Pays Interest on Deposits. PLANTERS LOAN AND SAVINGS

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Cashier.

THOS. J ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1901.

VOL. LXVI. NO. 3.

The Cameo Brooch.

foolish of me."

scolding you again?"

"Yes." she admitted. "It was very

"I deserved it, no doubt. I am not

strong, and cannot accomplish much."

Max Delaney muttered something

"Why don't you leave her? Have

you no relatives to whom you could

"There is only the great-aunt of

whom I spoke this morning-and I

don't even know where to find her.

It would make no difference if I did.

She is very rich, but my stepmother

says she hates girls, and could not be

"Suppose you go away with me?"

The girl stared at him, her cheeks

"I-I don't understand what you

"There is no occasion to look so

frightened. little one, though it is very

sudden. But I took a liking to you at

once, and I cannot endure to see you

abused. I want you for my wife, darl-

Daisy had had lovers before, but

A thrill of tingling sweetness shot

through her veins. She felt the spell

of those magnetic, dark eyes, but Max

Delaney was a stranger, and she dared

"No, no-you cannot realize, what

you are saying, or else you are only

laughing at me!" she cried, running

away and hiding herself, with emo-

tions singularly blended of rapture and

Two weeks wore on, Daisy saw no

more of the handsome artist, but she

was continually dreaming or thinking

One morning, Daisy unexpectedly re-

ceived a letter. It fell first into her

stepmother's hands, who, in the exer-

cise of a privilege arrogated to herself.

immediately tore it open and possessed

"I do not expect to feel proud of a

grand-niece brought up in the back-

woods of Michigan, but it is time you

saw something of the world. You can

come to me for a six weeks visit, if

you like. But don't expect to become

my heiress. My will is made already,

deirny expenses. Welf, I never!"

Daisy's heart beat high with hope

"I may go?" she cried, in an eager,

"I don't knew how to spare you,

just as harvest is coming on. But that

crabbed old maid would be angry if I

refused to let you go. She lives in

Philadelphia, it appears. Twenty-five

dollars will take you there, and you'll

want 25 more for new clothes. That

will leave \$50 for me and my daughter

Joanna. Yes, you might as well be-

When Daisy's preparations were all

made, and she was about setting out

upon her journey, Mrs. Wentworth

"Now I want you to speak a good

word for Joanna. She ain't no rela-

the old miser might send her a few

dresses and jewels, and never miss

'em. Take everything that's offered

you, Daisy, and when you come back

I'll divide the things between you two

Daisy was quite startled by the mag-

nificence of the brown stone front

Her great aunt, a wrinkled old crone

in black velvet and lace, welcomed her

"You have your mother's face, my

"Oh," cried Daisy, eagerly, "do you

"Certainly. I used to wish she was

boy, that I might leave her my

money. But girls are not of much con-

sequence in this world. I had lost all

Wentworth is dead? He was a good

"How did you find me, Aunt Patty?"

"That's a secret." an odd twinkle in

her beady eyes. "By-the-way, I see you

wear a cameo brooch that was your

mother's. It was cut in Italy half a

century ago. Do you know whose head

"Yes dear; though it does not bear

much resemblance to me now. One

changes in 50 years. There were two

cut at the same time. I have always

It was a charmed lifethatopened for

Daisy. The gay city, with all its at-

tractions and novelties, seemed like en-

chanted land. She was thoroughly

Miss McLean appeared quite fond of

her, and her sweet dreams were never

interrupted by Mrs. Wentworth's

Six weeks went by all too quickly,

and at last she was summoned to her

"The limit of your stay has expired,"

Miss McLean said, looking at her keen-

ly. "I hope you have enjoyed your-

"Very, very much!" Daisy answered,

her voice choking a little. "It was

very kind of you to invite me here."

"You are ready to return home?"

"Whenever you think I had better

Two or three great drops fell down

the girl's pretty face. She wiped them

surreptitiously away, but not before

the cunning old woman had seen them.

if I were to ask you to remain?"

"Daisy," she said abruptly, "what

happy for the first time in her life.

The old woman laughed softly.

trace of poor Ethel. And so Silas

man, but sadly wanting in energy."

where Miss McLean resided.

dear. I am glad of that."

remember my mother?"

"Yours, Aunt Patty."

kept the duplicate."

sharp, rasping voice.

go, dear aunt."

great-aunt's dressing-room.

with a kiss.

tion of Miss McLean, to-be-sure, but

Mrs. Wentworth frowned.

and expectation.

pleading tone.

gin to get ready."

and does not give you a dollar.

herself of its contents. It ran thus:

never one for whom she cared.

not yield to it.

under his breath, then asked:

Daisy shook her head.

induced to give me a penny."

flushed, her lips parted.

mean, sir," she stammered.

Consessation and the consessat

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

"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 Michi-

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-andtwenty, 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

"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

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, acrid 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 ped-

"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 vard.

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 o' the sort that goes about with . goods made right here at 1 cheap laces they try to pal genuine thread. I am disgu the whole tribe. And Daisy put me all out of temper trifling and idling. Just lik

mother, they say. It's a dr..... to have another woman's child to bring up. I would never have married Silas Wentworth had I known be would up and die at the end of five years, and leave me to take care of his first wife's daughter. I have

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.

children enough of my own to look

"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, smilingly. "But here comes the real Simon Pure," as a freckled-faced man, with a scraggy, sandy moustache, ascended the steps, bringing an armful of tinware and some old-fashioned steelyards. "I shall abdicate in his favor."

Daisy's cheeks were burning botly. 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 profferred, 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 valuea 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 broach?"

"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 goodfor-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 o' them rags."

suffusing her face. But she had not seen the last of

the handsome artist.

Daisy flitted away, a painful flush

That evening, as she stood dejectedly at the garden gate, wearled 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 halfsister's son, a very worthy young man, Daisy, you can remain as his wife! I "That dreadful woman has been have communicated with him, and he is very willing to consent to the ar-

rangement." 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."

Poor Daisy dropped floods of tears into the trunk with the new ciothes Miss McLean's generosity had provid-

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 h ad up n his : hould ir 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

"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 re-

reived a large box of clothing and nicknacks, but she had seen the last of Daisy herself.-Saturday Night.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Mt. Edgecomb, in Alaska, has one of

snaped in crinkled paper, on the spot

where the dead lie. The ceremony is

a mark of respect and is believed also

to act as a sedative on the departed

The spectacle of the ibis thoroughly

domesticated on a pool within the city

limits of Los Angeles, Cal., is sugges-

tive of the mild winters of that re-

gion, as the ibis is a tropical bird.

These birds were introduced several

years ago, and live there perfectly

During a recent thunderstorm in

Philadelphia lightning struck a marble

statue of Diana at the entrance to

Fairmont park. Immediately after-

ward the left leg of the statue turned

brown. Next morning all the color-

ing had disappeared, except one large

si ot, which has so far resisted per-

sistent scrubbing and the application

of powerful acids. The marble statue

alen struck was illuminated as

though hundreds of electric lights had

The strong, firm linen woven in many

struggling country homes, in Colonial

days, was too valuable and too readily

exchangable and valuable to be kept

whooly free from use, especially when

there were so few salable articles pro-

duced on the farm. It was sold or

more frequently exchanged at the vil-

lage 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

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 tres-

tles, 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

The Mexican government is the

last to enter the United States in

search for cavalry horses, and accord-

ing to Manuel Alvarez of the City of

Mexico, who is at the American

House here, his government is too

late to find such horses as are suitable

for the purpose. Senor Alvarez is the

agent of the Mexican war department.

He has been through Arizona and

New Mexico and a large part of Colo-

rado. The horses he wants must be

not less than 15 1-2 hands and not

more than 16 hands high, and of all

solid color, either black or dark brown.

For suitable horses his government

pays from \$95 to \$125. Senor Alvarez

said that nearly all the horses which

were suitable for cavalrymen had al-

tecu arranged accut it.

shirts to wear.

or boardclothes.

publican.

to drink enough water.

Cied by six hoops of iron. In this form it is carried away to market. COTTON IS KING AGAIN.

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

EN cents cotton, the South's States about the middle of April-

dream of golden prosperity, until the picking is over in October or has been realized. After many seasons of effort to ad just production to the five cent. basis against the many enemies of his crop, the necessity for so doing has sudden and never knows until the fluffy down ly been removed. Low prices have is safely housed whether his crop is done their work by immensely stimus to be a success or not. lating the demand for cotton goods and it is not likely that a return it cheap rates will occur, at least for a If there is a continuous drought the long time to come. With cotton higher than it has been in years the demand is stronger than it ever has been be opens the cotton rots. The cut worm

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. is a fact also that the United States supplies a large proportion of all the cotton that is used, a far greater pro portion than comes from any other country. The cotton belt of the United States extends over about ten de grees 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 something like six hundred thousand square miles of which about twenty million acre are devoted to raising cotton. It con tains a population of upward of ter 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 con sideration the cotton spinning mills as well as the cotton raising in dustry, cotton becomes of a greater annual money value to the United

States than gold, wheat or corn. It is a mistaken idea to suppose the 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 sea sons, which produced phenomena yields of over 11,000,000 bales each The falling off of 500,000 males there fore should be construed merely as 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 inform it is carried away to market, furned over to the factor or commission merchant, and by him shipped to its destination, going chiefly to the looms of old and New England. The cotton raising industry has been largely controlled by these cor mission

merchants. It has been their custom to advance money to the planters, taking as their security the prespective crop. In this way cotton raisers have been kept largely dependent upon them, and they have been able to make a good profit on most of the cotton pelled to be constantly on the alert which passed through their hands.

At the present time, however, the they have realized their independence of the "general store" and the commission merchant they will be able to obtain a better return upon their invest-

if there is too much rain after the boll | ments. The other development which is add-



eats the tender sprouts, the boll worm ing immensely to the prosperity of the devours the heart of the plant, while | South is the growth of the cotton other crawling and flying pests are spinning industry. Instead of shipping likely to fall upon it and turn an entire its cotton to Liverpool or New Engseason's work into waste within a land, as formerly, the South now week. It may be truly said that works up its own raw material. Neareternal vigilance is the price of suc- ly five hundred cotton mills are now cess in raising cotton.

early in November the planter is com-

Rust and blight may descend upon

it when the prospect is of the fairest.

leaves and bolis of the plant fall off;

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

in operation within the limits of the cotton belt, running five million spindles, representing an investment of \$130,000,000, and consuming annually 1,500,000 bales of cotton, or about one-

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

the Amateur Photographer, is the west

plan for the rank and file. The big

prints, enlargement; or direct, we like

to frame if they are worth the ex-

pense. And then comes that large

class of prints which we use for stand-

ing 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

It is a very simple plan, as will be

seen. The requisites are simple. They

are twine, stout paper, red office tape

is to be done with them.

Fig 1

Fig 2.

M&&&&&&&&&&& Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry.

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

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



LEARNING TO PICK COTTON

dustry profitable even at a lower price than that which now prevails. Great plantations, manned by pensive labor, are not likely again to become profitable in the South. Cotton is now grown almost exclusively in many parts of the South have risen by small farmers, men who own or rent farms, or who work on shares the pieces of land belonging to the proprietors of large plantations. These men put their own labor into the soil, and by careful cultivation make the

About the only assistance they need

most of each acre.

light crop makes slow picking, and conversely, an abundant crop makes the task of gathering an easy one. A lively worker will gather about two hundred pounds of cotton in a day, although there frequently are cases where as much as three or four hundred pounds have been picked by a single worker. The cotton pickers are sharing in no

picking arrives.

small measure the prosperity which ten cent cotton has brought to the South. For several years past the average wages paid to the pickers have been from forty to lifty cents per hundred. At present, however, prices to sixty and sixty-five cents. From the weighing baskets and the

LOADING COTTON ON A RIVER BOAT.

the plant. Then the rows are hilled up.

after which the future of the crop

must be left to the weather and a be-

nign Providence until the season for

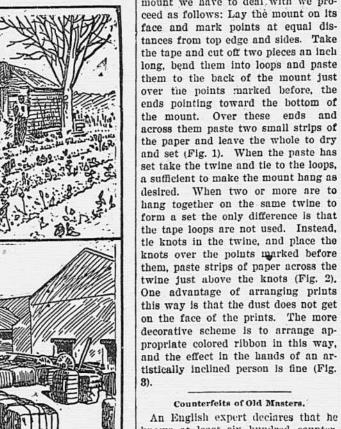
The amount of cotton that one can

pick in a day depends largely upon the

experience of the picker, but partially

also, upon the condition of the crop. A

storehouses the cotton is hauled on big wagons to the giu. Most of the gine in use in the South are of the old pat tern invented by Eli Whitney, with only a few modern improvements. This machine separates the fibre by tearing



An English expert declares that he knows at least six hundred counterfeits of old masters which are now hanging in the private galleries of the

Originator of the Circus, Philip Astley, a discharged British

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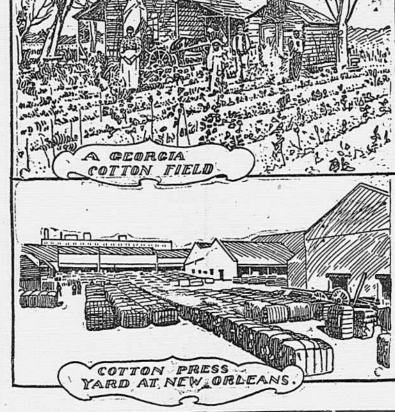
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of the Southern States as harvesting is then placed in a condenser, from

which it emerges in thin, gauzy sheets

Five hundred pounds of cotton is From the time when the seed is put supposed to go into a bale. It is packed ern circus. He gave exhibitions of

United States, all of which were orignally purchased in Europe at very

tistically inclined person is fine (Fig. Counterfeits of Old Masters.

to employ is in the picking. The pick- it from the seed by means of a series hang together on the same twine to form a set the only difference is that the tape loops are not used. Instead,

ready been bought by Russian, Gering season means as much to the labor of circular saws with fine teeth. It man and English agents.-Denver Redoes to those of the wheat belt. One of the most universal failings Cotion raising is by no means a mat- ready for bailing, in regard to correct diet is the neglect ter unattended by work and worry.

into the ground-in the South Atlantic together by a press and then encir- riding in a ring in 1770.

high prices.

soldier, was the originator of the mod-

MEANS OF EXHIBITING PRINTS. seccotine and a knife. If it is a single nount we have to deal with we proeed 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