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NO. 9.

CLIMBING THE STAIRS.

Little one climbing the hallway stairs, Be careful, he is trying to creep. And the little heads and feet are weak For the task of the upward creep.

Now over the topmost step you rise, And your eye is flashing on me; My glad heart warns and joins you in Your cry of victory.

Little one climbing the hallway stairs, I speak to myself in joy; For I am a child with an upward task, And I am a climber, too.

My many a fall and a scar I get In climbing the upward way; For weak are these hands and feet to keep On the ascent day by day.

Toledo Blade.

THE WHITE DEER.

By George Ethelbert Walsh.

The leaden sky contained snow and flakes were falling spasmodically. All around in the dense woods drifts were heaped high. Donald Stalworth, with snowshoes sinking deep in the flaky crust, stood pausing with his exertions. The mighty stillness of the woods oppressed him. Overhead the dull clouds were murky and threatening.

"I must be five miles from home," Donald muttered. "It will be a hard pull, and there's more snow coming."

He rested some moments against a heavily laden birch tree, whose white bark he mechanically stripped off. While engaged in this occupation he heard a noise which aroused the natural instincts of the hunter. It was a faint bleat of a deer, but with a strange, pitiful plaint in it that made Donald exclaim:

"What's up? Something is wrong! It must be a wolf or dog!"

The possibility of a stray dog in the great lonely woods was not great, and he soon dismissed that view from mind.

"It must be wolves or some other wild beast. I wonder how far it is!"

He listened intently, applying his ear to the surface of the snow. The dismal cry of the deer was repeated at intervals, growing fainter at every call. Suddenly Donald looked up at the sky anxiously, and then down the trail which led to his home. But with a new resolve he tightened the strap of one of his snowshoes, picked up his rifle, and started off in another direction.

"I must find out the trouble," he said between his clenched teeth.

Tired though he was he slid along on his snowshoes with agility, and quickly passed beyond the opening in the forest to the thickest part of it. From this direction came the strange bleat of the deer. Five minutes later he stood in an open glade with one of those rare sights of animal struggles the fortunate few. Two large bucks stood facing each other, with lowered heads, and horns interlocked in a deadly embrace. In their fierce struggle for mastery their horns had become entwined so that neither could escape.

Back and forth in the small opening they had been plunging, pushing, shoving, and pulling, hoping to break the deadly embrace, but all they had accomplished was to pack the snow hard under their feet and tighten the fearful grip of the horns.

Donald stood a moment in surprise and amazement watching the struggling, domed animals. No power of their own could ever release them. One might prove the stronger and gradually tire out his opponent, but death to either one meant lingering starvation to the other. To be interlocked with the horns of a dead deer was no victory to anticipate.

Both animals appeared to realize their danger. Instead of bucking and fighting with the fire of anger flashing in their eyes, they stood quiet and trembling, beating pitifully for help which might never come. Nothing could break the lock of the terrible horns.

"Well, this is a conundrum," remarked Donald with a whistle. "If I shoot them both it will relieve them of a lingering death; but I can't take home their bodies, and if I leave them here the wolves will soon make way with them."

He stood idly by, gazing at the animals, while the two bucks stood quiet as if waiting for his verdict. A far-away cry of a wolf suddenly made them shiver with fear, and one uttered a half-broken plea for help. This roused Donald to action.

"I'll get them out of the trouble if I can. It's a shame to leave them here to be killed by wolves. But it will take time!"

He glanced up at the gathering signs of a new storm, and at the darkening landscape around; but as if forgetful of his own danger he stepped up to the two struggling animals. They winced and renewed the struggle as he placed a hand on their heads. But they were helpless and unable to make resistance.

"Now keep quiet," he said soothingly, stroking them with his hand. But it required some effort on his part to induce them to be quiet while he studied the problem before him. The horns were locked in one of the simplest ways imaginable, but nothing would ever break the embrace unless they could be pried sideways at just the right angle.

Donald placed his rifle between the horns and started to pry them apart; but this caused renewed kicking and bucking on the part of the two terrified animals. Back and forth he followed them, holding his rifle in position and prying hard at every favorable opportunity.

"You foolish things, why don't you stand still!" he muttered, as he tugged away. "Can't you see I'm helping you?"

Finally, worn out with their continued exertions, the bucks stopped in the middle of the glade and panted and bleated mournfully. Another cry of a distant wolf made them quiet and fearful. During this lull in their struggles Donald put all of his strength and energy into a few desperate efforts to pry the horns apart. How hard and tough they appeared, yielding slowly to his tug and pull. Twice he had the obstinate horns at the point of slipping apart; but they fell back in their former position with a sharp flick. Each time the bucks jumped sideways and tried to renew their struggles.

But the third time Donald was more successful. With a final effort he swung the largest horn around the bend in

NEXT SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

THE Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, who will in all human probability be elected Speaker of the House of Representatives of the Fifty-eighth Congress, has the distinction of having served longer in the lower legislative chamber than any of his thirty-four predecessors. The Illinois first sent him to represent it at the National Capitol in the year that General Grant defeated Horace Greeley for the Presidency, and he has done so continuously ever since, with one exception of the Fifty-second session, '90 to '92, when he was made to stay at home by a Democrat named Busey.

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QUAINT AND CURIOUS

Most fishermen along the coast of France still avoid going to sea in the first two days of November, owing to the superstitious fear of the "death-wind" and the belief that at that time the ghosts of drowned fishermen rise and capsize boats.

Millions of butterflies are eaten every year by the Australian aborigines. The insects congregate in vast quantities on the rocks of the Bugong mountains, and the natives secure them by kindling fires of damp wood and thus suffocating them. Then they are gathered in baskets, baked, sifted to remove the wings, and finally pressed into cakes.

According to a telegram lately received from Irkutsk, a huge rent of recent formation has been discovered on the side of Mount Verkholsensky. At first it was thought that the fissure was the result of volcanic action, but it has been found on close examination by geologists that the steam and white-hot exudations thrown out from the rent are due to the spontaneous combustion of coal schists under the surface of the mountain.

Madame de Genlis, in a work on "Time," tells us that the famous Chancellor D'Aguesseau, observing that his wife always delayed 10 or 12 minutes before she came down to dinner, and reluctant to lose so much time daily, began the protest:

"I would be a shame to shoot them after helping them out of such a family trouble. It wouldn't be right!"

Then they got beyond his range, and he lowered his rifle for good. "Well, now they are safe, but I can't say that I am. It's pretty late and over five miles to travel. It's snowing hard, too!"

The snow was falling heavily, and in blinding clouds. Donald had seen no interest in the two deer that he had given little attention to the approaching storm; but now he whistled sharply and turned to move down the trail. The clouds of snow were obliterating it except for a few feet ahead. With bent head he stared hard at it, studying the trees as he hurried along. It would be fatal to get off the trail.

The storm was the second half of a blizzard—cold, windy, and blinding. Thick snow struck his face with tingling pain. He tried to ward them off, but he had to study his path carefully in order to keep on the trail, and thus his face had to receive the brunt of the storm.

He covered a mile and then stopped and panted. Regaining his breath, he tried to renew the journey. The second mile seemed harder, for the snow now yielded to his weight, and made snow-shoeing slow and difficult. How he covered the three miles he could not say; but when on the point of congratulating himself at his progress he suddenly started with alarm. He was not on the trail! In some way he had missed it and had followed a false one for a long time.

Donald's heart dropped and his hands trembled. It was almost useless to attempt to find it in that blinding storm. Yet he could not give up and despair. He stopped and tried to think, going up or mentally every back step he had taken and studying in his mind each familiar landmark he had noted.

It was with a dreary and almost hopeless spirit that he finally turned around and tried to retrace his footsteps. But these, too, were filled up with the drifting snow a dozen yards back, and he was more hopelessly misled than ever. In his extreme peril, Donald for the first time wished he had not turned out of his path to save the deer.

"I might have left them alone to fight it out or shot them and moved on," he said bitterly. "I saved their lives, but I've lost mine."

These reflections irritated him, and he stopped several times to inveigh against his luck and the deer. "They were thankless things, anyway," he finally muttered. "They trotted off and didn't even thank me."

Donald shook himself. This sort of thing would not do. He was slowly yielding to the cold, and half-dreamily accusing the deer of his whole trouble. Once or twice visions of them had actually appeared before his mind. They looked like "white deer" flashing out of the clouds of snow.

"If I only knew where I was I would not care," doggedly said the fellow. "But this being lost in a storm is terrifying. If I only had something to guide me or keep me company. There's that 'white'!"

He stopped and hit his head. The vision of the "white deer" had appeared before his mind again. But this time it did not disappear when he opened his eyes. There it stood before him. Donald gasped and then rushed forward to touch the animal.

His hands came in contact with the warm, wet body of an animal, and then the "white deer" sprang forward and disappeared in the cloud of snow. "It was no vision!" Donald said exultantly. "Well, I'll follow his tracks. Deer always know how to get out of a storm."

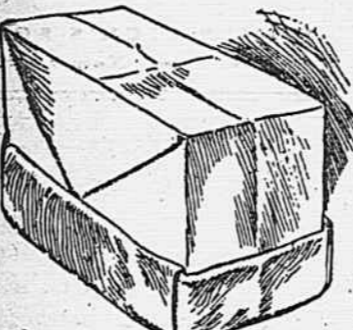
Peering down in the snow he picked up the small holes made by the deer's feet, and in a few moments he was following the tracks as a hound after a fox. They led in the opposite direction from the one Donald had been taking, and in a short time they brought him to a denser part of the woods. Then the snow obliterated them, and he was left to his own resources.

Through the deadly stillness of the storm there came a gentle breathing, pulsating noise that alarmed Donald. Was he yielding to the cold again? He

THE SQUARE PAPER CAP

How to Make the Kind Worn by Workmen in Cartoons.

If you are a workman you would, perhaps, like to have one of those neat looking square paper caps such as the



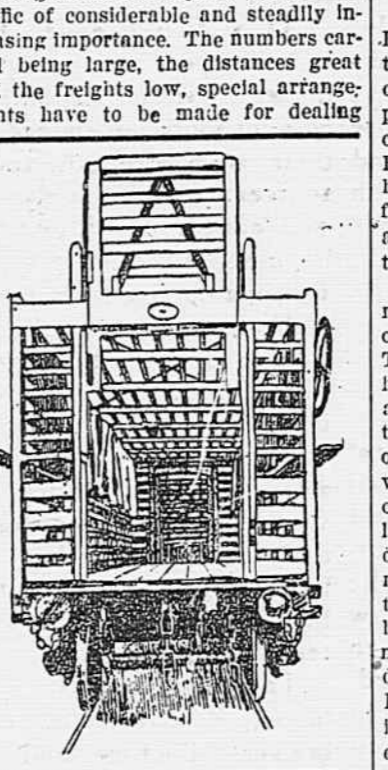
drawn and handsome workmen of the cartoons wear.

Edward A. Loos, a chemist, sends to the Philadelphia Record an interesting letter, wherein he describes these caps

CHANGEABLE CATTLE CARS

They Can Be Used For Transporting Beaves or Sheep.

The transport of sheep and cattle on the Argentine railways is an item of traffic of considerable and steadily increasing importance. The numbers carried being large, the distances great and the freights low, special arrangements have to be made for dealing

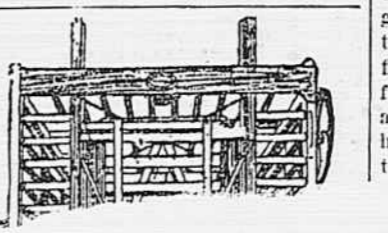


STOCK CARS ARRANGED FOR CATTLE.

with this class of traffic, and the wagon illustrated herewith with two floors is an example of the style or type most generally used, although differing in many details of design. The upper floor is raised when the wagon is used for cattle, and lowered into position when the two floors are required for sheep. These wagons are run coupled together, in trains of twenty or more wagons, each wagon containing an average of 200 sheep.

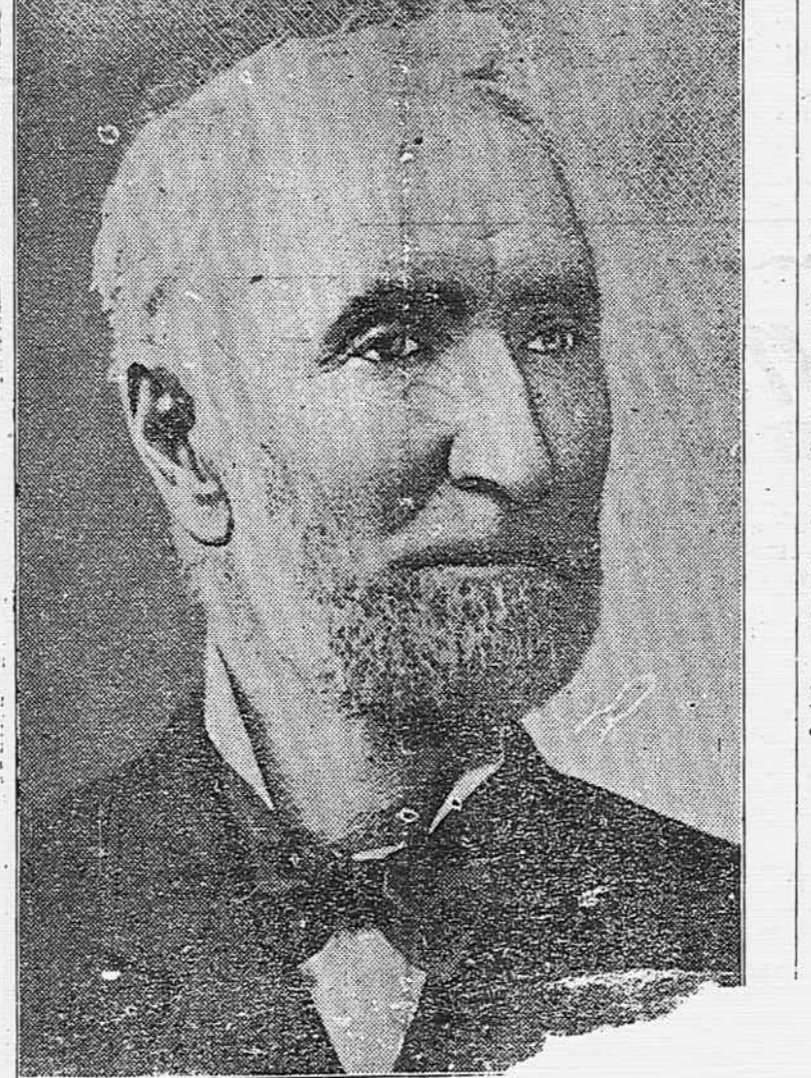
In the present design the loading and unloading are facilitated by making the upper as well as the lower floor continuous throughout the train when the wagons are standing.

The upper floor consists of four flaps or sections hinged to the sides of the wagons, this arrangement being found to involve less complication than lifting



STOCK CARS ARRANGED FOR SHEEP.

or lowering it by gearing, as is sometimes done. The floor is carried on six bearers of pitch pine, three inches by four and a half inches, strengthened by wrought iron plates one-eighth inch thick screwed on to one side. When the lower floor only is used the upper one is turned up and safely secured by pins and cotters, four of the bearers being disposed at the sides of the wagon underneath the middle rail, which carries the hinges; but owing to the width of the wagon in proportion to its length, it is impossible to

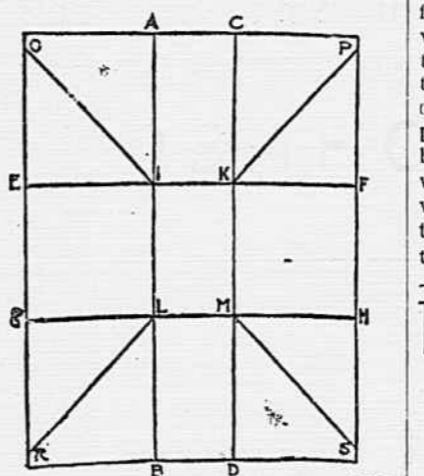


Mr. Cannon is the next speaker of the House of Representatives.

near Guilford Courthouse, in 1836. He went to Indiana early with his parents, where he received only a common-school education. At fourteen he lived out as a clerk in a country store, and five years later began the study of law. Deciding that there was not much honor for a prophet in his own country, Illinois, to begin his practice.

First year in his profession, 1853, was pretty hard pulling for the future Speaker of the House, and there is no denying that he would have come to actual want if a friend had not stood for his board bill. It was not in the young lawyer's make-up, however, to allow difficulties to daunt him. By hard work and untiring perseverance each succeeding year saw his influence and his practice enlarge. With his liberal aggressiveness he was soon identified with his party's politics, and in 1861 he was elected State's Attorney, a position he held until 1868. His experience as counsel in cases of every conceivable kind, during those fourteen years before he became a member of Congress in 1872, undoubtedly fitted him for the useful place he has filled there.

Mr. Cannon is one of the oldest and ablest veterans in public life—indeed, he will be the oldest man who has ever occupied the Speaker's chair. Through all of his long career his bitterest enemies have never been able to connect his name in the remotest way with any scandal. He is a rough-and-tumble fighter; in debate he is not choice in the use of his adjectives, but he has a keen intellect, unimpeachable honesty, and a character of sterling worth. He is well known as one of the most energetic members of the House. As Chairman of the Appropriations Committee he has had control of the supply bills, and with so jealous care has he watched the proposed expenditures that he has fallen heir to the late Mr. Holman's sobriquet, "The Watch Dog of the Treasury."



How to Start a Bulky Horse.

A bulky horse and a load of coal caused considerable excitement at the railroad station, and by the arrival of Garrett Duryea, an experienced horseman, bystanders were taught a practical lesson in starting equines with a load temper. The horse refused to draw the load and would not move an inch despite all kind of endeavors and suggestions until Duryea arrived and commenced to apply the whip lightly to the animal's fore legs. Suddenly the horse started ahead on a trot for Uniondale, where the coal was to be taken. Duryea walked away unconcerned with the plaudits of the spectators who witnessed his successful feat.

"I never knew that trick to fail in starting a bulky horse," he said. "They can't stand any whipping on the fore legs. If you ever have a horse that will not go, just try it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Acting and Drawing.

To a group of friends Ellen Terry once said: "Acting is not like drawing. You make a line. If it is wrong, you rub it out at once and make another. With acting that is impossible; there is no altering—it must stand. I often feel as if I must cry to the audience, 'Oh, that is wrong, but as I meant it to be; let me act that part or sentence over again.'"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Entertaining Thieves.

South Africa can boast of some enterprising thieves. The equipment of the Kruger's and District Rifle targets and a hut have recently been stolen.

KING CHULALONGKORN, OF Siam.



It is reported that he will soon pay a visit to the United States.

Over \$500,000 is to be spent on hydraulic mountings for the barbettes of the battleship King Edward VII, now building at Devonport.

A FAMILY PERIL.

Bill Jones, he has a little boy, With such a wondrous head That Bill will stand around for hours Repeating what he said. And even if we do not smile, Bill laughs with all his hoars, And says he is a lucky man To have a child so smart.

Of Bill's intentions no doubt; He doesn't mean to shrink, But keeps on talking of his boy When he should go to work. If that child holds his humorous bent, A mournful fate he'll meet—His father won't do work enough To earn the price of meat.

—Washington Star.

HUMOROUS.

"The fact that some marriages are happy and others are unhappy," says the Cynical Bachelor, "is purely accidental."

Wigg—Old Happygolucky is pretty well preserved, isn't he? I wonder how he manages it? Wagg—I suppose he keeps out of jars.

Sharpe—I wonder why women are not admitted as members in the Stock Exchange. Wheaton—For practical reasons. If one came in a man would be expected to give up his \$20,000 seat to her.

"Young man," said the minister, gravely, "you must choose between the narrow path and the broad road." "Guess I'll take the broad road," replied the rich man's son. "I own an automobile."

"Am I to understand that you were discharged from the army for a mere breach of etiquette?" queries the interested friend. "Yes, sir," boldly exclaimed Col. Blupper. "What was it?" "Turning my back to the enemy."

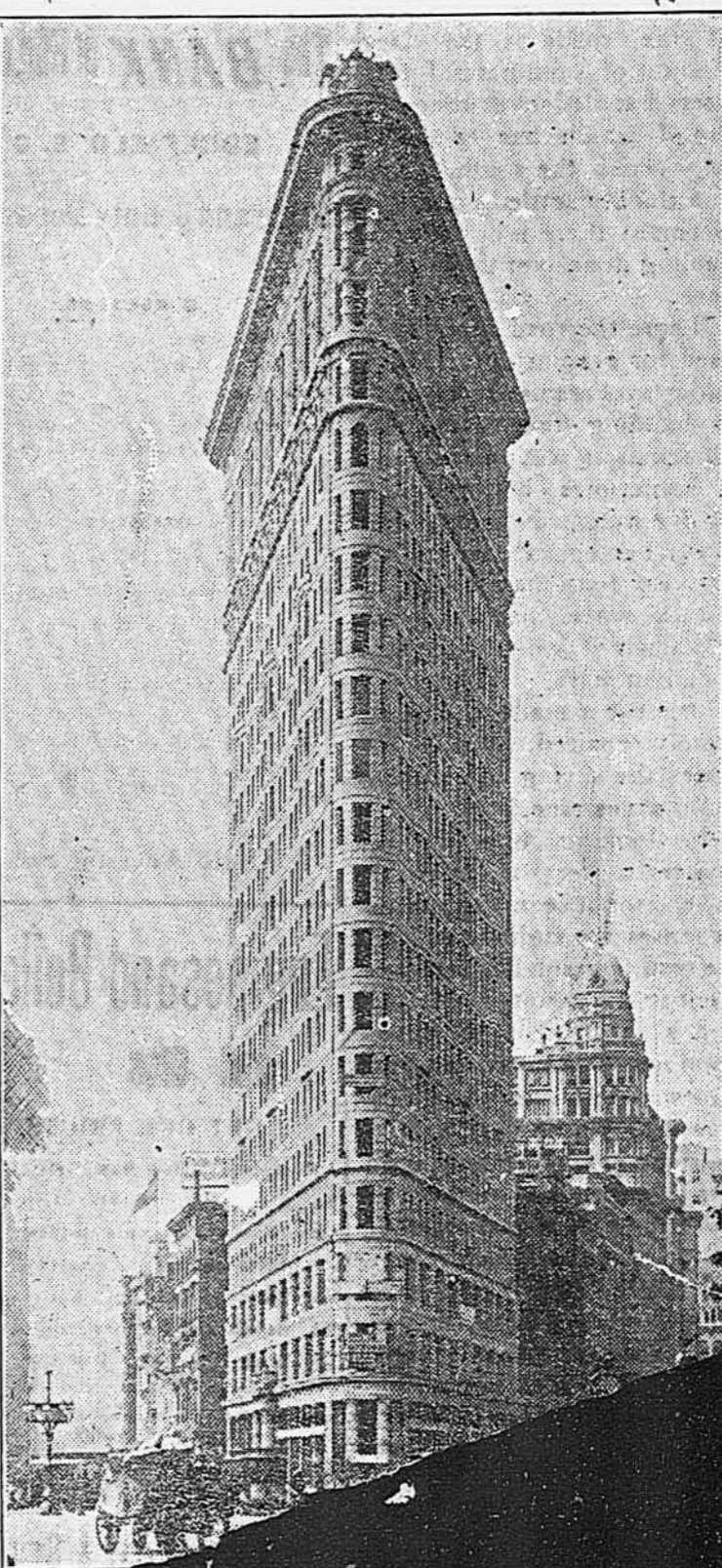
Son of the House—Won't you sing something, Miss Muriat? Miss M.—Oh, I haven't after such good music as we have been listening to. Son of the House—But I'd rather listen to your singing than to any amount of good music.

Jack (to lady, come out to lunch)—Are you coming with the guns this afternoon, Miss Maud? Miss Maud—I would, but I don't think I should like to see a lot of poor birds shot! Jack—Oh, if you go with Fred, your feelings will be entirely spared.

Merchant—Yes, I've lost my entire fortune. Our most trusted employee robbed us of enough to force my company into bankruptcy. Friend—But you surely saved something from the wreck, Merchant—No. We found the receiver as bad as the thief.

"Reginald," she said to a wealthy young man who had been naving his

The Most Unique and Conspicuous Building in the World.



What do you call that? "Men Who Bleed Their Country."

"Tell the truth, now. You are a professional beggar, are you not?" said the keen-faceted individual who had been braced. "I used to think I was," replied the weary wayfarer, "but since 13 cents and an exchange ticket are all I have to show for a day's work I am forced to the conclusion that I am merely an amateur."

"Wasn't it a terrifying experience," asked his friend, "when you lost your foothold and went sliding down the mountainside?" "It was exciting, but extremely interesting," said the college professor. "I could not help noticing all the way down, with what absolute accuracy I was following along the line of least resistance."

Prayer Healing Sustained.

By his decision on the Eva Earl case in the police court, Judge Dick has established the right of persons to engage in the business of praying at the bedside of sick persons, for certain fees.

The defendant, Eva Earl, was arrested some time ago on the charge of violating the medical laws of the state by practicing medicine without a license. The person was a Mrs. Prentiss of Valley Crossing, now deceased.

In passing upon the case Judge Dick said the whole question hinged upon the words "treatment," as used in the statute. He reviewed the testimony in the case, and said that there were fees paid the defendant; according to the testimony she was to receive \$5 for her first visit and \$3 for subsequent visits.

The evidence showed that the only treatment was that the defendant knelt by the bed of the sick person and prayed; this, while it may not have done any good for the sick woman, evidently did no harm. The Judge said he did not believe the law contemplated restricting prayer, even though the person doing the prayer received a fee; he took it that the law was meant to apply to persons "treating" invalids, where there was no skill and where an injury might follow.

After dwelling to some length as to the right of a sick person, or the friends of a sick person, to call in any one for the purpose of praying, Judge Dick dismissed the defendant.—Columbus Dispatch.

Interesting Bird Groupings.

Two new mountings have been added to the bird room of the University of Michigan museum. The first consists of a floating nest and eggs and two pied-billed grebes. The nest was found by Richard D. T. Hollister, in a marsh near Whitmore Lake.

The second is a kingfisher's nest containing seven young birds. The nest is in a model bank of mud, eight feet long. The nest was found by Richard D. T. Hollister.