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AUGUSTA, GA.

THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1901.

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## A STRANGE TURN-ABOUT.

HOW LINCOLN MIGHT NOT HAVE BECOME PRESIDENT.

Reminiscences Called Out by the Sight of an Unmarked Grave—What Might Have Happened if a Boy Had Been Paid by a Lawyer.

Hard by a seldom-traveled road in the state which gave to this country its most remarkable President is an unmarked grave. Not long ago a traveler passed over this road in a family carryall of other days and the driver pointed out the neglected spot. According to the driver, several stones have marked this grave. Each has been knocked down and broken to pieces, but no one ever tried to discover by whom. "A tree stood near by once," said the man who jerked the weather-beaten reins which guided the animal hitched to the rig, "and it was hit three times by lightning. The last time the tree fell, and, as it was dead, it was a mackerel, it caught fire and burned to ashes right on the grave. Then a big wind scattered the ashes."

Nearly a mile had been made before the driver again spoke. The interlude was broken as if there had been no stop.

"Maybe he mightn't have been President, but the man who came after him was. Get up! Funny, what a little thing in a man's life settles his fate."

Then followed the remainder of the story, as it follows here:

"He stood mighty well in the minds of the people when he started out. Everything seemed fixed for him to go right ahead. There was a lot of boy babies named for him before he ever ran for office. When he used to ride over this road everybody he met knew him and he knew everybody so well that he called them by their first name."

"One day he was in town and met a young farmer lad, and he says to him, calling him by his nickname: 'If you want to make four bits as easy as falling off a log you go to my barn, clean it out, and curry and saddle my horse and fetch him in.'"

"There was a circus coming to town the next day and the lad jumped at the job. It was a purty hot day. The lad worked on his job until he looked, when he got through, as if he had been doused in the creek. When he rode the horse to town the owner didn't know the animal, he looked so sleek and that fine. The owner made a mount, and turning to the lad, he says 'Much obliged,' and rode off, leaving the lad by the stable-block, for everybody to laugh at."

"The lad got to be a man and had become a storekeeper in the town where he had got the mit from the lawyer. Every farmer in this part of the country had bought goods from the merchant, mostly on credit. He had helped them sell their corn and oats, and when the merchant folks went to town to trade the merchant always gave their children a stick of candy or a lump of sugar."

"But this time there was an election. The lawyer had got it into his head that he would begin his political career by being elected judge. One of his backers was a man who became President of the United States."

"The young merchant had kept his mouth shut all these years, but when the lawyer began to run for judge the young merchant hired an extra clerk in his place and went out into the country. There wasn't a farmhouse where he didn't stay all night, and when he left in the morning the lawyer had lost as many votes as the house had. Purty soon it got noised abroad that the merchant was doing, and then the man got to be President of the United States went to the young man and asked him what he meant by legging against his candidate."

"The young merchant told him how the lawyer had beat him out of four

## BREAKING THE JAM AT MAD TOM'S GORGE.

RAYMOND S. SPEAR.

into his hip pockets, and a length of rope went up the creek round the house and took a small stream. It was used as a rush after the ice had gone on. The creek was brimming, and on this flood the logs by the tens of thousands.

To roll stranded logs from the banks and to break the jams, there was a gang of more than 60 strong, daring men. They rode the torrent and fell in a dozen times a week, but at last they learned caution.

Bill Kennedy rode a log into Haskell's rifts before he knew it one day. A mile of white water full of rocks was before him. Kennedy lost his courage, the more completely because his courage had never before failed him. He uttered a wild cry, Dan Cunningham saw his peril, and jumping to a passing log, pushed out to the rescue. It was a wild race, but the approach of help steadied Kennedy and enabled him to keep his balance. Cunningham, guiding his log into the swiftest current, overtook the helpless craftsman, and with his pike pole steered both logs for shore.

There was an eddy just a little way below, and Cunningham, with all his might, shoved Kennedy into it. But that thrust pushed his own far out, and rolling and rocking, Kennedy was ashore in a moment, but before Cunningham could recover his balance the log he rode hit a rock; one end flew up, and the rescuer was thrown 20 feet into the air. He came down head first on a froth covered rock and disappeared. It was dark before the body was recovered. After that the men took the long way round, even at dinner time.

No man is a craftsman unless he can ride a log. So in a lumbering country every riverside boy of ambition learns the knack on creek still waters. It is a good thing to know how to do. It means a good job when one grows up, and may be the saving of a life besides.

Among the rest of the boys at Wilmer, Will Conway, 16 years old that spring, was renowned. He knew the creek, the places where the deer crossed it, the brooks that the mink followed and the pools the trout lurked in. But he wasn't satisfied with the money he earned selling trout and trapping mink. He wanted to make daily wages like a man. So he went to George Koch, the boss driver, and asked for a job on the jam. Koch told the lad he wasn't big enough yet to handle a cant-hook.

It was a heavy disappointment to Will. It hurt his pride; besides, the family needed the money. But as argument was of no avail, Will was a mere spectator on the bank just above Mad Tom's gorge when the driving crew arrived there on a Saturday morning.

That was the best place on the creek to see the drive. A big boulder had come out of the deep water above the gorge and lodged there in midstream at the brink of the tumbl, its broad, ugly head two feet above the surface. Against it logs were hanging every minute, making the worst jam of the season. It was already 200 yards long.

The mere fact that it was a big jam was something, but that was not all. Whoever broke this jam must surely go through the gorge—a third of a mile of the wildest plunging water, where the flood piles up first against one rock ledge, then against the other, and finally glides into the foaming tumble at the head of Mad Tom's pool, in which men have disappeared.

Haskell's rift, broad, open and comparatively shallow, had cost Cunningham his life. Here was water tenfold worse. At sight of the jam above it the men hesitated and shook their heads. They ate their lunch of cheese, bread, canned beef and coffee. Some hoped the water would rise and lift the jam over the boulder; they pointed out that the stream was just then rising a bit, for it was higher in the centre than at the sides. At any rate, a little delay would do no harm.

At the head of the jam the water sucked and boiled, with little whirlpools diving into one another. On both sides it raced, wide, black and smooth, gurgling along the edges as it drew bits of ice and sticks under the ends of logs. Where the water was divided and its bed narrowed, the current ran swifter and swifter till, at the entrance of the gorge, the water was lined and the foam stretched out, and even the bubbles were oblong, slanted back by the wind, or whisked off the surface into shining, evanescent threads. Under such conditions—no man the water sucking and boiling—no man in the crew volunteered to go to the jam. As a matter of business, the boss offered \$25 to the one who would try.

There never was a log jam that river drivers wouldn't break sooner or later, no matter how high or rough the water, but in this case the men wanted time to think. An that was a boy's opportunity.

Will Conway's father had been a noted jam breaker, and men of the crew who knew the boy relieved their uneasy feelings by joking with him a bit.

"Why, Billy," they said, "your dad would have been out there hours ago if he were here. He wasn't afraid of the gorge. Huh, I should say not! I seen him the time he went through it—the only one as ever did it alive, I reckon, though some say they have. Them days they used to break jams with a cant-hook and ax, 'stead of dynamite. There was a jam just like this one. You'd ought to have seen it, the way he rode the first log, stiddy as a wagon, and he saved his ax, too. Pity their ain't no such men alive nowadays."

To this bantering narrative Will listened without undue gravity, but after a while, unobserved by any one, he opened the cheese box in which the dynamite and fuse used by his father were stored, and began to develop his plan. He struck oil and now is rated as a millionaire.

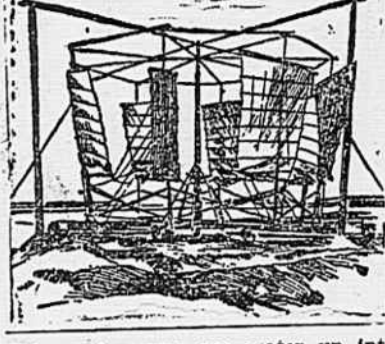
## NOVEL PROJECT TO TEACH IMPROVED METHODS OF ROAD CONSTRUCTION.

THE Illinois Central Railroad Company and the National Good Roads Association have completed arrangements for running a "Good Roads Train" between Chicago and New Orleans for the purpose of constructing sample roads, as object lessons, at convenient commercial centres. The office of public road inquiries, under the Secretary of Agriculture, is co-operating with the National Good Roads Association by furnishing two road experts, to instruct the farmers, road officials, and people of States in the improved methods of road construction. The great manufacturers of the country are and com-

## Largest Pigeon Ranch in the World.

TEN thousand flying pigeons and 5000 little ones in the nests present the unique spectacle shown in the accompanying illustration of the only real pigeon ranch in the world. It is located at Los Angeles, Cal., and from a small beginning has developed into a pretentious institution, from which squabs and grown birds are furnished for cafes and family tables all over California.

The ranch contains about eight acres and is conducted by J. Y. Johnson, who lives among his winged pets. After running a gauntlet of fierce bulldogs his visitor finds himself inside a bewildering mass of life and color in kaleidoscopic change. Add to this a constant roar of cooing and of myri-



then Will Conway poised for a life and death struggle.

The jam quivered from end to end. It broke to pieces in great masses. Some logs came jutting up out of the black water; hundreds plunged in with mighty splashing. All were tossed and pitched.

In a moment Will was stepping and jumping from log to log, running toward the gorge. Once he fell, and the crowd gasped; but agile of body and cool of mind, he sprang to his feet feet again with only a shoe wet.

As he whisked into the gorge, one voice alone was raised. Boss Koch shouted, "Good boy! Keep your eye on that log!"

A hand in reply, and was his right.

By one had dodging or fens. He watched the current.

An unexpected drift did not fall in his course; he stood knees slightly bent and his head forward, and the quarter-inch spikes in the sole of his shoes gripped the log till it splintered.

Ahead of him was the jam with logs hitting it every minute. Some of them dived out of sight instantly. Others slid round sideways and climbed the back of the jam. The whole head of the jam was rolling, twisting and heaving; there could hardly be a more dangerous place for a man's legs.

To miss these rolling logs and yet find a heading was Will's hope. To go too far down would be to risk the pitch into the gorge and the probability of being carried past the jam. But as he plunged into a drift of logs and was unable to steer out of it in time, he had to take his chances as they came.

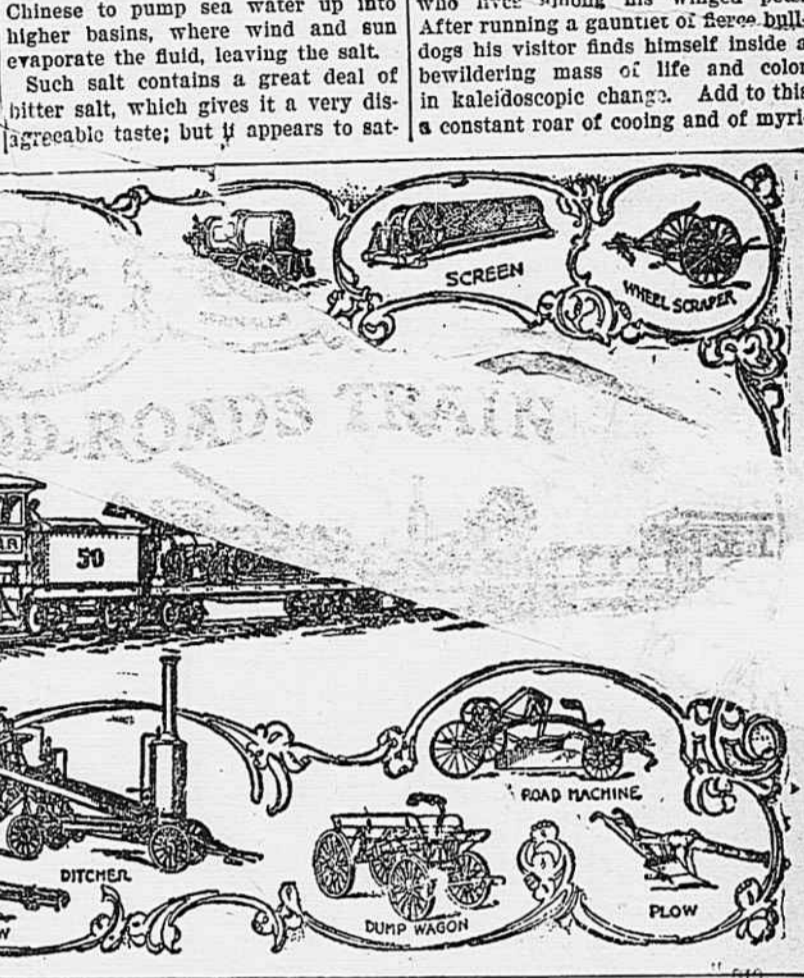
There wasn't really any great choice in the matter. It would be a leap for life, anyhow, wherever the log struck, and it might as well be a big leap as a little one.

Will was within 100 feet of the jam before any one saw him. Then a small boy shouted, "There's Will Conway on a log!"

A hundred men, and as many women and children, looked in time to see Will poise himself for the leap as his log approached the jam. Instead of holding the pole for a mere balance as he had been doing, he turned it parallel to his log and stooped for a vaulting jump.

Log after log struck, each with a heavy, musical thump—a half dozen of them. Suddenly Will crossed into it, dropped his left shoulder, struck the cant-hook, and then sprang forward and up, while the log he had just plunged down into the vortex.

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petent men to operate the same, which will show the necessity and economy of utilizing road machinery in constructing dirt, gravel and macadam roads.

This is the first attempt of any great railway corporation to spend time and money in assisting and stimulating farming communities to improve the

ad flapping wings and it becomes indescribably confusing. There are pigeons everywhere; the shed roofs are crowded with them; the ground is covered with them. They rise in swarms like bees and darken the sun like a summer cloud. If you have ever disturbed a great flock of nesting sea birds on some island rock you may

## GOOD ROADS TRAIN'S PRACTICAL WORK.

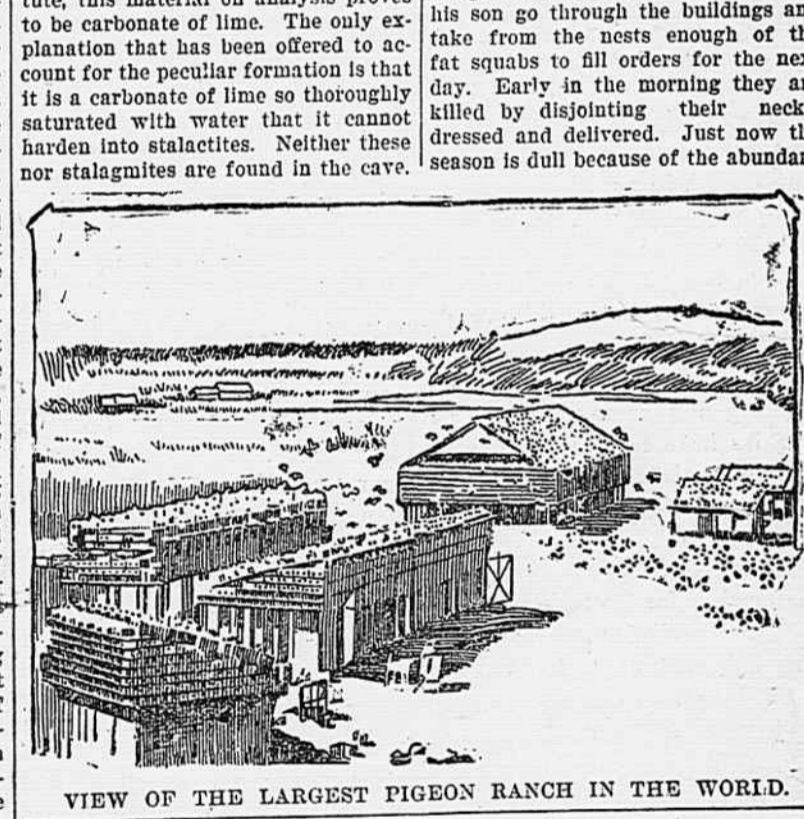
common roads. The officials of rail-road companies occupy the same position as managers of any private or corporate interest, for they must give an account of all expenses and results to the stockholders. There should be a commonality of interest existing between all railroads and agricultural, mining, manufacturing and commercial pursuits. The Illinois Central Railway passes through the great agricultural and mining States of the Mississippi Valley. These States, owing to the great rainfall and rich alluvial soil, have to contend with almost impassable mud roads nearly five months of the year. It is therefore a question of policy and commercial balance to encourage a betterment of the common roads.

The train will begin road building at or near New Orleans, working north as the weather will permit. It will have a Pullman car, with commissary to accommodate two Government engineers, or road experts, the President of the National Good Roads Association, six competent men for operating the machinery, and six laborers. At each place selected to build a piece of the road the officials, commercial organizations and farmers will furnish all necessary material. Special attention will be given to educating the people in making the best dirt roads, as many of the Southern States are not blessed with stone or gravel for these purposes. These roads in most cases will begin at the railroad stations and lead out into the country.

Fifteen places have been selected at which roads will be built. W. H. Moore, President of the National Good Roads Association, will arrange places and dates of conventions. Leading railroad officials, Governors, Senators and Congressmen will be invited to speak on convention days. The project promises to be an industrial movement of far-reaching importance.

There are 8 submarine cables of over 2,000 miles in length.

## VIEW OF THE LARGEST PIGEON RANCH IN THE WORLD.



There are records of three similar caves in Switzerland, and the Swiss peasants have given the peculiar substance the curious name of "moon milk."

Mushrooms and Ants.

There is a species of ants that live on mushrooms, grown and cultivated by themselves. They cut leaves into pieces and carry them down to their cells under ground. There they reduce the leaf bits to a pulp and pile it in a heap, in which the seeds of a certain kind of fungus find lodgment. In the course of time little mushroomy swellings break out of the mass, and on these the ants live as food.

## New Zealand Now Copies California.

Very remunerative is ostrich farming, which for a considerable time followed in California, has now been introduced into New Zealand. Five hundred of the birds are now on the farm of the Messrs. Nathan at Whitford Park, a short distance from Auckland. All the steps in the industry, from the nesting of the birds to the dressing, dyeing and mounting of the plumes, are carried on at this establishment.

The manager states that an adult bird requires about the same amount of attention as a sheep, and that the ostrich consumes about twice the quantity of grass needed by a sheep. The birds become dividend paying investments when about 10 months old, after which they are clipped every eight months. The feathers clipped are worth from \$3.75 to \$6.20 per pound, the after dressing increasing the value enormously.

The male and female birds manage the incubation of the eggs between them, taking four hour watches each. To his share of this duty the male ostrich adds the labor of turning the eggs. The chicks are hand fed, as with those of the ordinary farm yard fowl, and are reared without serious loss.

## FISHING FOR SHRIMP ON HORSEBACK.

Everybody has heard of beggars on horseback, and a few travelers have seen them down in Mexico and Central America, where horseflesh is cheap, but there is only one place in the world, it is believed, where the horse is employed in fishing. This illustration shows a scene on the coast of Belgium, near the town of Newport. The fishermen's horses are attached to the net near the town of Newport. A procession of weather-beaten fishermen starts from shore, each man mounted upon the back of a trained and docile horse dragging the triangular, purse-net, which scoops in the shrimp as it passes over the sands. These fishermen on horseback frequently make hauls of several hundredweight at a single trip, and are considered the aristocracy of the Belgian littoral, holding about the relation to their fellow toilers that cavalry bears to infantry in the army.

While the population of Maine increased during the past decade only from 661,086 to 694,460 or but about five per cent, the cost of the State Government has nearly doubled during the last eight years.

Nearly one-half of the persons in this country die when they are children.

## THE SURVIVAL OF TEADS IN ROCKS.

Some experiments were recently made in England to test the belief that teads can live for long periods in rocks without air or food. The Rev. W. Buckland took a large block of coarse oolitic limestone and prepared twelve circular cells in it, each about one foot deep and five inches in diameter. A groove or shoulder was cut at its upper margin so as to receive a circular plate of glass and a circular piece of slate was in turn to protect the glass. He then prepared twelve smaller cells, each six inches deep and five inches in diameter in a large block of siliceous sandstone, these cells also being covered with glass and slate and luted around with soft clay. The object of the glass cover was, of course, to permit of the teads being seen without having to remove the lids. One live toad was placed in each cell and the covers cemented on. The weight of the teads was ascertained before sealing up the cells. Both stones were buried under three feet of earth for thirteen months. After the teads in the sandstone cells were found to be dead and their bodies were decomposed, showing that they had been dead for a long period. The majority of the large toads in the block of limestone were alive, says the Engineering and Mining Journal, and in every instance the glass covers were cracked. The toads were weighed, and it was found that they had decreased in weight. The conclusions drawn by the naturalists were that the toads cannot live a year totally excluded from air, and cannot live two years if totally deprived of food.

## Luck of a Brakeman.

Oil strikes in California are making poor men millionaires as in the old days in Pennsylvania. One of the strangest of these freaks of fortune came to John A. Bunting, a former freight brakeman on the Southern Pacific, who has just ordered a \$30,000 private car of the Pullman Company.

Bunting began ten years ago as keeper of a railroad water tank on the desert near Tucson, Ariz. He finally reached the position of freight brakeman. He loaned a friend \$170 and took as collateral a watch and a mortgage on 40 acres of land in Kern County.

His friend did not pay, and Bunting sold the watch and foreclosed on the land. He tried to sell the land, but could not get anything for it. Recently oil was struck near his place. He resigned and began to develop his property. He struck oil and now is rated as a millionaire.

## CAUSE FOR WAR.

A citizen walking past a butcher shop in a Kansas town saw the butcher and a customer rolling over the saw-dust floor in a lively rough and tumble fashion. He pried them apart and then learned that the customer had come to buy some dog meat. The butcher nonchalantly asked: "Do you wish to eat it here or shall I wrap it up?"