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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

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MY AUNT POLLY.

The greenest, rasiest, sweetest flowers grew at Aunt Polly's door. The flowers were around, Aunt Polly's orchard here. Aunt Polly's cows were sleek and fat, her chickens a wondrous size. And James Smith, the hired man, was witty, great and wise. I used to go with him at night, with clinking pails to milk. Sometimes he'd let me feed the colts and rub their coats of silk. And the moon that rose in those days, just behind the cattle bars, was twice as large as it is now—with twice as many stars.

Aunt Polly was a quaint old soul—a busy bee—by day. Hiving the honey up for all, with never a thought of the hired man, with never a how many dawns we watched the sun, up-rising in the east. Shake out its banners o'er the hills and drive away the mists!

—Edith Keesley Stokes, in Youth's Companion.

appear. Half-past five, six, half-past six—still no Jonas. At quarter of seven Clarissa was frightened. Dim forebodings tugged at her heart-strings till they vibrated dismally.

"I'll go hunt Jonas up," she said briskly, shutting her ears to the sound. "It's just as likely as not he's fallen sound asleep somewhere. He's getting real old, Jonas is."

She went through the porch and carriage house and then with quickened steps up to the barn. It was a new trip, up over the stony path, for Clarissa, and the stones hurt her feet.

"For the land of goodness' sake!" she cried shrilly at the barn door. The flowers in the windows—row on row of them—danced dizzily before her eyes. In Clarissa Kemp's and Clarissa Collins' life she had never been so astonished.

A large body of sturdy men and women, exiled from their native land on account of their religious opinions, consisting of 2000 of the 7500 Russian Quakers, known as Doukhobors, or "Tolstoi's pets," who are settling in the Canadian Northwest to escape persecution.

When the Doukhobors landed on Canadian soil they were greeted by a party of their representatives in America, among them being the Russian Prince Hilkoft. Their arrival was made the occasion of a service consisting of prayer and supplication in which they gave thanks to God for having brought them safely to a land of freedom.

Prince Hilkoft said the French Government had offered free transportation to the Doukhobors to settle in a French colony. The offer was declined, as the people preferred to settle in Anglo-Saxon dominions, where they would not be subject to conscription.

The Universal Brotherhood Christians, as the Doukhobors (i. e., "Spiritual Workers") prefer to be called, have suffered terrible persecution, especially since June, 1895, and many of them have died for their faith.

The Russian Government has banished the men of these people by scores to distant parts of Siberia. It has used its arbitrary power to send Cossacks to attack and flog large numbers of unarmed and unresisting men and women; to quarter Cossacks on villages where they outraged women; to uproot an industrious settlement of peaceful people; to oblige them to abandon their cultivated lands; to reduce many of them to the verge of starvation; to confine a pilgrimage, accustomed to the cold climate of a district lying 5000 feet above the sea level, in hot and unhealthy valleys, where out of 4000 people about 1000 perished within three years; to do men to death by flogging, underfeeding, and physical violence; to the

THE MAKESHIFT OF JONAS KEMP.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

Clarissa Kemp—late, very late—Clarissa Collins—carried each pot to the back door and inverted it briskly. The little heap grew high and unstable. There were a good many pots, and it was quite a feat to get them to the sitting room window to the back door. Clarissa was tired when the stained green-painted shelves were emptied and all the litter swept up.

"There!" she breathed with a little gasp of relief, sinking into a rocker. "I'm thankful that job's done with it. It's been staring at me ever since I came."

Clarissa invariably spoke of the day, a few weeks ago, when she and Jonas drove from the minister's into the little trim side-yard, as "when I came." Since that day there had been a good many reforms at the Kemp place. The heap of discarded geraniums and fuchsias was only one of them.

"I can't and I won't abide a mess of plants round, littering! There's enough, goodness knows, that's got to litter without putting up with what ain't got to. You've got to water 'em, and you've got to putter with 'em, and coddle 'em, an' there's always a mussy, wet place under 'em and springs an' dry leaves. I can't abide 'em if other folks can. Those that like 'em are a goodly welcome—I don't."

Clarissa rocked backward and forward in the capacious, calico-softened chair, communing aloud. Her comely, middle-aged face had a look of relief upon it. Once only a slight shade of remorse quivered across it and was gone.

"He'd ought to know I'd do it," she muttered, "and he ought to have got his mind made up by this time. I've given him time enough—ever after, that I couldn't fellowship with a mess of plants. I guess that was good and fair warning!"

The rockers took to sudden creaking as if pleading in Jonas' behalf. In the sunny windows the green shelves looked bare and lonesome. There were little round circles, smaller and larger, side by side along their lengths, where the pots had stood. The biggest circle of all spoke pathetically of Jonas' pet cacti that bore the dainty pink flowers among its spines—that "Alwidly" had set store by.

Even Jonas was hardly fonder of plants than Alwidly had been.

"There's some sense to having windows to sit by that you can see out of," mused Clarissa contentedly, gazing out on the strip of meandering roadway stretching bleakly away up hill. "Now I can see the people passing—there's Deacon Pottle coming 'ready! I can tell it's the deacon by the way the horse wags his head and meeches along down the hill. Seems to me I'd have a creature with some kind of spirit to him. Why, no; it's Jonas—as I live!"

With a sudden accession of nervousness, Clarissa Kemp snatched a rug and hurried to the back door. Alwidly and the old horse were turning into the lane. She could hear the pound, pound of clumsy hoofs on the hard clay. She threw the rug over the heap of broken plants and waited to pull down one corner across the tiers of interlocked earthen pots beside it.

"I don't want it to come on him all in a heap," she murmured. "Jonas has to have time to get used to things. He ain't a sudden man, Jonas ain't. I've found that out since I came."

Then she hurried back to the rocking chair by the window. Jonas was just plodding past.

"Why, ain't you early, Jonas?" Clarissa called, a little breathless with hurrying. "It's only 3 o'clock. I wasn't looking for you back till supper-time."

"Yes, I am early—whoo, back, Dennis, who-o!—but the town meeting ris' early. We got through our doings sooner as we expected to. They appointed me moderator."

Jonas' voice had a ring of modest pride in it. Clarissa laughed appreciatively.

"I should say you'd moderate splendidly, Jonas," she said, "but I shouldn't 've supposed you'd've moderated so fast!"

The old horse started up and went staidly toward the barn, with the trail of Clarissa's laughter in his wake.

"Clarissy's a real humorous woman," pondered Jonas; "she's got all of it that Alwidly didn't have. Whoo, back, Dennis!"

If Jonas noticed the unwieldy heap under Clarissa's rug on his way back to the house he said nothing about it. It was not Jonas Kemp's nature to say things. In the trim little sitting room bare shelves and the mounted inflow of sunshine across them appealed dumbly to him, and Jonas answered as dumbly. His seemed old face wrinkled doggedly away from the windows, and the pain on it was only visible to the faint, sweet face of Alwidly looking out of the daguer-type on the wall. Clarissa's keen eyes did not see it.

Twenty years divided Jonas and Clarissa Kemp, and Clarissa was not young. She had tailored and stitched away all her young years in her small village shop before she came. It had been seven years' wonder to Clarissa's

friends and twice thrice that to Clarissa herself, and she had locked her shop door and gone to the minister's wife, Jonas' mother.

After supper that night Jonas did his chores and took down his pipe. Clarissa permitted no smoking in doors—pipes were even worse than a mess of littering plants. You could abide the smell of flowers, but tobacco—laugh! So Jonas had his evening smoke under the stars, or, rainy nights, sitting on the saw-horse in the woodshed. Alwidly had "liked" the smell of his pipe. Heaven fiked the great little prevarication!

When Jonas went in again at early bedtime the heap of pots and bruised plants was cleared neatly away, and Jonas had the rug, well shaken, under his arm. He spread it with precise painstaking in exactly its place on the sitting room floor.

"I found it out by the back door, Clarissy," he said gently.

"Um-m-m," mumbled Clarissa, a little taken aback. And that was all that was ever said about the plants.

After that, if Clarissa had not been occupied continually with keeping the house "unlittered" and most spotlessly prim, she would have taken notice that Jonas staged a good deal—somewhere—out-of-doors. He spent rare minutes only in his old place beside the sitting room window. And passers-by—if there had been any passers-by—on the grassy road that ran past the old, unpainted Kemp barn would have looked curiously at the big barn windows. There were two of them, and both were a bloom with red geraniums and gay with purple and crimson fuchsias. Rough lead shelves stretched behind the cobwebbed cases, and every one was neatly arranged.

But passers-by were few, and Clarissa never passed by. Her way, when she went abroad, was by the wider main road that ran uphill and down again to town. Clarissa never went to the barn. Jonas Kemp and the cows, the great barn cat and Dennis were the only ones that saw the red geraniums blooming bravely in the barn windows—unless, who can tell?—unless Alwidly saw them.

Another thing which Clarissa might have noticed was how long the old pipe lay untouched on the kitchen mantel. Jonas went out to his evening smoke night after night—without it! If it had been his way to say things he might have said that when one's plants have been destroyed ruthlessly one must replace them somehow even if one must buy them with the tobacco one misses filing the old pipe with. And that would have explained the times of late that Jonas had driven alone to the little city down the river and come back, past Clarissa's window and Clarissa's curious eyes, with a queer, lumpy loaf in his hand.

"Humph! Now wonder what Jonas's got all tucked up in behind," Clarissa would mumble, eyeing suspiciously the humps. "Tisn't grain an' t'isn't critters—live ones anyway. And he couldn't've got 'em if they were alive, not without my knowing where the money had gone to."

But Clarissa had not put her curious thoughts into questions, and the times of being curious and the knobby, covered leads "in behind" Jonas had gone by together. She was very busy all the late summer and early fall sewing rags for her gay new carpet that was to transfigure the dull little corner parlor where nobody went and nobody wanted to go.

One afternoon, as she sewed, she heard Jonas' plodding feet tap slowly up the walk and Jonas' heavy breath keeping time to the taps. What in land of goodness was Jonas coming in at that time of day? It was so unusual that Clarissa let the strip of red and yellow rags slide out of her lap and curl like a brilliant serpent at her feet. Jonas "came in" so seldom, lately, except to his meals. She hardly saw his smiling old face from morning to night, for he had formed the habit of setting his dinner out on the mantel chest in the parlor and letting her cook "pick 'em up" on the run, and it saved such a pile of litter and mess that way.

Jonas plodded in. He looked bent and feeble.

"You aren't sick, are you, Jonas?" Clarissa asked a little anxiously.

"Oh, no—no, I guess I ain't sick, Clarissy. I guess not," answered Jonas, dully. He crossed to the mantel and took down his pipe and blew the dust from it. A little glint of eagerness crept into his eyes—it was so much like shaking hands with an old friend again.

"Where are you going to?"

"Jest for a little smoke, Clarissy—jest for a little smoke."

"Land of goodness—at two o'clock in the afternoon! Jonas Kemp, you aren't losing your faculties, I hope!"

Jonas peered up at the old clock above him and then at the afternoon sun riding across the heavens. He looked dazed. The pipe slipped through his fingers unnoticed and lay in two pieces on the bare floor.

"I guess I got mixed up, Clarissy; I thought 'twas after supper," he explained with an apologetic attempt at laughing. "I guess I'll go out and wait till supper, till 'tis."

But supper time Jonas did not

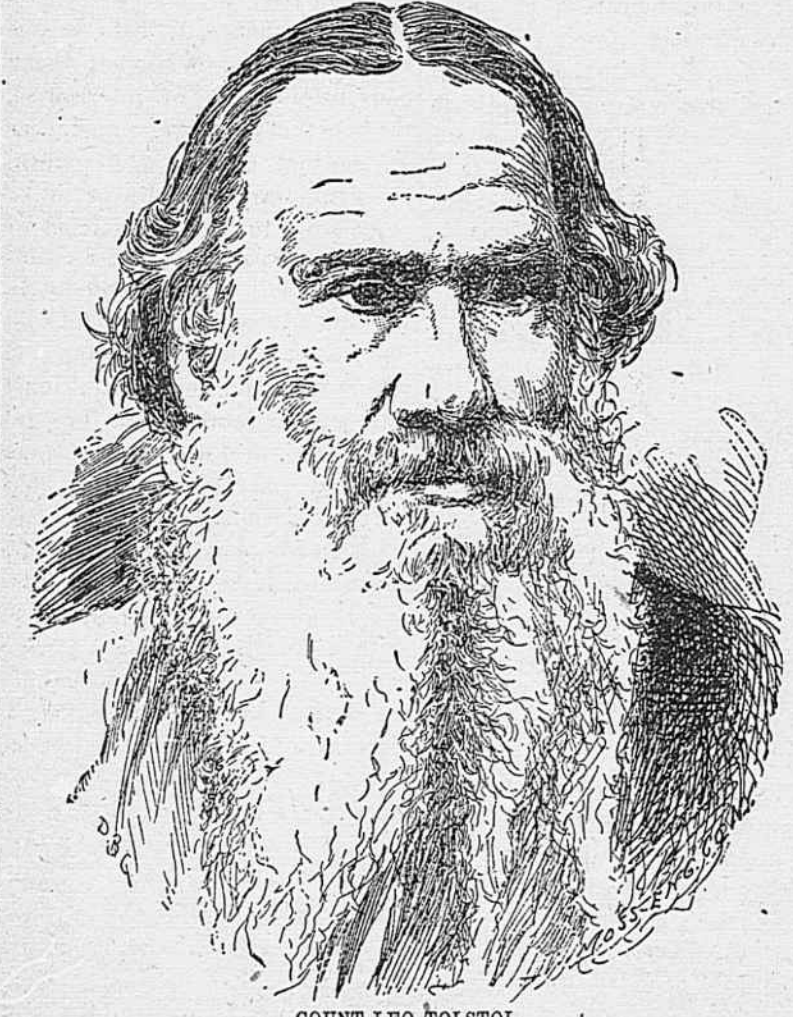
EXILED FROM RUSSIA.

A Body of Russian Quakers Who Are Settling in the Canadian Northwest to Escape Persecution.

ago, banished to Lapland. It was a matter of "political expediency."

It is customary for the inhabitants of the Caucasus to possess arms, but the Doukhobors feel that so long as you possess a weapon it is difficult to abstain from using it when any one comes to steal your horse or cow. So to remove temptation and to hold fast to the rule "Resist not him that is evil," they resolved to destroy all their arms. This decision was carried out simultaneously in the three districts they inhabited, on the night of 28th of June, 1895. In the Kars district the affair passed off quietly. In the government or Elisavetpol the authorities made it an excuse for arresting forty Doukhobors, who were kept in confinement more than two years. But it was in the government of Tiflis that the most amazing results followed.

A large assembly of Doukhobor men and women attended the ceremony of burning the arms, and accompanied it by singing psalms or hymns. The bonfire was already burning down,



COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

The influence of the Russian philosopher with the Czar enabled the persecuted Doukhobors to emigrate.

and day had already dawned, when two Cossack regiments arrived upon the scene and were ordered to charge the Doukhobors. The Cossacks charged and maddened peasants, they instinctively stopped when close upon them, and only when the order to attack had been repeated did they again advance and begin to flog men and women indiscriminately with their whips. They struck right and left, cutting the heads and faces of the people, and when the lashes of the given to attach fresh lashes to the whips, and the flogging recommenced.

Few stranger scenes are recorded in history. Here were some thousands of people bent on carrying out the dictates of their religion, which was the Christian religion professed by their Government. And here were two regiments of Cossacks cruelly (though in some cases reluctantly) beating men and women, lily clothes and ground were stained with blood, and their psalms were turned into cries for mercy and into groans of pain.

Why this was done nobody seems to know. No one was tried for it, nor has any apology or explanation ever been offered to the Doukhobors. The authorities in St. Petersburg depend for their information on the local authorities who committed this blunder and perpetrated this crime. The newspapers have strict instructions not to make any reference to such matters; and three friends of Leo Tolstoi's, Vladimir Tseretkoff, Paul Birnkoff, and Ivan Tregoboff, who went to St. Petersburg with a carefully worded statement of what had occurred, and who wished to see the Emperor about it, were banished, without trial and without being allowed to make the matter public.

Punishment fell not on those who had done the wrong, but on those who had suffered it unresistingly. Cossacks were quartered on their village, and there outraged women and stole property. Four thousand people had to abandon their homes, sell their well-cultivated lands at a few days' notice, and be scattered in banishment to unhealthy districts, where about 1000 of them perished in three years of want, disease, or ill-treatment.

The strangest fact in this drama of Russian life is that it was mainly through the influence of Russia's greatest philosopher, Count Tolstoi, that the Russian authorities permitted these people to leave their native land. This fearless man of peace,

in the country of their adoption, and in the United States also, a "Tolstoi Fund" has been raised with the same object.

"The man they look up to as their teacher in our village," in his younger days he is said not to have been as steady as he should have been. Those were days when the Doukhobors, having been exiled by Nicholas I. to the Caucasus, had settled on the lands allotted to them, bleak as those lands were. Conscription had not as yet been introduced into the Caucasus to trouble them, and they waxed fat, forgetting to obey the precepts of their fathers, smoked, drank strong drink, ate meat, accumulated private property, discussed their religion as a matter of intellectual interest, and eased their consciences by being very "charitable." They founded a "Widows' House," for the aged, the orphans, or such as by any misfortune were in want. Their "Widows' House" accumulated a capital of some \$250,000; and with so much property they were dragged into the net of the law, to have recourse to which was contrary to their principles.

On the death of the woman who had been regarded as their leader for many years, and in whose hands the disposal of these charity funds had rested, the courts of justice decided that the money should be regarded as the personal property of her heirs. This led to a split among the Doukhobors, who numbered about 20,000 at that time.

King Corn's Palace.

The old world is to be given a good idea at the Paris Exhibition of what American corn is. A corn palace will be built showing a tremendous ear of corn rising tower fashion from its front; and in this palace it is proposed

to have a corn kitchen and restaurant, in which corn bread, corn pudding, corn fritters, corn dodgers, Johnny cake, succotash and all other forms of this vegetable will be served.

MASCOT ATE THE SHIP'S PAINT.

Sailors of the Gloucester Make a Capture and Kne It.

It was seven bells in the forenoon watch of the blistering July day when the auxiliary cruiser Gloucester sent ashore a landing party at the quaint Porto Rican seaport Guánica. The party had landed three hours earlier and had done its duty with the regulars of Miles' army in sending the Donns skeedaddling into the heavy tropical forests which fringe the foothills of the Porto Rican coast.

It was now an hour of relaxation. In an unlooked-for Spanish bantam cockerel emerged from under a house and emitted a lusty crow. Then it was that Lieutenant Norman gave his historical order: "All hands chase chickens!" The line of excited men—warmen scattered in unattractive disorder, pursuing the gallinaceous enemy.

"It was more work to capture one of those clipper-built 25-knot chickens than to sink the Pluton," said Mr. Chipman. "I thought I had the fowl fowl when she tacked ship, leaving me in stays. In a minute she was hull down on the horizon. I ran across the bows of a rooster by pure luck and put him out of commission. Later I grabbed another by his tail, and wrung his neck."

Faymaster Down had his sport also. Proceeding on a private expedition he sighted a goat with progeny around her to the number of four. He took her in tow in triumph. Following the instincts of good Mother Nature, the four little goats, who split even, two being Nannies and two Billies, trailed along behind. One of the Billies was drafted as a mascot for the battleship Massachusetts and the other Billie was retained as the Gloucester's special mascot. The latter immediately distinguished himself by eating the ship's paint.

After he had got his sea legs on things would disappear as completely as if they had been thrown into the lucky bag. One fine morning the ship's painter was coming on deck with a pair of red lead.

"Lay aft, McGee!" sang out a weather-beaten bos'n's mate.

Dropping his rail, the painter obeyed this order. Returning in fifteen minutes, he found that the contents of the rail had disappeared. Billy had also disappeared. He was found leaning against the armorer's chest in a highly suspicious condition. His whiskers were as crimson as a Harvard football player's sweater. Hospital Steward Cox gave him emetic after emetic. It was in vain. The animal grew "dopier" and "dopier," and was put ashore finally. Undoubtedly he would have made a satisfactory deep seal if he had been kept on board a day longer.

HOME AGAIN.

At last it sounds. The phrase we longed to hear. Is he so glad in the triumphant cheer, But tenfold when a weary one may rest At last with those who know and love him best. The fleeting years bid memory efface Life's crude and cruel lines. In contented grace The picture, lit by hope instead of pain, Shines, as our boys repeat it, "Home again."

And we, who once "watch the empty chair," And pray for one whose place was waiting there, Found in the oldtime haunts so sad a change That places most familiar grew most strange. We, who were lingers from the battle scene, With spot grown lighter and with pulses Like wanderers hear the welcoming refrain, For we, with you, at last are "Home again." —Washington Star.

HUMOROUS.

"Is your flat crowded?" "Crowded? We can't yawn without opening a window."

"Are you still keeping up with national affairs, Mrs. Shortfutz?" "No, I quit long ago; my war scrapbook is full."

Newspaper—I have noticed that babies always have very open countenances. Oldpup—Yes; especially about midnight.

A shoemaker has a card in his window reading, "Any respectable man, woman or child can have a fit in this store."

Clerk—Are you going to buy a new directory? The Boss—Well, I guess not! Why, the one we have isn't half worn out yet.

He—Unless you marry me, I shall go to the Klondike. She—There! Papa said you were a mere fortune-hunter, and now you've proved it.

"Sorry I have no small change," said a gentleman to a beggar. "All right, yer honor," was the reply. "I'll give yer credit. Where do you live?"

Hicks—Just saw Hogley. Had been to the doctor's. Doctor tells him he is looking himself again. Wicks—Is he really as bad as that? Poor fellow!

"Even in China woman is rapidly supplanting man." "How do you make that out?" "Haven't you noticed that the man behind the throne is a woman?"

Rector (going his rounds)—Fine pig that, Mr. Dibbles; uncommonly fine. Contemplative Villager—Ah, yes, sir; if we was only all of us as fit to die as him, sir!

"The teakettle seems to be quite a singer," said the nutmeg grater. "It beats me, my voice is so rough."

"Me, too," replied the rolling pin; "I can't get beyond dough."

Mrs. Hiram—Dear, I wish you'd bring home a dozen Harveyized steel plates. Mr. Hiram—What do you mean? Mrs. Hiram—I'm just curious to see what Bridget would do with them.

That watch was in an awful condition. Why, sir, two hands have been constantly on it ever since y' left it. Customer (dryly)—That's apparent on the face of it.

"Of course," said the lady with the steel-bound glasses, "I expected to be called 'strong-minded' after making a speech three hours long in favor of our sex, but to have it misprinted into 'strong-winded' was too much."

Fenderson—Do you know, I half believe Bass meant to insult me yesterday. Fogg—What did he say to you? Fenderson—He advised me not to visit the Vegetarian club, and he has just come to me that he meant to insult that I am a beat.

Charitable person to ragged and shivering tramp on a cold day: "Well, my man, I object to giving money, but if you come home with me, I will give you an overcoat that will last you through the winter." "Overcoat! I suppose you want to ruin my business."

Pithy Retorts.

"Oh, don't that hay smell delightfully!" exclaimed the summer boarder somewhat ungrammatically, "The New Hampshire farmer drove her near a field of mown grass."

"Humph!" retorted the farmer, "it smells of hard work."

The answer illustrates the grim humor of the New England farmer of the olden time, whose hereditary sentimentality restricted him to brief but strong expressions. Another illustration of this grim, pithy humor is given in the history of the Massachusetts town of Pelham.

John Harkness, a farmer of that town, while plowing a gravelly knoll, one autumn day, had halted the oxen to rest just as a gentleman, driving a pair of horses, passed up the high hill road near by. The gentleman, stopping his team, asked the farmer good morning and added:

"May I ask you one question?"

"What is it?" answered the farmer.

"What will such land as you are plowing bear?"

"It will bear manure, sir," answered the farmer; and laying hold of the plow handles, he started up his cattle. —Youth's Companion.

A Reign of Terror.

A sort of reign of terror prevails in the neighborhood of Candlewood hill, in Groton, Conn., because of the gathering in the dense wood at the foot of the hill, in consequence of the winter weather, of three lynxes. People living in the neighborhood have become so frightened at the sight and sound of these animals that they dare not venture far into the woods. Several persons have seen the lynxes, which are very large and ugly. One man with a gun in his hand was so frightened by coming upon them unexpectedly that he ran like a madman for half a mile to a neighbor's house without stopping. —New York Sun.

One of the most remarkable curiosities ever known to exist in the animal kingdom in Barbour county, is a calf on the farm of E. P. Phillips near Phillips, W. Va. The calf has five legs and six feet. Four legs are natural, the fifth, about six inches back from the forelegs, on the right, swings clear of the ground and has two sets of hoofs. —New York Press.

The first expedition to the South Pole took place in 1567.



MEMBERS OF THE FIRST PARTY OF DOUKHOBORS TO REACH CANADA.

"penal battalions"; and finally, as an act of mercy, the Russian Government has consented that these pined people may leave their country provided that they go at their own expense, that they never return, and that they leave behind those of their number who have been summoned for military service.

The strangest fact in this drama of Russian life is that it was mainly through the influence of Russia's greatest philosopher, Count Tolstoi, that the Russian authorities permitted these people to leave their native land. This fearless man of peace,



DOUKHOBOR CHILDREN NOW IN CANADA.

whose banishment the Government is considering, used his influence with the Czar, with the result that the persecution of the Russian Quakers ceases with their emigration to a far-off land. Count Tolstoi is one of the mightiest individual forces in Russia to-day, and though he dresses in the garb of a peasant and lives upon his farm engaged in the peaceful pursuit of tilling the soil, the Russian Government fears his power more than that of any other man.

The Doukhobors believe in the precepts, "Resist not him that is evil," but "love your enemies"; and they believe in overcoming evil with good. They refuse to enter the Russian army, believing that it is wrong to prepare to kill men, and the question,

A considerable majority of them regarded Peter Verigin as the new leader. His conduct at this trying time appears to have been remarkable. He refused advantageous offers made to him, and set himself energetically to work to revive the old faith and the old custom of the Doukhobors. He and they returned to vegetarianism and total abstinence from intoxicants. They left off smoking. They redressed their property voluntarily, so as to do their duty to the distinction between rich and poor, and they again began to insist on the strict doctrine of non-resistance. The Government felt that Peter Verigin had better be removed, especially as the conscription was then being introduced into the Caucasus. He was therefore, about twelve years