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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 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.

NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES

New York City—Smart blouse waists are much in demand to wear with jacket suits and the very necessary separate skirts that have come to



A FANCY BLOUSE.

The simple style illustrated emphasizes the fact that tucking is indispensable to the realization of a fashionable waist. Ivory white pique sole of good quality is here charmingly combined with Irish crochet lace over corn colored satin and trimmed with shaped bands of the silk piping with black panne velvet and stitched on each edge, tassels ornaments finishing the pointed ends. Velvet belt closed with fancy clasp. The lining is fitted with single stout darts centre back, under-arm and shoulder seams and closes in front under the plastron that is included in the right shoulder seam and hooks over on the left. The blouse proper has single pleats laid at the end of each shoulder seam and is cut away at the neck and fronts to disclose the

seamed to the lower edge and the belt conceals the joining. The coat sleeves flare stylishly over the hands and the garment is warily interlined and lined with white satin. Velvet, corduroy, kersey, broadcloth, cheviot and all heavy wool suitings will develop satisfactorily by the mode.
To cut this jacket in the medium size four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two yards forty-two inches wide or one and three-quarter yards fifty-four inches wide will be required, with five-eighths yards of facing eighteen inches wide to make as illustrated.

HANDSOME VELVETEEN COSTUMES.
Louis coats of velvet and separate waists of velvet will be much worn; also shirt waists of velveteen in dark shades are relieved of their plainness by a vest of bright color or white material, giving a sharp outline to the coat.



A SMART ETON BLOUSE.

plastron and yoke of lace. The sleeves in bishop style are arranged on fitted linings which are faced at the lower edges to form cuffs, shaped straps being added to match the waist trimming. Shapely epaulettes of the lace give length to the shoulders, but these may be omitted if not desired.
To cut this waist in the medium size three and three-quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide or two and five-eighths yards thirty-two inches wide or one and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with one and one-eighth yards of lace and four and a half yards of piping to trim as illustrated.

Woman's Eton Blouse Jacket.
In spite of the tendency toward long and three-quarter coats the smart blouse Eton has renewed its hold on the popular fancy and is more in demand than ever for suits as well as for separate wraps. The added basque gives a more seasonable effect, but none of its smartness is lost when that portion is omitted. As represented in the large drawing by May Mantion it forms part of a zibeline costume in rich dark red and the lapels are faced with fancy velvet in black and white, the edges being simply tailored with double rows of machine stitching. The garment is simply fitted with wide under-arm gapes and shoulder seams. The fronts lap in double breasted style when closed, but may gracefully be worn open as illustrated. The neck is finished with a double collar that rolls over at the seam. The basque portions fit smoothly over the hips, meeting closely at the back and flaring slightly apart at the front. It is



COAT FOR A GIRL.

finished with a turn-over collar that closes invisibly in centre. The sleeves are in regulation coat style finished at the wrist with rounded cuffs. The capes fit smoothly over the shoulders, and may be included in the neck seam or finished separately and hooked on under the collar. Coats in this style may be made from any suitable wool fabric, velvet, corduroy or cheviot, all being fashionable.
To cut this coat for a girl of eight years five yards of material twenty-one inches wide, four and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide or two and a half yards fifty-two inches wide will be required.

IF MEN NEVER CARED WHAT THE WORLD MIGHT SAY.

I. If men never cared what the world might say We could bid all our schemes adieu, And life would be only a holiday, With never a goal in view; You could cease from governing honors, and I could give up my dreams and contentedly die At ease while the days went slipping away, If men never cared what the world might say.

II. No man would be moved to try To hurry ahead on the upward way, And as laggards we'd live and die; No songs would be written and never a cheer! We'd be raised by the crowds for a hero to hear, And, useless, ere long, we should meekly die; Oh, it's well that man care what the world may say.

A PRESENT FROM THE PRINCE.

Young Gildmore Goldrock told me this strange story, and I will give the story in Goldrock's own words, as he gave it to us in the smokeroom of the Anglo-American club:
"It happened last year," said Goldrock, as he hoisted his feet on to the mantelpiece and addressed his words to the clock.
"I was crossing to Liverpool and happened to strike up an acquaintance with the young Pole who shared my stateroom. He was a pleasant young fellow, and in the course of a day or two we became great friends. He told me that his name was Ladislav Nadokoff, and that he had been studying medicine at Philadelphia. He furthermore confided that he was on his way to London to visit a friend of his youth.
"In return I told him how I was going to England to spend a few months with my married sister, the Countess of Darnford, with whom my wife was already staying, having crossed before me, since I had been detained a few weeks in New York on business.
"Nadokoff then told me he, too, had a sister, who was married to a Russian nobleman who was a sort of sheriff in his own country, and commander of a posse of Cossacks. So, English as our confidences grew so that we used to talk quite freely of political matters.
"Nadokoff's politics were a bit mixed at the time I thought this was because he was quite young, and had not learned that political views should be used as a means to a profitable end. "But his politics had been acquired in some other place than America, the land of the free. He hinted of old scores, dating back hundreds of years, which were to be wiped out by younger and more vigorous generations. Not a word of the past was mentioned, but my wife had not left the house many

COST H. O. ARMOUR \$1000.

A Bet Made with a Reporter Which Was Promptly Paid.
Some years ago a despatch was received by a New York editor from the editor of a Chicago newspaper which had not a reputation for spotlessness, but which frequently published some startling truths. The despatch gave the outlines of a reported Wall Street scheme in which the Armour were deeply concerned, and it asked the cooperation of the New York editor in ascertaining the facts. A reporter was assigned to this work and he called upon the late H. O. Armour, who was in charge of the Armour interests in this city.
When the reporter's errand was stated Mr. Armour was furious. He denounced the story of the receipt of such a despatch from Chicago as a lie, and the reporter's errand as part of some malicious stock-jobber's scheme to affect the Armour properties. The reporter replied that when he said that such a despatch had been received at his office, he meant exactly what his words indicated; and he requested Mr. Armour again to tell him something about the story the despatch contained, or to say whether that story was false.
But Mr. Armour wouldn't do it. He only inveighed against the reporter's chief and repeated that that gentleman had not received any such telegram.
"I'll bet you \$1000," Mr. Armour exclaimed, "that your editor cannot show me such a despatch, and you tell him so!"
"Mr. Armour," was the reply, "I do not carry \$1000 or a check book, but if you will hold that bet open 15 minutes I will go out into the street and come back here and take it up with cash. It will only be necessary for me to see one of my nearby friends."
Mr. Armour mellowed somewhat after looking intently at the reporter for a moment. Then he said:
"Your word for it. The bet is good."
The reporter went back to the square of the printing houses and recited his experience. He also made a strong request to be permitted to teach Mr. Armour a lesson, as he put it, not by printing anything about his experience, but by showing him the telegram and forcing him to pay the bet. The request was granted, and when Mr. Armour saw the despatch he turned and wrote a check for \$1000 forthwith and handed it to the reporter. Then he said that the despatch was a lie.

THE WIDOW AND THE DONKEY.

She Was Sure That He Contained the soul of her husband.
It was not much of a compliment to the memory of the departed, but love is proverbially blind, and affection sometimes displays itself after a strange fashion, as the following story, which is going the rounds of Paris, tends once more to illustrate. Some little time ago a wealthy citizen, dwelling in the neighborhood of the Madeleine, went over to the country, deeply mourned by his wife, who was herself beginning to be stricken in years. One fine day the poor lady brightened up. Every morning a rag-picker passed her door with a little cart drawn by a donkey, and she took it into her head that her husband's manes had found a refuge in the body of the animal. From that moment the donkey had no reason to complain of want of attention, at least on her part. Daily at the selfsame hour, and whether the weather was fine or rainy, the worthy dame awaited the appearance of the cart, stuffed a quantity of good things down the animal's throat and at intervals gave handsome presents including clothes which she had herself embroidered to keep it warm to the astonished but gratified rag-picker.
One day the man made his appearance alone and in answer to anxious inquiries informed the horrified widow that the donkey, in which, as she fondly imagined her husband's spirit dwelt, was very ill, and that, in fact, its life could only be saved by a course of treatment for which he could not possibly pay. Fifty francs were promptly handed to the delighted veterinary surgeon should be immediately summoned, and when she called a few hours afterward to see how the animal was getting on, she found that it was being carefully watched by a well-dressed individual, who assured her that he would guarantee an eventual cure, but that all this would entail an outlay of 500 francs.
The poor lady hurried off to her home in a cab, and returned in no time with the money.

A DAY WITH THE CRANBERRY PICKERS.

THANKSGIVING DAY and the cranberry are one and inseparable in the United States. During the year the cranberry has as steady a market as the cabbage, but in the month of November the demand for it is phenomenal, a little less than one-half the year's crop being



A YOUTHFUL WORKER IN THE FIELD.

log disposed of in the thirty days. This year the total yield is estimated at 1,000,000 bushels, and over 400,000 bushels will be needed for Thanksgiving.
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A BOG COMPLETELY FLOODED BY WATER (The plants and berries are beneath.)

ten, who became grave digger in 1871 after a mill accident.
A friend of Pasteur's in Paris says that the man who was to revolutionize chemistry stood 14th in a list of 22 boys in the high school of Dijon and was marked "weak" in chemistry.
The average height of a man taken through the civilized world generally may be assumed as something above 5 feet 6 inches. The average of Americans, is 5 feet 7.67 inches. There are "pigmy" races in Africa and Asia, but there are "giants" also.
A prisoner in charge of a policeman jumped from an express train near Crewe, England, recently, and the policeman jumped after him. Neither was seriously hurt. The prisoner ran, with the policeman after him, and was caught by the heel as he tried to climb the railroad embankment.
In musketry training at Aldershot, England, experiments are being made with a new style of targets. By means of an electrical device heads are made to appear and disappear at regular intervals along the sky line of a range of hills, representing an enemy taking aim and firing. These constitute targets upon which the rifle shots practice.

Ueda's Sam's Forest.
Over 100 different species of grasses worth cultivation for forage grow in the United States besides 100 other plants useful for the same purpose. These and other facts of interest to farmers and land owners form part of a report on the work of the division of agriculture since its organization in 1895, just submitted to Secretary Wilson by Prof. F. Lomon Sabner, the government agronomist. The report says that of the 1000 acres reported upon about 365,400,000 are now regarded as fit only for grazing purposes, and in addition there are 124,300,000 acres of forest land, the greater portion of which is also used for grazing.
From Field work already done, the department has been enabled to recommend to farmers and stockmen throughout the country the forage crops adapted to their conditions and special requirements, and to carry on experiments with introduced forage plants likely to prove valuable in any particular region. Because they are native, says the report, many grasses crops are not often not only neglected, but abandoned, and in some cases partially exterminated.

Not a Fearing Crime.
Glady's—Were you alarmed when he kissed you?
Ethel—Dreadfully!
Glady's—And did you scream?
Ethel—Oh, no! It was a still alarm!—Puck.
The Queen of Roumania is a successful lecturer, as learned as eloquent.

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WINNING THE LEAVES AND STICKS FROM THE BERRIES.
Planting a new section of bog is a simple process. A small handful of twigs is twisted together and thrust deep into the sand. They take root immediately, and within a year put forth new uprights and begin to send out runners. The planting is eight or ten inches apart in rows. Gradually the space between fills up, and in an old bog the shrubs grow as thickly as buffalo grass. All they require is weeding, sanding and flooding. Flooding is necessary not only for the growth of the plant, but to protect it from the early frosts of autumn. It is no unusual sight to see a half-hundred pickers at work in one section of a bog, while the adjoining section is under eighteen inches of water. Beneath the transparent covering the berries are seen, the water only intensifying their brilliant covering and the deep green of the surrounding leaves.
There is a tract of land in Tazewell County, Ill., lying along the Mackinaw River, which consists of a continuous series of abrupt and deep ravines. Not a foot of the tract could be cultivated. The ridges are full of fox dens, wolves are occasionally found, and turkey buzzards hover over it in large flocks. Even people familiar with the territory have been lost in the dense forest. Except for a few giant oaks, the wood has no commercial value. The tract is known as the "Lost Forty" because no one knows who owns it. For years it has been used for trading purposes, and many unwary persons from a distance have advanced money upon it and taken mortgages in various sums, only to receive a questionable title to a worthless piece of land. On the Tazewell County tax books the "Forty" appears with "Owner unknown." The land is watered by innumerable springs and the Mackinaw River, which winds its way through

when the producer can afford it, he puts away a large part of his crop, and lets it remain in storage until the last of December or the middle of January, when, as a rule, the price advances. There have been times when cranberries brought 88 and \$10 a barrel.
There is a popular idea that cranberry growing is a sure road to wealth.

One of the sages among growers, Mr. E. L. Brown, of Calverton, Long Island, calls cranberries a "young man's crop." This means that a man who chooses cranberry farming as a road to affluence must be willing to wait, and to work steadily and with perseverance while he waits. A few years ago a wealthy resident of Detroit, stirred by the glorified accounts of cranberry profits, invested \$250,000 in an attempt to raise the berries on a large scale. He abandoned his enterprise at the end of the second year, losing almost his entire investment.
Profitable as cranberry raising may be, under right conditions, to cultivate the berry successfully means that the grower must often carry a heavy burden of care and anxiety. So it is simple truth to say that in this year of beautiful harvest, of all the thanks expressed on the appointed day, those of the man who grows cranberries will be even greater and more fervent than the appreciation of the thousands who delight their palates with the boon companion of the turkey at the Thanksgiving table. —Charles Culver Johnson, in Harper's Weekly.

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