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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1900.

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TRUMPET AND FLAG.

The last bugle's dying echoes falter down the narrow valley.
The doubtful battle tarried in so long:
As turning from their headlong charge the scattered horsemen rally.
The chiming rocks repeat that fading song:
From the heights where eagles hover, day-dark clefs the buck leap over,
The thousand giant voices of the craze,
In reverberating chorus speed the musical, sonorous
Silver summons of the Trumpet to the Flag:
"Awake! awake! your splendid robe out-shake!
Float proudly, lovely Sister, for your mighty Brother's sake,
The unquenching guns have spoken; we have conquered; they are broken,
As the mists of morn before the morning break."
With a mountain-ash for neighbor in a chain thunder-rifted,
Struck in sudden turf beneath a stormy sky,
Rose the Flag, round whose enumbered staff the uncounted dead were drifted
Who died to set its haughty folds so high.
But she trailed her drooping vesture with a mourner's heedless gesture,
Murm'ring: "Yes, and should my 'broiled' skirts be spread,
When the children of my glory lie about me rent and gory:
All the faithful ones who followed where I led!
Alas! alas! their faces in the grass:
The breezes lift their draggled plumes to meet them as they pass!
O Thou cruel mighty Brother, thou didst cry them on each other
With the breath that fills thy throat of thrilling brass!"
Then swift upon those tender tones of womanly compassion,
Likewise from beneath the ringing answer sped:
"Who flies the kiss of steel shall find his end in wounds,
A straw death, strangled slowly on his bed.
Let the slave, the sot, the coward, by ignoble fears devoured,
Count each measured heart-beat, spare their hoarded breath,
Yet the traitors shall be haunted by the fate they never fronted:
These thy children may not taste that second death."
Away! away! to seek some noble fray,
From pleasant crimes of genial peace, that soul and body save;
From the sin that still deceives you, till the sated demon leaves you,
And the clay-begotten brute goes back to clay."
He said, and straight his loud last word a score of pipes set playing:
To bid the victors close their ranks again,
And growing as old soldiers grow, but muttering drums took up the deep refrain.
While the banner, in the wayward, spread in her wings, she waited them forth,
By many a stubborn combat stained and torn,
On the opal sky of even, ere she vanished in clear heaven
To frother fights by younger warriors borne.
And lo! and oh! the night wind swept the hill,
When o'er the yet unburied slain that strange dispute grew fiercer:
The dead cut a clear cleft of the war-glorious soul and spirit;
Man's heart, and man's indomitable will.
—Edward S. Mayne, 'The Spectator.

THE DUFFER OF THE REGIMENT.

OW aren't you really awfully hard on him, poor fellow, Stella? I must say I like him."
"It's all very fine for you, Cousin Jane, to talk like that, seeing that you haven't been proposed to by him on an average once a fortnight ever since the Seventh were quartered here."
Stella was generally voted the prettiest and the nicest girl in Exminster by the Seventh, who paid her court assiduously, as little Tommy Lascelles, "the Duffer," as he was called by his brother officers who, notwithstanding, were roughly kind to him—kindness for which they hardly guessed "the Duffer" was supremely grateful; he had the softest heart hidden away in a rather quaint little body, and—other things of which nobody suspected him, or perhaps this story never would have been written.
But to return to Stella.
"Now," said she, "if it was Major Lansdowne, I could understand your championship, whereas the Lascelles boy— Really, Cousin Jane, where can your eyes be?"
Almost as she spoke the door opened and "Major Lansdowne" was announced, then "Captain Freke," and a few moments later "Mr. Lascelles."
The last comer was relegated to Mrs. Ogilvie's tender mercies. Apparently Stella was too much occupied with her other guests to have a word to spare, and the little man sat beside Mrs. Ogilvie, sipped his tea, and talked.
Presently he rose to go.
"This is a long good-bye," he said, very gravely; "you know we are ordered to the front—to-morrow I go north to see my people, and on Thursday we sail."
Mrs. Ogilvie saw Stella's face grow deadly pale; she saw, too, that young Lascelles had noted it, and that he glanced toward Major Lansdowne.
"Do believe me," he said in his quiet, gentle way, "that if I can shield him for your sake in any way it shall be done."
An expression of complete bewilderment on Stella's face, noted by Mrs. Ogilvie, was quite lost upon young Lascelles, whose eyes seemed suddenly to have grown curiously dim.

A BOER GIRL IN THE NATIONAL COSTUME.

The morning papers had just arrived, and they had rushed to open them.
Stella suddenly laid down the paper and burst into tears.
Mrs. Ogilvie crossed the room and put a pair of very kindly, motherly arms round the sobbing girl.
"What is it, child?" she whispered.
"Stella pointed to a name in the list of the 'seriously wounded.' It was that of Lieutenant Lascelles, of the Seventh Regiment.
"Mrs. Ogilvie's eyes held a question which Stella answered. "I love him," she said, "and have loved him for ages—and now he will never know."
"Never know?" That was not Mrs. Ogilvie's idea at all—and the next passenger ship to "the front" carried the two ladies on board, bound for a certain town in South Africa, where a hero lay wounded, but mercifully not "unto death."
What passed at that first meeting who can tell? How Stella went into that hospital ward, and he, seeing her coming, could hardly believe the evidence of his own eyes.
"Just to tell you that I love you, that I have loved you all along, and that I can't live without you."
The nursing sister is wont to declare that it was a mysterious thing the rapidity of Mr. Lascelles's recovery dating from that visit, and soon after he was invalided home on sick leave.
During the time he was in England there came a day when England's Queen distributed to her bravest soldiers the Victoria Cross. Stella's name was on the list—and the one whom she specially singled out to speak to him word no man would care to forget so long as he lived was no other than little Lascelles, "the Duffer of the Regiment."—London Morning Leader.

GRASSHOPPER GLACIER.

There are many remarkable glaciers in that part of the Rocky Mountain uplift that crosses the southern border of Montana. A part of this region has hitherto been unexplored, and its more elevated portions were revisited and unnamed until last summer, when a geographical party piloted the way up the mountains and discovered some of the largest glaciers in the temperate regions of the western world. Here rises Granite Peak, which, according to Mr. Gaanett, is the culminating point of Montana, 12,824 feet high.
Among the glaciers found in these mountains and recently described by James P. Kimball is Grasshopper Glacier, which derives its name from the enormous quantity of grasshopper remains that are found on and in the glacier. Periodically the grasshoppers that thrive in the prairie to the north take their flight southward, and must needs cross the mountains. Their favorite route seems to be across this wide glacier, and in the passage scores of them succumb to the rigor of cold, and their bodies are preserved in the ice. In the course of time billions of them have been the victims of this glacier. They are, of course, carried by the ice river down into the valley and deposited at the melting edge of the ice, and Mr. Kimball says that thousands of tons of grasshopper remains are the principal material at the lower edge of the glacier. We hear very often of rocks and sand as forming the terminal moraine of glaciers, but here is a glacier whose principal moraine material is grasshoppers.
These insect remains were washed out of the ice in furrows wherever the sun's heat has grooved the surface into runlets of descending water. The grasshoppers permeate the glacier from top to bottom. No fragment of ice can be broken so small as not to contain remains. Most of the insects have been reduced to a coarse powder, and the furrows of them washed out by the runlets and naturally deposited in parallel lines are very dark in color.

THE SIRDAR.

Kitheener's wonderful industry, his undisturbed patience, his noble perseverance, are qualities too valuable for a man to enjoy in this imperfect world without complementary defects. The general, who never spared himself, cared little for others. He treated all men like machines—from the private soldiers, whose salutes he disdain, to the superior officers he rigidly controlled. The comrade who had served with him and under him for many years in peace and peril was flung aside inconspicuously as soon as he ceased to be of use. The sirdar only looked to the soldiers who could march and fight. The wounded Egyptian, and latterly the wounded British soldier, did not excite his interest, and of all the departments of his army the one neglected was that concerned with the care of the sick and injured.
The stern and unyielding spirit of the commander was communicated to his troops, and the victories which marked the progress of the River were accompanied by acts of barbarity, not always justified by the harsh customs of savage conflicts or the fierce and treacherous nature of the desert.—From the River War, by Winston Churchill.

Not at Home to the Minister.

The minister of a rather out-of-the-way parish on the borders of Wales is no great stickler for any form of etiquette, and particularly wishes that his visits to the members of his flock shall be as homely and informal as possible.
Quite recently he called unexpectedly on a widow, who lives in a cottage on the outskirts of the village and surprised her in the midst of washing a lot of clothes.
She hurriedly hid behind a clothes-horse and instructed her little boy to say to the minister that she was out, which she did. The minister, who was in a hurry, did not notice the visitor's knock.
"Well, Johnny," said the parson, "and where's your mother?"
"Mother's not in, sir; please, she's gone down the street on an errand," replied the lad, with questionable promptness.
"Indeed!" replied the clergyman, with a glance at the bottom of the screen. "Well, tell her I called; and say that the next time she goes down the street it will be much better that she should take her feet with her."—Tit-Bits.

REMEDY FOR THE LOONST PLAGUE.

The plan consists in catching and smearing a few of the locusts with "locust fungus," a preparation which is cultivated in the Bacteriological Institute at Grahamstown, Cape Colony. The insects are then allowed to return to the swarm, which they infect with what is presumably a fatal disease. The same preparation applied on damp soil in places where it is known complete destruction. Twenty swarms are said to have been destroyed in this manner. Although this statement is open to doubt, it may be remembered that a celebrated bacteriologist once proposed to deal with the rabbit pest in Australia in much the same way. It is quite possible that a similar remedy might be found for the malarial mosquito, for it is only by such means that its extirpation could be brought.—Chambers's Journal.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL THOUGHT.

"A party of friends of the late Vice-President Hobart were visiting Washington, and of course spent an hour in the Senate chamber. Among them was a little girl of ten who paid close attention to the proceedings. Two days afterward he met the child, who presently asked:
"Do you sit there every day listening to those old men talk?" "Yes, dear."
"Do you have to?" "Yes."
"I'm real sorry. It's an awful thing to be Vice-President, isn't it?"—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

HOW THE BOERS HOBBLE HORSES.

This is the way Oom Bulla men hobble their horses to prevent them running away at night. Every one of the Boer soldiers now fighting the British in South Africa is mounted, and a camp scene showing the ponies grazing while tethered in this way is quite picturesque. The custom is said to be a cruel one, and no doubt the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will start a crusade against it in due time.

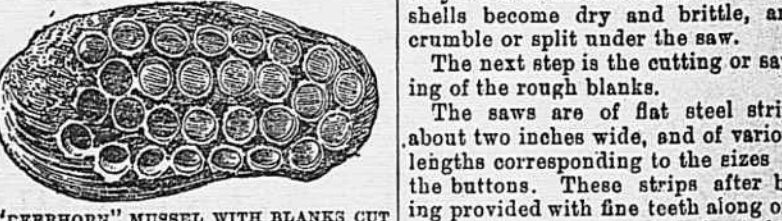
THE PEARL-BUTTON INDUSTRY OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

PEARL buttons are made from fresh-water mussel shells. In less than three years clam digging for this purpose in the upper reaches of the Mississippi River has developed from an occasional pursuit into a science. The bivalves taken up resemble the salt water article as much as a rhinoceros resembles an elephant. They are not fit to eat, they look raw, even when some adventurous tenderfoot boils them, and they have a taste weirdly compounded of catfish and musk. They are in reality mussels, and they are wanted not for their meat but for the beautiful mother-of-pearl linings of the shells, from which buttons and hundreds of fancy articles are made. A thousand men are engaged in this new industry, most of them working on their own hook, and they make from \$40 to \$125 a month, according to their facilities and application.
The shells which are dried are sold by the ton to the local concerns that are known as button factories, though they do not often make buttons. They are in reality polishing shops and are fitted up with a vast number of steam driven wheels and brushes, emery circles, etc., for smoothing the in-



MUSSEL FISHING THROUGH THE ICE, MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

terior of the shells and grinding of the rough outer covering. This material is shipped East to factories where buttons are made, as well as hundreds of other useful and, in many cases, beautiful articles. Clam shells from the upper reaches of the Mississippi River are turned into shirt buttons, the big buttons, sometimes as big as a silver dollar, that are used on women's coats, cuff buttons, mother-of-pearl arabesques with which backs of pocket-knives, shirt studs, cheap scarf pins, buckles, ear rings, buttons and even finger rings. It requires close examination by an expert to tell this mother-of-pearl from the genuine South Sea article, and there is practically no difference in structure or appearance.
The most picturesque feature of the industry is the constant looking for pearls. Thousands upon thousands of clams are opened and examined carefully for every fair pearl that is discovered, yet a find of almost any

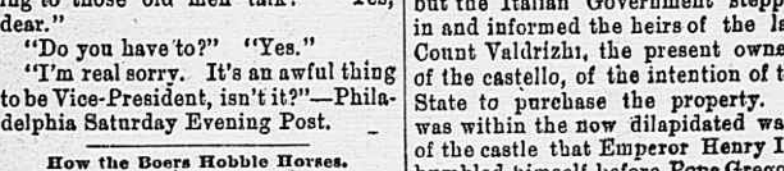


"ZEBRHORN" MUSSEL WITH BLANKS CUT OUT.

sort is apt to pay the searcher for his trouble. The pearls are common enough, but generally they are not larger than a mustard seed, and are valueless. Not infrequently, one is found that will fetch in its raw state from \$4 to \$10, and instances are many of even greater treasure troves. Mussels are obtained with various kinds of apparatus. Those which have been or are now in use are the hand rake, the tong, the dredge operated by steam, and the bar with hooks. The last named, a very ingenious contrivance, came into use in

A HISTORIC FORTRESS.

Imposing Ruins That the Italian Government Will Restore and Preserve.
The imposing ruins of the famous Castello Carpineti near Reggio Emilia, the Canosa of once on a time, perched on precipitous rocks, were to have been sold by auction recently, but the Italian Government stepped in and informed the heirs of the late Count Valeriani, the present owners of the castle, of the intention of the State to purchase the property. It was within the now dilapidated walls of the castle that Emperor Henry IV. humbled himself before Pope Gregory VII in 1077, and in sack cloth, for the papal pardon. Referring to this remarkable incident, Bismarck gave utterance to the now proverbial words, in his struggle against the supremacy of the ultramontane in 1872: "To Canosa we shall not go." The castle which was partially destroyed by the revolutionary burghers of Reggio in 1255, and during the centuries which have since elapsed the touch of time has gnawed mercilessly at the once almost invincible stronghold. Several of the halls and chambers of the castle are still intact, and both the Italian and foreign archaeological associations which were prepared to bid for the historical ruins at the proposed auction are now most anxious that the Italian Government preserve the castle from further decay in default of restoring it to its pristine condition.



CANOSSA CASTLE.

SWAPPING BEASTS IN A ZOO.

Horse "swapping" is a dull and uneventful branch of industry compared with the gorgeous possibilities that are within reach of the animal men in Central Park in New York City. Who would be content with trading a spavined horse for a blind mare, when he hears of the trading that the folk in the employ of the city did during the last three months? They "swapped" a buck mynah for two cassowaries, two zebras for five bald eagles, one buck mynah for two llamas, and final crowning deed of all, they exchanged a hippopotamus for a select and valuable bunch of assorted beasts, consisting of one lioness, one tiger, two leopards, two pumas and two antelopes.

APPARATUS FOR OPENING DIFFICULT DOORS.

In a new invention a single cell is made to open the most difficult of doors, even at a distance of fifty yards. The apparatus can be fixed either inside or outside the door. It will also lift or shoot strong bolts. It works with a single-pressure of a knob. It is especially adapted for asylums or jails, where emergencies requiring just such an appliance are likely to arise.

BENEFITS OF NEW FOODS.

The introduction of new foods is an excellent plan for both the health and commercial prosperity of a nation. Nearly all of what are regarded as indigenous fruits and vegetables have been imported to us from other lands. Of the food plants now in use only pumpkins and a few grapes, plums and berries were originally found on the soil.

AN APPALLING PAIR.

"I see it stated," remarked the Horse Editor, "that the monarch of Abyssinia may make trouble for England in South Africa."
"I don't think," added the Snake Editor, "that the Abyssinian monarch will strike Menelikes for the Boers."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.



A SEEMINGLY IMPREGNABLE POSITION THE BRITISH ASSAILED.

It is against such impregnable positions as this that the British have to go. In the fight around Colenso a heavy naval gun had to be taken up this almost unscalable hill, and in the face of a murderous fire from the peaks of a berg, behind which the Boer marksmen lay. It took twenty-six oxen to drag the gun up the rocky slope.

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