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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1900.

VOL. LXV. NO. 7.

WEARY' FOR YOU.

Jes' a-weary' for you—
All the time you're here;
Whish' for you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen,
You'll be comin' home
Bestless—don't know what to do—
Jes' a-weary' for you!

Room's so lonesome with your chair,
Empty by the fire—
Jes' can't stand the sight of it!
Go out doors an' roam a bit;
But the woods is lonesome, too—
Jes' a-weary' for you!
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Business Arrangement.

There was a dead silence as the lawyer's clear official tones ceased and he glanced round at the company assembled in the spacious library—an ominous silence, the calm before the storm; and 'n another moment the storm broke.

"It is abominable!" cried Lady Adelaide Caruthers, with a fierce energy that accorded ill with her handsome mourning robes. "The will must be contested; Lord Mountathol was certainly mad when he made it."

"You would find it impossible to prove that assertion, Lady Adelaide," said the lawyer coldly. "We will grant that the late Lord Mountathol was eccentric, but he was sane as far as he was sane; and as there is no direct heir, he had a perfect right to leave his personal property as he wished."

"And he has left it to his secretary and his typewriter, on a condition that was doubtless arranged beforehand. A pretty state of affairs!" cried Lady Adelaide furiously.

A girl neatly but plainly dressed in black, who had been sitting in a distant corner, listening with a pale, distressed face while the curious was read, started up at these words and confronted the irate matron. She was a very pretty girl, evidently a lady. The color had fled from her cheeks and lips, and her big gray eyes were full of tears; but she held her slight figure proudly erect and spoke distinctly, though her voice was tremulous with indignation.

"You are wrong, Lady Adelaide! The condition was not arranged beforehand, and it will never be fulfilled!"

"Indeed!" sneered Lady Adelaide, with a glance of withering contempt. "And pray, what does the other interested person say? Is Mr. Trevelyan also willing to let this superb legacy lapse to the crown?"

Everyone except the poor agitated girl turned expectantly toward the secretary, Ralph Trevelyan, who stood near Mr. Denton, but his fine face wore an inscrutable expression.

"The terms of the will have surprised me as much as anyone, but I think it will be better to discuss the matter in private," he said calmly. "Do you agree with me, Mr. Denton?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered the lawyer. "There is no hurry; you have six months in which to make up your mind."

"Mine is made up," murmured Eva Withers, who was making brave efforts to restrain her tears. "Mr. Denton, I don't think my presence is required here any longer."

Bowing slightly to the lawyer, and nodding to Lady Adelaide, Eva walked to the door. Ralph Trevelyan sprang forward to open it, and looked at her eagerly, earnestly; but she passed him with averted face.

A minute or two afterward Lady Adelaide and the others departed, the former tossing her head indignantly and enunciating disjointed remarks concerning "scheming upstarts" and "dotting old fools," while the rest of the company discussed in subdued tones the strange freak that had led the late Lord Mountathol to leave ten thousand a year to his secretary, Ralph Trevelyan, and his typewriter, Eva Withers, on the sole condition that they become man and wife within six months of the testator's decease.

Mr. Denton had a brief consultation with Ralph Trevelyan, and then he sent a message by a servant asking Miss Withers if she was able to see him. She received him in the pretty sitting room that had been hers since she entered the service of her late employer.

"Dear Mr. Denton, this is terrible," Eva said, as she rose to meet the lawyer. "Lord Mountathol was always like a father to me. I'm sure he loved me as a daughter! What could have induced him to lay this—this humiliation on me?"

"I don't quite see where the humiliation comes in, my dear young lady," responded the lawyer, with a kindly twinkle in his eyes. "If Lord Mountathol loved you as a daughter—and he did—he loved Ralph Trevelyan as a son. Latterly it was the dearest wish of his life that you two might be married. Now come, my dear Miss Withers, think it over quietly. I have known Ralph Trevelyan since he was a boy, and I can assure you for a true gentleman in every sense of the word, a worthy descendant of an ancient and honorable line, a husband any woman might be proud of; while, on the other hand—well, I can only say that if I had been Ralph's age I should have envied his good fortune—the personal, not the financial, part of it," he concluded with a gallant little bow.

The ghost of a smile flitted over Eva's wan face.

"Ah, you would have been different, Mr. Denton," she said graciously. "But my mind is made up; I will have nothing to do with this scheme—it is hateful to me."

"Well, well," rejoined Denton good-humoredly, "I'm not going to try to influence you in any way; after all, it rests between the two of you. But I think you ought to give Mr. Trevelyan an opportunity of—shall we say, stating his view of the case?"

Eva hesitated for a moment and then answered, "You are right. I will see him now, if you will send him to me. The sooner it is over the better."

Left alone, Eva paced the room restlessly.

"I will not be bought and sold like a bale of goods," she murmured passionately. "If he had cared for me it would have been so different—but now—"

She paused by the window and stood looking out with affected nonchalance as Ralph Trevelyan entered the room. He advanced as far as the table and then stopped, looking at the slight

figure standing so haughtily aloof, and the defiant pose of the shapely head.

"This is a very ridiculous and embarrassing affair," Eva said coldly, finding that she was expected to speak first; but she did not touch her head, and the remark really might have been addressed to the birds outside.

"Embarrassing? Yes," he assented lamely.

"You heard my decision in the library just now?" Eva continued, still addressing herself to the windowpane. "It is impossible that the condition can be fulfilled."

A spasm of pain crossed his handsome face, but his voice was calm and steady as he replied:

"Yes, it seems rather impossible, but it is not a part of that Lord Mountathol's generous intention should be frustrated—that practically no one should benefit by this magnificent bequest?"

Eva turned at last and faced him with flashing eyes.

"What do you mean?" she demanded haughtily.

He drew a step nearer to her and spoke earnestly and impressively.

"Miss Withers, you, like myself, know what poverty is. You have told me what your life was before you obtained the position our late benefactor offered you. Are you willing to return to that life? To sit at a desk all day and go home at night to a lonely, cheerless room?—perhaps to wait work and not know where your next meal was to come from? Forgive me if I speak plainly; you know I speak truth."

"Yes, I know, but I say again I would rather—a thousand times rather—go back to that wretched life. I would rather starve than fulfill the conditions of this hateful will!"

"But you forget," he persisted. "You are not the only person concerned. I am equally interested in the matter."

"You?"

Most men would have winced under the scorn, the utter contempt conveyed in the monosyllable, but Ralph Trevelyan met her glance steadily. His face was pale and sad, but it expressed no shame.

"I propose that we should fulfill the terms of the will—no, pray hear me out—as a mere business arrangement. If you will honor me by going through the marriage ceremony with me, I will swear to relieve you of my hateful presence that hour. Instead of coming a precarious pound a week you will be absolute mistress of five thousand a year. Think what that means, Miss Withers, ere you give your decision. Think of the good you can do to others with such means at your disposal before you come to a hasty decision."

He had touched the right spot. During the last minute or so Eva had been sweeping up an outraged queen, endeavoring to master her almost uncontrollable indignation.

She paused again at her former post at the window and remained for a minute in silence.

"Very well," she said at last in a hard, constrained voice. "I accept your terms, Mr. Trevelyan. The details can be arranged at leisure, I presume? I—I need not detain you any longer."

She bent that haughty little head ever so slightly, and taking this as a sign of dismissal, he went sadly away, whereupon Eva sank down on the window seat and cried as though her heart would break.

The business arrangement was concluded in due course at a registrar's office, for both bride and bridegroom tacitly shrank from the mockery of a religious ceremony.

Eva maintained her attitude of proud reserve, and parted from her husband—in name only—without betraying the slightest emotion. Soon afterward she went abroad, under the name of a widowed gentlewoman, a friend of her early poverty stricken days. They traveled on the continent for some time; then, as the winter came on, they drifted to Madeira, a d from thence Eva decided to take a trip to the Cape.

"And I shall assume my own name," she said to her complacent companion, to whom her word was law. "If I have to be Mrs. Trevelyan in Europe I shall be Eva Withers in Africa."

Of Ralph Trevelyan she had seen nothing since the morning when they parted at the registrar's office.

On one delicious evening in November she sat on the veranda of the Grand hotel at Port Elizabeth, gazing wistfully out over the sea. She was alone, for Mrs. Mathieson was enjoying a post-prandial nap in the drawing room.

She did not perceive a tall figure approaching her in the moonlight, and started when the newcomer, Colonel Lennox, a recent arrival at the hotel, had halted beside her chair and spoke to her.

"A delightful night, isn't it, Miss Withers? I don't know who would winter in England when they could come out here to this sort of thing."

Eva murmured something polite and innocent for the colonel was a grizzled old veteran, and did not interest her particularly.

"There's no accounting for tastes," continued the colonel cheerfully. "Now, I know a fellow who might have come out with me, but who prefers to work himself to death in London. Ralph Trevelyan always was an obstinate young dog."

"Ralph Trevelyan?" gasped Eva.

"Yes, do you know him?"

"I know his name," she murmured.

"Ah, possibly you have heard the story about him; most ladies love a bit of romance. Well, Ralph Trevelyan—may I smoke? Thanks!—as I was saying, Trevelyan—he's the son

of my best friend; God bless him; he was shot down by my side at—

"Yes, yes," Eva interrupted eagerly; "but what about—oh, you said he was working himself to death."

"Ralph? Well, yes, something like it. You see, after he took his degree at Oxford he became secretary to an eccentric old nobleman, who died and left him a pot of money on condition he married a little typewriting girl and shared the spoil with her."

"Well?" breathed Eva.

"The girl hated him, though he's a decent lad enough; but lad as—well, well, we won't go into that—anyhow, Ralph persuaded her to go through a form of marriage, promising to take himself off immediately afterward. So the girl went gayly off with her fine income, but Ralph refused to touch a penny of it. He is now living in wretched rooms in a poky street off the Strand, 48 Stratford street, top floor, poor beggar, trying to keep body and soul together by doing literary work. You see, he acted entirely in the girl's interest throughout, and this is where the romantic part comes in—he was in love with her all the time, and is breaking his heart about it. Good heavens! are you ill, Miss Withers?"

"No, no, only I—I must go in. It's—it's getting cold."

"Well, shall I see you in the morning to arrange the picnic to Emerald Hill?"

"No, I—I'm afraid I shan't be able to go. We—we start for England tomorrow. Good night," Colonel Lennox.

And the agitated girl went in, while the colonel chuckled audibly as he lighted a fresh cigar.

"That's the girl, right enough; I felt sure of it. Now I hope the young fellow will leave off playing at cross purposes, and take the goods the gods provide."

LANDING SUPPLIES FOR THE BOERS AT DELAGOA BAY.



DENMARK ANXIOUS TO SELL HER WEST INDIAN ISLES.

Renews Negotiations With Us.



WITHIN the past few weeks the acquisition of the Danish West Indies by the United States before the end of the Fifty-sixth Congress, and perhaps before the end of the present session, has become to be regarded as certain by officials well informed as to the attitude of both Denmark and the United States Government in the matter. Denmark is willing to sell, and the United States are willing to buy, and in addition to this there are certain circumstances which, in the opinion of the officials concerned, will effectually dispose of any opposition to the purchase in the American Congress. It has been made clear to this Government that the Danish Government has definitely decided to dispose of its West Indian possessions without any great delay, and while the United States have first choice, Denmark has let it be understood that, failing to make a bargain with this country, she will seek a purchaser elsewhere, the Monroe doctrine to the contrary notwithstanding.

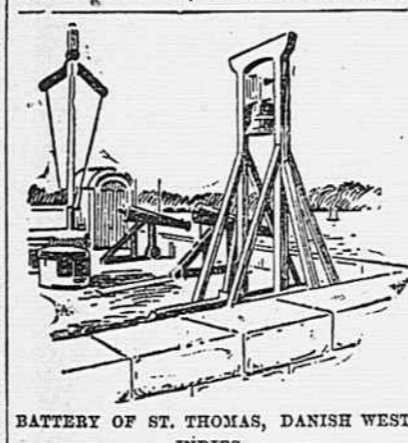
It is generally believed that Germany would be only too glad of an opportunity of securing the group, but she has been deterred from attempting to accomplish that end through her own and Denmark's regard for the position taken by the United States concerning the acquisition of territory on or adjacent to the American continent by European or other foreign nations. Should Congress fail to provide the amount necessary to buy the islands, an embarrassing international situation may be brought about by Denmark offering them to another nation, etc. Denmark's desire to get rid of the group is due mainly to the fact that the expense of maintaining the islands is greater than the revenues derived from them.

The price for the group was \$3,000,000. In the Seward treaty the price fixed was \$7,500,000, and this was for only two of the islands, St. Thomas and St. John. It was explained by Denmark at that time that she would not dispose of the remaining island, Santa Cruz, without the consent of France. This impediment has since been removed, and Denmark is now free to sell all three islands. The plan arranged for the transfer of the group to the United States will be initiated by the introduction in Congress of a bill appropriating \$3,000,000 for their purchase. Denmark has long desired to sell her three little islands in the West Indies, and she wished to drive a good bargain, and our Government thought the price she asked was too high. She did not care to sell at all till St. Thomas lost much of its commercial importance, and then \$7,500,000 was asked for that island and St. John, leaving St. Croix out of the question. She is now willing to take \$3,000,000 for the three islands. The inhabitants have always been willing to transfer their allegiance to our nation and Denmark is willing to part with the islands because they are of scarcely any advantage to her. She sells to them a little butter, but not much else. For years they have bought in



HARBOR OF ST. THOMAS, THE GEM OF THE DANISH WEST INDIES.

Thomas. Herein are congregated the bulk of its total population of perhaps 18,000 people, most of whom are colored. It is one of the prettiest towns in the West Indies, and that is saying much, when one has seen them all. For it has, first, the advantage of an unsurpassed situation, built upon and between three rounded hills, which buttress the backbone aforementioned. Along the shore are straggling rows of palms leaning lazily above benches of doubtful cleanliness and color, like some of the inhabitants. But above the main street, which runs around

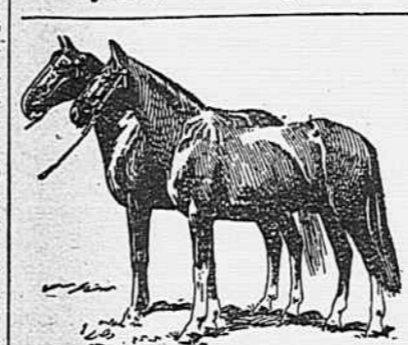


BATTERY OF ST. THOMAS, DANISH WEST INDIES.

the bay, there are others leading up the hills, and many flights of steps and stairs, wandering among gardens of fruit trees and fragrant flowers.

Plainly a Novice.
Mrs. Fogg—"A gentleman called to see you, David, this afternoon."
Mr. Fogg—"Did he have anything to say?"
Mrs. Fogg—"Only that he would call again."
Mr. Fogg—"H'm—evidently a dun; but to give warning of his second coming betrays inexperience. Reckon there's no great danger from him."—Boston Transcript.

President McKinley's "Arrigo Pair." The new pair of carriage horses that President McKinley will drive in the future were bred at Fox Lake, Wisconsin. Both the horses are chestnut geldings, five years old, standing sixteen hands high. Both horses are sired by Damascus, a grandson of the Barb stallion Linden Tree, who, with the Arab stallion Leopard, was presented to General Grant by the Sultan of Turkey. Their dams are sisters, by Clay Pilot I, by old Clay Pilot. According to a writer



THE NEW WHITE HOUSE TEAM.

in the Rider and Driver, these two horses have a very high action and, as may be noted in the picture, are very evenly matched in regard to size and markings. President McKinley's physician has ordered him to take exercise, and it will be a common occurrence in the future to see him driving about the suburbs of Washington behind his new team. Although both horses have flowing, long tails, the appropriate style for the speed horse in light harness, President McKinley will drive his horses in heavy harness to a phaeton

DELAGOYA BAY, THE BOERS' ONLY PORT.

DELAGOYA BAY is a name rendered doubly familiar to newspaper readers by the arbitration proceedings of which it has been the subject for more than twenty years. All eyes are now turned toward Delagoa Bay for a reason of an infinitely more sensational character in connection with the Boer-British War.

Delagoa Bay belongs to Portugal, which is too weak to defend it against any act of aggression on the part of either the Boers or the English. Not only is it the sole port worthy of the name and offering any harborage to men-of-war and to merchantmen along the entire East Coast of Africa, but it is the only port by means of which the Boers are receiving both the men and the war material that enable them to continue the struggle against the English. True, English cruisers have the right to stop and examine upon the high seas any foreign shipping which they may suspect of carrying contraband of war for the Boers. But any real search at sea is out of the question, since it is manifestly impossible to shift the entire freight of a big trading steamer in order to ascertain whether guns and war material are secreted at the bottom of the hold. So long as the Boers are able to draw unlimited supplies of war material and all the reinforcements they need from Europe via Delagoa Bay, the English will be to such an extent handicapped in their efforts to get the better of the Transvaal that the war is likely to be indefinitely

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