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EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1903.

NO. 11.

MAN AND HIS FRIENDS.

When a fellow's kind of wobbly and unaccountable on his feet,
And has to work like sixty for to get both
ends to meet,
When he's got a cash account and has to
take what he can get—
The people don't come flockin' to be friends
of his, you bet!
They don't come sayin' "Old chap, I'm the
only friend you've got!"
And "Remember that we're brothers," and
that kind of tommyrot—
No, indeed!
And they don't get jealous over you when
friends are what you need.

If a fellow's kind of jonesome and would
like a friend or two
Just to come around and jolly him when
things are lookin' blue,
If the shirt that he's wearin' is the only one
he's got,
And he never showed the public that he's
really on the spot,

They don't come crowdin' round him, nor
stick out their hands and say:
"We're your friends, old man. We love you;
we're the same blood, anyway!"
No, indeed!
But they watch to give the boot to you when
friends are what you need.

When things have got to comin' as a fellow
wants 'em to,
When his pockets are all bulgin' and his
clothes are the size and shape of
When he steps out proud and lordly and
ain't got a thing to fear,
There's sudden changes over folks
that used to wink and sneer.
They come round then to tell you that
they're all your friends, and say
That they're all around anxious for
to help you out some way—
Yes, indeed!
Friends are always mighty plentiful when
friends ain't what you need.

THE PROFESSOR'S REVENGE.

Prof. McIntyre regrets that, owing to his absence from town, his lecture on "The Aspirate in Greek" is unavoidably postponed.

This was the notice that greeted the crowd of students as they surged in one mass to class room No. 20 on the morning of June 5, some two or three years ago.

"Hello! what's the meaning of this?" said Pennington. "The old fellow was here as late as 10 o'clock last night, for I was with him at the science picnic yesterday, and it was after 10 by the time we got back. He's gone off mighty quick!"

"Perhaps he hadn't time to get his lecture ready," suggested one.

"More likely his mother's dead," said another.

"Ten to one he's in love, and gone off to pop the question," added a third. At this there was a general laugh, in which you would have joined if you had known the professor. Tall, lean and angular, with a decided stoop, and eyes that were screwed up almost to vanishing point, he was hardly the personage with whom to associate any idea of the tender passion. His age, too, was against him, though no one knew exactly what that age was. If you saw him walking home from college along the explanade you put him down at 50, but when you saw his face aglow with enthusiasm as he lectured on the beauties of the Greek particles you changed your mind and said he might be 30.

Anyhow, he was not popular. His dry Scotch humor was not appreciated—it very often bit too deeply into the feelings of his victim to be pleasant, and all who came beneath the lash of his tongue bore him no small grudge for what he made them suffer. Then he lived absolutely apart from college life, not even mixing with the other members of the staff. Consequently he knew little of what was passing around him, and was given credit for knowing nothing.

He had never been known to miss a lecture; even when one morning he found on his arrival at college that his class room had been burned out in the night he calmly remarked to the crowd of students near the door, "I think, ladies and gentlemen, with your permission, we will deliver our lecture in the corridor." No wonder, therefore, that there was no small stir when this historic notice stated the world unblushingly in the face.

"I wonder what it can be," said Eva Miller to her friend, Jemima Bates, as they turned slowly from the class room door and walked away down the corridor. "Poor man, I am afraid there is something wrong; and he has no one to look after him or do things for him. It seems a very lonely life."

"Oh, he is perfectly happy in his work," replied Jemima; "he doesn't want any one to look after him." Jemima judged all men (and women) by her own feelings, which is a dangerous thing to do.

"I don't know," said her companion doubtfully. "However, it's no concern of mine, so I'm off to the tennis field instead."

Had she only known that it was a very great concern of hers she would have given the matter a little more thought.

The previous day, as young Pennington had said, had been the science picnic. Much to the surprise of everybody, the professor finally accepted his invitation—though he wrote first of all declining. A perusal of the list of invited "rats" was the cause of his change of mind. The fact was Prof. McIntyre was in love—it had taken some time to convince him of the fact, and he had argued it out pro and con with himself in every imaginable way. But from the conclusion he could not escape; whatever his premises, the deduction invariably came out: "Therefore, I love her."

He began to notice it first in this way: Into his mind as he was busy in the preparation of his lectures, there would creep the surreptitious thought, "What will she think of this? How will she take that?" Then he found himself thanking Providence that by its kindly ordering the lady students sat in the front row during lectures, and, therefore, more within range of his somewhat limited vision. The next thing that he was conscious of was that he was hunting high and low in his room for a pair of glasses far stronger than those he generally used and not at all necessary for mere reading purposes. Two or three times he lost his place in his notes and stood confused and put to shame before the class, a thing that had never happened before in all his experience. Finally he came to the conclusion that the tie which he had been wearing when the senior student was a freshman, and which he had worn ever since, was a little the worse for wear and must be replaced, and then what he had long suspected broke fully on his mind. Such a wholesale revolution could mean but one thing.

Thus it came to pass that on noticing the name of Eva Miller among those invited to the picnic the professor suddenly changed his mind. He was a man of few words and prompt deeds. He would try his luck that very day.

To describe his feelings during the picnic to the scene of action would be impossible. Strangely out of place in the middle of the chattering crowd, distrustful of his own powers and yet so

THE AUTOMOBILE IN SURGERY.

What the professor said in reply, history does not record.—Black and White.

SCOOPING UP FISHER

Lured by a Headlight, They Are Poured on Board in a Steady Stream.

The houseboat Atlantic, built expressly for the purpose of catching fish by drawing them to the net by means of a light, lies at the foot of Henry street. The Atlantic hails from Norfolk, Va., and was brought up here to have steam power installed.

Her owner and master is Capt. W. E. Cole, the patentee of a unique method of applying the long-known fact that a light attracts fish. Last season the Atlantic operated in the waters near Norfolk, and proved a veritable gold mine to her owner. The novelty of the plan excited the curiosity of the guests at the hotels at Old Point, and Capt. Cole took them out for the night when they would have a chance to see the Atlantic's strange apparatus at work. As many as fifteen passengers could be taken on these trips and they paid the running expenses of the boat.

"You see," said Capt. Cole, "the idea of attracting fish by means of a light is nothing new. Stand under a light near the water and you can see for yourself that the fish flock to it. They may retreat from the light, but as soon as they reach the dark they will return again."

To draw the unwary fish to his boat Capt. Cole had a powerful headlight, of 4000 candle power placed in the bow near the water. Experience has proved that a headlight similar to those used on locomotives is the best suited for the purpose. The past summer Capt. Cole tried a searchlight, but it threw its rays parallel and they lay "like a log on the water."

The headlight spreads the rays over a wedge-shaped surface. All the while the fishing is going on the Atlantic is driven through the water at the rate of four or five miles an hour.

In front of his craft Capt. Cole has another boat which floats the bar, or wide end of a funnel-shaped net. The net he used was 18 feet at the mouth, tapering back to about 2 feet, and four feet high. The rear or narrow end of the net is supported by a stage, which gives a place for the workmen to stand, for the apparatus needs several men to attend it. Behind the narrow end of the scoop net is a receptacle into which the fish fall. From there the catch can be dipped up with hand nets and passed to the men on a near boat, who sort over the fish throwing back those under size and storing the rest away.

By propelling the boat when the fishing is going on a constant stream of fish, drawn to the trap by the light, is forced out of the end of the net by their efforts to reach the light and the motion of the vessel. When the invention is got to work the fish pour in like hailstones, and it requires eight or ten men to dispose of them.

To facilitate the handling of the catch Capt. Cole has invented a sort of conveyor, similar in principle to the machines used to elevate coal, ore, dirt or other material. Capt. Cole's invention is made of net, and lifts the fish from the rear end of the scoop to the boat behind. By placing paddlewheels in front of his vessel, which is driven through the water by her engines, the power that drives the conveyor is obtained. If it is impracticable to use this device, power from the engines can drive the conveyor.—Baltimore Herald.

VENDETTA TOMBS.

Resting Places of Men Killed in Japanese Blood Feuds.

Scattered through the mountain districts of Japan there are many little stone tombs, carved in the conventional Buddhist design of the cube, pyramid and sphere superimposed, and situated in peculiar places—some in the midst of fields, some by the banks of streams, and some in the rocky beds of dried up rivers. They are the vendetta valleys for many miles, and which is cut only by the narrowest of footpaths, worn by generations of mountaineers.

The Hakone country folk tell the story of how, some ninety years ago, the two young men, who were buried tombs of men killed in blood feuds and buried by their surviving relatives or friends at the places where they died.

The double tomb in the illustration is of two brothers who met death in a romantic manner on the mountains of the Hakone district, near Lake Hakone, and who were buried in the midst of the vast rolling expanse of

FOR EYE EXAMINATION

An Improved Device For the Oculist's Use.

A self-illuminating retinoscope has been recently devised by Dr. Henry L. De Zeng, of New York, which promises to be very valuable to the oculist. According to the New York Herald the improvement consists of combining an electric lamp of special construction with the device which has been in use

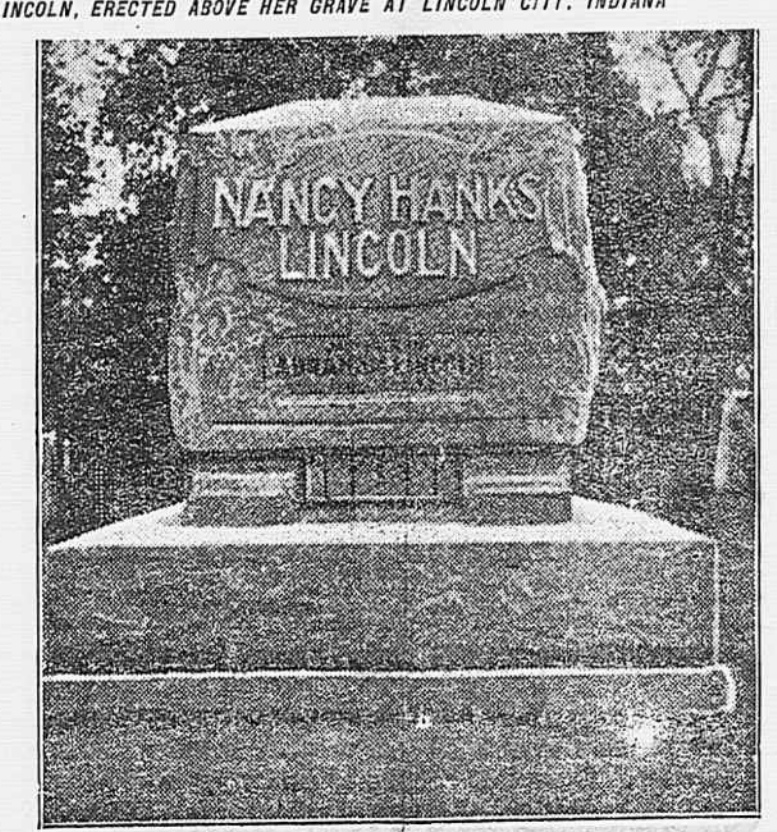
TEACHES SHOOTING.

Remarkably curious is a device which will interest military men. It is an apparatus for technical gun practice.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

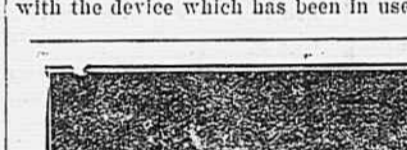
Specimens of four, five, six, seven, eight and nine-clawed clovers have been presented to Queen Alexandra by a Welsh lady.

MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF NANCY HANKS LINCOLN, MOTHER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ERECTED ABOVE HER GRAVE AT LINCOLN CITY, INDIANA.



PERSIAN TEAR-BOTTLES

Strand Magazine, such glasses are by no means common, and very few Europeans, however long they have resided in the country, or however extensively they have traveled therein, have guessed to what purpose they are put. This is chiefly due to the fact that only natives are allowed to present on the great occasion when widows—or for the matter of that, men also—shed tears profusely, viz., the "Tazieh," or religious play to com-



WASHINGTON IN 1785. AGE 53. MODELLED BY HOUDON.

From the original marble, in the State Capitol, Richmond, Virginia, Houdon came to this country to model Washington from life for the statue ordered by the State of Virginia. He arrived at Mount Vernon late on a Sunday night, October 2, 1785, and remained Washington's guest a fortnight, studying his host's pose, action and physiognomy. While there he made a mold of Washington's face, head and the upper part of the body, and took accurate measurements of the entire frame. From these he completed the life-size statue within the contract time of three years; but there being no place ready for its reception, it was not delivered until the spring of 1796, when it was placed where it is now. Washington's supreme manhood seems to have paralyzed the power of many of the artists who undertook to delineate him. Even the great Houdon essayed to convey too complete an idea of the man, and thus has overcrowded his statue with symbolism. The cane, the sword, the ploughshare and the fasces take away from the majesty and simple dignity of the figure, until one might irreverently suppose that the "Father of His Country" required a support on either side, or in boyish awkwardness knew not what to do with his hands. The truthfulness and artistic qualities of the head are beyond criticism, and must be the canon of comparison for all other portraits.

WASHING IN 1785. AGE 53. MODELLED BY HOUDON.

For examining the interior of the eye by reflecting a beam of light into its interior.

The incandescent lamp used in the new instrument has the smallest light filament ever made. It is only one one-hundredth part of an inch in length, has a filament of from five to six inches in length; but this wonderful little lamp gives, proportionately, more than twenty times as powerful a light.

By an ingenious arrangement of lenses and reflectors the light from this tiny lamp, which is deftly incased in and made a part of the instrument, is accumulated and projected as a luminous beam.

Everyone has seen an electric searchlight—how the rays of light cut the darkness like a sword of fire. The light from this new instrument is really a small and powerful searchlight adapted so as to reveal the hidden visual errors of the eye.

With this new self-illuminating retinoscope the beam of light, modified by any brilliancy, may be thrown into the pupil of the eye does not cause it to appear luminous, but the light that the retina of the eye reflects back through the refracting system of the eye causes luminosity. The optical expert using this instrument almost instantly determines the variation from normal, or perfect, sight and can prescribe with marvelous exactitude the form of glasses needed.

Fruit Culture in England.

In the very near future we are hoping to see a great rivalry of hardy fruit culture in England, for this question is coming to the notice of the people, and when our small capitalists have been sufficiently bitten by American and foreign "wild cats," then we may hope that the land of Old England may have some attention.—The Fruit Grower.

Hopnet! Valn.

Most of the men who own flying machines are holding them for a rise.—Baltimore American.

THE DRONE.

Alack for the lay of the indolent man, he's built on an unsatisfactory plan; Weary of rising when morn is a glow, Weary of leaving the loo water go, Into the bath tub with ominous flow, Weary of fried eggs and weary of ham, Weary alike of the oyster and clam, Weary of water and weary of bread, Weary of drinks that ascend to the head, Weary of reading the paragraph, Weary of oars home, weary of laughs, Weary of novels and weary of days, Weary of nights and weary of plays, Weary of smiles and weary of frowns, Weary of mountains and weary of towns; 'Tis useless to chide when he chooses to shirk, Can you blame him for being too weary to work? —Washington Star.

HUMOROUS.

"People call me flighty," she said. "Do they?" said he. "Then fly with me."

"Considerate Little Girl—Please, Mr. Keeper, will it hurt the elephant if I give him a currant out of my bun?"

"There is something, darling, I want to tell you." "Oh, then, let us go away from the rubber plant. Come, tell me under the rose!"

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "is so anxious 'bout de future dat dey sits aroun' worryin' an lets de present get clean past, wir nuffin done."

"Hallwood's wife has such a sour disposition." "Yes, and he used to say she was the apple of his eye." "H'm! He must have meant a crabapple."

General—I see here's an article on "Revolution in the Mince Pie." Colonel—"That's the kind of revolution you like to put down, I suppose, General."

"What would you do if you were to wake up tomorrow morning and find yourself famous?" "Lie down again and sleep till I felt like getting up, for once."

Bacon—What's that ambulance going at such a speed for, do you suppose? Egbert—Why, another ambulance went down a few minutes ago and ran over a man.

Doctor—Your temperature is up to 107. Auctioneer (drowsily)—Hangard an seven! Hundred an seven! Going, going at a hundred an seven! Who'll make a hundred an eight?

Gertrude (to the big sister)—Maud, I do wish you'd stop your chattering to that dog. Can't you see I'm talking to Mr. Lovelade. Maud (aggrieved)—Well, I've got a right to talk to my puppy, too.

"Don't you like the book?" "No, the heroine is a most impossible creature." "Is that so?" "Yes, she doesn't appear to have a single gown of some simple material that enhanced rather than hid her graceful figure."

"Now, then, children," said the teacher, who had been commenting upon polar expeditions, "who can tell me what fierce animals inhabit the regions of the North Pole?" "Polecats," scouted the boy at the foot of the class.

Tess—You and Miss Sere Jont seem to be good friends. What's the matter? Jess—Why, she remarked that she was 24 years old, and—Tess—And you doubted it? Jess—Not at all. I merely said, "Of course, but when?"

A little 3-year-old miss while her mother was trying to get her to sleep became interested in a peculiar noise and asked what it was. "A cricket, dear," answered her mother. "Well, remarked the little lady, "he ought to get himself oiled."

Little Mike (at his lessons)—I'm imp-i-les, piles, implies. What does that mean, pop? Big Mike—Don't ye know what that means? Shurt, that's yer schoolin'!

Shurt, that's yer schoolin'! Shurt, that's yer schoolin'! Shurt, that's yer schoolin'!

Shurt, that's yer schoolin'! Shurt, that's yer schoolin'! Shurt, that's yer schoolin'!

AN INDIAN GOLDEN GOOSE.

There are two birds to which one is tempted to compare a specimen of Indiana poultry which was killed last week. One is Aesop's goose that laid the golden eggs, the other the Christian land took them to the Jewber, who pronounced them gold. One can imagine the careful way that goose was eaten. Every slice and slyer was examined before it was swallowed. Here and there the couple found more gold, like the pearls of price which every one expects some day to discover in his oysters. The janitor is now trying to discover the family history of that goose. If he succeeds in tracing it back the quotations for poultry in the neighborhood of the bird's ancestral home are likely to be high.—New York Post.

Particular.

"Miss Kitty—Darling," he began. "—"

"Sir," interrupted the young woman, "you will oblige me by not pausing so long between my first name and my last."—Chicago Tribune.

About 5000 workmen are employed in the meerschaum mines of Turkey.