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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1899.

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THE GIFT OF TEARS.

When sorrow comes with waiting breath,
And thickly descends its robes of tears,
Nor finds that hope can save from death,
God gives the blessed gift of tears.
If gladness floods the heart and brain,
And passion born of love appears,
Till pleasure almost kisses pain,
God gives the blessed gift of tears.

Though trouble rises Gorgon-wise,
And bristles like a host of spears,
And Nature staves with sphinx-like eyes,
God gives the blessed gift of tears.
Where tigers roam, or sea birds call,
Or where man wrestles with his years,
In palace, waste or cottage small,
God gives the blessed gift of tears.

AN ARIZONA EPISODE.

BY COSMOS MINDELEFF.

I was sitting in my tent one afternoon in November absorbed in some mathematical calculations connected with my work, when I heard a tremendous splash in the river a few hundred yards below. I started by shots and yells and the sound of galloping horses. A moment later four men rode into camp like a whirlwind. Leonard cried: "Where is he?" "Don't let him get away!" "Who's got the rope?" "I've got an inkling of what they were after. They wanted me."

"The camp was a large one, and generally there were eight or ten white men and forty or fifty Indians about; but this happened to be a holiday and all the men had gone away except my tent mate, Barton, and myself. We were building some large irrigating ditches, and I had come out to take charge of the work only a short time before. I had found it necessary to discharge a number of the men and replace them by others. Only the day before I had had trouble with one of the men, Leonard by name. He was a little too far, and I had to treat him down. As he arose he picked up a heavy club and came at me with it, but throwing up my left hand to guard my head I caught the blow on it and knocked him down again with my right. That settled the matter, I supposed, for the fellow went off to his tent, swearing roundly and calling for a gun with which to clean out the camp."

"But when I heard the splashing at the ford I remembered the incident of the day before, and the instant I had no weapon of any kind and that I might need one. I slipped out quickly, and running down to a tent near the end of the line I seized a revolver and belt of cartridges which I knew were there and was back when the men rode up."

"I remained in my tent while the men dismounted and tied their horses together. Leonard appeared to be the leader of the gang, for I heard him say: "Look here, boys, I'm the captain of this outfit, and you've got to do just what I tell you. We'll go to all that same old business of doing for us, you must leave it to me."

"All right," responded another. "We're here for fun."

"We'll have our fun all right," replied Leonard. "Come into my tent and talk it over. You, Miller, stay here with the horses and watch that tent there so he can't get away."

Leaving one of their number outside with the horses under the tent near to mine. They had been drinking, and as I was separated from them only by two thin canvas walls and twenty feet of space, their conversation was easily audible.

The conversation I heard was amusing, even under the circumstances. Leonard was laying out the program to be followed and telling his companions what a "worthless piece of trash" the burden of his accusations being that I wore white shirts in camp and was a "long-legged cuss from the east."

The man left on guard outside I knew, he was one of our own men. While the talking was going on in the next tent he came in to see me and to explain that he had been forced to come down with the others against his will. He added that if I wished to get away he would make no effort to stop me.

"My plan was to run out just as the rifle was fired and bringing down the man who had it, for I could hardly miss him at twenty feet distance, get in one more shot as the others crowded to the door and were well launched together and then break for the big tree, from behind which as a shelter I would stand as good a chance as two men in the open."

"I filled my coat pocket with loose cartridges and taking my revolver in my right hand I went to the point of stepping outside and opening the proceedings when I heard one of the men say: "That's no fun. Let's make him put up his fists before we make him, or, if he won't do that, we'll make him ride the river."

"That's great," replied another. "We might as well have some fun out of him first. Come on."

Remembering the old western maxim, "Never show a gun until you use it," I tucked my revolver into my vest so that it was out of sight, but with the butt not more than two inches from my hand as I held on to the tent rope. I turned to Barton, who was trembling, and cautioning him to control himself I lit my pipe and resumed my stool near the front of the tent. A moment later the canvas door was thrust aside and a man entered, followed by two others.

"The first comer was a little fellow, slender and not much over five feet in height, but he had a wicked look in his eyes and the face of a professional desperado. I learned afterward that he was considered the "bad man" of the neighborhood. Behind him was a big man in a flannel shirt and no coat, with a 45 Colt tucked into the waistband of his trousers. He was a saloon keeper in a small town near by and had provided the "courage" for the expedition. Back of him came Leonard, his face inflamed with drink. I remained seated, while Barton backed off to the rear of the tent.

"The little fellow looked at me, and I looked at him. Neither spoke for a minute or more. Finally the suspense became too great; he shifted from one foot to the other and presented me with a picture of uneasiness that I laughed. At this he recovered his self-possession and said: "Good day! I haven't been introduced to you; my name is Carter. Leonard introduced me to this gentleman."

"Very well," I replied. "In that case I will fight. I expect you to act as my second and see that I have fair play. Draw a ring outside, and I will join you in a moment." I knew that I would have to remove my coat and vest, and I wished to get rid of my revolver without letting them see it. As they went out I turned to Barton and, to my consternation, found him the picture of abject fear. Putting my revolver into the holster I handed it to him and told him to stand by the door with it when I went out, to closely watch the men during the fight and if either of them raised his gun, or if more than one at a time attacked me, to fire into the crowd, and in the confusion following the unexpected shot I would have an opportunity to break for the tent, snatch the revolver from his hands and from behind the shelter of the big tree hold my own against them."

Barton said he understood and promised to follow my instructions. Afterward I learned that as soon as I turned my back he dropped the pistol and ran out into the bushes, where he hid himself. But not knowing this at the time I went out with confidence and stood up before Leonard in the ring.

Leonard was almost exactly my height and weight, and as he stood before me stripped to a tight-fitting undershirt, trousers and moccasins, I could see the movement of his muscles as he put up his guard and made play with his hands. He seemed no mean antagonist, and I thought as I examined him critically that I would have to do my best, disabled as I was, if I held my own in the coming struggle. But I noticed that his face was flushed with drink and excitement, and in that I felt that I had an advantage.

have been more than a second when I saw flame leap from the muzzle of the gun. I heard the ball whizz over my shoulder; my Indian friend had seized the muzzle of the rifle at the very moment when the trigger was pulled. Had he been but the fraction of a second later some one else would have had to tell this story.

"I had seemed under a spell as I gazed down into that little black hole, but the sight of the flame and the noise of the discharge restored me. I cleared the intervening space with a spring. As I came through the door like a wild duck on the wing I saw my Indian friend and the fourth man of the gang, struggling with Leonard. They had just taken the rifle away from him, and a moment later he broke down and became hysterical.

The men assured me that the gun had been accidentally discharged, and although I knew better I accepted the explanation. Leonard's state was pitiable. He seized my hand and pressing it convulsively between his own again and again asked my pardon and wailed, "Why did you hit me so hard?"

For over an hour we worked to cool a mad quiet him, and finally I saw them all out of camp, just as a wagon filled with our own men returned. Barton also turned up as the wagon pulled in, and then I learned for the first time how frail my dependence on him had been. —New York Commercial Advertiser.

DEWEY AND VON DIEDERICH.
The Hero of Manila's Message to the Middlesex German Admiral.
In the article "With Dewey at Manila," by Joseph L. Stickney in Harper's Magazine, the first detailed account of how our admiral put a stop to the ill-mannered behavior of the Germans after the battle of Manila, is given as follows:

Our courteous and courtly commodore made no sign. He was waiting until he could put an end to the whole annoyance with one crushing blow. At last the opportunity came. He learned on unquestionable authority, that one of the German vessels had landed provisions in Manila, thereby violating neutrality. I was not present when he sent his message to Admiral von Diederich, and therefore I do not speak from personal knowledge concerning it; but I learned the facts from a perfectly authentic source, as follows:

"Orderly, tell Mr. Brumby I would like to see him," said Admiral Dewey one forenoon.

"Oh, Brumby," he continued, when the flag-lieutenant made his appearance on the quarter-deck, "I wish you to take the barge and go over to the German flagship. Give Admiral von Diederich my compliments, and say that I wish to call his attention to the fact that the vessels of his squadron have shown an extraordinary disregard of the usual courtesies of naval intercourse, and that finally one of them has committed a gross breach of neutrality in landing provisions in Manila, a port which I am blockading."

The commodore's voice had been as low and as sweetly modulated as if he had been sending von Diederich an invitation to dinner. When he stopped speaking, Brumby, who did not need any better indication of the commander's mood than the unusually formal and gentle manner of his chief, turned to go, making the usual official salute, and replying with the customary, "Ay, ay, sir."

"And, Brumby," continued the Commodore, his voice rising and ringing with the intensity of feeling that he had felt he had repressed at being long enough, "tell Admiral von Diederich that if he wants a fight he can have it right now!"

Brumby went with his message, and the commodore paced the quarter-deck in silence for a considerable time, evidently working off some of the high pressure that had brought forth this emphatic message to the German admiral. The latter sent back the extraordinary reply that he had not known anything about these actions, and that if that they would not be repeated. When one considers the rigidity of discipline that is supposed to exist in the German navy, the character of Admiral von Diederich's apology is all the more incomprehensible.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.
Football was a crime in England during the reign of Henry VIII.
Callow county, Illinois, enjoys the peculiar distinction of not having a railroad, a telegraph, or a telephone line.

MRS. LAMSON'S FIRM.
His Interview with the Cook His Wife Anticipated.
To see ourselves as instru- ments would undoubtedly be other much might be gained, all could now and then hear our others hear us.

"My dear," said Mr. Lamson somewhat irritated tone, "I would speak to Martha about she slams the doors. It is so annoying to feel as if a stud ushered guests into my dining-passage is unnecessarily no- ticed."

"I've spoken to her a few times about it," said Mr. Lamson meekly.

"But not with sufficient firmness," said her husband will speak to Martha on myself, just as I did about on my study-table. I'm trouble since that time."

Mrs. Lamson smiled in the morning in her room sewing, she husband's voice addressed the hall below.

"Martha," he said, de- "did it ever occur to you to choose to emigrate to re political and personal I to have secured a firm Duss is virtually a child—the only child of the society. His mother took him to Economy with her in 1873, when he was two years old. His father, who was then in the Federal army, died of a wound received in the battle of Gettysburg. The mother went to Economy to accept employment as a nurse. She remained in the service of the society until early in 1876.

John was sent to the Soldiers' Orphan's School, at Philadelphia, in 1873, and remained there until 1876, when he returned to his mother and entered the service of the Harmony Society. The mother took him to Germany for a few months' visit. They returned to Economy, and in 1878 young Duss was given a position as a teacher of German in the Economy school, where he remained until 1880, when he entered Mount Union College, but did not remain long. He received an offer to teach in the Kansas State Reform School, in Topeka, and as his limited means would not have permitted him to complete his college course, he accepted it.

John Duss was always enlarging his interests, however, and when he saw a chance to buy a fine farm of 160 acres in Webster County, Neb., for \$1280, he took it, and devoted considerable time to agriculture.

In 1888 Duss, who in the meantime had married, returned to Economy. He claims this was at the earnest solicitation of "Father" Henrici, who had succeeded "Father" Rapp as the head of the society. Duss took charge of the Economy public school. In 1890 he was admitted to membership in the society through the influence of "Father" Henrici. Then came his election to the Board of Trustees, and his wife was also admitted to the Society. At the instance of "Father" Henrici the Dusses took up their abode in the "Great House." Although under the same roof, they lived apart, in accordance with the doctrine of the community.

The election of Duss and his wife and the elevation of the former to power created dissension to the society. Several of the members withdrew, claiming that Duss exercised undue influence over "Father" Henrici. Thus dissension, so long excluded, got a foothold, and now threatens to totally disrupt a community which would have soon been dissolved by death.

On the death of "Father" Henrici, Duss was elected "patriarch," and thus the youngest member of the society became its head.

There has been practically no change in the town in the last sixty years so far as its buildings are concerned. The "Temple," which is thronged each Sunday by tenants of the society, is as simple and quaint as ever. The clock in its steeple, which is run by a heavy stone weight suspended from the belfry, has never ceased to toll the

ANCE OF A FAMOUS COMMUNIST COLONY.

Get the Immense Fortune of the Harmony Society?

and infirm people, clinging to an almost worn out that stand between one a fortune estimated at John Duss is the for- and he bids fair soon to urvivor and heir of a nistic society which has ce on the banks of the e a century.

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THE TEMPLE

time of day. The sawmills still elatter, although the water power of the early days has given way to steam. The factories where the silk looms used to rattle from morning to night are silent. These buildings are now filled with grain.

Economy silks were famous a half century ago. Acres of mulberry trees had been planted, silk worms were imported, and this branch of the industry flourished for years. Then the worms began to die, and it was decided the climate was not favorable for them.

The products of the society's lands and mills were much more than the community needed for its own use, and much was sold in Pittsburg and neighboring towns. The receipts all went into the common fund, which in time grew to a great amount.

When Christ did not come at the death of "Father" Rapp, disappointment was keen. Jacob Henrici, who was elected senior trustee and patriarch of the society, predicted that they would not have to wait much longer. He encouraged the members to more ascetic religious life and to more diligent toil.

"Father" Henrici in his early career was an excellent financier. Money accumulated rapidly for the society under his management. In his later years, it was charged in the recent suits, he had become just as careless about finances as he had formerly been careful.

Much of the society money was invested by "Father" Henrici in Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad stock. "Father" Henrici was president of this road in its early history. He was later associated with W. K. Vanderbilt in building the McKeesport and Youngshoesy Railroad. He was also a director of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern. He invested money

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VOT TO CALL HIM!

Der leedle boy vot just arrived
Aboid some weeks ago,
His looks was learning for to make
Dot notice which is a crow,
Und also some meddlin' ben I vent
Und shoke to him a vew,
He twists his leedle face around
I vander vot is a smile—
I vander vot is a smile—
Some say Thomas,
Some say Tim,
Some say Stephen,
Some say Sam,
Some say Diederich,
Some say Matt,
Some say Daniel,
Some say Peter,
Some say Goethe,
Some say Choe,
Vot to call him
I doan't know.

I ask dot leedle boy himself
Vot name he thinks vill do,
Und den he makes a funny vink
Und says my me. "Ah, Goo!
Ah Goo! Is a Chinese name!
I guess vot he doan't like
To be called dot ven he grows up,
Much better id ven Mike!
I vander vot is a smile—
Some say Henrich,
Some say Net,
Some say Yilium,
Some time to eat,
Some say Dewey,
Some say Schley,
Some say Sampson,
Some say Fred,
Some say Chasper,
Some say Saitz,
Some say Hank I,
Call him Fritz.
—Geo. V. Iobart, in Baltimore American.

HUMOROUS.

The Maid—Fine feathers don't make fine birds. The Man—No, indeed! Since millinery came in birds don't get a chance to wear them!

A woman is composed of two hundred and forty-three bones, one hundred and sixty-nine muscles, and three hundred and sixty-nine pins.

"Are you good at working out puzzles?" "No, indeed. I have been married twenty years, and my wife is as much an enigma to me as ever."

Mr. C.—They call him a one-horse lawyer. Mr. Y.—How did he get that name, do you suppose? Mr. C.—Because he's such a fine charger. I imagine.

Jollydog—Our American heesses appear to have the same trouble as our candidates for office. Pollydog—What's that? Jollydog—They find it very hard to get a square count.

"I think it's absurd as saying kissing is dangerous," said Mrs. Lilytip. "What a possible disease could be spread by the simple act?" "Marriage, madam," grunted Grumpy.

Money's the root of all evil.
As the civilized person agrees;
It is only the savage who thinks he
May find the stuff growing on trees.

Mrs. Sad—When I'm dead you will think of all the cruel things you've said to me. Mr. Sad—And it will be just like you to go and die in order to give me a chance to think of them.

"Hannah," said a lady to her servant, "when there's any bad news, always let the boarders know it before dinner. Such little things make a great difference in the course of a year."

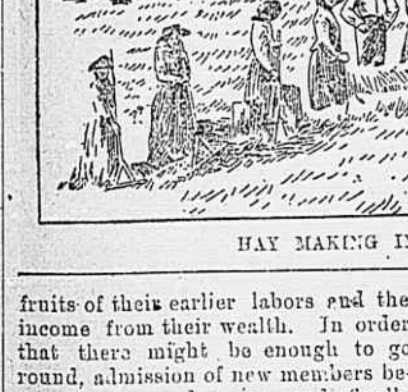


JOHN S. DUSS.
(President of the Harmony Society at Economy, Penn.)

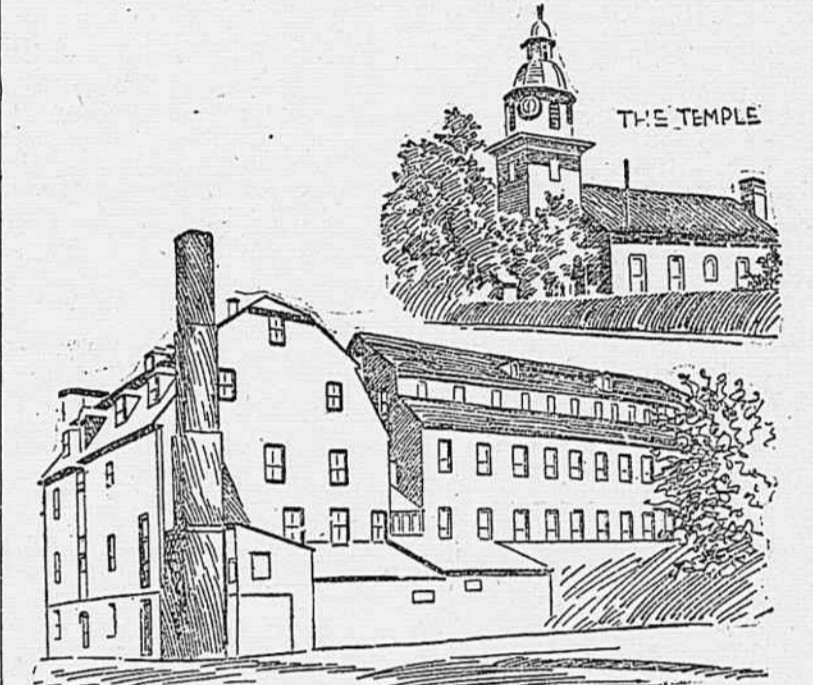
Members received no compensation for their labors. Some peculiar laws there were. No member was permitted to marry. "Father" Rapp's theory being that every member should be able to add his share to the general endeavor. Thus there were no members born into the society, but all recruits came by election. The members looked not to the future, but thought only to secure contentment and plenty in this world and everlasting happiness in the next. A tenet of the commune was that when "Father" Rapp died Christ was to make His second appearance on earth and take all members to His bosom.

During "Father" Rapp's lifetime, and under his administration, the society prospered wonderfully. Notwithstanding that a sufficiency was all that was aimed at in the industry of the members brought annually a large surplus, and wealth accumulated. "Father" Rapp made profitable investments of the society's funds.

In the later days of Rapp's reign the society reached the height of its prosperity. After his death, however, disintegration began. By this time all the original members had far past the prime of life, and were well content to abate a little of their efforts and enjoy more at ease the



HAY MAKING IN THE OLD DAYS.



THE LABORATORY, OLD MILL AND "GREAT HOUSE" OF THE HARMONY SOCIETY

fruits of their earlier labors and the income from their wealth. In order that there might be enough to go round, admission of new members became rarer and rarer, and finally ceased altogether. The lands of the community were leased to tenants, while the aging brothers and sisters came to pass their declining years in peace and free from toil.

Now but seven remain, six aged thus the youngest member of the society became its head.

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MRS. DUSS.

for the society in all of these corporations. Up to the time he was eighty-seven years old he preached, played the organ and led the choir in the "Temple" on Sundays.

A unique mausoleum marks the resting place of Father Rapp, in the "Great Garden," which is Economy's park, in the center of the town. In this garden the Economy Society has held its "harvest home festivals" for home, "invariably held after the grain harvest has been garnered, is the thank offering to God for His beneficence. Each of these festivals in recent years has seen fewer and fewer of the aged members of the society in their accustomed places in the front benches, while the attendance of outsiders has increased each year.

John Duss has welcomed the outsiders, and has introduced many innovations on these occasions. He has organized a band among the society's tenants and built a gaudy band pavilion, too, in the "Great Garden."

At the entrance to the "Great Garden" stands the "Great House," Father Henrici spent his last days in the house. The "Great House" has been a subject of controversy in the case before the courts. It is alleged that Dr. Cyrus Teed was introduced to the society and preached his doctrines in Economy, with a view to transferring his colony there and making it a part of the Harmony Society. Duss, the petitioners allege, "built a fine house before Father Henrici's death for the accommodation of Teed and some of his principal followers." This raised a rebellion among the Harmonites and resulted in the withdrawal of some of the members, "who received certain sums of money at their departure." This dissatisfaction, it is said, caused the abandonment of the Teed scheme. So the Harmony Society, born in peace and good will, seems doomed to go to pieces in the courts, unless legal delays can postpone adjudication some years when there is apt to be left of those interested only—John Duss.

The Language of the Turk.
The Turkish language is said by scholars to be the softest and most musical language of modern times, being better adapted to the purpose of musical notation and recitation than even the Italian.