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The Cameo Brooch.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

A pretty girl was seated upon a vine-wreathed porch, darning stockings. Max Delaney's eyes brightened as they rested upon her, and a thrill stirred his usually unsusceptible heart.

"Have I traversed the wide world over, and gone unscathed all these years," he asked himself, "only to fall in love, at first sight, with a rustic divinity out in the wilds of Michigan?"

At the sound of his footsteps the girl looked up, with a startled air, the lovely peach-bloom color deepening and brightening in her velvety cheeks.

What Daisy Wentworth saw was a tall, dark young man, of eight-and-twenty, with a somewhat listless expression upon his face. He wore a tourist's dress of gray tweed, and carried a small pack slung across his broad shoulders.

"May I trouble you for a drink of water?" he asked, in a low, musical voice, that made the girl start, its refined accents were so different from the rough speech to which she was accustomed.

Before Daisy could comply with the request, the kitchen-door swung suddenly open, and a hard, strong-featured face, with beetling black brows and fiery eyes, peered out, the face of Mrs. Wentworth, Daisy's stepmother.

"Don't come in here!" she cried, in a shrill, acid voice, glowering angrily at the astonished young man. "You have nothing I want in that nasty pack. I never trade with tramps."

"Oh, mother!" cried Daisy, in dismay. "I am sure the man is no peddler."

"He's something worse, then, and had better go about his business."

Mrs. Wentworth was about to slam the door, when, by an amusing coincidence, a peddler's cart drove into the yard.

She was one of those women who made "distinctions." Though unable to abide one who carried his pack on his own back, she had a weakness for peddlers who had arrived at the distinction of driving a cart.

The angry look instantly vanished from her face, leaving it bland and smiling. She decided that Max Delaney must be the avant courier.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," she said, humbly. "I took you for one of the sort that goes about with goods made right here at cheap prices they try to pass genuine thread. I am disgracing the whole tribe. And Daisy put me all out of temper trifling and kidding. Just like mother, they say. It's a disgrace to have another woman's child to bring up. I would never have married Silas Wentworth had I known he would up and die at the end of five years, and leave me to take care of his first wife's daughter. I have children enough of my own to look after."

Daisy was accustomed to these tirades, but they always brought tears to her eyes. She might have reported that her stepmother had seized upon the bit of property that was left, and used it all for the benefit of her own children, but she refrained.

"Wait a minute," Mrs. Wentworth resumed, garrulously. "I've got lots of rags stowed away in the garret, that I've been keeping until the right person comes along. If you don't mind being hindered, I'll go and gather 'em up."

A roguish twinkle showed itself in Max Delaney's eyes, as the woman disappeared in the direction of the upper regions.

"My pack only contains the kit of a strolling artist," he said, smiling. "But here comes the real Simon Pure," as a freckled-faced man, with a scraggy, sandy moustache, ascending the steps, bringing an armful of tinware and some old-fashioned steel-yards. "I shall abdicate in his favor."

Daisy's cheeks were burning hotly, but she caught up her print sunbonnet, and bringing a tumbler from the pantry shelf, led the way to the well, in the shadow of some lilac-bushes at the rear of the house.

Max drank the cool water she proffered, as though it had been ambrosia. On returning the empty glass, his gaze happened to fall upon the pin that fastened Daisy's collar. It was a cameo of considerable value—a portrait finely and artistically cut; but it did not look out of place, though her dress was of common gingham.

"I beg your pardon," he said, eagerly. "But may I ask where you got that brooch?"

"It was my mother's," Daisy replied; "that is why I like to wear it."

"Oh—an heirloom! Can you tell me anything of its history?"

"Very little. My mother prized it highly. The likeness is that of some relative—a great-aunt, I believe."

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Ethel McLean."

Max gazed at the girl curiously. He would have said more, but Mrs. Wentworth's shrill voice sounded at that instant, calling sharply for Daisy.

"Don't be loitering there, you good-for-nothing child! You might try to make yourself useful occasionally. You've only been a burden to me ever since your father died. Go right up into the garret, and bring down the rest of them rags."

Daisy flitted away, a painful flush suffusing her face.

But she had not seen the last of the handsome artist.

That evening, as she stood dejectedly at the garden gate, wearied out with the labors of the day and trying to escape for a few moments from her stepmother's shrewish tongue, he came whistling along the lane, and paused beside her.

"You have been crying," he exclaimed, abruptly, looking into her pretty, forget-me-not eyes.

The girl sprang toward her with an impulsive little cry.

"Will you, Aunt Patty? Oh, I would be so glad!"

"You can stay upon one condition. I have learned to love you, but my will is made, as I wrote you. It cannot be altered, even to please you. The bulk of my fortune goes to my half-sister's son, a very worthy young man, Daisy, you can remain as his wife! I have communicated with him, and he is very willing to consent to the arrangement."

Daisy grew very pale. Consent to marry a man she had never seen? No, that would have been impossible, even if Max Delaney's image did not fill all her heart.

"I must go," she said sadly. "There is no other way."

"Wait until you have met my heir. You might change your mind."

"Never!"

Poor Daisy dropped floods of tears into the trunk with the new clothes Miss McLean's generosity had provided.

At last, when the goodbyes had been spoken, she groped her way blindly down stairs. A gentleman stood near the drawing-room door. As she looked up, a startled cry broke from her lips.

"Max Delaney!"

"You here? How very strange!" She blushed furiously, but as the young man opened his arms, Daisy leaned her head upon his shoulder with a weary sigh.

"Are you glad to see me, darling?" he whispered.

"Oh, very glad!"

"Then do you love me a little?"

"Yes," she answered, unable to keep back the truth.

Just then Daisy heard a low laugh, and looking up, saw Miss McLean standing upon the landing, her kind old face beaming with delight.

"You might as well ring for the maid to take your wraps, my dear!" she called out.

Daisy glanced bewilderingly from the smiling woman to the handsome lover.

"What does she mean?"

"That you are never going back to be abused by your shrewish stepmother," Max answered. "Forgive me for trying you so sorely, but it was Aunt Patty's wish. I am her heir."

One week later, Mrs. Wentworth received a large box of clothing and nicknacks, but she had seen the last of Daisy herself—Saturday Night.

QUANT AND CURIOUS.

Mt. Edgecomb, in Alaska, has one of

COTTON IS KING AGAIN.

This Season's Crop Has a Greater Value Than Gold, Wheat or Corn.

TEN cents cotton, the South's dream of golden prosperity, has been realized. After many seasons of effort to do just production to the five cent basis, the necessity for so doing has suddenly been removed. Low prices have done their work by immensely stimulating the demand for cotton goods, and it is not likely that a return to cheap rates will occur, at least for a long time to come. With cotton higher than it has been in years the demand is stronger than it ever has been before.

Americans are apt to look upon wheat as the greatest of all crops, but it is a fact that taking into account all climes and countries, cotton is the most important crop in the world. It is a fact also that the United States supplies a large proportion of all the cotton that is used, a far greater proportion than comes from any other country. The cotton belt of the United States extends over about ten degrees of latitude, including eleven States and Territories, in which it forms the chief staple, while it is raised to some extent in half a dozen other commonwealths.

This region measures some thing like six hundred thousand square miles, of which about twenty million acres are devoted to raising cotton. It contains a population of upward of ten million people, while it is safe to say that ten million more depend for their prosperity, directly or indirectly, upon the cotton industry. Taking into consideration the cotton spinning mills, as well as the cotton raising industry, cotton becomes of a greater annual value to the United States than gold, wheat or corn.

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that the present high price of cotton is the result of a crop failure. The yield of last season, 10,500,000 bales, exceeds any crop raised in this country, with the exception of the two previous seasons, which produced phenomenal yields of over 11,000,000 bales each. The falling off of 500,000 bales therefore should be construed merely as a return to normal production, but the vast increase in the number of uses for the product has made this normal crop virtually an under supply.

While no great



deavors the tender sprouts, the boll worm devours the heart of the plant, while other crawling and flying pests are likely to fall upon it and turn an entire season's work into waste within a week. It may be truly said that eternal vigilance is the price of success in raising cotton.

Cotton seed is sown in rows by a machine called the "planter." When the plants are well above ground they are thinned out by cutting a part of the sprouts, and the ground between the rows is gone over with a cultivator several times until the bolls are out

immensely to the prosperity of the South is the growth of the cotton spinning industry. Instead of shipping its cotton to Liverpool or New England, as formerly, the South now works up its own raw material. Nearly five hundred cotton mills are now in operation within the limits of the cotton belt, representing an investment of \$120,000,000, and consuming annually 1,500,000 bales of cotton, or about one-seventh of the entire cotton crop.

The growth of the manufacturing industry, side by side with the fields of production, is one of the most encouraging signs for the industrial outlook of the South. It means millions of dollars in profits kept at home and in wages paid out to operators, and it means a diversity of interests, which is the best assurance of continued

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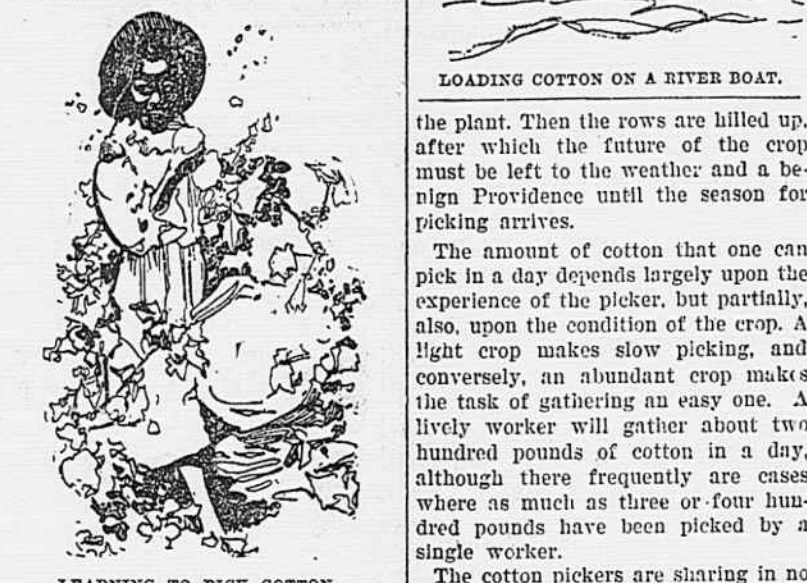
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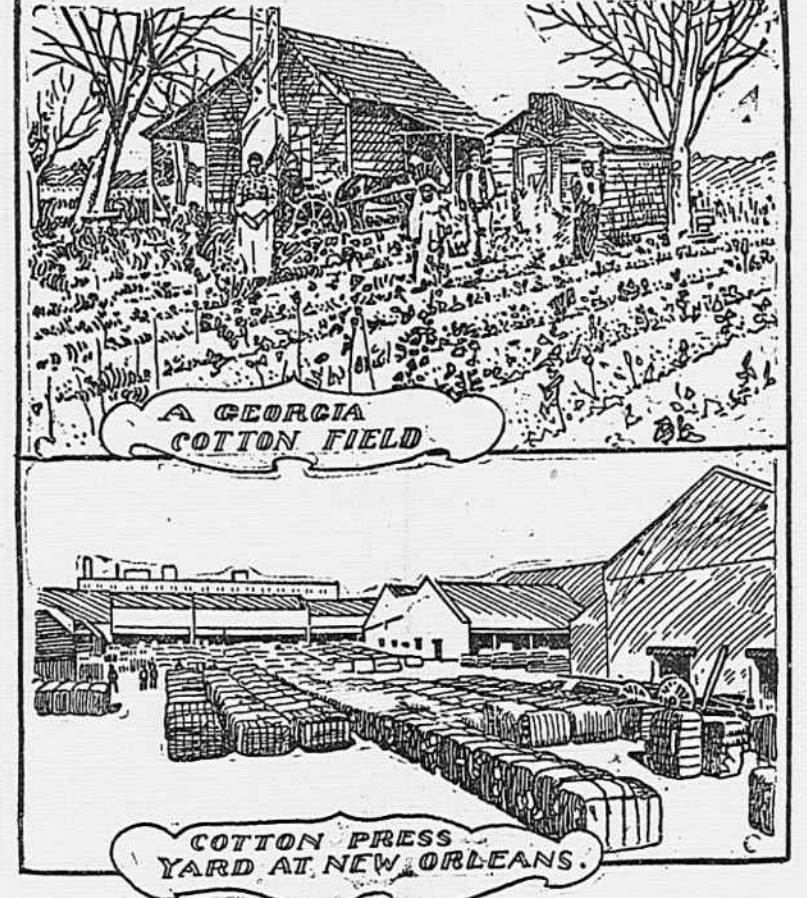
of prosperity for the South such as the magnificent yields of wheat and corn have brought to the West.

During the entire period of depression in the cotton growing regions production has been adjusted to a low level of cost, which will make the in-



The strong, firm linen woven in many struggling country homes, in Colonial days, was too valuable and too readily exchangeable and valuable to be kept wholly free from use, especially when there were so few salable articles produced on the farm. It was sold or more frequently exchanged at the village store for any desired commodity, such as calico, salt, sugar, spices or tea. It readily sold for 42 cents a yard. Therefore the boys and even the fathers did not always have linen shirts to wear.

Perhaps no greater difference exists between any mode of the olden times and that of today than can be seen in the manner of serving the meals of the family. In the first place the very dining table of the colonists was not like our present ones. It was a long and narrow board, sometimes but three feet wide, with no legs attached to it. It was laid on supports or trestles, shaped something like a saw-horse. Thus it was literally a board, and was called a tableboard, and the linen cover used at meals was not called a tablecloth, but a boardcloth or boardcloths.

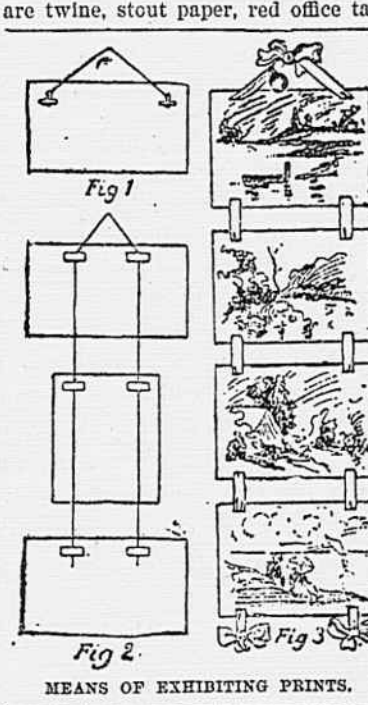


ing season means as much to the labor of the Southern States as harvesting does to those of the wheat belt.

Cotton raising is by no means a matter unattended by work and worry. From the time when the seed is put into the ground—in the South Atlantic

the Amateur Photographer, is the best plan for the rank and file. The big prints, enlargement, or direct, we like to frame if they are worth the expense. And then comes that large class of prints which we use for standing about the room, on the mantel-piece, round the glass over the fire, along the tops of frames of pictures, etc., in any corner we can find. But this class soon becomes so numerous that there are no longer odd corners vacant for their reception, then what is to be done with them?

It is a very simple plan, as will be seen. The requisites are simple. They are twine, stout paper, red office tape



seccotine and a knife. If it is a single mount we have to deal with we proceed as follows: Lay the mount on its face and mark points at equal distances from top edge and sides. Take the tape and cut off two pieces an inch long, bend them into loops and paste them to the back of the mount just over the points marked before, the ends pointing toward the bottom of the mount. Over these ends and across them paste two small strips of the paper and leave the whole to dry and set (Fig. 1). When the paste has set take the twine and tie to the loops, a sufficient to make the mount hang as desired. When two or more are to hang together on the same twine to form a set the only difference is that the tape loops are not used. Instead, the knots in the twine, and place the knots over the points marked before them, paste strips of paper across the twine just above the knots (Fig. 2). One advantage of arranging prints this way is that the dust does not get on the face of the prints. The more decorative scheme is to arrange appropriate colored ribbon in this way, and the effect in the hands of an artistically inclined person is fine (Fig. 3).

Counterfoils of Old Masters.

An English expert declares that he knows at least six hundred counterfoils of old masters which are now hanging in the private galleries of the United States, all of which were originally purchased in Europe at very high prices.

Originator of the Circus.

Philip Asley, a discharged British soldier, was the originator of the modern circus. He gave exhibitions of riding in a ring in 1770.

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