

THE NATIONAL BANK OF AUGUSTA
 L. C. HAYNE, Pres. F. G. FORD, Cashier.
Capital, \$250,000.
 Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$110,000.
 Facilities of our magnificent New Vault containing 40 Safety-locks. Different sizes are offered to suit patrons and the public at \$2.00 to \$10.00 per annum.

Edgefield Advertiser.

THE PLANTERS LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK.
 Pays Interest on Deposits, Accounts Solicited.
 L. C. HAYNE, President.
 W. C. WARDLAW, Cashier.
 AUGUSTA, GA.

THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1899.

VOL. LXIV. NO. 51.

JAMES B. WALKER.

WARREN WALKER.

Walker & Walker,
 COTTON FACTORS,
 827 REYNOLDS ST., AUGUSTA, GA.

STRICT PERSONAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL BUSINESS.

THE BEST FACILITIES FOR HANDLING AND SELLING

EITHER SQUARE, RECTANGULAR OR ROUND BALES.
 MODERN STANDARD FIREPROOF WAREHOUSE.
 LIBERAL ADVANCES ON ALL CONSIGNMENTS.

BAGGING AND TIES ALSO FOR SALE.

If You Want
KENTUCKY WHISKEY,
 ORDER IT FROM KENTUCKY.

Send Us \$3.00 and We Will Ship You Four (4) Full Quarts of The Celebrated Old

Mammoth Cave
 Bourbon or Rye.

Expressage Paid (To any point in U. S. East of Denver). Securely packed without marks indicating contents.

AUG. COLDEWEY & CO.,
 No. 231 W. Main Street, Louisville, Ky.
 EST. 1848. REFERENCE, ANY LOCAL BANK.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS.

Keep a place for laughter—
 Joy will fill the years—
 But here, dear—hereafter—
 "Keep a place for tears."
 For laughter leaves us lonely,
 And when the joy is past,
 Tears that are absent-mindedly,
 Wring white the soul at last.
 F. L. Stanton.

A PANTHER'S LOST BREAKFAST.

YOU may go over and spend the day with Aunt Lydia," said Mrs. Mayfield to her daughter Mary. "I'll be back by sundown, sure, and if you're here by five o'clock you'll be likely to find me. Or you can stay all night with Aunt Lydia, if you want to. It's too bad Cousin Mildred should have taken down sick while you're over, and you are off with the cattle. But I'll have to go to her for a day, anyway."

"Well, good-by, mother," said fourteen-year-old Mary. "I guess I can take care of myself. I don't believe I shall go to Aunt Lydia's, either—that is, unless I get scared some way." "It's kind of lonely, I guess you'd better," said Mrs. Mayfield, as she started to walk to the cabin of her married cousin, three miles away through the woods.

In that remote corner of Michigan there were then only five families within ten miles of the Mayfields, and the neighbors seldom saw each other except on Sundays, when they all met at the little rough-board church in the valley. Each household led an isolated and self-sufficient life; but when any woman or girl was left on her own she felt herself to be almost as completely deserted as was Robinson Crusoe.

Mary busied herself with some household duties for a while after her mother left. Then she went out and fed the few clamorous hens, and gave her pet lamb a basin of milk. "I believe I will go to Aunt Lydia's," she said to herself, looking up at the deserted house. "It is so lonely here! The woods are so still, all around, that it almost seems as if I could hear the wild creatures moving in the brush. What if a bear or a panther should hear my lamb bleating in the barnyard and come after it? I wish the little thing would keep still. Doxie, Doxie, what makes you cry? There, pet, come out here for a little while, and see if you won't feel better."

Mary went into the barn and brought the lamb out in her arms. The little creature heaved its cries at her touch, but it began restlessly sniffing the vaporous, odorless, early morning air. Dew still decked the grass; the shadow of the eastward-pointing mill fell across the pasture and the barnyard with a twilight effect. The sunbeams had reached the house, however, and Mary moved instinctively toward the patch of brightness, with the trembling lamb in her arms.

"Why, Doxie, I never knew you to act so before," she cried. "What makes you so frightened, pet? Why, why?" As the lamb struggled in her arms, Mary looked apprehensively around; was it for fear of something behind her? One backward glance; then, with a shriek, she fled toward the house.

Crouching and crawling on top of the barn-yard fence was a great, tawny beast, with catlike head, gleaming eyes, and a long tail that lashed nervously to and fro, as the animal advanced. Mary had heard so many stories and descriptions of the panther that, although she had never seen one before, she knew this beast in a moment.

Her heart was in her throat as she sprang for the open kitchen door with the lamb clutched to her bosom. Bewildered with fright, she did not close the door behind her, but sped upstairs and into her own chamber, dropped the door, and threw herself, panting and trembling, against it.

In a moment she realized how foolish she had been to neglect the door below; for she heard the big cat bound into the kitchen, and come sniffing up the staircase, slowly and deliberately. It could climb a tree like a squirrel, but it may have thought the staircase too suspiciously easy.

"Oh! what shall I do?" sobbed poor Mary, wringing her hands. "I can't keep him out of here! He'll break down this thin door in a minute, and eat me up, and Doxie, too!" Her eyes fell on the narrow window of the chamber, high up in the gable, looking out over the roof of the kitchen. She snatched a chair, ran to the window, climbed up, opened the sash, and was about to go out on the roof when the lamb bleated. Mary looked back.

"Poor little Doxie, you shouldn't have eaten up!" she cried, bounding back to the door with a new nerve gleaming. She caught the lamb, sprang back to the chair, climbed up and put her little pet out on the roof, just as the sound of fierce, rending claws came from the door. With a prayer in her heart that God would keep the panther back just a minute longer, she grasped the casement outside, and began to draw her self painfully through the window.

The space was very narrow—so narrow that she had to turn sideways in order to squeeze into it at all. For a little while it seemed as if she could not get through, but she let her breath out, shrank as small as she could, and with a frantic effort that nearly tore her dress off, wriggled through and drew down the sash behind her. As yet she had not heard the panther enter the chamber, and she dared not look back to see if he were there. How strange it seemed to be sitting out there in the broad morning sunshine, with the frightened lamb nestling in her lap, and the chimney-swallow circling around her head, the woods so peaceful, the little pasture sparkling with the dew, all outdoors so serene, so indifferent, and yet that dreadful panther in the quietness of the house seeking her life!

IMPROVED BIRD HOUSES.

beside it! What if he should climb it? The great stick of timber from which the bucket was hung reached from the earth, where its box of stones weighed down the larger end, to a point over the well, within six feet of the edge of the kitchen roof. Suppose the panther should climb the sweep? Could he reach a point from which he could leap to the roof, before his weight should cause the balanced timber to tip the other way?

The crouching cat moved even more swiftly than Mary expected. With a light, lithe spring he grasped the sweep just below the point where it fitted into the crotch of the upright post. Then he began to climb quickly upward.

The girl trembled and shivered and stared, bewildered, at the blazing, hungry eyes and creeping form. The roof was her last refuge. Should the famished panther reach that, nothing but help from outside could save her life.

The beast was ascending more slowly. He seemed now to suspect the sweep, for he stopped frequently and sniffed the timber in front of him before resuming his slow and careful creeping. He passed the upright post, and still the heavily-weighted lower end of the sweep remained upon the ground.

The panther began to crouch low, and gripped the timber more firmly with his claws. He was getting ready to spring.

But he did not leap when he prepared to do so. It seemed to occur to him that he could leap lightly along this seeming branch and spring from very near the end of it. He rose higher and came on as a cat trots on a fence. Mary, staring, shrieked and shrieked. Then, suddenly, the bucket-rud of the sweep went down with a rush. The weighted end went up; the surprised panther pitched head first, claved desperately, trying to keep his hold, and did not wholly lose it until he was a few inches from the over the well. Then into the well he pitched, headlong.

Down he went, with a scrambling clatter. Then Mary heard a hollow sounding splash, twenty feet below the ground surface, as the beast went head foremost into the water. For several minutes there was a great tumult in the well—an unearthly screaming, a frantic dashing and splashing of water, and scolding and chattering of birds. But all was quiet, and the screaming girl began to draw full breaths again, long before an hour had passed.

The foranion was far advanced, however, when Mary ventured to pry up her chamber window and slip back into the house. Taking Doxie with her, she stole down-stairs, and closed and barred the heavy kitchen door. Then, feeling sick and faint, she lay down on the lounge, and presently fell asleep, exhausted by the nervous reaction.

The next thing she heard was a knock at the kitchen door, and her mother calling: "Mary! Are you there, child? Let me in!" As soon as she heard her daughter's story, Mrs. Mayfield went and looked into the well. Down in the gloom, projected slightly above the surface of the water, was something—she could not tell what. She let down the bucket, but it struck a solid mass, and could not be dipped. "I declare, Mary," she exclaimed, "I believe your panther is actually drowned in the well!"

Mary laughed nervously. "He either drowned," she said, "or went through to China, for he certainly didn't come up again."—L. W. Lawrence, in Youth's Companion.

Old-Time Kentucky Feuds.
 "The Kentucky feuds of recent days, which have been so extensively advertised in the newspapers, are mild affairs compared to the feuds of the ante-bellum times," said Mr. R. J. McCullam, of Louisville, at the Normal.

"Though a lad at the time, I well remember the long protracted and bloody feud," that raged in Green County between the Wallaces and Lises. Hardly a day passed that either a Wallace or Lisle was not killed, for there was numerous original on each side, and the sons of the original foes kept up the quarrel of their fathers. Both families were of Scotch blood and fought with the desperation of their Highland progenitors. Whenever a Lisle met a Wallace, whether at a picnic, a horse race or at elections, pistols were simultaneously drawn and the shooting began.

"As a rule these killings were never followed by any legal punishment, but I recall that on one occasion a Wallace was sent to the penitentiary for sending a bullet from his rifle straight through the skull of a Lisle after Lisle had emptied his pistol at the other. Public sentiment was strongly on the side of the survivor, and so Wallace was pardoned on a petition of leading citizens after he had served but six months. The Civil War came on and put an end to the vendetta, the Wallaces allying themselves with the South and their enemies entering the Union army. In all no less than fifty men were killed as a result of this intestine strife."
 —Washington Post.

THE SOUTH'S "ALL'S WELL."

By R. H. EDMONDS.

Ten years ago the South fought its first skirmish in the endless battle that ever rages for the world's commercial supremacy. Its pig-iron entered the markets so long dominated by Pennsylvania furnaces, and to the dismay of those who had profited to the hilt from its rivalry, won a substantial victory. Alabama iron became a factor in every iron-consuming center, and from this position it could not be dislodged. About the same time Southern cotton mills were forcing their product into successful competition with the output of New England mills. But as Pennsylvania iron and steel people took refuge in the claim that the South would never advance beyond the iron-making stage, that it could never become a factor in the higher forms of finished goods and in steel-making, so the New England mills lulled themselves into a sense of security on the claim that though Southern mills might make coarse goods, they could never acquire the skill and the capital needed for the finer goods.

In the light of what has been accomplished within ten years, it seems very strange that such arguments as these should have done duty in so many newspapers and in so many gatherings.

A Prophecy.
 Judge Kelley—"Pig-Iron Kelly," as he was familiarly known—had been wiser than his people. Nearly twenty years ago he proclaimed the coming power of the South in all industrial pursuits, and heralded it not as a disaster to Pennsylvania and to New England, but as an added strength to the industrial power of the country.

"The development of the South," said he, "means the enrichment of the nation." In this light the progress of the South should be watched, for while its industry, upbuilding may mean the changing of some forms of industry in other sections, there is versatility enough in our people and in our country to find a new avenue for the employment of brains and energy and capital for every one that may be closed by changing business conditions. New England may yield the scepter of cotton-manufacturing to the South, but New England will find new openings for its tireless energy and its accumulated capital.

The South will become enormously wealthy through the change, but New England will not be made the poorer.

Just about the time when the South was winning these first skirmishes, and when its people were dazzled by the new opportunities of employment and wealth creation which were opening before them after the darkness of thirty years of war and reconstruction trials, there came the world-wide

COAL MINED—TONS.

1890. 1899.
 5,350,000. 11,274,840.

in building coke-ovens; for a ready demand meets every ton produced, with a profit that makes glad the stockholders.

The Phosphate Industry.
 Turning from iron and coal to the almost fabulous profits which they are yielding to other industries, phosphate-mining looms into prominence. Up to ten years ago South Carolina was the only American source of phosphate rock, and our fertilizer factories, as well as those of Europe, had to depend upon the few hundred thousand tons which that State annually produced. Then it was discovered that Florida had vast phosphate beds, and soon that State surpassed South Carolina in this industry. Two or three years later similar discoveries were made in Tennessee, and the mining activity which has followed reminds one of the tales of de-

velopment in new gold regions. Ten years ago the South's output of phosphate rock was not more than 750,000 tons; this year it will be 2,000,000 tons. What this means in the diversification and improvement of agricultural conditions is too broad a subject for treatment here.

Possessing one-half of the standing timber of the United States, the South is building up immense lumber and wood-working interests, and throughout the entire lumber and wood-working industry is as prosperous as in other sections.

Though the value of the raised in that section exceed the value of the cotton, it is still the dominant business life of the South country has such a non-agricultural staple of such influence as the South has Cotton and cotton-seed bring to Southern farmers an average of \$300,000,000 a year. The comparatively new industry of cotton-seed oil making now employs over \$40,000,000 of capital, and yields an annual product of upwards of \$50,000,000. From Galveston alone the foreign exports of cotton oil and cotton-seed meal are averaging nearly 1,000 tons a day. Of this industry the South has almost as much of a monopoly as it has of cotton-growing, but in the manufacture

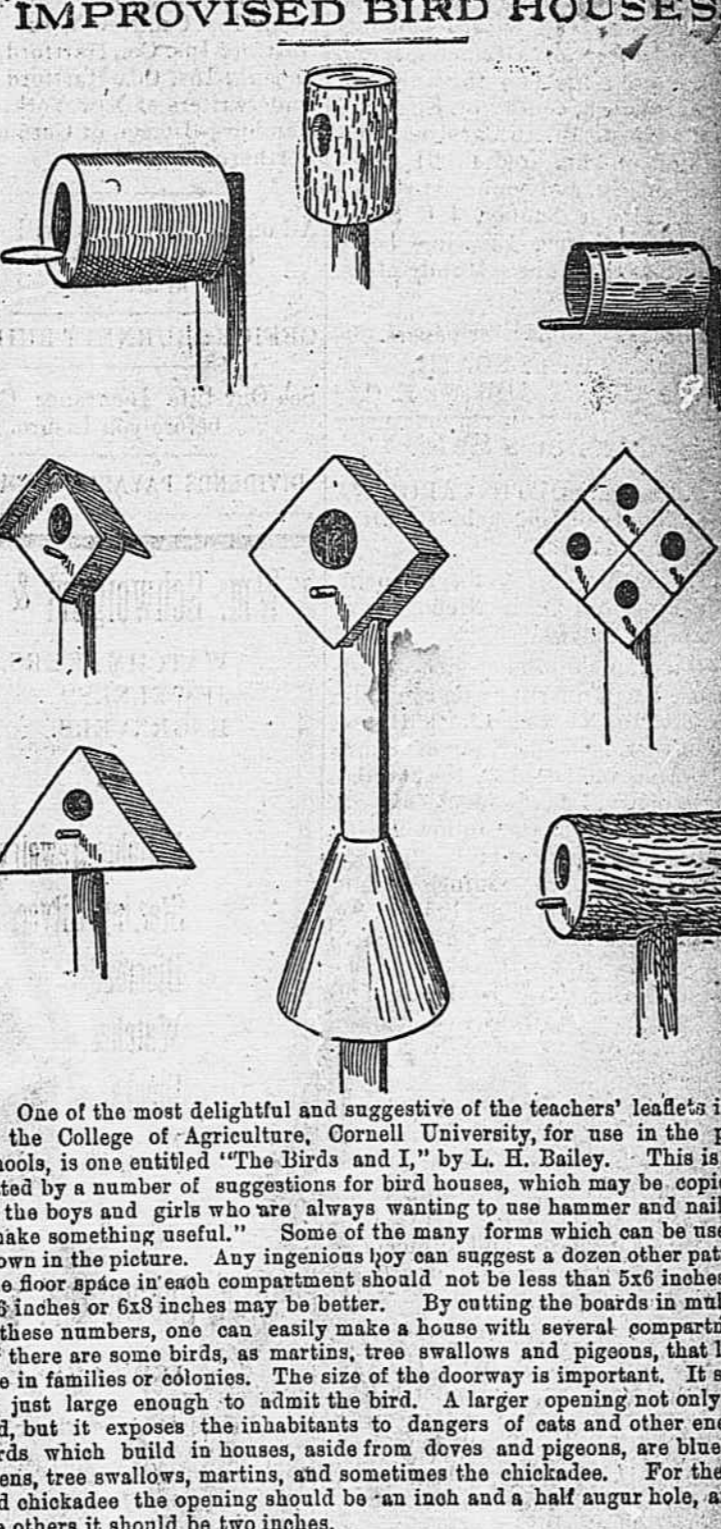
of cotton goods this section, though making marvelous progress, is still only getting well started. There are about 100,000,000 cotton-spindles in the world. The South furnishes the cotton for about three-fourths of these, or 75,000,000 spindles; but has only 5,000,000 spindles. To consume in its own mills its crop of 10,000,000 to 11,000,000 bales would require the investment of over \$1,500,000 in new mills, and long before that point could be reached, even at the present rapid growth, the world will annually require 80,000,000 spindles. In 1880 the South started on its cotton-mill development with a basis of 667,000 spindles, representing a capital of \$21,000,000. By 1890 it had \$61,000,000 capital in this industry and 1,700,000 spindles. To-day it has 5,000,000 spindles and about \$125,000,000 of capital invested in cotton mills, while mills under construction represent about \$25,000,000 more. The most significant sign of the times in this industry is that New England mill-owners, recognizing that the South is bound to win, are transferring large capital to Southern mills. A number of the leading mill companies of the former section have, during the last few years, built branch mills costing from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 each, in the South; and now one of

steel interests. Henceforth the world was the market for Southern iron. When this point had been reached, the next step was to build steel-works commensurate with what has been accomplished in iron-making; and to-day two gigantic plants—one to make steel billets, and the other to make finished steel products—are nearing completion at Birmingham. They have cost about \$2,500,000. They have

already booked heavy orders for steel billets for shipment during the year. A number of trapezoidal built during the boom of 1898-99, and which have been idle ever since, have lately been bought by strong companies, and are now being put into blast. With every

diversified interests the same story of progress and prosperity runs. The Newport News Ship Yard, with

over \$10,000,000 of work under contract, including two steamers of about



COAL MINED—TONS.

1890.	1899.
5,350,000.	11,274,840.

IRON CONSUMPTION IN SOUTHERN MILLS—BALES.

1890.	1898-99.
233,886.	1,399,000.

SPINDLES IN COTTON-MILLS.

1880.	1890.
667,000.	5,000,000.

PHOSPHATE MINED—TONS.

1880.	1899.
750,000.	2,000,000.

GRAIN PRODUCED—BUSHELS.

1890.	1898-99.
431,000,000.	736,000,000.

RAILROAD MILEAGE.

1880.	1899.
30,000.	50,000.

PIG-IRON PRODUCED—TONS.

1880.	1899.
897,000.	2,600,000.

CAPITAL INVESTED IN MANUFACTURING.

1880.	1899.
\$297,000,000.	\$1,000,000,000.

should be... will arrange to secure... this paint has a thick heavy body so that buyers can add Linseed oil and make the paint go further, and save money, as the oil will cost about fifty cents a gallon. Write to the company telling them what colors you want and how much, and price will be given. The paint contains the best material and a guarantee goes with every can, barrel and package of paint.

The Commercial Hotel,
 607 TO 619 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA.

L. P. PETTYJOHN, Proprietor.
 First Class in Every Respect.

Larger sample rooms, more front rooms, and more first floor rooms than any hotel in the city. Trains pass Broad street two doors from Hotel entrance.

European Plan, Rooms 50 and 75 Cents Per Day.
 W. J. RUTHERFORD. R. B. MORRIS.

W. J. Rutherford & Co.,
 Manufacturers of
BRICK
 And Dealers In

Lime, Cement Plaster, Hair, Fire Brick, Fire Clay, Ready Roofing And Other Material.

Write Us For Prices.
 CORNER REYNOLDS and WASHINGTON STREETS, AUGUSTA, GA.

GEO. P. COBB,
 JOHNSTON, S. C.
 Furniture and Household Goods,
 Wagons, Buggies, Harness, Saddles, Etc.
 —Have Just Purchased a New and—
BEAUTIFUL HEARSE.
 Calls by Telephone promptly answered and attended to.
LOWEST PRICES