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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

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WAITING.

Soreno I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I have no more of glad time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me,
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy for coming years;
My heart shall rest where it has been,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flow the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come brightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

BROTHER TO NECESSITY.

BY HELEN HICKS.

Alec McPherson's mother was never tired of showing little Alec the picture in the album of Aunt Morse, whose son had become a millionaire. Alec, York, or of talking of her cousin, who was senator at Ottawa, and her sister-in-law's brother, who had been appointed lieutenant-governor of a province once, but who had died inadvertently before he was sworn in. Little Alec looked upon these distinctions with indifference. He had seen them good. He saw that the men who got respect and consideration when they came to his father's house were not farmers like his father, but the doctor in the black coat, who ordered somebody to hold his horse and asked the minister, who kept the men after a hearty dinner from the hay, while he was praying, and a thunder cloud was gathering overhead. It was for men like these that the silver and the best table napkins were brought out, and the household routine set aside as a thing of small consequence. The boy began to be ashamed of an occupation that compelled a man to wear rough clothes and carry rough hands, and the town made him shy and ill at ease.

Mrs. McPherson's remedy for the disadvantage under which her son had been born was education. She told him what it could do. Education could make him a gentleman, give him money and clothes, and respect and power, and put his heel on the neck of men who otherwise would have their heel on his neck. So it came about that by the time Alec was 24 and his father laid safely to rest under the sod, the boy had taken his bachelor's degree at college, spent a year abroad and was plunging into the study of Blackstone and the civil code.

It was on an evening in early spring that he came home. There was still frost in the air, and a light coming on with a moon that was no more than a tilted horn wracked with clouds and insignificant beside the lights beginning to come out in the houses. After 10 miles in a stage over this barren country, sole passenger, huddled into a corner, with a rag wrapped round his knees and his hands thrust deep into his overcoat pockets, the gust of yellow light from his own door was the welcome of sights. The low-ceiled room, the familiar expanse of the wall, the mother's lined face under the gray hair, were furniture of his earliest recollections. "Mother," he said, "my health is broken down. If I don't get help somewhere I'm useless for life!"

He told his story, his nervousness, his sleeplessness, all the long months he had spent trying to work and doing nothing. "Ever since that hot day last summer when I was overcome by the heat, I've never been the same since. When I went back to lectures, I went on. 'I couldn't work. There was a doctor I knew, a young fellow. He thought he could fix me up. Bromide, morphia, chloral—I tried them all. Then I went to a specialist, and he told me everything. It was a shock to the brain; I was a victim of neurasthenia. Mother, I may live to be an old man, but I'll never be good for anything, so far as head work is concerned, again."

Mrs. McPherson stood up indignantly. "Alec! With your constitution! A little thing like that can't break you down. Your father was a strong man, and I'm sure there's never been much sickness on my side of the house." "Yes," he said, "that was what the doctor said. He said it was in my favor that I came of country people and hadn't inherited the hysteria and debilitated nerves that are the curse of the city."

Mrs. McPherson came back to the farm, with his clenched hand holding his head; then looking round him, "I was in a hospital for a while," he said. "Thank God, I'm home!"

One day in the middle of the forenoon Alec came downstairs with the unusual feeling that he was a slug-gard. The sun was strong, and just outside the door a turkey cock danced itself in its warmth; the bees were busy in the flowers; the men were saying, "He took his hat and went out, walking past the barn, and along a lane where beside him lay a field of potatoes, their regularly spaced clumps of green radiating like the spokes of a wheel from whatever point the eye chose as a beginning. An unremarkable man was walking between two rows that ran parallel to the fence. In one hand he held a pail filled with green-tinted water, and in the other a whitewash brush. He dipped his brush in the green water and flounced it over the potato tops on either side, and talked aloud to himself as he walked. "Saul has slain thousands, and David tens of thousands; but I'm slayin' millions of 'em—millions!"

"Hello, Henry," Alec called leaning over the fence; "Paris-greening the potato bugs?" The man set down his pail and stood erect. "Yes, but it does mighty little good," he drawled. "This new man Crawford that's just bought the old Garrison place has got a potato patch over there, and his bugs believes in reciprocity. Line fences is no obstruction to them fella's." "Doesn't Crawford believe in Paris green?" he asked. "No, not in hoin', neither, I guess."

Alec laughed. "Mr. Crawford doesn't seem to be a thriving farmer."

"Wall now, Mr. McPherson," Henry said, briskly, as if entering on a topic that interested him. "Mr. Crawford, he thinks hisself a gentleman, but he don't own that farm no more nor I do,

drive me away. This is the dearest place on earth to me. I can understand Horace now! 'Happy is the man who, far from business, like the ancient race of men, works his paternal fields with his own ox.' I can understand that now." Mrs. McPherson picked up the lamp and set it down with fierce emphasis. "Then I suppose the truth is it's that girl that's keeping you here," she burst out.

"What do you mean?" he asked hotly. "I mean," she said, without quailing before his angry eyes, "that I suppose it's that Crawford girl hanging after. The dear knows what else keeps you here. You don't seem able to tell. I think you must be pretty soft. To see her eyes following me round like a tame cat would be enough for me. I was young once. It made me sick. I should think she'd be the laughing stock of the neighborhood." Her son looked at her in blank amazement. "Oh, she knows which side her bread is buttered on. You'd be a pretty good catch for her, wouldn't you? I'll tell you something, too," she went on, hoarsely. "If you take up with such trash as that, don't come here again. As long as my head is above the soil this house is mine, and if you go against me, keep out of it. God knows I've loved to give you chances to make yourself somebody! Yes, you've been dearer to me than the apple of my eye, but unless you make up your mind to go back, I will never own you for a son again."

She turned her back upon him and marched away with her usual soldier-like tread, and he heard the key turn in the lock as she closed her bedroom door. He flung out of the house in a passion of opposition. O the shoddy pride, the vulgarity of it all! Some words of Tolstoy's recurred to him, printed without flaw on his memory: "Everything which I need to think bad and low—the rusticity of the peasant, the plainness of lodging, food, clothing, manners—all this has become good and great in my eyes." He leaned against the railing of the little wooden bridge and listened to the hurly of water underneath. There was a watery, intermittent moonlight, and every now and then a snowflake, damp and adhesive, touched his cheek. He looked up and saw Lyddy standing in the road, her startled face peer- ing at him from its framing of black shawl. With an exclamation of joy he went quickly to meet her. —New England Homestead.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A peculiar custom on Hampstead Heath, England, for the week following the annual bank holiday is the plying of kiss-in-the-ring on a large scale on a special part of the West Heath, between the Spaniards road and the North End Paddock. At no other time is it indulged in systematically. Many visitors join the sport.

A Minnesota man captured a king-fisher when it was young, made a pet of it, and trained the bird to capture fish and lay them at its master's feet. In summer the bird is taken to the river, where they are known to abound, and set at liberty. It poses high in the air, and suddenly dropping, grasps its victim and promptly delivers the fish to its master.

A ghastly discovery was made by Emma Schultz, a twelve-year-old girl, of Napoleon, O., while fishing in the canal. Her fishing jig became entangled and she gave a sharp jerk and brought a bunch of hair to the surface. On investigation the body of a man was found and was identified as that of the girl's own father. He was seventy years old, and was subject to epilepsy.

Philadelphia has a coin dated 1891, which has a head on either side, showing that mistakes are made even at the mint. Every finished coin passes through the hands of a great many experts, and there is little chance of an imperfect piece escaping this scrutiny. There are said to be many of them in circulation, however. No particular value is attached to a coin outside of their rarity as curiosities.

Humboldt states that during his travels he saw shirts growing on trees. To quote his own words: "We saw on the slope of the Cerro Dindia shirt trees fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter from which they peel the red and fibrous bark without making longitudinal incisions. This bark affords them a garment which resembles a sack of coarse texture without a seam. 'As in this climate the riches of nature are regarded as the primary cause of indolence, missionaries do not fail to say in showing the shirts of Maripa: 'In the forests of Orinoco garments are found ready made upon the trees.'"

A short time ago the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad had to issue a pathetic advertisement in its local papers. They had fixed a twenty-eight ton steel bridge on three flat cars chained together and dispatched it to Dayton, Ohio, with their blessing. At an intermediate station the bridge was observed to be bearing the journey extremely well, and was seemingly in the best of spirits; nevertheless, when the train arrived at its destination not a sign of the bridge could be discovered, and, owing to the inability of the company to discover any trace of their lost property, the advertisement was issued, begging the public should it meet with a wandering bridge, to return it to its owners with all dispatch, when a substantial reward would be given in exchange.

Novel Cycling Game.
Nowadays, when cycling is so popular, it is amusing to combine a picnic with a paper chase. You choose a place to lunch at in a part of the country where there are many intersecting roads and lanes. The party all arrive on bicycles, and after lunch they are chosen for lanes, bags of paper are sent off with a few minutes' start. Riding up side lanes, scattering the paper on a false scent, in order to mislead the hounds, takes time, and the hares ought to be particularly good at turning sharply when they have to retrace their steps; but if they are strong cyclists and their tires hold out, they are not often caught.

The British Forces in South Africa.

Tremendous Preparations Made For the Contest With the Boers.
FLOWER OF THE ARMY IN THE FIELD.

THE whole of Europe is watching Great Britain at this crucial moment in her military affairs. Foreign statesmen and military experts regard the result of the war with the Boers as a foregone conclusion. What they seek with such anxious interest is her tremendous preparations for the contest.

By the result of these efforts will her strength be gauged. In assembling an army twice as large as that which she sent to the Crimea and considerably greater than Wellington's force at Waterloo, England is offering an illustration, for the first time in many decades, of her ability to fight on the land.

Although her naval strength has often been demonstrated to advantage, it has still been a matter of doubt whether her military arm would compare favorably with that of continental nations, and in the throes of such a test she has been engaged recently day and night.

Gangs of men are working incessantly at the ports on England's shores, transforming liners into troop ships. Largely augmented forces are ceaselessly turning out ammunition and ordnance stores.

Meanwhile the men for whose these implements of war are being made are pouring out of barracks to the ports, standing by to embark, drilling, manœuvring and practising at targets every spare hour. The reserves are

ready in South Africa or under orders to go there, are the First (Royal) Dragoons, the Royal Scots Greys, the Sixth Inniskillings, the Sixth Dragoon Guards, the Tenth Hussars, the Twelfth Lancers, the Royal Munster Regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, the Black Watch, the Highland Light Infantry, the Liverpool Regiment, the Eighteenth Hussars and the Northumberland Fusiliers. All of these have records which would tell the story of most of the victories and not a few of the defeats achieved and sustained by the British army since



TYPES OF THE BRITISH FORCES OPERATING AGAINST THE BOERS.



GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER.

He commands the British forces in the field in South Africa.

swarming into Aldershot in unbroken batches and reshouldering their rifles as if the transformation from civil to military life were merely an everyday occurrence.

The huge mobilization at Aldershot is now in charge of Major-General Thomas Kelly-Kenny, Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces and Recruiting, who has succeeded General Sir Redvers Buller. All the work is new. It is the first time that anything of the kind has been attempted since the short-service system went into effect. A visit to Aldershot produces the impression that everything is going like clockwork, but it is too early yet to express a definite opinion regarding the British mobilization.

For the reserves themselves, who are obliged to leave their wives and families on a pitiful pittance from the Government, much public sympathy has been aroused, exemplifying the truth of Rudyard Kipling's jest, "A special train for Atkins when the band begins to play."

A number of reserves who were not called out have asked to be allowed to serve in South Africa, and a similar spirit of spontaneous, practical patriotism is seen on all sides. Sir Redvers Buller's force includes the flower of the English nobility.

The most remarkable point in connection with the transport arrangements is that about eighty ships can be taken into the Government service without materially disturbing the shipping trade.

The weakest joint in the whole mobilization seems to be the Army Service Corps, corresponding to the United States Commissary. The various stations have been gutted to obtain the necessary officers and men, yet many line officers assure the Associated



PRIVATE OF THE EIGHTEENTH HUSSARS.

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BRITISH FIELD ARTILLERY ON THE NATAL BORDER.

to the high position he now holds. In the Victoria Cross in the retreat of Inhlobo. On that occasion he saved the life of a brother officer who was retreating on foot, having pursued by the Zulua. This gallant deed was only a sample of his conduct. Since that time Buller has been a conspicuous figure in the

unpleasant discovery will form the subject of inquiry in Parliament goes without saying."

No matter what the general opinion may be as to the merits of the quarrel between England and the Transvaal, all the world believes that the former will freely spend both blood and treasure to establish her side of the argument. The troops which she will put into the field include many of the most famous regiments that have ever fought beneath English colors. This very fact should count for something in deciding the issue. The Boer, of course, will just as cheerfully shoot at a guardsman or a Gordon as at a member of the House of Commons, but he should always be remembered, in measuring the relative value of the two armies, that while the burgher has no regimental traditions and morale to preserve, the British has both, coupled with a devotion to his Queen, which should pretty nearly match the patriotic ardor of his Dutch antagonist.

Among the historic regiments al-

are beginning to blame each other for various delays, but it is scarcely apparent that there has yet been any serious lack of facilities.

The ship brokers have undoubtedly worked something like a corner on the Admiralty, as they did during the Hispano-American War, and the recent breakdown of two transports is

Manjuba Hill and vainly endeavored to hold that position against the Boer attack. Major Hay and Singleton and Lieutenant Hamilton were wounded, Singleton fatally and Captain Macgregor and Lieutenants Wright, Macdonald and Stanout taken prisoners.

One of Job's Comforters.

Some persons have peculiar ideas of how to cheer one up. A fond Brooklyn mother was encouraging the other day at the breakfast table to comfort her daughter who had not received a letter for several days from her fiancé. "I am sure he is forgetting me," wailed Georgianna, refusing to eat her toast.

"Oh, I don't think so, dear," said the fond mother. "He always used to say he couldn't possibly do it."

"But I never believed him," exclaimed Georgianna, shaking her head defiantly. "He's so taken up with the fall shooting that he thinks of nothing else."

Mamma tried once more. "Perhaps his gun exploded and he has been so injured that he couldn't write," she said soothingly.

Georgianna instantly burst into tears, and the good old mother was keenly disappointed that her effort to comfort the girl had so signally failed. —New York Tribune.

An Extraordinary Mountain.

Near the little station of Maravillas, Peru, which means "marvelous," on the Southern railway, there is a mountain of which the most extraordinary stories are told. It is claimed to be a solid mass of ores of all varieties indiscriminately mixed, and as one citizen declared, "all you have to do is to blindfold your eyes, turn around three times, throw a little salt over your left shoulder, then begin to dig where your spade strikes and you can get any kind of ore you want—gold, silver, copper, lead, tin, antimony or anything else—and it lies right on the surface like gravel." The fact that this extraordinary mineralogical phenomenon has not been utilized, however, rather detracts from the interest of the story. —Chicago Record.

An Obliging Husband.

That husband of mine never did appreciate a joke," said one woman to another.

"Why, how is that?" asked her friend.

"Mrs. told me this joke the other day," said she. "Why don't you get ten cents' worth of borax?" I asked "What for?" and she replied, "Why, for ten cents." When I went home I sprang it on John. I said, "John, why don't you get ten cents' worth of borax?" He made no reply, but went out and shortly returned with a small package. I said, "What is that?" and he replied, "Why, that's the ten cents' worth of borax you wanted." John never did appreciate a joke. —Albany Evening Journal.

Gave Them Fair Warning.

A Vienna paper relates that not two days ago three soldiers were drowned in a military swimming school at that city. A few days later an officer harangued his soldiers as follows: "I want you all to be careful not to get drowned, because that creates no end of bother for the Colonel and the Captain. Besides, it is in your own interest, too!"

The railway mileage of Russia now amounts to 29,000 miles, which includes the great Siberian extension.

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