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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1902.

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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.

Woman vs. Woman.

She gave a little gasp and sat down. The hotel porter discreetly looked the other way; he was enjoying the little scene greatly; the Mt. Seymour Hotel provided many of them. The girl was young and pretty; the hand which waved with the letter before her was studded with valuable rings, among them a narrow one of gold. It was evident that she was a wife. There was no husband to greet her, though the car with her luggage from the mail boat was standing at the door. Alphonse had had the pleasure of handing her the letter; it had been given to him by a handsome, dark-eyed man only a few hours before.

"Monsieur le Capitaine he says, 'Give to the lady direct she come.' He in, I do give."
The girl arose, her blue eyes dim with tears; the susceptible Alphonse was overwhelmed.
"Marie," she said to her maid, "Capt. Molyneux has been ordered up to Pretoria; he only left today. Please see to the boxes."
She crossed the hall toward the elevator and disappeared.

Many eyes had watched the little drama; the lounging chairs in the hall were all occupied; officers on sick leave, men convalescent and men on their way up to the front or back to old England. Women, too, some grass widows, a few real widows, many more with no special concern in the war at all. But it was the girl who had drawn them to Cape Town—the war, or rather, the soldiers who were fighting. Where else but to the Mt. Seymour Hotel should they go? Rank and fashion, joy and misery, virtue and vice rubbed shoulders in that fashionable and exorbitant hostelry.

"Ah, a pretty woman," drawled young Dennis of the 4th Lancers. "Who is she?" queried his companion.
John Beresford rose languidly from his chair and satisfied his curiosity at the porter's office.
"It's Bob Molyneux's wife," he said to his friend. "Fancy. One of my oldest pals. I was sick at having missed him this morning. He left just before I got here. Ah! there is Mrs. de la Fane; she's a pretty woman, if you like. I was introduced to her this morning by old Vigors."
He sprang to his feet and offered his chair to a tall, graceful woman who had entered the hall as he spoke.

She accepted it with a smile, and in a moment the little group attracted all eyes. Mrs. de la Fane was one of the leading spirits of the hotel; the acknowledged beauty, whose wonderful eyes drew every man into her toils. Her husband was rolling in money; he was reported to be a Johannesburg millionaire; but the reports were rather vague. It was sufficient for her admirers that he spent his money like water, gave the best dinners a man could wish to sit down to, and did not scowl when other men smiled at his wife.

"What brings you down to Cape Town, Capt. Beresford?" asked Mrs. de la Fane. "Major Vigors tells me your regiment is in the thick of it just now." She raised her great violet eyes to the young man's face as she spoke.
The implication underlying the word stung him. He flushed, and tapped a side pocket in his coat.
"I have got a little bag here," he said with meaning—which contains—well, a few papers of importance."
"Oh! laughed Mrs. de la Fane. "I see. You are one of Kitchener's messenger boys. Rather a satisfactory berth, isn't it, Captain? No risk, no worry, no exertion."
John Beresford caught those violet eyes again full in his own. His heart beat faster. He did not care to appear as one of no importance in this woman's eyes. His mission demanded secrecy, yet for the moment his tongue ran away with him.

"You are wrong, Mrs. de la Fane," he smiled in reply. "The papers would be well—well, a lot to Kruger or Botha."
A sudden gleam came into the woman's eyes. John Beresford saw it, but thought nothing of it. The silken toils were already about him.
"Come and lunch with me, Capt. Beresford, and you, too, Mr. Dennis," said Mrs. de la Fane.

"Two days passed away. Muriel Molyneux felt inexpressibly lonely. This bustling, frivolous atmosphere of hotel jargon on her. Tortured with anxiety for her husband, she hated the laughter, the music, above all, the society. She kept aloof from it all. Her husband was an intelligence officer; she knew that he was never sure from day to day where he would sleep the following night. To attempt to follow him to the front was impossible.
Now Muriel, for all her great love for her husband, was an enthusiastic little patriot. This dreary, useless idleness taxed her nerves to the uttermost. The quiet of the gardens overlooking the sea appealed to her. After dinner on the third evening after her arrival Muriel slipped out alone and paced the gravel paths in angry impatience with her fate. The gardens were empty. Her white dress looked ghost-like in the shadows.

In a little summer house at the furthest limits of the garden, bitter tears rose into her eyes as she thought of her own incapacity, her own enforced idleness. Suddenly a voice at her elbow started her. Some one thrust a note into her hand, with the words: "Will you give me your answer to Muriel, or shall I wait for it now?" Taken unawares, and anxious to hide the trace of her recent tears, Muriel stammered hastily, "Tomorrow? No; the day after," and the next moment she was alone again. Bewildered, she turned the note over in her hand. There was no address upon it. She rose hurriedly and hastened to the door of the summer house. A man's figure, evidently that of a gentleman, was disappearing out of the garden gate to the high road. It was too late to reach him.

She opened his note mechanically. In the dim light it was difficult to

trace the writing, but a second glance left no room for doubt.
"The Societies Office, Stellenbosch."
"To Mrs. de la F.:"
"Have you procured the dispatch case carried by the officer, J. B., yet? If so, the bearer of this is to be trusted; give it to him. If you have not yet secured it, tell him when to see you again."
"J. X. de W."

Muriel drew her breath sharply. She sat motionless, her brain busy. She realized at once that she had been mistaken for somebody in the pay of the Boers; a plot was hatching, and she—
At that moment she heard footsteps hurrying down the pathway. She thrust the note in the bosom of her dress. Suppose the messenger had discovered her mistake, and was returning? Her heart beat wildly. With sudden resolve Muriel had made up her mind. The summer house had an inner room, to which a small doorway gave admittance. Opening the door she plunged into the darkness. Holding her breath, she peered through the half-open door, not daring to close it for fear of making a noise. A man entered the summer house. A quick sigh of relief escaped Muriel's lips. It was not the messenger. She glanced at the man's face; then started back in horror. She recognized him as a man she had frequently seen in the hotel; but his eyes were now bloodshot, his expression wild, his manner distraught.

John Beresford (for it was he) drew a revolver from his coat and raised it against himself.
Muriel waited no longer. With a little cry she flung open the door and threw herself upon the man. The revolver fell from his hand.
"Oh! stop, stop!" she cried. "You can't know what you are doing."
John Beresford stared at her as though she were a ghost. He stood motionless, his arms hanging limply by his side, his wild eyes searching her own.
"Can't I help you?" whispered Muriel, gently, all the sympathy of her nature going out toward him. "Please let me try."
"Help! I am beyond help!" echoed the man, struggling with the words. "Leave me, for pity's sake, Mrs. Molyneux." There is only one way out of this."
"How do you know my name?" asked Muriel, in surprise.
"Molyneux was an old pal of mine," answered the other. "He would not speak to me now."
A sudden inspiration flashed across Muriel's brain. "What is your name?" she asked.
"John Beresford. For pity's sake leave me."
"Your initials are J. B., then? Have you—are the dispatches?"
"How do you know about that?" asked John Beresford, raising his head with a gleam of hope in his eyes. "Not a soul but myself and the thief knows that it was stolen from me within the last 24 hours."

Mrs. de la Fane glided down the footpath leading toward the summer house. She was dressed in white. As she drew near she caught the sound of voices, and walked slowly past the doorway.
She gave a little dry cough when she recognized John Beresford and Muriel Molyneux.
She seemed annoyed to find the summer house occupied at that moment. She paced the footpath for a few moments and then returned to the hotel. She went to the pigeonhole where she generally found her letters and telegrams. It was empty. Soon after midnight she went to the pigeonhole again. There was a sealed packet waiting for her. With a sigh of relief she carried it hastily to her room and read:
"The Societies Office, Stellenbosch."
"To Mrs. de la F.:"
"If you procured the J. B. documents yet? If so, the bearer of this is to be trusted. Give them to him. If you have not yet secured them, tell him when to see you again."
"J. X. de W."

A second note in another handwriting was inclosed:
"Madam—Not finding you this evening at the appointed place, I am leaving this note for you at the hotel. I shall be there tomorrow evening at 8.30 to receive your answer."
"J. X. de W.'s Messenger."
Mrs. de la Fane slept the sleep of the just that night.
On the following evening she kept the appointment. She was again dressed in white. Punctual to the moment she heard a man's footstep on the path outside, and a tall, bearded man stood in the doorway.
"Mrs. de la Fane, I presume?" he spoke in a deep, gruff voice.
She handed him a carefully sealed packet, saw him place it inside his breast pocket and waited till he disappeared. The next morning she received an invitation from Capt. Beresford to dine with him that evening. She handed the note to Mr. de la Fane and remarked, callously:
"What nerve the man has. Surely, he knows there is nothing for him to do but shoot himself. He's ruined—silly creature."
Mr. de la Fane laughed harshly.
"So that evening a cheerful party assembled in the private dining room. Mrs. Molyneux and Mrs. de la Fane were the only ladies present, but some half-dozen men made up the party. With the dessert, John Beresford looked around at his guests, and placed a leather case on the table.
"I've had the queerest adventure since I've been in the hotel," he said, laughing. "It's too rich to keep to myself; it might amuse you."
"Fire away," said some one.
Mrs. de la Fane turned very white, but Muriel, watching her every movement, felt no pity.
"You know, of course," Beresford continued, "that I was sent down on special service to deliver some dispatches to Gen. G—, who arrives here this evening. Like an ass, I made no secret of my errand. I shall be

wisser another time. Well, two days ago the case with the dispatches disappeared. You can imagine what felt like. After wild searchings for 24 hours there was only one thing to be done."
He then described his meeting with Muriel in the summer house, and her adventure with J. X. de W.'s messenger.
"I wrote a note," he continued, "and inclosed it with the original letter, addressing it to a certain lady, whose name does not matter, asking her to meet J. X. de W.'s messenger last night. In disguise myself represented the messenger and received my dispatch back into my own hands."
The men laughed loud and long.
"The sequel, too, may be interesting," said John Beresford, coolly. "A couple of detectives are at this minute collaring J. X. de W.'s man."
"What about the lady?" he was asked.
"Well, I fancy you'll hear that she and her husband have been presented with tickets to Europe by the next boat."
A little choking cry came from Mrs. de la Fane's lips. She had fainted.—The Ontooker.

BRITISH SAILORS' FOOD.

Neither as Good Nor as Abundant as is Served in Our Navy.
"The food served up to the British jacks is neither as good in quality nor quantity as the American sailor gets," said William Allison, an officer of the Washington navy yard. Mr. Allison has recently returned from a visit to Portsmouth, Eng., where he personally inspected several of the British warships stationed there.
"At present the British sailor gets three meals a day, which consist chiefly of canned corned beef, potatoes, hard biscuits and soup, the monotony of which diet is supplemented every Sunday by a sort of imitation bean soup. There is no meal between supper, which is served at 4.15 p. m., and breakfast next day at 5 a. m. Our sailors would not put up with these feeding conditions. It is the bill of fare of a century ago. Then, of course, have the privilege of sending ashore for anything extra in grub they may want, but they must do so at their own expense."
"I was informed by a naval officer while on board one of the British war vessels that a committee had been appointed by the war department to inquire into the question of naval rations and other kindred matters. This is the result of long standing discontent among the sailors and the great deficiency in the number of recruits, who are becoming more difficult to get every year. The officer also informed me that the committee had already drawn up a report which, he said, recommends among other things that there be five recognized meals in a day instead of three, and that the rations include tea, sugar, a jelly, condensed milk, and that mutton be issued as well as fresh beef. The report, he also added, does not recommend bread as a substitute for biscuits. On our warships there is always fresh bread, and it is considered indispensable.
The cost of these extra victuals, it is estimated, will amount to close on \$900,000 per annum."—New York Post.

GAUNT AND CURIOUS.
A costly marble monument stands in a fashionable cemetery at Seattle, Wash., sacred to the memory of a faithful horse. The animal's owner was himself buried beside the horse recently.

The other day James Pelter, who lives near Winchester, Va., killed a bald eagle, whose spread of wings was seven feet. Mr. Pelter had lost several lambs and thought it remarkable that the thief left no tracks nor other sign of his visits to the farm, but when the eagle tried to carry off a dog which followed him, he concluded that the bird was the robber.

During the recent session of the British parliament no fewer than 6448 questions were asked in the house of commons. This number has only once been exceeded in recent years—namely, in the session of 1893-4, when the number of questions asked was 6534. But the house sat on 226 days during that session, while there were only 118 sittings during the late session.

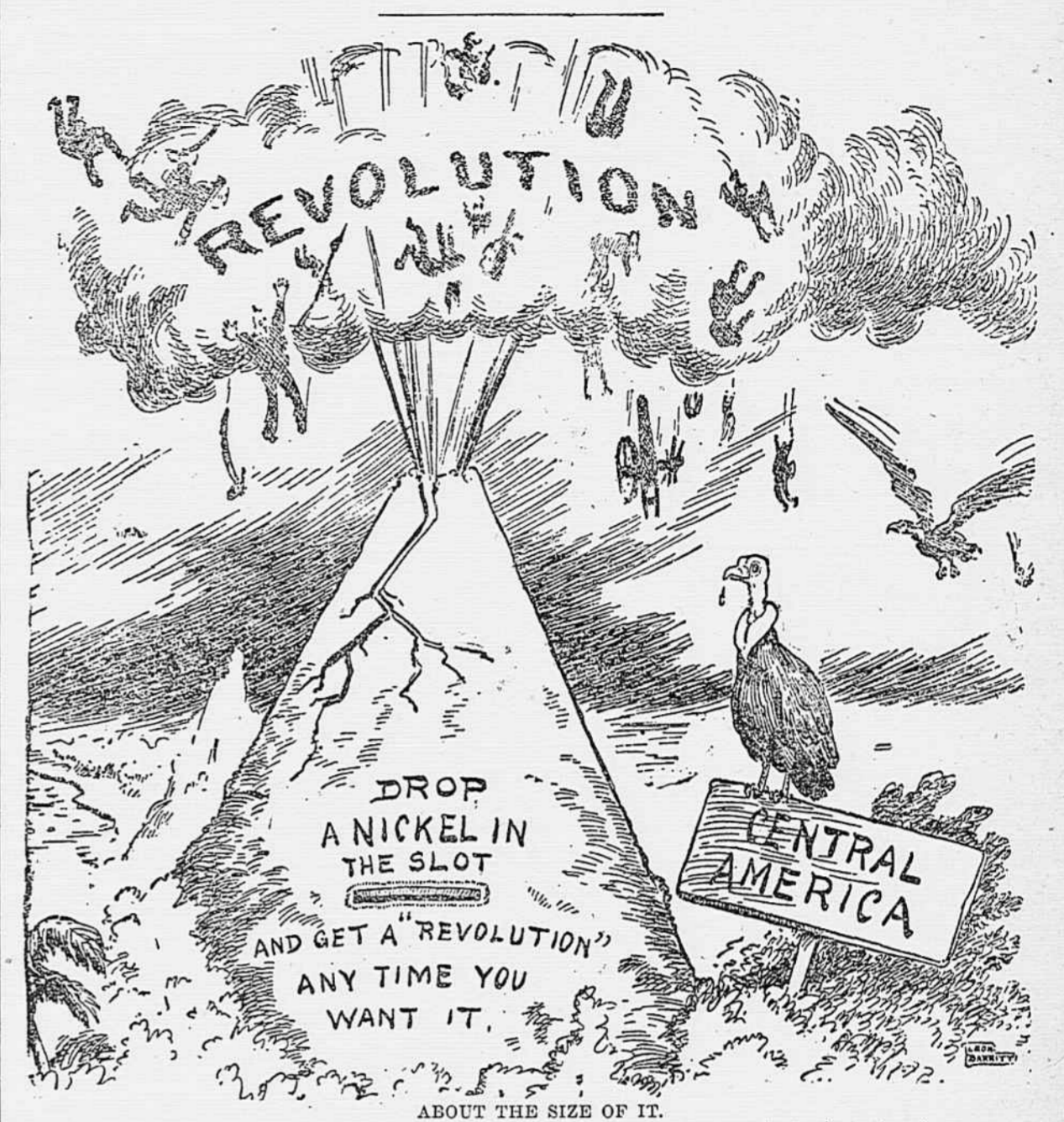
There are three nut cracking plants in St. Louis, Mo., giving employment to considerable numbers of people. The nut crackers are driven by electricity, each nut being fed individually into the crusher. After the shells are cracked the nuts are winnowed by an air blast, and the meat is picked from the crushed shells by hand, women and girls being employed for this part of the work.

A curious case came up the other day before the court in Caroline county, Md., when an ancient resident was charged with the larceny of nine eggs. Extra jurors had to be summoned, and it cost the county \$250 to try the case. The accused was 73 years old. His counsel said he had known the defendant for 40 years, and it was incredible that he would steal eggs. He argued that anyhow the state had not shown that the eggs were found and nine rotten eggs would have no value at all. The jury stood out 15 minutes and returned a verdict of not guilty.

A Pamburg schoolteacher recently undertook to find out what his pupils knew about common things. Out of 120 children between 10 and 16 years of age, 55 had never seen a flock of sheep, 70 had never seen a violet growing, 90 had never heard a nightingale, 89 had never seen the sun rise, and 83 had never seen it set, 49 had never seen a man plow. He asserts that while city children may know about theatres and concert exhibitions, museums and stores, hundreds of the simplest things in life are mere words to them that convey no coherent idea.

Travelers on Prussian railways whose baggage, through no fault of their own, fails to arrive with them, can now have it sent, on request, free to their homes.

A Cartoonist's Idea of Life on the Isthmus.



—From the New York Tribune.

Wonderful Brain Work.

Mail Clerks' Memories Heavily Taxed.

MILLIONS of people are complaining nowadays of being taxed financially, but an army of men in the employ of Uncle Sam are burdened with a mental practice unheard of, as regards extent, in any other country of the world.
Things that a railway postal clerk must remember have increased in such volume that one would think every cell of his brain would be filled with the name of a postoffice or railway connection, and the wonder is that the clerk's mind does not falter under the pressure. Despite these facts cases of insanity among this class of public servants are rare.
One Chicago postal clerk maintained for several years a record of 21,000 cards (which take the place of letters in examinations) with an average per cent. of correct distribution of a fraction over ninety-nine per cent. He knew how to reach that many offices in several States by the shortest, quickest route, and he knew the correct location of each office in its State.
A clerk on the New York and Chicago Railway postoffice must know the correct location of every postoffice in a group of States made up of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana, Minnesota, South Dakota and Nebraska. In these seven States there are 12,317 postoffices. Not only is the clerk required to be "in" on the general scheme, which means the correct location of the postoffices in each State, but he must know how to reach the whole 12,000 postoffices from one or more stations.
A clerk running between Chicago and Minneapolis underwent no fewer than seventy-eight examinations in fifteen years, learning 13,306 offices in fifteen different sections of the United States. In some of these examinations he was required to make a Chicago city distribution, which means that while running over the country at the rate of a mile a minute he must distribute letters to the carriers of the Chicago delivery. He must keep not only where every public building and leading mercantile house is located, but also how to divide the numbers on a particular street, so that he can "tie out" his letters to the correct carrier, according to the route of the latter. This same clerk made thirteen examinations in ten months, with an average correct distribution of 90.88 per cent. In twenty examinations he came out of nine of them with a clear 100 per cent. each.
Think of such a task, taking into consideration the puzzling similarity

four Smithvilles, four Spartas and five Jeffersons and so on. In some instances there is a postoffice of the same name in each of the seven States. As one may imagine, this only tends to confuse the average mind.
Periodically the clerks are examined at railway mail headquarters. Packs of cards, each card bearing the name of a postoffice, are furnished a candidate for examination. He takes a position in front of a case of pigeon holes labeled with the names of different railway postoffices throughout the country. He "throws" the cards, distributing them to proper routes, just as he would packages in a postal car. After he finishes the examiner goes over the cards and charges up the errors the clerk has made and gives him his percentage of correct distribution. The clerk is also examined on general and "standpoint" or station schemes at different times.
It is asserted at railway mail service headquarters that there are clerks who have reached the capacity of their minds in the matter of remembering names. They now remember so many that it would be absolutely impossible to learn another State or part of a State. It would seem that of the millions of cells in their brain machinery none are left to fill, all having been taken up in the prosecution of the exacting duties in used by their occupation.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Principle of Magic Squares Made Plain.
Magic squares of odd numbers in which the figures added in perpendicular, horizontal or diagonal rows make the same sum are found in books of puzzles, but the principle on which they are based is never given.
There is a principle, and it is applicable without limit, from one square

to any odd number of squares indefinitely. For illustration twenty-five squares are given, and the sum of each of its rows of figures perpendicularly, horizontally or diagonally is sixty-five.
Now for the rule. Always write your numbers consecutively, diagonally upward, to the right. If that direction carries you outside of the

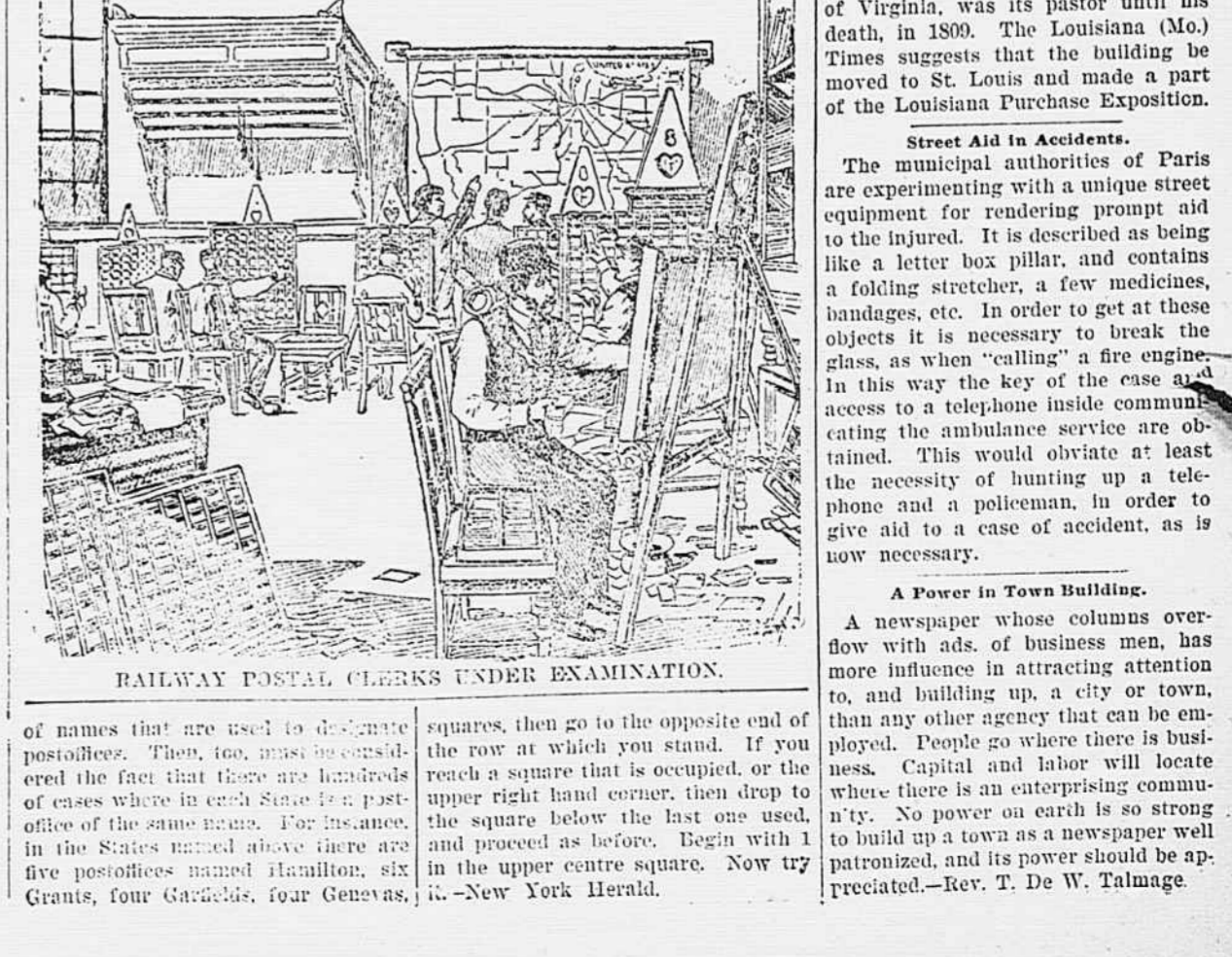
17	24	1	8	15
23	5	7	14	16
4	6	13	20	22
10	12	19	21	3
11	18	25	2	9

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Historic Place of Worship.
It has been ascertained that the first Protestant church erected west of the Mississippi River is still standing, near Jackson, Cape Girardeau County, Mo., being used now as a hay barn. It was built of logs, in 1806, by a Baptist congregation, and was long known

Street Aid in Accidents.
The municipal authorities of Paris are experimenting with a unique street equipment for rendering prompt aid to the injured. It is described as being like a folding stretcher, and contains a letter box pillar, and a few medicines, bandages, etc. In order to get at these objects it is necessary to break the glass, as when "calling" a fire engine. In this way the key of the case affords access to a telephone inside communicating the ambulance service are obtained. This would obviate at least the necessity of hunting up a telephone and a policeman, in order to give aid to a case of accident, as is now necessary.

A Power in Town Building.
A newspaper whose columns overflow with ads. of business men, has more influence in attracting attention to, and building up, a city or town, than any other agency that can be employed. People go where there is business. Capital and labor will locate where there is an enterprising community. No power on earth is so strong to build up a town as a newspaper well patronized, and its power should be appreciated.—Rev. T. De W. Talmage.



RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS UNDER EXAMINATION.

NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES

New York City.—Carefully shaped, well fitted petticoats are as important as the gowns worn over them if the latter are to appear at their best. The



SEVEN-GORED PETTICOAT.

very satisfactory model illustrated was designed by May Manton with all the requirements in view and is suited to silk, moiree, brilliantine, gloria and all similar skirting materials, but in the original is of taffeta in old rose with bands and frill of twine colored lace.

The skirt is cut in seven gores that are shaped to be snug about the hips and to flare at the feet. At the lower edge is a straight frill of plisse silk, broad with a ruche, and above it, the graduated circular flounce that is shaped in points at the lower edge. The back gores are laid in flat pleats at the centre, but are perforated, to be made without fulness in habit style, a fact which renders the petticoat peculiarly desirable for wear beneath the fashionable skirt, and the top can be cut in dip style and finished with or without the belt.

To cut this petticoat for a woman of medium size twelve and a half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, need with a ruche, and above it, the graduated circular flounce that is shaped in points at the lower edge. The back gores are laid in flat pleats at the centre, but are perforated, to be made without fulness in habit style, a fact which renders the petticoat peculiarly desirable for wear beneath the fashionable skirt, and the top can be cut in dip style and finished with or without the belt.



FANCY BLOUSE IN YOUTHFUL STYLE.

ten and a half yards seven and a half inches wide for plisse frill, eleven yards of lace two inches wide, and five and a half yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.

Woman's Fancy Blouse.
Youthful styles are much in vogue, not alone for young girls, but also for their elder sisters and mammae, and the waist that closes at the back makes a feature of the season's styles. The attractive May Manton model shown in the large engraving is made of white Louisiana silk with yoke and cuffs of Irish crochet over liberty satin and bands of black velvet ribbon, but is equally well suited to all soft silk and wool materials and to the fashionable chiffon and liberty gauze.

The lining is carefully fitted and extends to the waist line only. The yoke portions are simply faced onto it, to the required depth, and at their lower edge the tucked portions are attached. The front is waived for a few inches only, and in graduated lengths to form points, but the backs are without fulness at the waist line and tucked for their entire length. The sleeves are novel and becoming. The lower portions fit snugly and are shaped to fall over the hands, but the upper portions are tucked from the shoulders and laid in pleats at the inner seams and so form soft full puffs at the elbows. The neck is finished with a regulation stock collar, which in the case of the original is unlined and held in position by uprights of wire.

To cut this blouse for a woman of medium size three and one-eighth

yards of material twenty-seven inches wide or one and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide will be required.

yards of material twenty-seven inches wide or one and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide will be required.

yards of material twenty-seven inches wide or one and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide will be required.