PLANTERS LOAN AND SAVINGS

on Deposits, Accounts L. C. HAYNE, President. W. C. WARDLAW,

Pays Interest

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THOS. J ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

THE DAY OF PEACE. Cn the following day Mr. Scruggs

self. It was a lonely day—the loneliest that she ever passed. Mrs. Beck, to

be sure, never ceased to chatter, but

what woman's talk can fill the empti-

ness of a woman's lonely heart?

When Miss Ferguson put on her arc-'es to walk down to the village post-

olice Mrs. Beck spoke of Robert

Scruggs, and she sat down to listen.

Directly Mrs. Beck's gossip diverted

itself to a neighbor who claimed to

have a cousin who married a niece of

General Grant, and Miss Ferguson

be her fault. She's a tur'ble gab." Miss Ferguson looked out. The

road ran near the house, and she saw

that Mr. Scruggs looked perfectly

happy. He was leaning back in the

sleigh, and Miss Gates was driving, chewing gum and talking all at once.— Miss Ferguson did not speak. She went to the fire, removed her arctics,

selected a book from the table and

read. She read determindely. She

told herself that she was going to

read, and what Miss Ferguson willed

When she had been reading about

half an hour Mr. Scruggs came

"I am sorry," he said to Mrs. Beck,

but I have to return to the city. I

have just now received a dispatch.

Good-by, Mrs. Beck-and Miss Fer-

guson, I don't know when I shall see

"Good-by, Mr. Scroggs," she said

naturally, extending her hand.

He took it, pressed it mechanically,

and in another moment he was gone.

Miss Ferguson sat down by the fire.

She admitted to herself that she was disappointed. Mr. Scruggs no longer cared for her. He was happy with

Miss Gates, who chewed gum. But then why should she care? She was

determined not to care. She made it

a practice to take things philosophically, and there was little that ever disturbed her. She liked Mr. Scruggs,

but he was nothing to her. She had

been foolish-stupid-and she would

try to forget it. Picking up her book

she resumed reading where she had

left off and spent the rest of the day

Notwithstanding, that night her pillow was wet with tears. They were

foolish, she said, but they would not

last, and she could put it from her

easier after a little feminine cry. After

she had been for a year.

Two days later she received a letter from the postoffice. It read:

"Dear Miss Ferguson:—I once

asked you to marry me. What I said

then I now repeat with twofold vehe-

mence. Does the change in you ex-

tend to your heart or is your answer

The answer she wrote read simply:

"Dear Robert:-I have changed

AN EXTRAORDINARY CRIME.

The Victim Put Where Her Story of It

In the month of December last an

elegantly dressed man presented him-

self to the governor of the district in

which the City of Mexico is situated,

and solicited the admittance of his

aunt, a lady whose name he said was

Mrs Aurelia Granados de Jaimes, into

the insane asylum for women in Canoa

street. He said that she had lost her

mind and that, as there was no one at

home to look after her, he was afraid

that some accident might happen to

her. The governor issued the permit

The lady was not violently crazy,

but she complained to the doctors of

a pain in her head and she was con-

stantly saying that a man had driven

Dr. Alberto Lopez Hermosa, director

lieving that the lady's case had been a

peculiar one, examined her cranium

after death and made a sort of prelim-

inary autopsy. To their astonishment

they found in the region of the right

temple the head of a steel wire nail,

which proved to be about eight centi-

metres in length. The flesh had

almost cicatrized over the nail's head

The doctors immediately informed

the governor and the judicial authori-

ties. An investigation has been started

of which the immediate object is to

find the man who first brought the lady

to the governor. The lady apparently

A fashionable French physician

called lately on one of his patients,

Baroness de M., who was complain-

ing of headache and general prostration. "I will tell you what is the

matter with you, madam," he said

promptly; it is that American stove

you have over there. These coal-

burning stoves are reservoirs of poi-

son, the deadliest things in the world."

But that stove cost me \$25!" pro-

stove. A few days later the patient,

who thought of changing her resi-

dence, went out to inspect a suite of

Mixed Metaphor.

her gaze was the stove.

was about 35 years of age.

and the latter was hardly visible.

on a recent Sunday she died.

and the lady was admitted into the

hospital.

"ROBERT SCHUGGS."

with the novel.

see you again. Good-by."

to do she usually did.

hurriedly in.

What of the day, my brother? What of the day or peace? When the dripping sword turns the green sward
And the dull, dread noises cease—
The clarion call of bugles,
The shriek of the angry shell—
What of battle that shall gierce the night
Of battle—is it well?

What of the dead, my brother?
What of the dead and dumb?
Who shall pay at the Judgment day
When the Messenger shall come,
Come in the light and glory,
Come in the fire and flame,
Whose the strain of the blood and pain

What of the grief, my brother, What of the grief and woe? What of the tears shed o'er these biers These stricken hearts brought low? Low in the day of terror,
Low in the night of gloom,
Whose the weight of this curse of Hate?
Whose the pain of Doom?

What of the blood, my brother? What of the blood that flows In a crimson stream where the lances gleam And the bugle blows and olows?
Whose the souls that shudder,
Shudder and start and cry,
When the battles' cost by God engrossed
In blood on the brazen sky?

Hasten the day, my brother, Hasten the day of peace, When men not slain for greed of gain And the dull, dread noises cease! When shell shall shrick no longer, When Hatred slink away,
The breath of God the blood-stained sod Make clean—and Peace shall stay!
—Bismarck Tribune.

Indiana Ferguson impatiently awaited the evening. For a week she had been visiting her consin, Silas Beck, and his wife, and this evening Robert Scruggs was to come. Had she known that Mr. Scruggs was expected she would not have dared to visit her cousin just at this time. She was here, however, and now that he was coming she did not deceive herself by saying that she was sorry. Miss Ferguson felt that she had

been unkind to Mr. Scruggs. He had offered her his heart, and he was a sincere man. She had answered coldly: "Mr. Scruggs, it is impos-sible." How heartless it seemed to How heartless it seemed to her now. But there had been Prof. Edward Cantwell Reed, and it seemed different then.

Miss Ferguson was a mathenfatician. Not that she ever did much in a practical way, but she loved the science for its own sake. She and Professor Reed had sat by the hour discussing problems in which they that she was determined to have no were interested. But for these meetings her answer to Robert Scruggs

She now sat in meditation before the bright fire. How stupid she had been, she thought to suppose that she could enjoy sitting forever drilling away at her mathematics! Do people ever marry for that? What had Professor Reed done? Married that veritable chatterbox and mischief loving Tomboy, Sadie Moore. As for herself, did she ever really love Professor Reed? Well, perhaps. Any-how, she was very stupid—she was sure she was stupid.

And now-certainly fate had thrown her in the way of the man whom she rejected. He believed in woman's intuition, and that intuition told her that this was fortuitous. She was almost happy.

When at last she heard Mr. Scruggs stamping the wet snow off his boots outside the door she felt that she turned a little pale. She was certainly nervous-an unusual thing for her. When he addressed her as "Miss Ferguson" it sounded odd and cold. He used to call her "India."

"So you're acquainted!" exclaimed Mrs. Beck, as they sat about the fire, her face radiant with amiability. "Now, I'm afraid we'll have to watch you two. But then, if you'd a-been marrying people—too such people as you—you'd a—been married, both of you, long ago."

"You may trust Miss Ferguson," answered Mr. Scruggs. "I'm an audacious scoundrel, you know, but you will find Miss Ferguson as rigid as—as the North pole."

Miss Ferguson could not have felt

more uncomfortable than she did now. To conceal her confusion she turned to arrange some grasses in a vase, which, as soon as she touched it, tumbled to the floor, breaking into a dozen pieces. Stooping quickly to pick these up, now blushing very red, she awkwardly upset a large easel and its painting. Then she rose up very quickly and left the room, mortified to the verge of despair. She wondered if she would ever dare to see Mr.

The following morning she had her breakfast sent to her, complaining of a headsche, and did not venture downstairs until she heard Mr. Scruggs footsteps going out of the little gate and down toward a cabin where one of his queer fancies took him at every opportunity to converse with an ignorant but self-important and garrulous woodman settler. Then she crept softly down and entered the parlor-and there sat Mr. Scruggs looking into the fire.

With an effort Miss Ferguson controlled herself. "Good morning, Mr. Scruggs," she said. 'I thought I heard you going

out this morning." "Not I, this day," he replied, "I am disposed to mope. I have sent Silas down to bring my woodman friend to see if he cannot cheer me up. Are you ill, Miss Ferguson? I imagine that you used to look

tested the baroness. "Never mind that; better lose any amount of money than your life. I will tell you what "I am well now," she answered. "I I'll do; I'll give you a guinea for it, have changed since you saw me last." and find some way of getting rid of the pernicious object." The lady con-"I believe you are more beautiful," sented, and the doctor removed the

'Don't flatter me," she protested. "I, flatter!" he exclaimed. "When will you learn, Miss Ferguson, that I am incapable of the art? You have rooms, and the first thing that met not changed so much, then, after all." You are cruel if you contradict

here?" she asked of the servant who me," she replied. was showing her over the rooms. "And were you never cruel?" he "Mme. A., madame," said the servant respectfully—"Dr. B.'s mother-"Perhaps," she answered. "But I in-law!"-Modern Society.

"Repentance means sorrow," he said. "Will you be sorry for me now?

A lecturer before a large audience At this moment Silas Beck came in, followed by the woodman, and when Mr. Scruggs turned to Miss Ferguson she was gone, friend to Miss Ferguson she was gone, and the ministers.

At this moment Silas Beck came in, for a few days before a few days before his trial and execution. Her fore his trial and execution. But the houses and life to-day in Damascus are most interesting and taxed according to size—the bigger with her ministers.

AMERICAN MALT,

But the houses and life to-day in Damascus are most interesting and taxed according to size—the bigger than it does to me. We both have to be taut."

EARLY INDIAN ATHLETES. put on his overcoat and left the house Their Favorite Games Were Bowling as soon as breakfast was over. What Ball, Running, Wrestling, Etc. this meant to Miss Ferguson she The American Indians were great would not acknowledge even to her-

tench Dressing Tables

bowlers. Alleys of greater length than any in use today were built in the open fields. Balls hewn out of stone were rolled by genuine Indian muscle. In fact there is scarcely a popular kind of game played in this country today but that its counterpart can be found in the age of the red man. They were gamblers, too, even to forfeiting the clothes upon their backs, their wives or their liberty. Strange to say the average school history has abounded in a description of the Indian in nearly every point ex-cept the details of the games he

"There goes Robert now," cried. Mrs. Beck, "with Ida Gates. If that girl don't talk him to death it won't Relics of the Indian bowling alley are rare except in a few sections of the country, thus showing that the game was not a universal one, and of all the games which the Indian played bowling is undoubtedly the most remote. The Western Reserve of Ohio was one of the centres for the Indian bowlers. In several parts of Ashtabula county some of the other residents have these relics preserved, which they have picked up themselves in their early farming, usually in the

open field.

The balls used, instead of being large wooden ones like those in use today, were made of light colored stone and range in size from an ordi-nary league ball down to the common small top rubber ball. The alleys were built of wood carved out to make a reasonably smooth surface. The game was more to see how far one could roll rather than accuracy in striking the ten pins at the opposite end of the alley. The alleys were built so long that it is alleged it was a hard matter to roll one of these stone balls so that it would reach the end. The Indians, too, kept a score and,

like in all other games, they gambled.
The Indians were inveterate ball players and excellent "rooters." Their game lasted usually from 9 o'clock in the morning till sundown. It was participated in by from 600 to 1000 young men, divided into two sides, and the gares were witnessed by from 3000 to 5000 men, women and children, who formed an immense ring around the entire field. The enthusiastic Indian yells were not altogether unlike the notes of the modern ball park. There was scarcely an intermission of five minutes during the entire day.

The game, however, resembled our football rather than baseball. When the ball was in the air there were kicks and struggles, maimed limbs and bruised bodies. A prescribed line divided the "rooters" of the two regrets, and what Miss Ferguson sides, and across this line the gambl-willed to do she nearly always did. ing took place. Old men were selected The next day she seemed as fresh as a sumpires. Women on both sides she had been for a year. brought the crude household goods. Two days later she received a letter of the family to be staked on the game. Stakeholders guarded the goods. The scene resembled two distinct camps, although there was not necessarily more than one tribe engaged in the

There was a feature of the Indian game which will be new to the ball players of the year 1900. Several medicine men among the Choctaws sat all night on the spot where the ball was to be started next day and smoked to the Great Spirit who was to witness the game. The night before there also occurred what was known as the

"ball play dance." Prior to the game each Indian was provided with two instruments which resembled our tennis rackets of today. The judges threw the ball in the air and immediately hundreds of Indians started after it. One finally succeeded in catching it between the large ends of the two "tennis rackets" and threw it "home," or between two poles, the limit of one side or the other. This would count one point toward the game and the side getting 100 points first won. Often in the terrible struggle for the ball difficulties would arise between two slightly injured contestants and the game would stop until they settled the dispute. The women also played ball. When the men were tired they would announce a game between the women, and prizes would be awarded to their winning

a nail into her head. The attendants of the asylum paid no attention to this Among the popular amusements statement, as it was thought to be a dear to the lighter side of the American, a parallel for which has been found among the Indians, are the folpart of her ravings.

The lady gradually got worse and lowing: Bowling, ball playing, horse racing, foot racing, dancing, wrestling, of the asylum, and Dr. Francisco de checkers, dominoes, quoits, sham P. Echeverria, assistant director, be-

Many things which some of us today may believe are contemporaneous only with the age in which we live, by research may be found to have existed in the everyday, life of the American Indian. Vapor baths were enjoyed by the Indian before the white man came to disturb his hunting ground.

Lawton's Last Day With His Wife. "I called on General and Mrs. Lawton," says our correspondent, "the last afternoon they were together. She was sitting near his desk at the division headquarters, while he was looking over the typewriter's copy of his orders for the expedition, which he had written with a pencil on a pad

in his full, round hand. "I had brought him a photograph of himself which was taken last spring. Anything about the general interested Mrs. Lawton at once. She scrutinized the likeness carefully from many points of view, and concluded that it was very good. Since it was taken, however, the general had grown a full

"I shall bave to make another on that account, I suggested. "But, as sae looked first at the picture and then at the general, she seemed dubious about this.

"'I don't know as I am going to let him keep the beard, 'she explained. 'It does very well for the present, for he has so little chance to shave when he is at the front.'

" 'Would you go with him to a post hop in the states if he wore it?' I asked her, jokingly. "'Oh, I would go with him any where!' she replied earnestly."-Col-

Private Cable for the Queen, The Queen, when at Osborne, has her own private submarine cable, which is laid from the Isle of Wight to Eurst Castle on the mainland, where time. Here are ruins thousands of markets of the Orient.

Where the Soldiers Who Die at Manila Are Buried,

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1900.



PEOPLE OF THE WORLD ARE THE DRUSES OF SYRIA.

Dr. Max Oppenheim, a distinguished European scientist and scholar, re-sently completed one of the most reand out of the way parts of the Holy Land. He penetrated to Damascus which is rarely visited, and made careful observations of the life of the people now living in that ancient city.

During his journey Dr. Oppenheim took a multitude of photographs showing the daily life of the people he visited. These have now been developed and printed in the New York Herald and they have excited much interest among scientific men in Germany who have learned of the results of Dr. Oppenheim's journey.

Dr. Oppenheim made his way with a private caravan from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf. The attention of the world is fixed upon this wide domain, for here lies the land which Germany, England and Russia are competing with one another to pos-sess by the building of railways. To gain any real information of the peo ple inhabiting this country a man must be not merely an observer, but a linguist as well. He should understand Turkish, Arabic, Syriac and Landing at Beyrout he gathered his

his way up through the Lebanon and scattered east of the Jordan ing behind the carts as guards, lay Mountains. He found a mixed multitude inhabiting these mountains, so famous for their cedars in Bible times, The Syrians, he found, were Christians, but there were any number of sects, Roman Catholic, Maronites, Jacobites, Greek Catholics and others. He attributes much of the suffering of these people to their divisions and lack of intelligent leaders. The Jesuits and those coming from the American mission at Beyrout, says Dr. Oppenheim, seemed to exert the best and deepest influence upon the people. They are not prosperous, and as a result some ten thousand of

the men emigrate every year. Among the women, Dr. Oppenheim says, he found many remarkable for their beauty. Some European influences, especially French and German, are now being brought to bear for the development of agricultural interests



success as yet. Along the slopes the Lebanon Mountains many of the wealthy merchants from Beyrout have their summer residences. A hotel

Thence the caravan went to Damascus, the oldest city in the world, and There is no doubt that the district in the Tell Amarna letters found in it is only because of the lack of facil-Egypt, dating from 1500 B. C., and ities for transportation that this dis-

They exhibit a luxury and comfort little dreamed of in Western lands as existing in Damascus to-day. All sorts of persons, says Dr. Oppenheim, are to be encountered on the streets of this ancient town, from the Christian women in their white garments to the Mohammedan inhabitants of the harem hide "like the armor of a battleship." wrapped up to the eyes.

From Damascus Dr. Oppenheim set sently completed one of the most re-markable journeys ever undertaken ten persons besides his three camel nose and horns sticking out." In in the East. He explored little known drivers, two hostlers, two Syrian ser- doing this he will, if he can, also give vants and an Armenian cook, a Bed- a bath to all the supplies loaded on ouin and a pupil of the medical the bull-cart which he is drawing.



through the wastes of the desert, studying as he went the Druses, whom e had found in the Lebanon district

These, he thinks, form probably the strangest nation in the world. The three languages-English, Spanish women are beautiful, the men are brave and intelligent. Their religion



is very curious, being compounded of Mohammedanism mixed with some elements of Christianity. It is hard for any one to say precisely what the Druses do believe, but their life is a peculiarly simple and righteous one, Justice is done at any cost, and a high sense of honor is well developed. Like other Orientals, the Druses sit

cross legged on the ground and help themselves at meals from large dishes placed in the centre of the group. They seem to be industrious and satisfied, although the dreams of former glories sometimes rouse them to strange flights of patriotic fervor. Lovers of Browning will be glad to learn something about that strange people utilized by him for one of his

most dramatic poems. The Germans assert, and have figures to prove, that the efforts of their railroad to Angora and the district south of it, Koniwyah, have stimulated the people to renewed effects for the acquirement of agricultural wealth. Dr. Oppenheim's trip shows that there is room for similar work all through Syria, and he has great hopes of the time when this country will be travbuilt on European models was opened ersed by railways running from the Mediterranean Sea to the Persian

which has been inhabited for thirty-east of the Jordon River is well five hundred years. It is mentioned adapted to the raising of wheat, and



has been inhabited ever since, and no | trict has not already contributed a one knows for how long before that large proportion of this cereal to the

Philippines, and the name (pronounced carribow) is retained by our soldiers; but the Philippine carrabao does not differ greatly from the com-mon buffalo of India, China and other Oriental countries. R. H. Little, a correspondent of

Driving the Carabao.

sorts of transportation problems; but

the strangest one he has yet had to

meet is presented by the ordinary

beast of draught in the Philippine

Islands, the water-buffalo. This ani-

mal is called the carabao in the

The American soldier is equal to all

the Chicago Tribune, says that the carabao is slower than a camel and



more obstinate than a mule, and has a He "has but one hope, but one ambition in life, and that is to lie down

rules along the wagon-train when it approaches a stream which has to be orded. The soldiers, who are walkeach animal and objurgate him in

> and Tagalog. The Chinese drivers jump off the carts and also pound the poor carabao, yelling in Chinese.
>
> As the middle of the stream is reached the excitement grows. The carabao begins to stretch his neck. and bend his knees, and grunt-sure signs that he intends to lie down. "Hi there!" yell the soldiers. 'Chop-chop! Pronto! Git out of

pronto, hi there!" Possibly all this may get the carabao over the stream without his lying down, but this is unusual good fortune. To keep him in good trim, the carabao must have a bath every fr O't in the desire to bathe will come

that! Seega, blame you, seega,

upo. him in the middle of the night, and he will break his rope and start out across country in search of water. President Kruger.

For two minutes I stood there looking at the man whom the historians of the world may some day class as among the few men whose names signify decades of history that have changed the political trend of the world. Although that may not be true, he was the man whose name was attracting more attention through out the world at the time than that of any other individual. He was sitting in a big chair at the corner of the table. I could only see his back and profile; his massive shoulders were stooped, and his head was bent forward on his breast. He was wearing a pair of blue goggles with closefitting screens to protect his eyes from dust. His iron-gray hair was combed directly back from his forehead over his head to his collar. Once seen his face could never be forgotten. I have never seen any other like it in pictures or among living men. The face is a prototype of Oom Paul Kruger's character. From what I saw, and from what I heard from men who have known him nearly all his life, there is no counterpart of his character in the world .- E. E. Easton,

in Harper's Magazine. An Impressive New Hampshire Valley. The Notch is known sometimes as the Crawford Notch, to distinguish it from others in the vivinity. It is a beautiful and impressive valley between Willey Mountain and Mount Webster, in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. It contains the famous Willey House, and presents a splendid picture, viewed from the surrounding mountains and hills. Speaking of the view from the top of Mount Willard, Bayard Taylor said: 'As a simple mountain pass, seen from above, it cannot be surpassed in Switzerland. Something like it I have seen in the Taurus, otherwise I can recall no view with which to compare it."

Pneumatic Coffee Pot. A new appliance for coffee pots and other liquid dispensers has a false bottom, with a valve connecting to the main reservoir, which closes automatically when pressure is applied to an air bulb, connected with the bottom, forcing the liquid through

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to come natural to him."
"Huh!" replied the tight-

"Gee whizz!" exclaimed the centreas easy as easy can be. Just seems

the spout. Not Untutored. pole, "that fellow walks on you just

SILVER BROOK XX, ROSE VALLEY XXX,