor boy. His heart was with the insurgents, and I knew it and begged him to be guarded, but he was too much of a patriot to allow the instinct of self-preservation to get the better of his revolutionary sympathies. One day when the Cossacks had looted the house of the Polish nobleman and taken the owner and his family prisoners, my friend gave loud utterances to his overbearing feelings in the Officer's Club, cursing the Government and vowing vengeance.

"You must have heard how strict things were in those days. The city of N— was in a state of siege, martial law prevailed, and the most peaceful citizens were afraid of their own shadows. Well, poor dear Stankovitch was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot within twenty-four hours by a line of soldiers from the very company of which he had been in command. And who was to take charge of the shooting and utter the fatal word to the soldier but his best friend, who was ready to die for him."

Smirnov said with a grim sort of composure, and then broke off abruptly and fell into a muse.

"Well!" the widow demanded, in a strange voice, which he mistook for a mere mark of interest in a thrilling story.

"Well," he resumed, "I did not, of course, utter the terrible word, but at the very moment I was to do so I fell on the ground in a feigned swoon. My place was instantly taken by another officer and I was since then branded as a coward, and had no choice but to resign my commission and to become the rolling stone that I have been ever since."

He went on narrating some of his interesting experiences in foreign countries, but the widow did not hear him. All at once she interrupted him.

"Don't tell me about that, pray. Better tell me more about that friend of yours—Stankovitch, and, succumbing to an overflow of emotions, she burst out, sobbing: "I know you have your photograph, Stankovitch was my father!"

"Ma-ma-marusia! Is that you?" the old man shrieked, jumping to his feet and seizing her by both hands.

"Dear little Marusia! Why, when you were a morsel of a thing I used to play with you."

"I know," she rejoined, "and now that you say it I can recognize your face by the faded old portrait I have in my album. You were photographed together with my unhappy papa. Mamma left me the picture. I did not remember your name, but I heard the story from mother when I was a child, and since then I have held the portrait dear for your sake as well as papa's. Of course it never occurred to me that it was you, but now the identity of it is as clear as day to me."

She invited him to her lodgings, where she introduced him to her husband as the best friend of her dead father. They had a long and hearty talk, and even the portrait of the persons and things it brought to the old man's mind. And on the following evening, when he came to the French restaurant for his supper, he found there a letter which read as follows:

"Dear Aleksey Alekseevitch—It was not myself, but an utter stranger, that I refused the other day. I have loved you my whole life without knowing you. The handsome officer who ruined himself for my poor father has always been my ideal of a husband, and, will you believe it, I never gave up a vague sort of hope that he would be mine. Your loving
—New York Post.

THE REAL CIRCUS—SEEN BEHIND THE CANVAS.

Vicissitudes of Life on the Road Pictured From Real Life.

Circus day in any Western town at the present time, according to the New York Herald, is very much like the circus day of old, except that there is vastly more of it. It is as much a holiday as Christmas and the Fourth of July thrown into one. The poor, benighted little New York boy who goes to Madison Square Garden and thinks he has seen it all would have some of the conceit taken out of him if he stood on the Western prairie on the day when the circus is billed to appear.

The first gray streaks of dawn find the town already astir, with the railroad station as the centre of interest. In the old days it used to be turnpike, but the time when the circus traveled from town to town in caravans is no more. Nowadays it is a very one horse show indeed that doesn't own its own rolling stock.

The small boy of course, predominates. He has secured the loftiest perch within the range of his inventive genius. Suddenly, from the dizzy height of the tallest telegraph pole he shouts, "Here she comes!" The cry is taken up below. Half a mile away, around a curve, a column of smoke is seen, trailing away toward the horizon and a few minutes later the powerful locomotive, snorting and puffing like a spirited horse, comes into view. Behind it is a long line of yellow cars, and far off, at the rear end, glimmer the lights of the cabooses, which have not yet been extinguished.

Then comes the unloading of the circus paraphernalia—the huge tent poles, the acres of canvas, and all the other homely objects which are quite essential in the rapid transformation so soon to follow. Gangs of men scurry hither and thither, apparently all getting into each other's way, but really working like the one great machine of which each man is really a part.

Wagon after wagon comes off the train with military precision. Two, four, and eight horse teams are pulled from the direction of the stock cars, all ready to start for the show grounds. The townspeople are agape. What Obadiah Jones's new threshing machine had arrived a few days before it had taken almost an entire day to unload it from the train, if they had undertaken to unload that pole wagon it would have taken them a week.

Meanwhile, away out on the prairie, toward the east, a faint cloud of dust has arisen. Toward the south a similar cloud is seen, and toward the west are others. The thrifty farmers, coming from far distant points, many of them having been in the city since before it was a town, and look for suitable camping places for their families and their teams. The dust cloud grows heavier and heavier as each moment passes, until by the time the warning whistle of the locomotive drawing the second train is heard gray streaks line out toward the horizon in every direction.

Two trains have been unloaded and the eyes of the multitudinous small boys are fairly bulging from their sockets. Where will it all end? A third train comes puffing in, and on this is the menagerie. The small boy is now in a state bordering on nervous frenzy. It is doubtful if he knows his own name.

Off toward the show ground goes the morning crowd. Surely they will be in time to see all the tents put up, for has not the last train just come in?

in its stead, so quickly, yet so accurately, that the bewildered, perspiring purchaser scarcely knows how it was done. Yet, he has his tickets, and then begins a battle for exit from the crowd. There is no relief however, until the doorway to the menagerie is passed, and then the crowd spreads out within its spacious arena and begins the real enjoyment of the day. A circus is a circus of the day, and to describe the performance in this particular Western town would be but to repeat an old story. And yet there are some old stories that are

always new. One is love, another is the circus. The little limbed man, who twists himself almost inside out; the airily clothed woman, who fly through midair while you hold your breath; the clowns, who make you laugh in the same old way that they made you laugh years ago—who can resist the glamour of it all?

And the strange sights behind the scenes! Lucky the man or boy in that town who rejoices in the acquaintance of somebody connected with the show. He is the hero of the year. Countless

times does he retell the stories of what he saw in the dressing rooms. The evening performance is but a repetition of that of the afternoon. Within all is a scene of gaiety, with myriad lights blazing. Outside a different scene presents itself.

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By noon every face is turned toward the show grounds. The side show properly seen and its myriad of curios and freaks explained, the tide turns toward the ticket wagon. Another

AMBULANCE DOGS.
A Regular Canine Battalion For Service in Military Movements.
One may see any day circulating in the streets of the village of Lechenheim near Cologne, a regular battalion of

pandemonium, in which each individual in the set first or forever debared. A struggling, surging mass of humanity, with hands and arms high in air, clutching tightly to the money which is to be invested in the magical pastebords that will admit them to the wonders of the big show. The crowd carries itself along until each of its component parts has reached the goal. The money is snatched from the uplifted fingers and tickets placed

dogs. Their master is training them for ambulance service in military movements. Each animal carries upon its back a little saddle furnished with pockets, containing all that is necessary for the first dressing of wounds, as well as a bottle of stimulant.

The dogs are taught to recognize the wounded and to stoop down to them, in order to permit them, while awaiting the stretchers, to quench their thirst and to alleviate their sufferings a little.

A large red cross is marked on the saddle, and leather straps serve to fasten around the neck of the animal a little lantern like it is illuminated for night service.

The ambulance dogs figured at the German manoeuvres last year, where their usefulness was appreciated; so this year their instructor has been engaged to train a whole pack. He has chosen Scotch dogs, of medium height, whose docility and intelligence in learning are said to be remarkable.



Mixed Feed For Hogs.
The Dairy Commissioner of the Dominion of Canada says:

"I have found the best results to be obtained from using such grates (a mixture of peas, oats, barley and corn, or a mixture of peas and corn) ground fine and soaked for not less than thirty hours before they are fed. I think hogs should be kept so as to permit, and even to cause, them to take a good deal of exercise until after they weigh more than 100 pounds each. In the growing of young pigs it is important that they should receive a daily allowance of skim milk for six weeks or two months after they are weaned. Skim milk is the great flesh-forming or muscle and bone-forming food; and if the young pigs are stunted in these regards at that time they cannot be developed into the best class of hogs, no matter what breed they may be of. In my judgment, it is highly important that the Canadian hogs, in regard to proportion of lean flesh and firmness, should be maintained and improved, if the best customers for hog products are to be secured and retained.

Cut Feed For Horses.
Almost all farmers practise feeding their horses while at work with cut hay moistened and mixed with ground corn and oats. The hay is much more easily digested when cut and wet, and the meal on it causes the horses to more thoroughly masticate it, as they like the taste. There is also much less waste in feeding grain after it has been ground, especially after the mastication which is made necessary when cut hay is fed with it, and which thoroughly mixes saliva with the food before it goes into the stomach. There is economy in steaming cut hay for feeding all through the winter, when less manure is required. When the hay is steamed, and corn and oat meal sprinkled over it, the flavor of the meal permeates the cut hay, as it cannot when only cold water is used. But care should be taken not to give at

Bees that lack stores for winter should be fed in autumn, and the month of September is the proper time to do it. They should be fed while it is warm, so that they can seal over their stores. The best winter food for them is thoroughly sealed honey of the best class, and for feeding the best of granulated sugar should be used. It is a mistake to undertake to feed bees during the winter.

The broiler season is with us once more. In fact, those who work on a large scale already have their houses partly full or at least many eggs under incubation. Those who intend to start for the first time ought to get everything in apple-pie order this month at latest and start up the machine or machines the first of the year, so as to get: (1) experience in hatching, and (2) to get three or more batches off before April.

A FAMOUS DUELIST.
New German Ambassador at Washington Bears Many Scars of Conflict.

English with as much accuracy as any American or Englishman, and during his stay five years ago won many friends in Washington society, where he was known as one of the best beholders of the diplomatic corps. He is about fifty-five years old and has an inclination toward the pleasures of literature.

Dr. von Holleben is probably most widely known as "the dueling diplomat." His face is covered with the scars of saber wounds received on the field of honor, some while he was a student at Heidelberg and some since then. More than that, he comes fresh from serving as second in one of the most deadly duels which have taken place in Europe during recent years. One of the combatants was killed on the spot, and the other has since died of his wounds. The duel took place at Stuttgart, where Dr. von Holleben was stationed. Both principals were titled young men, and the other second was a General in the Prussian army. Dr. von Holleben was severely criticised by the press and public, but his imperial master evidently sanctioned his course, for he soon after gave him a decoration and now has made him an Ambassador.—San Francisco Chronicle.

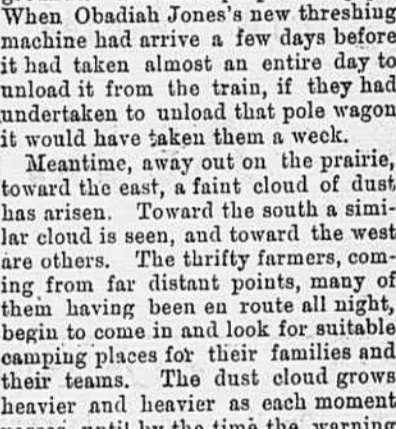
Sea Lions as Rat-Catchers.
The wonderful alertness and activity of sea lions in the water, which enables them to get fish for their food in Arctic seas, are qualities that are manifested in a still more striking way in the captive specimens at the Zoo, says the Philadelphia Record. These three sprightly individuals in the big outdoor tank have developed into rat-catchers that never miss their prey. Rats are pests that naturally thrive about the animal houses, and at nights, when the Zoo is deserted by visitors, the rodents run in all directions. They are fond of water, and they find their way in considerable numbers to the sea lion tank to dabble at the water's edge. They may go to the lake and seal pond with impunity, but when they venture to the home of the sea lions that visit their last. Swiftly and noiselessly the sea lion dives and reappears at the surface precisely at the spot where the rat is peering into the tank. One snap and it is all over. The rat goes down the hungry throat at a single gulp. So many rats do the sea lions catch in this fashion that they are sometimes because "Fat Mary" had invited her to a party. The good-natured Princess somehow got the letter, and when the young lady appeared gave her this wholesome advice: "My dear girl, I know I am stout, but I cannot help it. You should be more careful in posting your letters, and never forget that you never know who will read what you write. Don't apologize. I have forgiven you."

Good-Natured Princess.
It is a favorite device of novelists to have some one put a letter in the wrong envelope, and an embarrassing instance in English high life is recalled by the death of Princess Mary of Teck. A candid young lady once wrote to a friend that she could not play tennis to a party. "Fat Mary" had invited her to a party. The good-natured Princess somehow got the letter, and when the young lady appeared gave her this wholesome advice: "My dear girl, I know I am stout, but I cannot help it. You should be more careful in posting your letters, and never forget that you never know who will read what you write. Don't apologize. I have forgiven you."

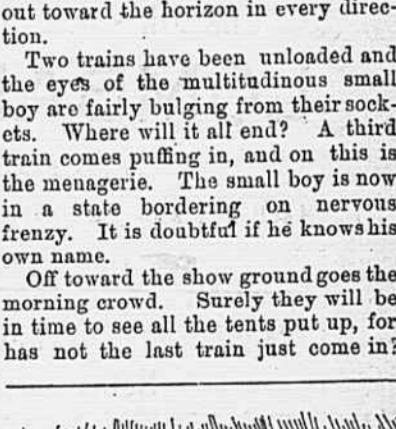
Tobacco-chewing members of the Methodist Church in Albertville, Ala. have been fined upon by the stewards for a special tax of \$10 a year.



THE MEN'S DRESSING ROOM.



DOSING A SICK ELEPHANT.



A DOG OF WAR (NEW STYLE).



IN THE LADIES' DRESSING ROOM.

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