

The Edgefield Advertiser.

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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR. EDGEFIELD, S. C. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1898. VOL. LXIII. NO. 38.

A YEAR FROM TONIGHT.
A year from to-night,
Should we sit here the same?
I wonder and wonder,
And stare at the flame
That will not reply,
Though I study its light,
And study am thinking
A year from to-night.
A year from to-night,
Ah, who can foresee?
But this I may count on
That all will be well;
The rest just as happy,
The fire just as bright,
Where ever I am dreaming
A year from to-night.

FLOYD GRAY'S TEMPTATION.

By Eben E. Rexford.
FLOYD GRAY used to tell himself when he and Mary Dexter were children, that some day when he grew to be a man, he was going to marry the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girl who always counted on him as her champion in all the difficulties that arose to rattle the happiness of those childhood days. As he grew older, he used to picture to himself a pleasant home, and Mary's face and smile made sunshine in it. The other lads seemed to recognize that in some way, he had an especial claim on Mary, and they never thought of interfering between them. Even the grown-up people, seeing how much they were together, and how little they seemed to care for other society, used to say: "It was going to be a match," and it is not at all to be wondered at that Floyd felt confident of the future, so far as Mary was concerned. So confident was he, indeed, that when he had grown to be the man he had thought so much of being, he did not feel it necessary to say anything to Mary about his plans, because he was not yet ready to carry them out. He felt sure she understood all about the thing, and wanted to see him start in the world before he took upon himself the responsibility of home-making.

A chance came for him to make this start in life in the West. He hesitated about taking advantage of it, at first, on Mary's account, but all his friends told him he would be doing a very foolish thing in letting such an opportunity slip through his fingers. And Mary, when he came to talk with her about it, thought very much as all the rest of them did. "So it came about that he went across the ocean, and he went away, foolishly enough, without any definite understanding with Mary about the future. He understood how he felt about it, and what his intentions were, and he took it for granted that she did also. And in doing this he made the same mistake that a great many other young men make. Nothing should be taken for granted in love or war.
Of course, they corresponded with each other, but their letters were not at all love-like. Floyd Gray, in fact, found it difficult to express themselves satisfactorily on paper. He might think, beforehand, of a good many things he would like to say, and that he meant to say, when he wrote his letter; but when the pen was in his hand, and the paper before him, waiting for the record of his thoughts, his ideas seemed to desert him, and what he succeeded in writing was wholly lacking in sentiment—a colorless transcript of a few formal phrases that might mean anything or nothing. Therefore, it was quite natural that the love he felt for Mary, in his heart, never found his way into the letters he wrote her.
He had been in the West three years when a letter came to him from his mother that stung him with the news that Mary Dexter was soon to be married to a young doctor who had recently settled in Brantford.
"Married—Mary? It could not be! She knew—she must know—that he loved her—that he intended to marry her, and that he felt sure she understood what he intended to do, and had given him his willingness to wait for him to "get his start" in life before they entered into the partnership of matrimony.
But when he came to think it over, as he did, when the ability to think soberly came back to him after the stammering effect of the bitter news had worn away somewhat, he saw what a great mistake he had made. How was she to know anything about his intentions without being told of them? No matter what she might think about them, so long as he said nothing she could not be expected to have any definite knowledge of his plans. He realized, when it was too late, the folly of "taking things for granted."
Mary married. She had done well, his mother wrote, in one of the letters he got from her shortly after the marriage. By-and-by, she wrote that, after all, Mary had not done so well, for the young doctor had begun to lead a dissipated life. He had relapsed into habits formed before his marriage, of which none in Brantford had any knowledge.
Poor Mary! His heart went out to her in pity, for though he had lost her, he loved her still.
A year later an irresistible longing came over him to visit his old home. And he went back to it, bronzed almost to swarthybrown with Western winds and sun, and with a face so hidden by the beard he worried that his eyes were about all his old friends could see to recognize him by.
It happened that Mary was one of the first persons he met on his arrival in Brantford. He knew her the moment he saw her, and yet—she was so changed that he could hardly believe it was the Mary he had loved so long. Her face was pale and careworn. Her eyes had a look of settled trouble in them. The girl was gone, and in her

place he found a woman whose life had not brought her happiness.
He had hoped that the old love had died with his heart. He had felt sure of it, because he had accustomed himself to the thought that Mary could never be nearer to him than she was at present. But when he met her, and felt the touch of her hand in his own, and looked into her grave, thoughtful eyes that kindled with warmth again at sight of him, he knew that he loved her the same as of old.
He told himself that it was wrong to feel like this. She was the wife of another. But the heart cares little for cold, abstract reasoning of this kind. He loved her, and there was no way of evading the truth.
"But I can prevent any one else from knowing it," he said. "I don't know that I am to blame in loving her, but I would be to blame if I let people find it out, now that matters are as they are."
He met Mary's husband frequently at the village drug store. He understood when he saw him why her face had such a sorrowful look in it. Young Doctor Reed was dying slowly. Consumption had set its seal upon him. And he was going down to his death under the influence of the doctor's druggs. There was not a day when he was so sober. The village druggist allowed the poor fellow to help himself to the liquors on his shelves, and he availed himself fully of the opportunity to deaden and stupefy the pain of his disease.
Floyd could not but pity the victim of his own weaknesses. There was something winning about him. He could understand how Mary had been attracted to him. He wondered if it were not possible to save him yet, and he tried to do so, for Mary's sake. But he was soon convinced that there was no way out of the question. The only escape from the terrible influence that was over him was through the door of death, and that door was already ajar for his entrance. Listening to the cough that racked the form of the dying man, Floyd realized that the end was not far off. It might come at any time.
One day he saw that Reed was in an unusually wretched condition. He coughed more. His nerves seemed all a-quiver. Time and again, as they talked together, he got up and went behind the counter, and poured him a little of the glass of liquor, which, for a short time, seemed to relieve the tension of his nervous condition.
But the effect of the drug would speedily wear away, and another draught was soon necessary to keep down the torture of the pain within. Floyd wondered how a man in such a condition of physical weakness could stand the usual effect of so much liquor. The pain he felt must be powerful enough to counteract it, he thought, and again he felt a great pity for the poor man, who had made such shipwreck of his life.
By-and-by, a terrible paroxysm of coughing seemed to exhaust the man. When it was over, he got up, trembling in every limb, with great drops of sweat on his ghastly face, and went behind the counter for another drink. Looking at him with the pity he felt expressed in his face, Floyd Gray saw him reach up for the bottle from which he usually drank, but he saw, with a thrill of horror, that he took down one instead of those who label told that it contained deadly poison. He poured out some of its contents into a glass, with an unsteady hand, too keenly alive to the torture of his inward pain to notice the mistake he was making.
Then it was that the moment of Floyd Gray's terrible temptation came to him. If he had prepared for himself he would die. Death would come speedily. It would relieve Mary's life of the burden it was bearing, and—she would be free! Free for him to woo and win her!
It seemed to him that it was an age that he sat there and debated with himself as to what he should do. Should he let the man drink the draught that had dealt death in it, and thus remove the obstacle in the way of happiness, or should he save him from the consequences of the mistake he was making, and in doing it, put away from himself, forever, perhaps, the possibility of the happiness he longed for?
Who knew? Reed might get well, after all. Stranger things had happened. Now was the chance for him to make sure of the future. Let the poor fellow drink the draught, and die! It would be better for him, better for Mary, better for himself.
But—would it not leave upon his conscience a stain almost like that of murder? Could he afford to carry with him through life the consciousness that it had been in his power to put back death from this man for a time, and he had made no effort to do so? But—death was a question of time, simply. Why not let the man meet it now? Was it any kindness to him to prolong his misery? Then something seemed to whisper to him, Do not be deceived. The man will not die. Fate will step in and work a miracle to keep you and the woman you love apart. Prevent him from drinking that draught, and in doing it you dash away from your own lips the draught of happiness you might drink if it were not for him. He stands between you and all you have hoped for, for years. It is in your power to choose between possession and loss—utter loss, remember, for Fate will surely bring this man back from the brink of the grave to thwart you in your desire for happiness. Fate likes to do these things. Why should you hold yourself guilty for preventing his death? You are not offering him the draught to do as he pleases. Surely you are not responsible for the result. Let him drink it—let him die!
Coward! Murderer! The words seemed to form themselves in letters of fire before Floyd Gray's eyes. He sprang to his feet. He was at Reed's side before he knew what he was about, almost, and he dashed aside the glass that was almost at the other's lips.
"What do you mean by that?" cried Reed, angrily.
"Look at the label and you'll know why I did it," answered Floyd, his brain whirling dizzily. He knew, now, that all he had written down had passed through his mind in a few short seconds of time. But it had seemed an age, as I have said, and the reali-

sation of it came with a reaction that made him weaker than the man at his side.
"I got hold of the wrong bottle, it seems," said Reed, frightened almost into sobriety by the discovery. "You've saved my life, or what little there is left of it. But it wasn't worth saving," he added bitterly. "I believe I'll go home. Somehow I don't feel as if I wanted another dram. I'm scared, I suppose."
"Let me go with you," Floyd said, and the two men went down the street together, to Mary's home. They parted at the gate.
"If suppose I ought to thank you for what you did," Reed said. "I do thank you, though I think it would have been better to have had it all over with as soon as possible. I've wished I were dead many a time, but—I'm afraid to die, so I keep on living as long as I can. But I can't keep on forever, can I?" and he laughed in a way that made Floyd shudder. "Well, good-bye, till we meet again. I won't like it. I've had known you years ago you might have helped me to be a better man. But it's too late for that now." Reed held out his thin, bloodless hand, and the two men stood for a moment looking into each other's faces. Floyd could meet the eyes of the other without shame or fear, and he thanked God for it.
The next morning he heard that Dr. Reed was dead.
A year later he came to Brantford again. And he came because a letter from Mary had told him that he might. He had written her in his own hand, awkward fashion, a letter that made it unnecessary for her to take anything for granted. There were none of the graces of finely worded phrases about it, but it went straight to the heart of the matter. "I love you, I need you. Will you be my wife?" And she had answered: "Come."
When they stood up before the man of God, and the marriage words were spoken, a thought of his awful temptation came to him. What if he had yielded to it? But he had not yielded, thank God, and there was no sense of guilt to cast a shadow on the happiness that seemed opening out before them.—New York Ledger.

The Gateway to Pacific Trade.
Hon. Frank A. Vanderlip, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, contributed to the Century an article entitled "Facts About the Philippines, with a Discussion of Pending Problems."
While it is true that the islands lie a little out of the direct line of ocean traffic in voyages by way of the eastern passage, there are reasons to operate strongly for a direct line of navigation by way of the Suez Canal, the Straits of Malacca and the China Sea. The voyage by the Suez and the Straits of Malacca and the China Sea is a direct line of navigation, and is, in fact, a direct line of navigation. The route is a direct line of navigation, and is, in fact, a direct line of navigation. The route is a direct line of navigation, and is, in fact, a direct line of navigation.

Insanity in Great Britain.
There are to-day 5226 more certified lunatics in this country than there were two years ago. That is the startling statement contained in the annual report of the Commissioners in Lunacy which was presented to Parliament. We do not forget that it has been officially pointed out that the recent appalling increase in the number of lunatics is accounted for in the greater strictness of regulation leading to larger numbers of patients being drawn into the Commissioners' net. But we find it very difficult to believe that these swarms of lunatics are anything like entirely accounted for by the sweep of the net. The meaning of the figures will be more clearly realized when we point out that, as there are 102,000 persons (in England and Wales only) who are officially certified to be insane, more than five per cent. have been added to their number in the last two years. There is now one lunatic to every 308 sane people, which strikes us as a dreadfully large proportion, and really does suggest that there is something in the notion that the rush and worry of modern life are peculiarly favorable to the production of insanity.—St. James's Gazette.

A New Device in Guns.
The turrets have wrought by Admiral Dewey's guns at Manila show the capabilities of modern ordnance. Machine guns, rapid-fire cannon, and great 1000-pounders, mounted on disappearing carriages, are all part of the necessary equipment of a first-class battleship of the latest type. An electric gun for coast defense purposes has been lately devised; if successful, it will throw a steady stream of explosive bombs and give neither report nor smoke to show its location. The gun will be a sort of cumulative magnet; that is, it will project a stream of small shells that will acquire a velocity which will carry it several miles. The advantage of a contrivance like this is that it would protect the ship without the sudden shock of a powder explosion, and thus remove the danger of bursting every gun.—Gun Magazine.

Last Great Act of the Espada.
most degraded of all bull-fighters, the picadores, so little thought-of by the people themselves that the lowest, cheapest brand of Spanish cigarettes are called, with one consent, the picadores. It is the trade of these gentlemen—who ride in always, it is said, half drunk—to see that the bind-foldd horses which they ride are properly trained by the bull; it is their trade to prate him, and to save themselves. They, themselves, are protected on the legs by iron sheathings. After two or four or even eight horses have been gored and tossed and tumbled, and

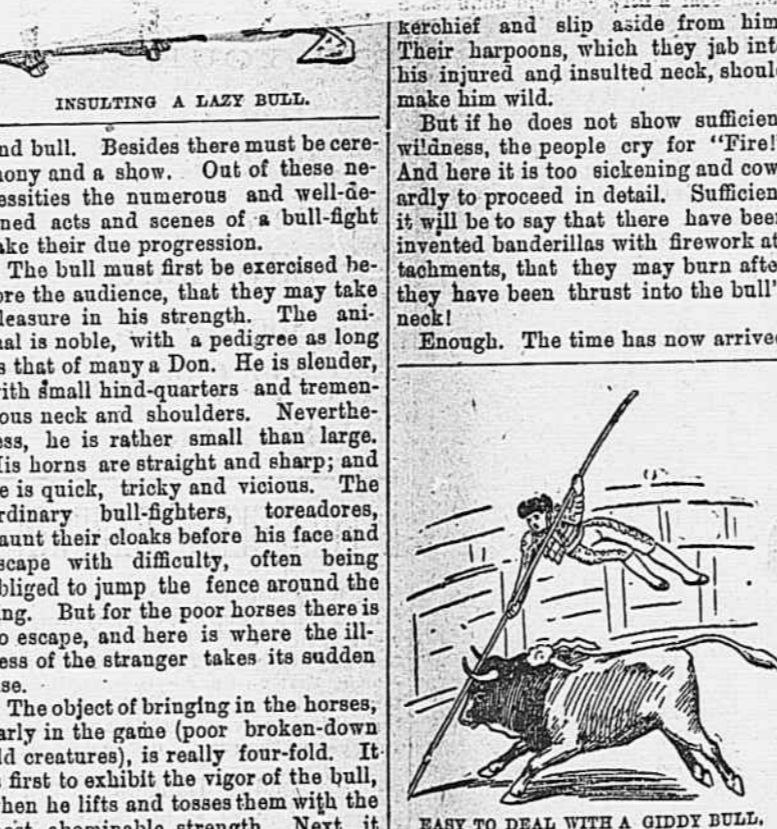
SPAIN'S BRUTAL BULLFIGHTS

THE CHARACTERISTICS FOSTERED BY THE TORREADORES ARE LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEGENERACY OF THE NATION.

Spain, despite the disgusting immorality of the thing, knows of no sport more stirring and imposing than the first part of an extensive bull fight, with the ceremonious entrance to the arena, the procession of historic costumes of crimson, pale blue, white and canary, of pea green, silvery white and pink; of scarlet, black, dark blue and white—and over all of it the brilliant sunlight, the perfumes of spring in the sweet air, and the enthusiasm of a mighty audience that moves and shouts and blazes with excitement.
The ring at Tarragona, for example—little, old, lost-to-the-world Tarragona—gives seats for 17,000 people—more than the entire population of that backward town along the Mediterranean; and yet, the seats are often full, for the country people for miles around flock in, on foot, on donkeys, asses, horses and in bullock carts. So that when the big band strikes up the old barbaric march, and the thousands on the benches move themselves uneasily, and shout down greetings to their favorite fighters, you have a scene before you not to be forgotten.
The central idea of a bull-fight, the Spanish will tell the visitor, is to display the courage and dexterity of man. It is acknowledged that the bull with his strength, ferocity and sharp horns, and the man alone, armed with a slender sword. Again, it is essential that the bull should be killed with but one single stroke, given while the swordman, the espada, faces him. This stroke must also be delivered in one special spot, behind the shoulders, and penetrate the heart. Should it glance and strike the lungs instead, so that the bull will drop blood from his mouth, the audience is disgusted, and expresses its disgust. All this is delicate and dangerous work, and it requires

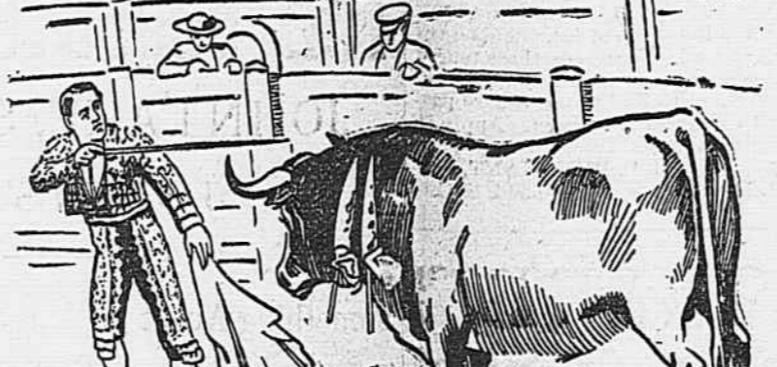
skill of daring has its name, and is applauded or hissed by the excited thousands on the benches, according to the audacity, coolness and dexterity of the men, or the reverse.
These lively fellows, who take terrible risks, will seat themselves in the Corrida de Toros in full swing as a mercenary show; and with the Spanish dons content to patronize it in the simple act of paying for their seats.
Romero found the national sport "degenerated" to a simple conflict between a bull and professional-without-a-profession. Apart from the lack of noble Spanish blood in the bull-fighter, the degeneracy appears to have consisted in an exchange of the heavy armor in which chivalry was wont to prudently envelop itself for the cheaper suit of padded leather and shirt of mail of the time and trade. Pedro Romero, first, threw aside every kind of protection, appearing as a gymnast, light, graceful and exact; and secondly, to counter-balance the obvious disadvantage, hit upon the device of "firing out" the bull by a whole series of "preliminary exercises," to be performed by understudies. He invented, also, a new and very dangerous method of killing the animal, a single sword-blow, which must penetrate a certain spot behind the shoulder of the bull, while the bull-fighter heroically faced him. How much this was "degenerating" from the prudence of the old aristocrats who, in their knightly armor, speared

THE ENTRANCE TO THE BLAZE OF TRUMPETS.



INSULTING A LAZY BULL.
kerchief and slip aside from him. Their harpoons, which they jab into his injured and insulted neck, should make him wild.
But if he does not show sufficient wildness, the people cry for "Fire!" And here it is too sickening and cowardly to proceed in detail. Sufficient it will be to say that there have been invented baudechillas with fireworks attached, that they may burn after they have been thrust into the bull's neck!
Enough. The time has now arrived

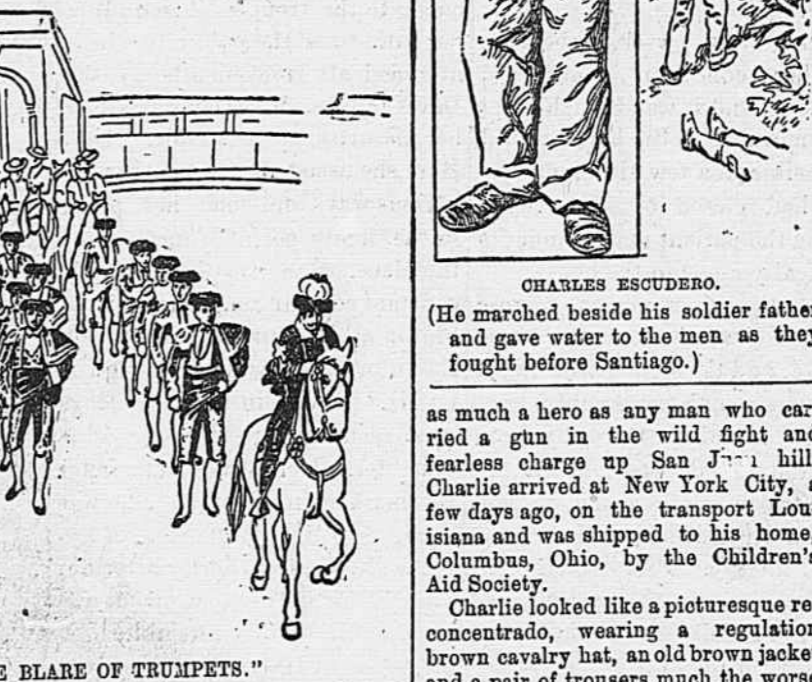
for the great act of the matador, or the espada, the most important man, the high professional who has to kill a crazy bull, made monstrously wicked by ill-treatment and a thousand goadings. The bull is weakened, it is true, but he is still so dangerous that half the matadors of history have found their death in the ring.
It is in vain that the Spanish defend their bull-fights as "the heroic games of their ancestors," consequences of this degeneration. The truth is created by antiquity. The aristocratic ancestors of their ancestors laid ago abandoned the corrida to paid professionals of low birth. Spanish



bull-fights ceased to possess anything of the old chivalry when chivalry itself expired, more than two centuries ago. Apologists of the ring, indeed, claim for the end of "the aristocratic period" a date as late as the accession of the Bourbons, in the person of Charles IV, but as the Spanish nobility in this regard all through the eighteenth century, there is reason to give the date of "the accession of the Bourbons" its mere sentimental value. The chronicles of the ring begin again in 1770, with the name of the plebeian Pedro Romero; with

YOUNG HERO OF SANTIAGO.
Charles Escudero, of Ohio, Age Fifteen Carried Water to the Wounded on San Juan Hill.

Although Charles Escudero, four years old, doesn't realize it yet time will show that as the water boy of the Ninth Infantry in Cuba he was



as much a hero as any man who carried a gun in the wild fight and fearless charge up San Juan Hill. Charles arrived at New York City, a few days ago, on the transport Louisiana and was shipped to his home, Columbus, Ohio, by the Children's Aid Society.
Charlie looked like a picturesque reconcentrado, wearing a regulation brown cavalry hat, an old brown jacket and a pair of trousers much the worse for the Santiago campaign. The remnants of the shoes that carried him up the rocky hill of San Juan held his feet, and a blue flannel shirt, much too large, was lapped about him.
His father was a bugler in the Ninth Infantry, which Charlie managed to join at Tampa. There he was smuggled on a transport, and when he got to Cuba he was given the job of water carrier for the Ninth Infantry.

men getting killed I wished I had a gun, but I had to carry water. I had four canteens. One held about two quarts. The men bring would see me and yell to ask if I'd got any to the creek and filled them. As the last I got a long way to go. "Wasn't I afraid?" I just thought I'd get killed, and we'd all get killed that day, the bullets came so thick. I saw men I knew get hit.
"I kept run of my father by the bugle, mostly. Did I see many wounded? Yes, I carried water to 'em when I could. Sometimes I had to pour it into their mouths, but most of the men I saw wounded were able to get on their elbows to drink.
"I've got plenty of relics for my mother—Spanish cartridges and other Spanish relics. I'm going back to school. I'm in the fifth grade."
The boy seems to have suddenly become aged by his experiences. He is only a little chap, with big brown eyes and long lashes, and he says he does so want to see his mother and sisters.
Old Senate Recreations.
We saw a man the other day—a man rich in lands and bees—close to nature, surrounded by pine trees, with the sound of the sea in his ears, absorbed in the study of bookkeeping for his amusement. We know a man who finds the quiet of a sea village delightful because he can concentrate his mind on a cook book. And he finds that earth and sea and sky do not distract him from a treatise on political economy, the dismal science. Thus do men take variously their pleasure.—Boston Journal.

Consumption of Coal.
The consumption of coal per head of population is lowest in Austria, where it is only one-sixth ton per annum, and highest in Great Britain, where each person averages three and three-tenths tons each year. In the United States the average is two and one-fourth tons a year.

Commercial Plants.
It is stated that 4200 species of plants are gathered and used for commercial purposes in Europe. Of these, 420 have a perfume that is pleasing, and enter largely into the manufacture of scents and soaps.

The Time It Filled.
Mrs. Callahan—"Don't yer remember Oi told yer th' marin' not to go in swimmin' to-day?"
Patsy Callahan—"Oh, come off, mudder. Youse wat me ter say yes, an' den you're goin' ter say 'Fergit it an' remember de Maine.'—Judge.

Waste Land Profitably Utilized.
Five years ago a farmer in one of our country towns, who had on his farm a thorny little ravine of no value, set it with balm of Gilead shoots. He now gathers every spring from 380 to \$100 worth of buds from the ravine, selling them to pharmacists.

The Hardest Japanese Wood.
The hardest Japanese wood is what is called kilaki, which resembles oak. It takes a high polish, and is used for fine work and also for the frames of ships. On account of the scarcity of this wood, the price has doubled within the last few years.

Russia is said to own 3,000,000 horses—nearly one-half of the whole number in existence.

A NEW WAY TO PROPOSE.
A Fine Sample of Nette That Won the Old Man's Consent.
As the young man entered, the old man, looked up and scowled.
"Well?" said the old man shortly.
"Your daughter," began the young man, but the old man cut him off abruptly.
"I've noticed that you've been hanging around a good deal," he said. "I suppose that you've come to tell me that you love her and want to marry her?"
"No," replied the young man, calmly. "I've come to tell you that she loves me and wants to marry me."
"She can't," roared the old man.
"She can't," persisted the young man.
"I never heard of such an exhibition of egotistical impertinence," said the old man.
"Then you misunderstand me," explained the young man. "My assertion is dictated by policy and not by impertinence. You see, it's just this way: What I say is nothing to you; now, is it?"
"I might—er—not exactly."
"That wouldn't make a million dollars, but that wouldn't cut any figure with you, would it?"
"Certainly not."
"You're under no obligations to supply me with what I want?"
"Hardly."
"Then what a fool proposition it would be for me to come to you and say, 'Mr. Parkinson, I have been very favorably impressed with your house and lot, or, I think I'd like your daughter,' or anything else in that line. But when your daughter wants anything it's different. Now, isn't it different?"
"It certainly is different," admitted the old man, cautiously.
"Precisely," said the young man. "She and I figured that all over very carefully last night. You see, I have no particular prospects, and we could both see that there wasn't one chance in a hundred that you would give her to me. Then she suggested that you had never yet refused anything that she wanted, no matter what the cost might be, and that perhaps it would be a good plan to change the usual order. We sort of got of felt that it wouldn't be right to ask you to do anything for me, but it's different in her case; as I remarked before. So I'm here merely as her agent to say that she wants me, that she wants me very much and to ask you to please see that she gets me. She never has wanted anything so much as she wants me, and I am so favorably disposed toward her that, if you care to make the investment, I shall be quite willing to leave the terms entirely to you and her."
"Naturally she's got him!" roared the old man, who was going to overtake his wife to get catch up with her.

which the Indian uses to-day is probably 6000 years old, and nothing can more clearly indicate the unprogressive nature of the people who have used it so many centuries than its very primitive condition to-day. It is supposed that there are 7,000,000 of these yarns in India, using Indian made yarns for the coarse counts and English imported yarns for the finer qualities of cloth. The weaver sits with his legs in a hole in the ground below the cloth beam, on which the finished cloth is rolled. This beam is carried on two stakes driven into the earth. It is wound tight and kept from revolving by means of a stick thrust through a hole in it, one end of which rests on the ground. The reel is of bamboo skin, and the threads, stiffened with some drying oil and hung on a wooden pulley, constitute the greater part of the appliance. The fact that a man can subsist, however poorly, on the product of such a machine, is a proof that with a better designed but cheap and simple loom he could probably double his output and make a good living. Throwing the shuttle by hand, he can obtain about twenty picks per minute, and with strings and picker about fifty per minute. With the new foot loom he can make fifty picks a minute, and thus triple his present daily income of twenty cents a day, which it takes the help of his wife and children to earn.—Chicago Record.

What is the scientific explanation of the mysterious readiness with which portions of the human frame pass into openings by which it is afterward found impossible to withdraw them? Everyone knows how easy it is to get a ring on the finger which will only come off again with the help of a liberal application of soap. Only a weak or two ago a gentleman, ignorant of this, got his fingers into the ring which usually forms part of the window fittings of a hansom cab, and had to be conveyed to a hospital, and worked at for an hour or two before he was set free and now a small boy has been a prisoner by the head for an hour at one of the iron openings in the parapet of Westminster Bridge, which had to be filed before he could be released. Probably the circulation of the blood and a consequent slight swelling is responsible in both cases. Anyhow one sympathizes with the gentleman who may have been a nervous and a hurry rather than with the small boy, who probably put his head through the opening in order to spit upon the passing steamers—a not uncommon amusement of small boys when the police are not vigilant upon bridges.—St. James's Gazette, London.