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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1901.

VOL. LXVI. NO. 26.

SCHOOL MEDALS.

We Manufacture all Kinds of School and College Medals and Class Pins in Gold and Silver. Write for designs and prices.

W. M. SCHWIGERT & CO., Jewelers,
702 Broad St., Augusta, Ga.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—The silk bodice, lace trimmed, is in the height of style and is eminently well suited to both afternoon and evening wear. The chic



FANCY SHIRT WAIST.

May Manton model illustrated is both simple and elegant and is suitable alike to the odd bodice and the entire costume. The original is of white tulle with cream guipure lace and is designed for wear with odd skirts, but Louise silk, crepe de Chine, panne and all the soft-finished silks are suitable, while countless materials might be suggested for the entire costume.

The foundation is a fitted lining. On it are arranged the tucked vest front, the fronts proper and the back. The front is tucked to yoke depth and falls in soft folds below and the fronts proper are laid in three tucks each at the shoulders and drawn in slight gathers at the waist line. The lace trimming is cut in points and arranged to give a

medium size two and a quarter yards of material thirty-two inches wide, one and seven-eighths yard forty-four inches wide or one and five-eighths yards fifty inches wide will be required.

A Necessary Factor.

Narrow velvet ribbons and bendings, in both black and white, have come to be such a necessary factor in nearly all summer gowns that it is scarcely possible to find a gown whose component parts they do not enter.

The Turn-Over Shoulder Collar.

Never more in demand than now is the turn-over shoulder collar of fine batiste with insertions of needlework or lace. Some are expensive, others quite "reasonable." The collar bordered with chuney lace requires no insertion or trimming. The material is transparent or nearly so, and looks as if it would go to pieces in the wash. What is the surprise? The possessor to see the fine collar return from the wash as good as new, without a weak or worn spot as fresh as possible! Of course, the collar was not thrown into the tub of other household linens, but washed separately with warm, not hot, water and a lather of soap.

Woman's Tucked Shirt Waist.

The tucked shirt waist has an extended vogue, and is a well deserved favorite for all the thinner washable materials as well as for Albatross, wool, and similar wool fabrics and model shown is exceptionally becoming and eminently smart. The original is made of white linen and is unlined, but all cotton and linen waisting materials are appropriate made in a similar manner, while wool and silk are eminently satisfactory made over the fitted lining. As illustrated the waist is worn with a collar of the material, stock, tie and belt of Liberty silk. The fronts are laid in narrow arms-eyes, the first three being continued to the waist line while the remainder are left free at pointed yoke



WOMAN'S JACKET.

waistcoat effect that is quite novel and smart. The sleeves are in bishop style with deep pointed cuffs of lace and the stock collar, also of lace, finishes the neck.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three yards twenty-seven inches wide, two yards thirty-two inches wide or one and five-eighths yard forty-four inches wide will be required, with seven-eighths yards of all-over lace to trim as illustrated.

Woman's Jacket.

The all-around, useful jacket that can be slipped on over any gown is essential both to comfort and correct dress. The original of the January Manton model illustrated in the large drawing is made of black cheviot, self-faced and tailor stitched, but black broadcloth and tan covert and mixtures are equally appropriate for the purpose, while the design is adapted also to the picturesque golf coat in red with great facings.

The fronts are fitted with single darts and are rolled back to form the revers. The back includes a centre seam, and broad under-arm gores and laps over below the waist line in regulation coat style. The neck is finished with the latest style collar that suggests the Aligon, but is turned down and meets the revers. The sleeves are two-seamed and flare over the hands, the outer seam being left open a few inches at the lower edge. As shown the jacket is worn open and reveals the waist beneath, but when desired it can be closed, either in the centre below the short revers or diagonally to the neck as preferred.

To cut this jacket for a woman of

depth to form soft folds below. The sleeves are in bishop style tucked from the shoulders to within a few inches of the wrist, where they are let to form becoming puffs. The wrists are finished with straight pointed cuffs that lap over at the seam. At the neck is a deep straight collar finished with turn-over, or protection, portions.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and three-

quarters yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and a half yards thirty-two inches wide or two and three-eighths yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

TUCKED SHIRT WAIST.

COMPENSATION.

Who fails to sow for fear that he shall not be here to reap
Must lie in bleak obscurity
Through all his final sleep.
The bard who sang, long, long ago,
When no one lent an ear,
Sang on for love of singing, though
They scoffed who chanced to hear.
They never see his grave and bow
Beside his monument—
We land the noble poet now
Who couldn't pay his rent.

Who idly stands and shakes his head
And sighs and murmurs: "Not
Ere reaping time I shall be dead."
Why loiter, then, to sow?
For him no shaft shall ever rise
To claim the pilgrim's gaze,
No love shall center where he lies,
No honor crown his days!
Who plants his hope, and though he may
Not see the fruitful fall,
He has foreseen a glorious day,
And triumphs, after all.
—S. E. Kiser.

A CHANGE OF PURPOSE.

It was a bright morning, and a girl was breakfasting alone in the somewhat dingy sitting room of a Bloomsbury lodging house. She was young and pretty, with delicate, thoughtful looking features. She glanced at the clock—it wanted a few minutes to 9—then rose from her seat and walking to the window, pulled back the faded red curtains.

"A clear sky—there will be a splendid light soon for Phil," she exclaimed. She turned and made her way back to the fireplace. An envelope on the mantelpiece caught her eye. It was an old one, and had been there for some weeks, but she took it down once again, and drew a card out—a mere ordinary card, with the words, "Madge, from Dick," written upon it. She gazed at it reflectively; then replaced it with a little sigh.

"Ah, Dick!" she murmured, "if only things had gone a little better with us!" The chiming of a clock striking the hour caught her ear, and she made hurried preparations for her departure. On her way down she tapped at a door, and opened it half an inch.

"Many happy returns of the day, Phil, dear!" she called out. "It's a lovely morning. Good-by!" She ran down the stairs lightly. In the hall she was met by an elderly looking man in a velvet coat. She nodded brightly to him, and he opened the door for her.

"Your brother's birthday?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes. We must do something tonight in honor of it, and you must help us, Mr. Lintell! Good-by—I shall be late for my bus!"

About an hour later Phil Halstan emerged from his room. He was a tall, well-built young fellow, with a somewhat heavy, indolent looking face. He ate a leisurely breakfast, then, lighting a cigarette, dropped into an armchair by the fire and let his eyes travel slowly round the dull room. A look of disgust crept to his face.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed. "How horribly mean and sordid it all looks! Shall I ever get out of it!"

In the corner of the room, drew forward an easel. He sat before it and gazed at the blank canvas. Then he felt for his box of brushes and fingered them meditatively. Finally he laid them down and looked out of the window.

There was a tap at the door, and the next moment old Mr. Lintell entered. He lived on the upper floor and had got to be very friendly with Madge and her brother.

"I won't interrupt you," he began with a glance at the easel. "I only came to offer you my best wishes!"

"Thanks! Please don't go," cried Phil, as the old man moved toward the door. "Fact is, I don't think I shall do much more work now—rather thought of giving myself a holiday. My birthday, you know!" he added half jocularly.

Old Lintell came forward slowly. He looked at the blank canvas.

"It's going to be a great thing!" explained Phil. "I'm working out the idea now—it takes time, you know."

The old man nodded and looked out of the window. He had been thinking a good deal of Phil lately—this boy who got up late, sat dreaming half the day, and loafed the other, who had never earned a penny in his life, kept in idleness by a devoted sister who, as typist in a solicitor's office, worked hard from morn to night, believing in him heart and soul.

He glanced up sharply at Phil. "Might I see your portfolio?" he said. "I used to know something about art."

"I don't care who it is!" one was declaring emphatically. "The chap who loafs while a woman works for him is a 'ound, and deserves to be kicked! Why, I'd sooner sweep the roadway!"

Phil, with a red face, rose and hurriedly left the place.

It was half-past two the same afternoon when Madge ran lightly up the staircase of the house in Bloomsbury, and burst into the sitting room. Her face was flushed and her eyes sparkled. She saw a young man standing by the window. His back was turned to her. "Phil!" she cried joyously. "I have a half holiday!"

The figure in the window turned and she gave a little cry of surprise.

"Dick," she gasped in astonishment. Dick Evington came toward her, holding out his hand.

"Just Dick," he answered with a smile. He caught her hand and stood looking into her face. "Something has happened, Madge, and I've come up at once from Anington to tell you about it."

There was a dainty flush on her cheeks; he thought he had never seen her look so beautiful.

"I hope it is something good for you, Dick," she said. "Is it?"

"I don't know—yet," he said slowly. "That is, until I've heard what you have to say."

Now it happened that at this moment Phil Halstan was wending his way homeward. He let himself in with his latchkey and went up to his room. The door was not quite shut, and he heard voices—Madge's and another. He recognized it at once. Then he caught a few of the words. He glanced around. The lighting was dark. Hardly knowing what he did, he sank down on the first step and listened.

"I knew things would come, at last, Madge, dear!" Evington's voice was saying. "But I didn't think it would be so splendid as this. A good post abroad—only open to a married man, too!"

There was a pause. Outside Phil grasped the banister. Then he saw his head he found Lintell had crept to his side.

Then they heard Madge's voice. It was low and tremulous.

"I'm so sorry, Dick, but—"

"Why, Madge, you love me?"

"Yes, love you, Dick—always have loved you—always shall! But—"

There was a pause, then in a whisper, "There's Phil!"

Old Lintell laid a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"But surely Phil won't mind," said Evington. "He is a man of good sense and his own living. He would not wish you to give up this."

"Go with Dick!" she repeated in a low tone.

There was a tap at the door; then a man was shown in—a young man with a pale and anxious face.

"Madge, I couldn't leave without asking you once again—is it quite hopeless?" he began.

"Not quite hopeless, Dick, dear!" she whispered.—Gilbert Davis in Mainly About People.

AN INDIAN BRIDE HOAX.

Applications Follow an Announcement in a French Newspaper.

The department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., is now engaged in the laborious task of tabulating a number of matrimonial and matrimonially inclined Frenchmen of the idea that they can get Indian brides, and \$10,000 with each one, for the asking.

Some time ago a letter was received at the White House containing a clipping from a French newspaper, reading something like this:

A Fortune With a Bride—The United States government is prepared to pay \$10,000 in cash to every white man who will marry an Indian girl before January 1, 1901. In addition to the dowry he will get with each Choctaw maiden 140 acres of land and with each Creek girl 160 acres of land, all good agricultural soil on which diversified crops may be raised. This is not a hoax. Since the offer was made more than 800 marriages have been celebrated. There are many left, however, it is said as many as 5000. These Indian girls are not unhand-some. Some are beautiful and many are finely educated.

Other letters followed. Some contained sentimental expressions, but all said that the writers were willing to take the \$10,000 dote with the girls. One man in particular evidently feared that he might be too late, for he said: "I consider that I am morally married to one of them, having been so from the time that I expressed a willingness to enter into the alliance."

Another said: "I should like a girl who is good looking; from 1.5 to 1.7 metres in height, and of a good figure."

Still another said that he "did not object to Indian blood"; he "had campaigned in Africa, and would be delighted to join his old companions in arms—evidently thinking that fighting the Indians of all Indians in their own country."

Of course the whole thing is nothing but a huge joke on the would-be bridegrooms. Many as a dozen letters have been received and referred to the department of the interior, who has directed that the writers be informed that the government has made no such offer as indicated in the newspaper article. Other letters are expected, and it is not improbable that they will base various suggestions after reading with a fortitude.

GRAVE AND CURIOUS.

One of the latest inventions is an imitation vaccination scar that you can paste on your arm and thus fool the health officer. The scar costs a dime.

The latest Bible is the world's largest. It is two feet six inches long and two inches wide. It is over 300 pages long.

Saturday is considered an unlucky day for the British royal family. William III, Queen Anne, George IV, the Duchess of Kent, the Prince Consort and Princess Alice died on Saturdays.

Three hundred persons in London earn a living—and several of them are getting rich—by providing meals for the cats of the metropolis, which they deliver regularly once, twice and thrice a day, as may suit the owners of the feline pets.

Mrs. James Little, who lives near Atchison, Kan., was herself a twin, and whose husband was a twin and the son of a twin, has given birth to her second pair of twins, the first pair being about 18 months old when the second pair made its appearance.

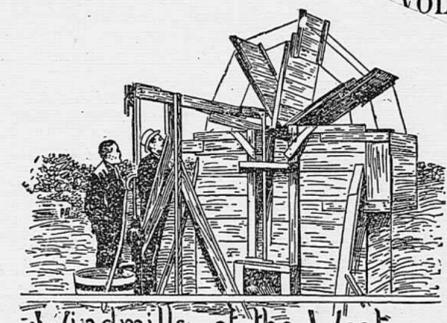
At Naundorf in the Hunsruck near the Rhine a Roman temple has been found enclosed in a walled enclosure measuring 220 by 200 feet. The temple stands in the middle and is 60 by 50. It contains more terra cotta objects than have been discovered elsewhere in Germany. They are votive offerings, about a 100 being whole figures representing goddesses. Small bronze statues of Mars, Jupiter and Mercury have also been found.

The most durable paper is made by a guild near Nanking, China, which supplies the government of that empire the leaves of its official documents. Some of these are over 1000 years old. Fireproof paper made of asbestos is another kind of greater durability. The drawback to them, however, for printing purposes, is that although they will pass through fire unscathed, they come out snow white, without a trace of the printed letters or writing that was on them.

"From Her Six Children." An interesting incident at Windsor occurred at St. George's chapel at the funeral of the queen's funeral. At the conclusion of the service a royal seraph appeared, who made a rapid search among the floral tributes until he found a small and simple circle of green laurel leaves, which he promptly returned to the sacred building. Few people knew afterward and virtually none at the time that this simple tribute in such marked contrast to the other over-elaborate offerings, sent with better motive perhaps than taste, was the most interesting of all, and that the plain card attached to it bore the brief but impressive inscription, "From her six children."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"On the Enemy's Fire, of Course." "I think the enemy has got our range, captain," said the officer of the day.

"How in the world are we to cook our dinner?" replied the captain, absent-mindedly.—What to Eat.



Windmills of the West.

How the Farmer in the Arid Region Utilizes Wind-Power to Irrigate His Land, and to Supply His Home With Water—Western Windmills Are the Quickest, Most Interesting and Most Useful in the World.

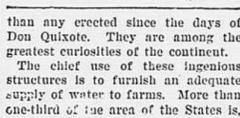
By Waldon Fawcett.



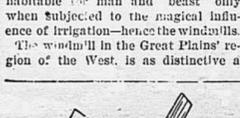
THE BATTLE AXE WINDMILL.



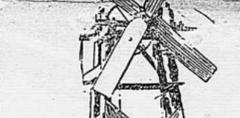
A SIMPLE TURBINE WINDMILL.



A GIANT TURBINE.



A LARGE TURBINE WINDMILL.



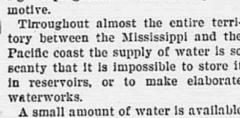
A TWO-FAN WINDMILL.



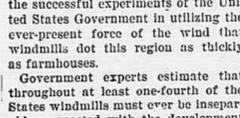
A LARGE TURBINE WINDMILL.



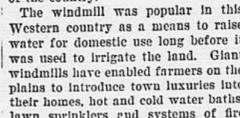
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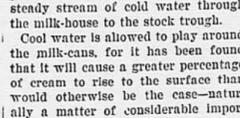
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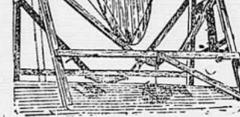
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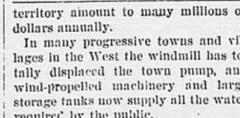
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A LARGE TURBINE WINDMILL.



A LARGE TURBINE WINDMILL.



A LARGE TURBINE WINDMILL.

territory amount to many millions of dollars annually.

to throw the water above the house-tops the tanks are placed on high ground or on high towers.

The newest use of the windmill, however, is the most important—its use in irrigation.

The home-made windmill is having an appreciable effect on population. There are many regions where great grazing may be found and where great herds of cattle may be fed free of cost, summer and winter alike. If the cattle-men and their families are to live here, however, they must have at least a fertile acre for their own uses—this the whirling mill now makes possible.

There are almost as many different types as there are mills. Many are home-made, though manufacturers design types to meet all possible requirements. But often the farmer and his sons prefer to build their own mills in unemployable hours.

Almost any material that comes to hand will serve the purpose—odds and ends of hardware, old wire, bolts, nails and poles—even neglected mowing machines, reapers, planters or old bugles and wagons.

There are "go-devil" or "jumbo" mills, "merry-go-rounds," and "turbinas," each class represented by innumerable types. More than one-third of the area of the States is, or was originally, arid land, and is habitable for man and beast only when subjected to the magical influence of irrigation—hence the windmills.

The windmill in the Great Plains region of the West, is as distinctive a

sign of progress as is the railway locomotive.

Throughout almost the entire territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific coast the supply of water is so scanty that it is impossible to store it in reservoirs, or to make elaborate waterworks.

A small amount of water is available almost everywhere—and it is due to the successful experiments of the United States Government in utilizing the ever-present force of the wind that windmills dot this region as thickly as farmhouses.

Government experts estimate that throughout at least one-fourth of the States windmills must ever be inseparably connected with the development of the country.

The windmill was popular in this Western country as a means to raise water for domestic use long before it was used to irrigate the land. Giant windmills have enabled farmers on their homes, hot and cold water baths, lawn sprinklers and systems of fire protection. The windmills feed a steady stream of cold water through the milk-house to the stock trough.

Cool water is allowed to play around the milk-cans, for it has been found that it will cause a greater percentage of cream to rise to the surface than would otherwise be the case—naturally a matter of considerable importance, as the butter products of this

One ingenious farmer, for instance, bolted the axle of an old wagon, with hub and wheel intact, to the beams on the side of a barn, and nailed fans to the spokes, thus making a mill that served its purpose admirably.

But the commonest types are those with a set turbine and many fans—they are inseparable features of every landscape out West. In any town thirty or forty may be counted; in the country twenty or thirty mills are often in view at one time.

And still the development of the windmill goes on. In some places the energy generated is transmitted long distances, from field to field and over hills.

gressively, while the wind, with Pearson's benignity, is neglected.

THE EMPEROR'S MILLS the world. Recently Brought to San Francisco.

One of the royal robes of the Emperor of China is in the possession of Lieutenant Charles Kilburn, of the Fourteenth Infantry, who is home on sick leave, says the San Francisco Examiner. The garment was brought from Pekin, but its value was not known until a few days ago, when it was examined by some Chinese scholars, who recognized prominently among the figures of the embroidery the five-toed dragon and the seal of Emperor Kwang Su. As no one but persons of royalty are permitted to adore their garments with such figures of the dragon and only the Emperor can decorate his clothing with his seal, there is little doubt as to whom the garment belonged before the Baxers began their revolt.

The robe was given to Lieutenant Kilburn as he was leaving Pekin by one of the soldiers of his regiment. With many other articles it had been saved by the troops from a burning building that had been fired by a band of Chinese, who during the excitement of the entrance of the allied forces into the city had raided, pillaged and burned many of the houses of the



BELOUGED TO KWANG SU.

rich Chinese, who had fled at the approach of the soldiers.

The robe is magnificently embroidered. It is arranged with many pleats, and the figures are so designed that with the pleats opened or closed the design is continuous and complete.

Camp-Fire Utensil Holder. It is so easy to tip over the coffee-pot or to spill the contents of the other camp-fire utensils when placed on the ordinary camp-fire that the utility of the device shown herewith will immediately become apparent and that it will form a part of many a camping outfit this coming season.

The holder comprises a metal tube, a length of gas pipe answering the purpose nicely, and a series of brackets, with straight, narrow shanks, which can be inserted in the oblong openings cut in the tube for this purpose. The stake is driven firmly into the ground in the place selected for the fire, and after the brackets are once in place, the

utensils can be laid up around the stake and held in place by the brackets.

A number of slots is provided to allow the placing of brackets so as to utilize nearly all of the heating surface presented by the blaze, and after the

cooking is finished the food can be moved to the upper brackets to keep warm until wanted. The patent on this utensil has been granted to Charles E. Bond.

Young at a Hundred. If the present increase of the average age of man continues, we will be in our youth when we are a hundred years old. We who are now living will not realize this condition unless we experience another incarnation or two, but when the time for it comes—under the conditions "it"—there will likely be mortals come on earth with hopes, fears, trials, tribulations, pains and pleasures the same as we have.

The thought of centuries staggers us, and millenniums are beyond our comprehension, but little things like these do not bother nature, with whom a day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as a day. And she does not consider whether she is dealing with us, with the peoples of thousands of years ago, or with those who will be here in a thousand years from now.

The average age of man has been increased seven and a half years in the last century, and at that rate the average length of human life will be about one hundred and ten years in ten centuries.—New York Herald.

Truth Will Out. A bookstall clerk at a big London terminus was recently deputed to write a label for a bundle of detective stories. The label was duly written and affixed to the books. It was then discovered that intending purchasers were informed that the books consisted of "Defective stories by well-known writers."

Some men spend the last half of their lives discovering mistakes they made in the first half.

There are nearly 4000 miles inland navigation in England and Wales.