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 AUGUSTA, GA.

THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1900

VOL. LXV. NO. 31

LIFE.

First you're born, an' for a while
 Daddy's pet.
 Keeps you goin'. After that—
 Keep y'rsel'.

Then, unless the lady picks you
 For a "brother,"
 For another little while you
 Keep another.

Such is life—first you are k-p',
 Then you keep.
 You're awake a little while—
 Then you sleep.

Here's a laugh, 'n' there a tear—
 Or a sigh—
 So you put in your year—
 Then you die.

—Baltimore American.

The Duty Soldier.

Colonel Jemmett took a chair, opposite his hostess, who was toasting her obviously pretty feet by the fire.

"You had first met when we were 33 and she 15; they had not seen each other since he had turned 40, and she had availed herself of her majority to marry foolishly, so their early relations, if familiar, were unromantic. Thanks to the line of forbears wearing in succession the wig of infirmity, she had been already bald and serious when she had cast her child's glance upon him; and now, a quarter century later, her widow's scrutiny found him much the same, save that the frame of his baldness, like his monotone, was gray, and the seriousness of his face became gravity, almost sternness.

If he had changed not very greatly, in the shade of her own strategically planned drawing room she seemed to him to have aged not at all. The girl was gone, a full woman, and, indeed, a widow of 40 cannot properly affect incognitiveness; but her woe was rather becoming to her beauty than illuminative of her sorrow.

They were alone, and would, intentionally, remain alone; for the game of hide and seek of chastened hearts is not to be played in company.

"You are looking well," she observed. "Better than when I saw you last."

The occasion to which she referred was her wedding breakfast, and certainly the then captain of foot was not looking his best that day.

"Thank you," said he, nodding stiffly. "I'm pretty fit. And you—you're as well as ever, I suppose?"

She smiled at the awkward speech. "You are as ironical as ever, I perceive."

"Me ironical!" he blurted—"not I! But I thought you seemed so well, and I remember you always seemed well. Were you not always well?"

She had not intended herself to open a flirtation with him, but this temptation was irresistible.

She was silent, with her cast eyes, before she answered: "Yes, when you knew me I was well." A little pause. "Since then I have not always felt so very, very well." Another brief pause. Then, as the eyes traveled grayly from the fire to his face, to fall demurely on his watch chain: "But you see I am quite myself again."

Colonel Jemmett was entranced. Wrinkles of 20 years' standing faded from his countenance, and he tried to recall speeches imagined before the phrases crushed him now, and he said, with a very little emotion: "So you miss grandpapa, after all?"

"Dear me, I call you grandpapa?" she asked; she really had forgotten it. "Why should I have called you grandpapa?"

His right hand ascended to his crown. "I think, at first, it was because of that," he said.

She stared. "Because of what?" she begged.

Colonel Jemmett writhed in his chair. "Because of not having any hair on the top of my head. I wasn't so very old, don't you know?" he answered.

Laughs rippled from the widow. "You are avenged," she said; "my own hair is growing thin now, and I'm only 39."

In spite of herself, he started; he had just ordered a bracelet to be given her on her 41st birthday.

She saw she had made a slip, and hastened to recover her balance. "Don't tell me you know better," she rallied him—"since my birthday is in February I may be forgiven for keeping it only in leap year. But truly, I shall very soon have more hair than you. Don't you believe me?"

He shook his head incredulously.

She deliberately loosened some half-dozen pins and took from the centre of her coiffure a plait of not very great proportions. "It is my own," she remarked incidentally. "It was cut off when I was very—not very, very, now, come and look at my bald spot."

As one who approaches a shrine, Colonel Jemmett did her bidding. Two of her long fingers diving into her hair discovered for him a perfectly bald disk, certainly not bigger than a penny piece; perhaps it had been once tenanted by a contumacious patch of gray.

"Can you give me nothing to make it grow again?" she asked pitifully.

Colonel Jemmett's heart fluttered as he stooped and kissed the place, but the kiss itself was reverential. The widow's surprise was divided evenly between his gallantry and his austerity. She wondered what he would do next.

"If hope you are not offended with me," he said.

"Oh, not dear grandpapa," she answered, with a trace of malice. "Sit down and tell me all about yourself; about your exploits in the East. I want to hear particularly about them, for the newspaper reports are so stupid I never can understand them."

"Exploits?" said the colonel; "I never had one to my name."

"Don't be modest with an old woman," she returned. "I heard of what you did in the Black mountains—were they Blue?—although I couldn't not make out exactly what it was."

"Upon my honor," declared the colonel, "I never did anything at all."

"What?" exclaimed the widow, laughing. "You never marched from some place to the relief of some other place, carrying your guns over a snow mountain?"

"Ah! I know what you're thinking of," said the colonel. "It was a man called Whippet did that. A splendid chap he is, too; you really ought to know him."

"The papers said you did it," persisted the widow.

"There was a confusion in the names, Jemmett and Whippet. Whippet

man, and when one of the hostile shells, the first which did happen to burst properly, carried off a bugler and six men, a growl escaped him about waste of life.

Jemmett, who saw with half an eye that things were going as he wished them, leaned from his saddle to pat his subordinate on the shoulder. "My friend," said he, "it may be inhuman, but I should not call it waste of life, though 20 more and myself were to go, if we win the day and get back those guns while a man as good as you remains to take my place."

"I beg your pardon, general," said the second in command; "but I wish you'd get off your horse, for I'm not big enough to do your work, however pleased I should be to try."

And just then another fragment of shell—the last the enemy fired that day—plunged against Jemmett's knee and brought his charger down with a broken bang. Jemmett fell heavily on his head.

"You know what to do," said Jemmett to the second in command, as he recovered an hour later from the stunning effect of his fall.

"It has been done," answered the second in command. "The Rifles have cleared the ridge, we've got the guns safe and sound, and the guides are ohivying the beggars down the valley."

"That's all!" declared the colonel. "And how long have I to live?" he asked.

"Bless my soul! How should I know!" returned the other. "Twenty years, 25, anything up to 150. Long enough to bury the brigade, anyhow."

"What's happened to me? I thought I felt my leg go."

"Yes, a chunk of it went. . . . I'm afraid you'll limp a bit, old chap. 'You mean it must come off?'"

"No, it's not so bad as that—it only wants absolute rest—and there's the C. B., don't you know."

"I'm too old to care about that, but I suppose they'll hardly retire me now."

"Make you a field marshal more likely," said the second in command.

Then Jemmett dictated a ten-line account of the action to the first sergeant, and when the latter had departed to send it off, and to attend to his proper work, he thought himself of the widow's letter.

It was very long, for the widow, and it made Jemmett forget the limp on one side and the C. B. on the other. It ended with the words: "Give me a definition of a duty soldier to take the place of the stupid cynicism he taught me."

Jemmett put the letter into the envelope and the envelope back in his pocket, and his heart full of pride, tried to think out the desired definition.

His cogitations were broken by the re-entrance of the second in command, just a trifle hurried. "That ass Winter has been at it again," he said. "He's deluging down that he's in the hell of a mess, and can you get him out of it?"

"What does he want?" asked Jemmett, taken aback.

"He says he's surrounded, and can't cut a way through without a big loss. Jemmett was a wee bit angry. "It's a shame," said he. "My men must be dog tired. I hardly know what to do."

"If I know what I should do," snapped the second in command.

"What would you do?" the general inquired.

"Let him go to the devil his own way."

"You forget yourself," said Jemmett. "That's not business. We must do what we can to help him."

"If you send one man you must send the lot," said the second in command. "And you lose the fruits of your victory."

"Better that," returned Jemmett, "than suffer a defeat."

"Better for Winter, perhaps," growled the other, "but not for us."

Then Jemmett learned that a mile's journey in a doolie would spell certain death, and he felt himself falling from the highest peak of happiness to the lowest depths of despair, for his was a commonplace mind, that did not feel heroism as an ecstasy, but all he said was "Sound the assembly."

"How many men shall I take with me?" asked the second in command.

"Every living one but myself," said Jemmett.

"Eh?" said the second in command; he thought his chief had forgotten the meaning of Afghan war.

Jemmett smiled. "It'll be all right," he said. "The doctor's given me a sleeping draught. Have you got a pencil and an envelope?"

When the second in command gave Jemmett his last handshake he carried away with him the envelope. It was addressed to the widow, and inside it was her own letter, with these words pencilled at the foot of it: "My dear child, a duty soldier is one who is afraid only of failing in his duty.—Grandpapa."—*Pall Mall Magazine.*

A School of Farming

It Will Aim to Raise the Standard of Agricultural Methods.

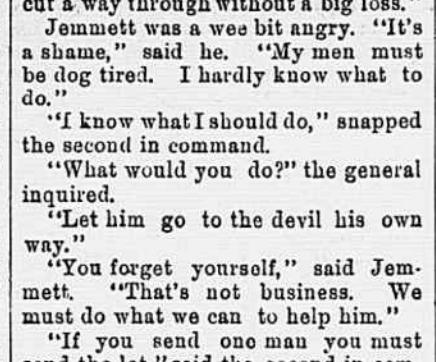
WHEN the promoters of the School of Practical Agriculture and Horticulture looked about for a spot where to establish the institution various places were suggested, but it was finally agreed that Briarcliff Manor, one of the most beautiful parts of Westchester County, N. Y., would be the most suitable. It will be on a plateau overlooking the sixty-six acres which have been acquired, and also much of the land and many of the buildings on the Briarcliff Farms, which will serve not only as a beautiful picture, but as an inspiration for the students.

The object of the school is "to train men and women in the methods of horticulture, floriculture, gardening, poultry raising and allied branches, that they may become proficient in the management of the main line to the farm, and by means of these the shipment of farm products is facilitated. Near the railroad are the best homes of some of the farm hands, and a short distance beyond these, toward the ridge, are several large granaries; further

of the occupant. A salt brack is fastened to the side of the stall, where the cow may reach it with ease, and a water trough, into which the water runs automatically, is a convenient fixture. There are no mangers, but the food is placed on the floor, and the manager of the farms thinks that the danger from impurities getting into the animals' food is minimized by the arrangement.

The offices of the farms are only a short distance from the barn, and in an opposite direction, on one of the broad roads which traverse the estate, is the pretty boarding house which has been erected for the bachelor hands on the estate. On the ground floor of this building are a reception room, a large apartment in which the men meet after work hours to read, play games or lounge, a dining room and a well appointed kitchen.

There are about 400 breeding pigs on



THE MODEL DAIRY.

away, on the main road, is the model dairy building. Of the 875 head of cattle on the place, about 400 are registered Jerseys. No other breed is allowed in the herd.

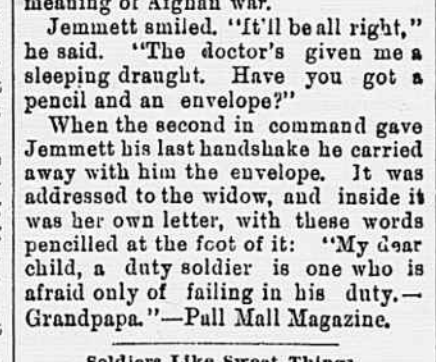
There are several milking stations, and from these the milk is taken to the dairy as soon as the cans are filled. All known safeguards against impurity are employed, and no milk is allowed to milk a cow until he has thoroughly agement of farms, estates, greenhouses and gardens, and may be able by thorough knowledge of the science of the soil to make the field, through intelligent and skillful work, bring forth abundance of its great wealth of beauty and usefulness."

The school will aim to raise the standard of agricultural methods. Practical instruction will be given in the orchard, garden, greenhouse, poultry yard and dairy, and students will be taught "how to overcome and not be overcome by the many difficulties beauty and usefulness."

Briarcliff Farms occupy a tract extending about four miles north and south and about three miles east and west. The railroad tracks have been washed his hands, and this must be done again before he begins with the second cow. The attendants wear white duck suits while on duty, and those who are employed as milkers are not allowed to go near the farms.

When the milk reaches the dairy it is emptied into a sterilized copper tank on the ground floor.

There is a large butter room on the



THE POULTRY HOUSE.

place, including fine specimens of Berkshires, Yorkshires and Chester Whites.

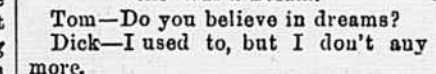
The poultry department has a large incubator building, with a capacity of 4500 eggs, and a perfectly equipped brooder house. There are about 5000 chickens on the place, and the house where the little ones are kept, which now contains about 1000 pretty chicks, is one of the sights of the place.

In speaking of the objects of the school which will be established near this model farm, George T. Powell, the director, said:

"Its purpose is to give a thorough training in the art of agriculture in all of its details. It is proposed to produce the finest quality in fruits, vegetables and flowers, and in addition to the production of a high quality, also

second floor of the dairy, which is finished in white enameled wood, marble and glass, and has an inlaid marble floor. The milk is forced into this room from below by means of compressed air, and is converted into butter, which is placed in a large glass and marble fitted cold storage room.

Near the dairy is the largest of five

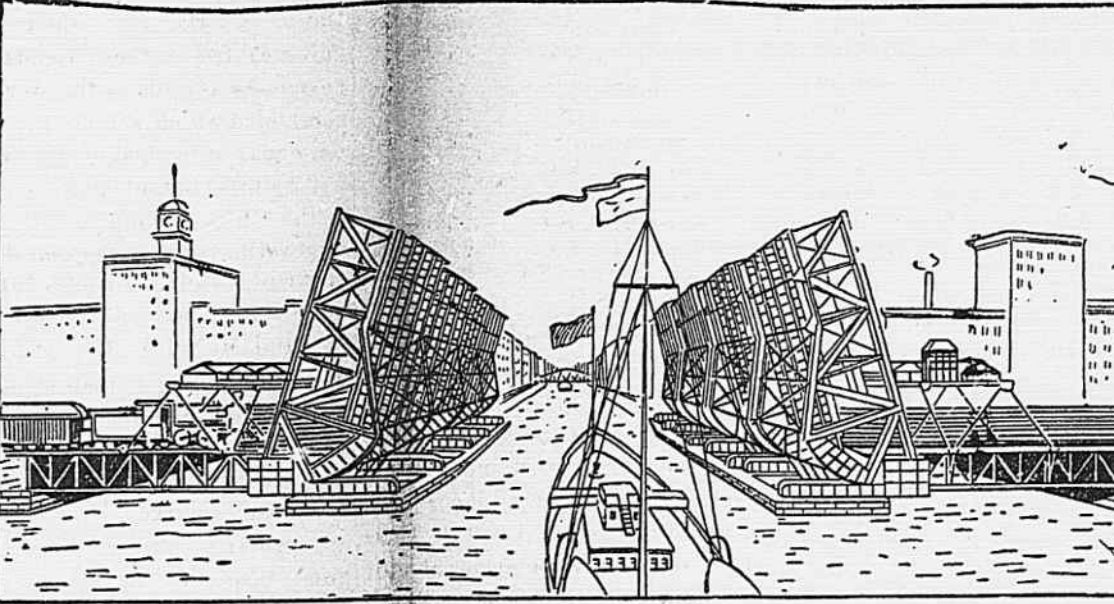


THE BUTTER ROOM.

to give special instruction in the essential part of that marketing them.

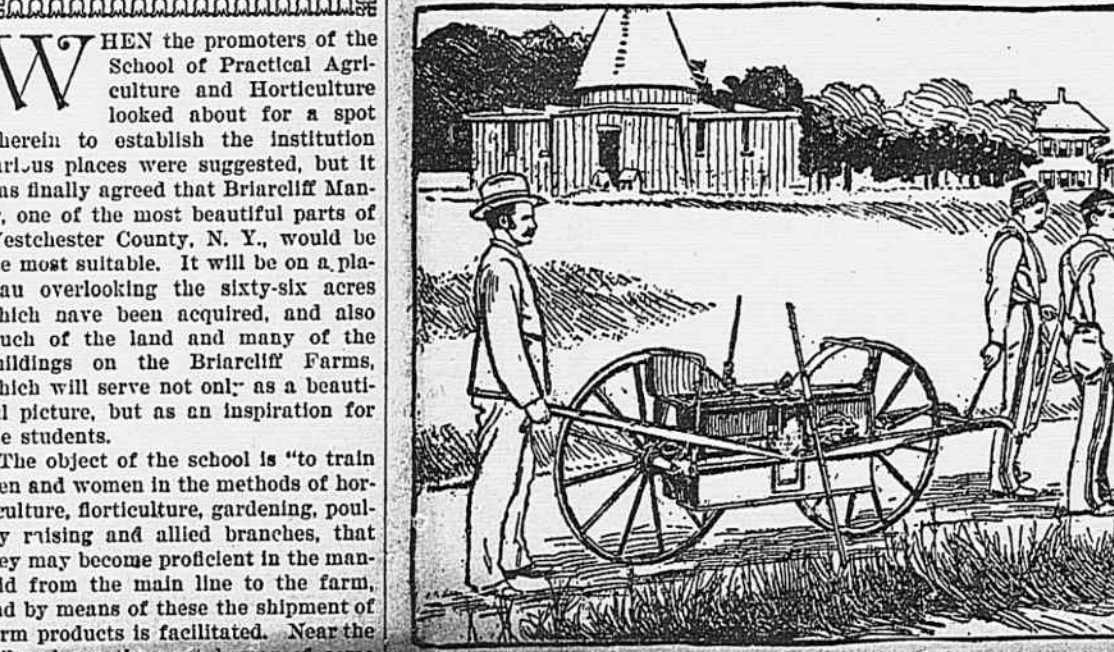
"We already have trees growing and small fruits for the use of students. Landscape gardening is a feature, and may be applied to the beautifying of country homes in an inexpensive manner. There is in contemplation a system of branch schools, where instruc-

AN EIGHT-TRACK ROLLER-LIFT BRIDGE.



The Marine Review prints a description of an eight-track roller-lift bridge to be erected over the Chicago drainage canal near its junction with the Chicago River. It provides a clear waterway for navigation of 120 feet between the piers, at right angles to the centre line of the canal. On each side of the waterway provided for navigation is placed a main supporting pier. These piers are each forty-eight feet wide. They rest on bed rock, forty-four feet below city datum. The

plans are not solid. In each pier there are four cavities, which materially reduce the amount of the required concrete and masonry. The bridge consists of four independent double track Scherzer rolling-lift bridges, placed side by side, with a clearance of six inches between the adjacent trusses. The spans may be operated either jointly or singly, as desired, by two operators, one on each side of the canal. When it is desired to open the bridge the centre pins are unlocked by

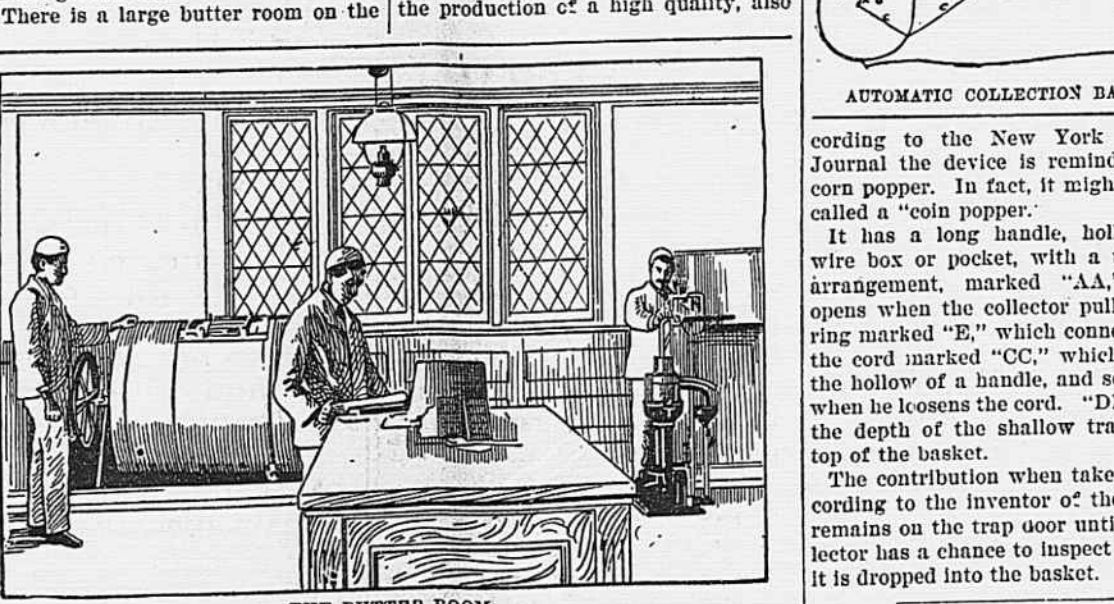


THE OROGRAPH, AN AUTOMATIC SURVEYOR.

means of electrical devices, the spans are then rolled upward and backward upon the track girders. The movable spans are counter weighted so as to be at rest at an angle of about forty degrees. This greatly facilitates the opening of the spans, and also aids in closing them. The bridge is to be opened or closed in thirty seconds, by means of four forty-horse-power electric motors on each side of the channel. The electric motors are controlled by a controller in an operator's house.

This instrument is used for measuring land, and is particularly adapted for the farmer of the State. One day will be devoted to lectures on specific topics and one day to practical work in the field, where applications of the principles given during the first day will be made.

tion may be carried to the farmers of the State. One day will be devoted to lectures on specific topics and one day to practical work in the field, where applications of the principles given during the first day will be made.



AUTOMATIC COLLECTION BASKET.

According to the New York Evening Journal the device is reminiscent of a corn popper. In fact, it might well be called a "corn popper."

It has a long handle, hollowed, a wire box or pocket, with a trap-door arrangement, marked "A.A." which opens when the collector pulls on the ring marked "B." which connects with the hollow of a handle, and sets again when he loosens the cord. "DD" shows the depth of the shallow tray at the top of the basket.

The contribution when taken up, according to the inventor of the popper, remains on the trap door until the collector has a chance to inspect it before it is dropped into the basket.

Hearts of Vegetarians.

Examination of the hearts of the vegetarian and the meat eater shows that the number of beats to the former are fifty-eight to the minute, and of the latter seventy-two.

In a short time the Japanese population of San Francisco will reach 20,000.

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