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EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1902.

VOL. LXVII. NO. 2.

You Will Want a Nice Christmas Present.

We have the most complete stock of Christmas Goods of every description; Fancy Goods, Fine Watches, Jewelry, Silverware. No matter what you want we have it. Everything the best and guaranteed. Fine Engraving and Repairing. Call early or write us your wants.

WM. SCHWEIGERT & CO.,
702 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA.

DUTCH OYSTER CULTURE

INTERESTING INDUSTRY WHICH OCCUPIES THE PEOPLE OF GOES.

The Oyster Women Are a Queen Sight When Attired in Their Knickerbockers and Sunbonnets—How the Beds Are Tended—Parks and Collectors.

The old town of Goes is the centre of the oyster industry in Holland, and is as quaint and primitive a place as can be found in the Lowlands. Situated on the Island of South Beeldland, in the Province of Zealand, Goes is entirely off the beaten route of tourists. The whole population, with few exceptions—men, women and children—are engaged in fishing, and more particularly in the oyster industry. Entire families are engaged in the cultivation of oysters during the whole year, for the oyster beds demand unceasing work. The oyster women are a queer sight when attired in their costume—especially adapted for the purpose—tight fitting red knickerbockers, black stockings, a shirt with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, and a quaint sunbonnet which thoroughly protects the head and neck.

Though the inhabitants of Goes are engaged all the year round in the oyster industry, it is in April that the most important part of their work is done. It is then that the "collectors" are placed in the oyster "parks." These "collectors" are curved tiles about a foot long, washed and bleached in mortar. The "collectors" are known to fonnaisins, land the "collector" into boxes of breadth and the range as to be constantly bathed in sea water. From 300 to 400 larvae are attached to a single "collector."

In August the "collectors" are removed from the "beds" and taken on land to be put through a first process of cleansing. This operation, which is performed by women, is destined to clean the young oysters from all kinds of impurities and also from the small shells which, becoming affixed to the young oysters, might hinder their growth. Once thoroughly cleansed the tiles are replaced in the boxes, where they remain until autumn. The "collectors" are then once more removed, and the oysters, which are already the size of a twenty-five cent piece, are sufficiently strong to live alone, without being affixed to anything.

To remove the young oyster from the "collector" a special kind of scissors is used. For this purpose the "collectors" are placed in the middle of a large table, around which the oyster men and women are gathered. The women, who are far more dexterous than the men in this matter, hold the "collector" in one hand while with the other they carefully remove the mollusks and throw them into baskets. This operation requires considerable skill, for, if performed too hastily, the shell of the young oyster would be injured. But, notwithstanding all the care that is taken, there is always a loss of from twenty to twenty-five per cent.

Thus removed from the "collectors" the oysters begin the second period of their existence—an intermediate period of youth, so to speak—for though sufficiently developed to exist alone, they are not yet strong enough to resist the attacks of their numerous enemies. They are, therefore, placed for a few months in an apparatus called an "ambulance." These "ambulances" are flat boxes about ten inches high, the bottoms of which are of wire grating. Thus isolated the young oysters are completely protected by a box identical with the one in which they are inclosed, but reversed, so as to constitute a kind of cage in which the water can circulate freely without allowing fish or crabs to enter. The boxes, which contain no fewer than 3000 oysters each, are arranged side by side and firmly affixed to the bottom of the "park" by means of stakes. In this manner the young oysters can thrive in peace and without fear of being attacked by any of their numerous enemies, who appreciate oysters fully as much as man appreciates them.

The oysters remain three months in these boxes, during which time they are jealously cared for, being watered frequently to remove the impurities which have gathered and sea weeds which have gathered among them. At the end of the three months they have reached a diameter of from two to two and one-half inches. They are now of sufficient size for sale, but not yet large enough to bring in much profit. They are, therefore, thrown along the bottom of the "park," where they continue to grow, their shell being of sufficient strength to withstand the attacks of fishes. The oysters continue to grow until the age of two or three years, when they reach the size of four inches in diameter. After this age of three they stop growing, and there is no advantage in allowing them to remain any longer in the beds.

The oyster-fisher people of Goes,

For the Last Time.

BY JUDITH SPENCER.

"For the last time," Geoffrey said to himself, as with varying emotions he stepped into the phaeton and seated himself beside the smiling girl who was to drive him to the station for the early morning train. And he was simply echoing her words of the night before.

"All ready, Alice," he said, lightly. So Alice flicked the pony with her whip and they were on their way.

It was a glorious summer morning and Geoffrey and Alice apparently enjoyed the drive—even though the conditions now were irrevocably changed. Yesterday afternoon she had met him at the train and they had driven back together an engaged pair. But since then their engagement had been ended by mutual consent, and this morning found them merely friends.

Geoffrey Maitland and Alice Wright had known each other all their lives, and had been engaged to one another—off and on—for years.

Their first engagement, while he was still in college and she just out of school, was broken by Alice in a fit of childish jealousy because he had gone on a picnic and had had a good time with the other girls, though she had been unexpectedly kept at home. But after a few weeks' interval and a due show of penitence on his part, she had forgiven him and taken him back into favor.

The next break occurred soon after Geoffrey's graduation. His father had set him up in business and he wanted to be married at once. But Alice had set her heart upon spending the summer abroad, and when Geoffrey unreasonably declared that she must marry him now or never, Alice returned her ring.

But the summer did not prove as pleasant as she had anticipated, and she was honestly glad to see Geoffrey waiting on the dock when the vessel reached its New York pier. He had a big bunch of roses for her—and when she discovered her engagement ring tied clumsily among the stems she laughed and blushed and slipped it on again.

"What had occurred three years before the present time, and since then Geoffrey had had the grace to be patient, to say the least.

Indeed, he could not well be otherwise than patient, for his first business venture had not been a success, and soon he found himself in no position to marry.

He was a born athlete, a lover of all outdoor sports, and just at present golf engrossed most of his leisure time. But Alice cared nothing for sports of any kind, and she was so entirely wrapped up in her Working Girls' Vacation clubs and College Settlements and all sorts of charitable schemes that Geoffrey was bored to death in hearing of them.

Who possibly could have foreseen that such a pretty and attractive girl as Alice would all of a sudden have taken such a serious turn?

Geoffrey had thought very often about all this lately, and sometimes had wondered if it would be better for them both to separate in time, rather than to marry and go on growing apart and be miserable for life. It had been the subject uppermost in his mind when he had arrived the afternoon before, and it had been a relief as well as a surprise to him when Alice had frankly broached the subject.

They talked it all over together then, reasonably discussing their varying tastes, their chances for future unhappiness, and in conclusion had calmly agreed that it would be better to separate at once, and put an end to the engagement now, with no feeling but one of perfect friendliness and good will on either side.

"But we must remember," Alice had added with a sudden anxious pucker of her brows, "that this decision is final. Our engagement has been off and on so many times that even the possibility of another change would be to introduce an element of humor, and I seriously object to anything now and hereafter being considered as a precedent for the last time." And Geoffrey had given his assent.

The only thing he had felt really uncomfortable about was that Alice had insisted upon giving back her ring. He wanted her to keep it "for friendship's sake," but she had positively refused.

"No, Geoffrey," she said, "it is my dearest wish that you should soon make another and a happier choice, and it will be a satisfaction to me to feel that your wife—though she may not know of my existence—will wear and prize this beautiful pure gem. As for myself," she added, "you know I am not fond of jewelry, and I should never wear it now that its significance is gone."

"And you, too, will soon make another and a happier choice, I hope," he had said to her afterwards.

But Alice had smilingly replied, "That is possible, though hardly probable. I intend to devote myself entirely to trying to help and to improve the condition of these poor, ignorant working girls who interest me so deeply. That is to be my life work, and I shall hardly find time or inclination to think of anything else."

And now the moment for their parting had come. The train was at the station, and Geoffrey, who had been standing by the phaeton chatting with Alice, extended his hand and said "Good-by." And as his eyes met hers—so friendly, but unembarrassed—he suddenly added almost mechanically, "For the last time."

"No, don't say that," Alice said hastily. "My friends are always with me. Run down any time—if you

"Geoffrey! what absurd questions! you certainly are crazy, or you are ill! Come, get right in—every one is staring at you!"

He scrambled into the phaeton, still holding her fast, and Alice drove swiftly up the road.

"What's the matter?" she asked anxiously. "What brings you back this way? I'm sure you must be ill!"

"Williams came to my office and told me you were dead—!" Geoffrey said slowly. "Some horrid accident—and I—I came back—"

"Oh," said Alice, "I begin to understand. Well, what you heard was partly true, only it wasn't I. It happened to Miss White; you didn't know her, a middle-aged woman who lived above us on the hill. Evidently your friend mistook the names, White for Wright. Her horse bolted and—she wasn't much of a driver, poor thing—she turned him against a stone wall and was instantly killed. But—please don't hold my arm so tight, Geoffrey; it hurts, and really I cannot drive."

Then only did he become conscious of the tightness of his grasp upon her, and he released her with a confused apology and a forced effort to laugh.

But instead of laughter came a sudden sob, and burying his face in his hands Geoffrey broke down and wept like a child.

With an exclamation of dismay Alice turned off from the road into a quiet woodland lane.

But after a few moments Geoffrey recovered himself and begged her pardon for the exhibition he had made of himself, adding with a really cheerful grin, "By jove, did you ever see such a fool as I've been making of myself; but I couldn't help it. Fancy finding you alive and well, after I'd been thinking of you as—"

"And you cared for me—like that," Alice said, marveling.

"I didn't know it—till I thought that you were—gone," he admitted ruefully. "And then; well, I simply couldn't stand it, that's all. Alice, it's no use; you must consider things a bit. Can't you make up your mind to put up with me? I know you don't think much of me any more, and I don't pretend to care for all those things you've interested in. But then you are so awfully good and patient with all these foolish and ignorant poor people, and after all I can't be any more ungrateful to you than they must be—and so—oh, hang it, Alice, can't you be an angel and put up with me again—until death us do part—in awful, bitter earnest?"

"But, Geoffrey," said Alice, "you don't seem to remember that last night when we decided to end our engagement we agreed that this was for the last time?" Yet there was a strange

CHINESE MAIDS AMAZE WASHINGTON.



MISS SO CHING WU AND HER COMPANION.

white hair, in strong contrast with the sides of the neck."

"This heavy fringe of white hair on the front of the neck with its striking contrast in color with the adjoining portions of the neck forms an easily distinguishing mark from all other existing types. The antlers are much heavier, with better developed and more numerous tines than the regular species, while a special point of dif-

Mme. Wu and Her Charges

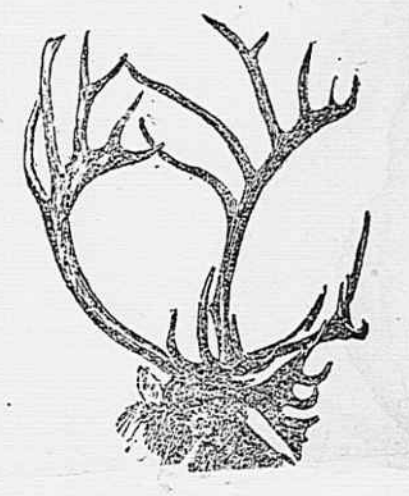
Nothing Approaching the Riot of Color Ever Before Seen in City of Washington.

THE two pretty girls taken to Washington by Mme. Wu, wife of the brilliant and picturesque Chinese Minister, have stirred Washington society more than anything that the quiet Oriental representative has done since he had been in the capital.

The girls are exceedingly pretty, even to the American eye, and the gorgeous gowns which they brought with them add to the interest and curiosity they have awakened in Washington social circles.

The youngest and prettiest is the adopted daughter of the Chinese Minister. Her name is Miss So Ching Wu, and as the debutante of the Chinese mansion will be the recipient of a great deal of attention.

But what has startled Washington to its very foundations is the extravagant gorgeousness of the costumes that came with Mme. Wu.



WISE WORDS.

The longer the tunnel the greater the cut-off.

The doors to great things are often very small.

He who thinks of sin lightly will feel its force heavily.

It is better to let God hold us than to try to hold on to Him.

Love is more than a characteristic of God; it is His character.

The tortuous path to power is the secret of its appreciation.

A figurehead does not necessarily have a good head for figures.

Faith palliates present pains with the pictures of future peace.

Friendship is one of the fair flowers of Paradise blooming in our world of pain.

Loveless lives must be Godless, no matter how religious they may seem to be.

You had better contract your expenditures than stretch your conscience.

Much noise about religion may indicate the confusion consequent on the lack of it.

He who speaks truth must expect to have the liar's watchdog bark at him for trespass.

It takes as much grace to give as it does to receive a reproof in the right spirit.—Rams Horn.

One Three Times.

Another everyday direction—"One three times a day before meals." By main strength and awkwardness we have learned that this means one before each meal. No man wants to take one pill three times. "Ten drops before going to bed." "A week? "Ten drops at bedtime" would be better. "One tablespoonful on going to sleep" was a direction that could not literally be followed. "Three pills each day before meals" was a hard one. Did it mean three before each meal, or simply three pills a day, one before each meal? "One to two teaspoonfuls a day before eating" was quite as much of a puzzle. We could multiply these riddles indefinitely.

The Philosophy of Monuments.

He who needs a monument to preserve his memory deserves none. Then why build monuments? Because the people need them. They stand as memorials for those who built them rather than for those to whose memory they are reared.—Nixon Waterman, in National Magazine.

He was a born athlete, a lover of all outdoor sports, and just at present golf engrossed most of his leisure time. But Alice cared nothing for sports of any kind, and she was so entirely wrapped up in her Working Girls' Vacation clubs and College Settlements and all sorts of charitable schemes that Geoffrey was bored to death in hearing of them.

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as I, but you said you never marry any one else, and I am just absolutely certain that I can't live without you."

"You poor, dear boy," Alice said tenderly as she held out her hand for him to slip on the sparkling ring. "What will you say, then, when I tell you that I love you—more than ever—and the most difficult word I ever spoke was this morning when I bid you good-by?"

He stared at her incredulously. "But then—I don't understand; why did you—?" he stammered.

"Because—well, I really thought that you no longer cared for me," she confessed blushing. "And I thought you would be happier if you were perfectly free—to choose again."

"And I have chosen again!" cried Geoffrey, folding her in his arms. "I have chosen again—and it is for the last time, and, Alice, my choice is you.—Ladies' World."

The Life of a Coal Miner.

First, the boy of 8 or 10 is sent to the breaker to pick the slate and other impurities from the coal which has been brought up from the mine; from there he is promoted and becomes a door boy, working in the mine; as he grows older and stronger he is advanced to the position and given the pay of a laborer; there he gains the experience which secures him a place as a miner's helper; and as he acquires skill and strength he becomes, when in the height of his manhood and vigor, a full fledged miner. If he is fortunate enough to escape the falls of rock and coal he may retain his place, but as he creeps on and he is attacked by some of the many diseases incident to work in the mines he makes way for those younger and more vigorous following him up the ladder whose summit he has reached. He then starts on the descent, going back to become a miner's helper, then a mine laborer, now a door boy; and when old and decrepit he finally returns to the breaker where he started as a child, earning but the same wages as are received by the little urchins who work at his side. There is no incentive for ambition in the average miner's life. He cannot rise to places of eminence and wealth; only one in 500 can even be given place as a foreman or superintendent, and these are positions which few miners care to hold.—John Mitchell, in The Cosmopolitan.

The Santos-Dumont Family.

M. Santos-Dumont, the young Brazilian aeronaut whose flying machine is creating such a sensation in Paris, was born at Rio de Janeiro in 1872. He is the youngest of a family of 10 sons, and his father is a coffee planter in San Paulo. He is now probably the largest coffee farmer in the world. He owns 4,000,000 coffee plants, employs 6000 laborers, and has 40 miles of light railway on his own estate. He is known as the Coffee King.

The packing of sweet corn in Maine has grown rapidly in the last few years until now only New York and Illinois exceed Maine in the number of cans put up. Last year about 22,600,000 cans were produced.

She Saved the Carfare.

A woman with a little girl in tow who was at least six years of age, climbed into a Broadway car the other day, and settled herself on a front seat.

"How old is the little girl?" asked the conductor, politely, when he came forward to collect the fares.

"Three," snapped the woman.

"Oh," remarked the conductor, apologetically, while the passengers smiled. The woman saw the amused look on her neighbor's face, and leaning toward her she whispered, in a confidential tone, she could be heard all over the car:

"I don't care for the nickel, but the conductor was too fresh."—New York Mail and Express.

One branch of the study has to do with the peculiar serrations at the head or beginning of the double edged blade. As a matter of fact, these serrations are of no use whatever, the bolo, or kris, being quite as effective without them, and, what is more, it is worthy of remark that the bolos thus ornamented are worn, or carried, by the chiefs, persons of rank and nobility only, the weapons of the common herd bearing no such ornamentation.

Furthermore, no two weapons are ornamented alike. Every family of standing in the Malayan area has a distinct design, differing from all others in the ornamentation of the bolos, so that a Malay, Moro or Taced is able, on reviewing a collection of such arms, to tell at a glance the family to which the weapons belong.

To the ordinary person these serrations and writes the language well. She is a charming musician, not alone in the Chinese acceptance of the term, but has studied under foreign tutors. She will not have much trouble in captivating those at the functions to which she will be introduced by her foster father, himself a prime favorite.

New Species of Caribou Discovered.

The American Museum of Natural History has just placed on exhibition the magnificent head and antlers of a new type of caribou, hitherto unknown to science. It is the result of an expedition recently sent out by the museum for the collection of large mammals, which, owing to their rapid extermination by white and native hunters are rapidly passing away.

The specimen obtained is considered an important contribution to our knowledge of the distribution of caribou in Northern North America. It was found in the Kenai Peninsula, Alaska. The technical name of this new specimen is Rangifer Stonei. Unfortunately the entire body of the caribou could not be preserved. The measurements are: Full length, seven feet one inch; height to withers, four feet four inches. The two distinctive features which mark this new member of the caribou group are its colorations and the large and unusual form of antlers. The color description is as follows:

"Front of nose back to middle of nostrils, chin and edges of lower lip grayish or silvery white; top of the nose, from the white muzzle back to a point opposite the eyes, black, passing into dark (blackish) brown posteriorly and on the sides of the head to below the eyes; cheeks and throat still lighter brown; a narrow space surrounding the eye and ear dark grayish; top and sides of neck dark grayish brown, becoming lighter and grayer at the base of the neck, and then abruptly darker in front of the feet as ink; body not preserved; shoulders (skin of body not preserved); front of neck white, forming a longitudinal sharply defined band four to five inches wide, of greatly lengthened