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# Edgefield Advertiser.

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EDGEFIELD, S. C. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1903.

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NO 14.

## TOO LATE.

They came too late, the fragrant, dewy bloom,  
Nourished where sunshine beats the whole long day.  
Life held no solace for her darkened hours  
And fields were barren as she went her way.

Ab! take them back, the words so long  
The spoken love to starting heart denied;  
Ye gave a stone where she had asked for bread,  
She held it in her empty hand and died.

The sweet pink roses lie upon her breast;  
She passed through wastes whereon no pink bud grows;  
She passed and sleeps—what matters all the rest?  
She hath no need for any faintest rose.

Take them away and bear her softly forth  
When singing birds and tender grasses wait;  
Holding your peace—your words are little worth—  
For love and roses, all are come too late.

—Mary Riddell Corley, in Boston Transcript.

## "The Girl From Across."

"Oh!" said the girl, in a tone of shocked surprise. "Is it here?"

A woman from below answered, raucously, affirming that it was the abode of the Man.

The Girl looked up at the attic door in absolute dismay. She was pretty, decidedly pretty, and young, and stylishly dressed. She lived over the way in two charming rooms, where pretty girls like herself and nice boys were glad to take tea. She had beaux means clear. "Poppa," busy in Baltimore making dollars, pulled his chin whisker, and "guessed" there were diploma factories enough their side the streak. But "Poppa" eventually had to give way, as every one alike had to where Maisie was concerned. So a self-possessed damsel of 22 summers and three brass bound trunks, marked with the Stars and Stripes, arrived in L—Walk.

And he—the man who knew everything—and was a professor at the college—lived here!

She hesitated a moment, doubtful of the propriety of intrusion. He was a great man, and a professor of integral philosophy, which is a very abstruse subject to take a degree, still more so to teach.

The Man knew everything—except how to compel nations to remain on shirts, and to keep mice from his provisions, to tidy up his rooms, and the principles of household economy, general comfort and such like trifles, which were not included in the curriculum of any college he had ever heard of, being even outside the limit of integral philosophy, and, as affairs that chiefly concerned women, of no matter.

Then she went boldly up to the door and knocked.

The Man was sitting at a large table covered with papers, his trousers turned up and his feet immersed in a pan of once tepid water.

Oblivious to everything outside his own thought he eat and wrote.

She was gaged on a great work to be published in two volumes, the scientific booklets—and also in adding many lines and furrows on his face.

Life was short, but the power of man is great. In his short travail he had held the lamp of truth to many hidden mysteries. What secret should escape him? What line of demarcation stay his search? Meanwhile, there was one thing only—to work.

That was why his eyes peered dimly over his dull, dark, folios, and his feet splashed in the cold water. He had forgotten to take them out.

His pen shook a little as the crabbed characters formed themselves on the sheets of his manuscript. Doggedly he wrote on, exultant, determined, while some one knocked, unheeding.

"The Principia Vitae." He underscored the headline, and began a fresh paragraph, as some one entered—"The Principia of Life is a pretty girl!"

That is not what the professor meant to write in his great treatise, nor is it what he would have acknowledged or realized at any ordinary moment. I do not pretend to know the psychological reason that explains the phenomenon. It may have been the retina of his eye received an impression which disturbed and dominated the current of his thought, and automatically his hand transcribed. Anyhow, it was there, in black and white, and anyhow, she was there also, clad in dainty muslin.

He looked dreamily at the bright figure from over his clouded glasses. His tired gaze rested on the blue of her eyes, the gold of her hair, the red of her mouth and the freshness of her bright young face, as on a beautiful picture destined only to fade. Then he sighed, wearily.

Even then, however, his mind, bent on the great work, was not wholly equal to the situation. He addressed her laconically, as he would have done the charwoman who tended him.

"Well!" he grumped.

The pretty Girl looked at him for a moment. A half stifled laugh at his surlyness rose to her lips. Then the amused merriment died out from her eyes, and they renewed their look of sympathy.

"You are the professor?"

"Well!"

"And I am the girl over the way?"

"What girl—what way?"

He hadn't noticed her! Her feminine sense was distinctly hurt. Other men's observant admiration was more apparent, even to obtuseness. But it is not pleasant to feel one has been needlessly ignored.

"I live the other side the street," she explained, fushing slightly. "And study under you at the college."

"Ah, yes." He memorized her now, as a collector does an unlabelled specimen in a box. Back row, pink complexion, a flower generally on desk in front of her. Answers averagely intelligent.

"Won't you sit down?" he said, with well-meant politeness, indicating to her, by a wave of the hand, the only unoccupied chair.

She repressed a smile as she noted its "effortless" condition.

"No, thanks," she responded, "I would rather stand."

There was a pause. He listlessly fingered his pen, but his brain was tired, and moved slowly. The Girl returned to the object of her visit.

"I heard you were ill—and brought you these"—indicating the grapes in the basket.

The Head gasped with astonishment. Morphy had always been an extreme recluse, but such lack of comfort and dubious surroundings for a man of means was, even to them—grave, studious men of modest, even ascetic, habit—inexplicable and unreasonable.

They listened to her story with suspended amazement. Thanked her gravely, and bowed her out.

As she reached the step, the Head coughed. "Miss—Hopkins—er—in future—with a nurse—or—in attendance—there will be no need—to call—that is, a repetition of your opportune visit will be inadvisable."

She flushed scarlet. "May I not see my patient?"

"We shall be happy, Miss Hopkins, to give you particulars of his progress, but for you to call there will be scarcely—er—"

Then the reason dawned on her. "I see."

Her features set fixly and the words fell coldly—"It would not be proper."

"Er. He will have every attention," the embarrassed Head explained. The Girl turned on her heel.

"Of course, we are more than grateful for your kindness," but she was gone, and the excuses and reasons which were addressed to empty air, though more fluent of delivery, sounded horribly unconvincing to the two men, the sole auditors, as they reiterated them soothingly to each other.

Propriety! Yes, she had acted with American freedom, she supposed, venturing to knock at the neglected door. Propriety would have left him to die. Propriety, as typified by that fussy old dame who shuts her eyes to everything disagreeable that does not prowl under her very nose.

She sat by her window while the sun decked with crimson clouds the scanty yellow sky over the way.

She watched a cab draw up—a sparse figure and a corded box deposited. That was the nurse, she supposed. She picked up a book and tried to read.

Old Kentucky Inn with Much Crime in Its History.

On the turnpike leading to Louisville, about 15 miles from Bardstow there stood for years an old house that had an interesting history. The house was erected in 1791, many years before there was any turnpike through this part of the state, and was used as a tavern and a stopping place for the stage coaches when a change of horses was made. It had frequently for its guests such men as Henry Clay, Richard M. Johnson, John C. Breckinridge, Judge John Rowan, Gov. Charles A. Wickliffe, and many others of note. In the early '20s the inn passed into the hands of Capt. James Camp, who continued to run it as a tavern. While living there Camp's wife was riding horseback with several others and was thrown from her horse and killed. This was the beginning of many tragic happenings afterward connected with the place.

A few years after this a traveler named John Reynolds stopped over night at the inn. As he failed to appear the next morning a servant was sent in search of him. Being unable to arouse him, he entered the room and found Reynolds stiff and cold in death. He had shot himself during the night.

A few years later the old tavern became famous for its lavish style of entertainment. It was frequently the scene of great festivities.

During the progress of a ball one night a tragedy occurred which shocked the whole country for miles around. Two young men, Robert Harris and William North were suitors for the hand of Capt. Camp's daughter. Harris, on account of wealth, social position and good looks, was the favored suitor, which so enraged North that he determined to seek revenge.

Harris, who was baldheaded, wore a wig. During the evening in question while the guests were dancing North approached Harris, who was dancing with Miss Camp, snatched off his wig, and threw it upon the flicker turned utterer not a word, but quickly turned upon his heel, drew a Spanish dagger and plunged to to the hilt in the heart of North, who fell lifeless to the floor.

The tragic event brought the ball to a sudden close. Harris had the sympathy of the entire community, and public sympathy was so in favor that he was never married, avoided women's society and became a recluse.

About a year later a stranger, named Golson stopped at the old tavern for the night and was assigned to the room in which Reynolds had taken his life. A few hours after retiring the report of a gun was heard, and upon investigation it was found that Golson had shot himself through the heart. It was afterward ascertained that Golson had lost heavily at cards in Louisville, and becoming despondent, ended his life. He was a native of Nashville and was on his way to that place.

Other incidents of a tragic nature occurred at the old inn, and it was finally deserted and fell into decay. At this time only a few moss-covered stones and a heap of earth mark the place where the old building stood.—Bardstow (Ky.) Standard.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Nightcaps and cotton ear wads are provided by the proprietor of a hotel at Vytira, Hungary, for those of his guests who retire early and do not wish to be kept awake by a gypsy band which plays nightly at the hotel.

The British Museum has acquired a Chinese banknote of the fourteenth century, which was discovered in the ruins of a statue of Buddha, at Peking. Paper money was not introduced into Europe till the seventeenth century.

Marriage seems to have a large percentage of success in Russia. The London Express reports that on November 22, 1852, twenty-four couples were married in the same church in Novi-Vinodol. On November 22 last there were twelve of the couples left to celebrate their golden wedding in the same church.

The largest and strongest freight cars in the world have just been built for the Monongahela connecting railway of Pittsburgh, and are to be used within the limits of that city. Every one of these cars, weighted to its full load, will carry 100 tons. Only the highest class railroads of our country would care to take the risk of transporting such a weight over its bridges and trestles.

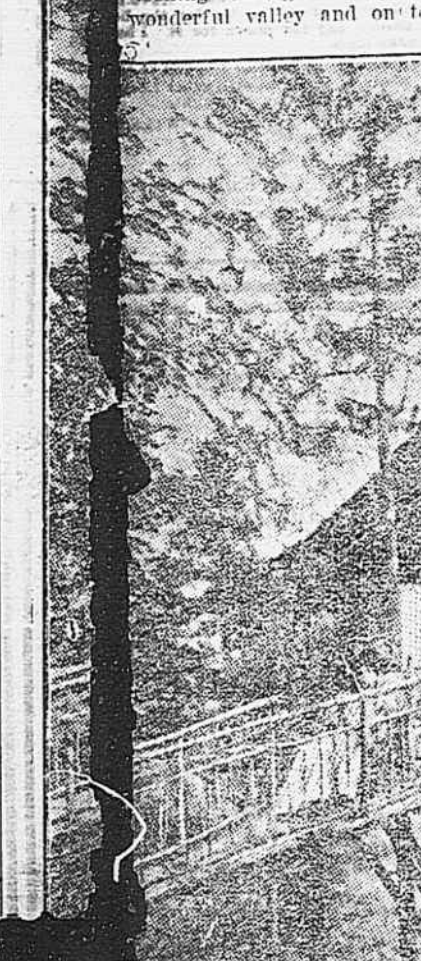
Professor Retter recently introduced to the society for Internal Medicine, in Vienna, a woman with a musical heart. For the past four years she has suffered from palpitation and about eighteen months ago she noticed for the first time a peculiar singing noise in her breast, which was also audible to other persons, and rose and fell in strength and pitch. The sound is said to be due to a malformation of the heart valves, which sets up vibration.

Engineers, as most of us know, are famous for their ready resources in emergencies. During the recent Chinese war it was necessary to get a number of troops across a river in a great hurry, to prevent the enemy taking an important position. There was no bridge and there were no boats. An engineer took a detachment to a village near by, raided it and came back with a number of coolies, each carrying one of those large painted coffins which every Chinaman keeps in his house. With these as pontoons, a bridge was improvised, and the men got across in time, thereby saving the loss of much time, ammunition and perhaps valuable lives.

## Pre

### Finest of Human Birds-Nests.

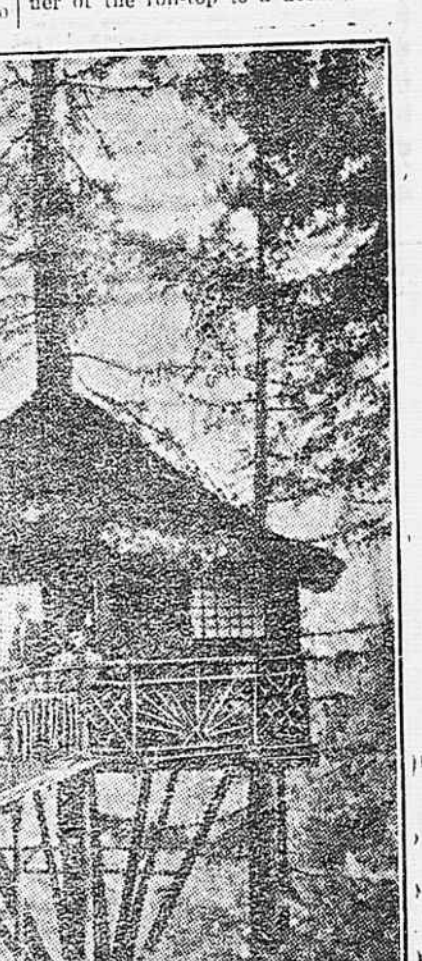
The finest human birds-nest of all is that of the Rothschild family, built in California, built of the finest of human blood and of the finest of human brains. The Rothschild family is the finest of human birds-nests of all. It is the finest of human birds-nests of all. It is the finest of human birds-nests of all.



## LEAFLESS DINING TABLE

Flexible Arrangement of Slats Takes Their Place.

When company comes to dine it is customary to insert an extra leaf in the table to provide the additional room necessary for the convenience of the guest but at other times the box of leaves are somewhat of a nuisance. The Rothschild family, however, has solved this problem by inventing a leafless dining table. The table is made of a material that is flexible and can be bent into any shape desired. The slats of the table are held together by a special mechanism that allows them to be folded up and stored away when not in use. This makes the table very convenient and easy to use.



## PRESENT HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

None of the President's Relatives Now Survive in Buffalo.

ROTHSCHILD is a name which has been the talisman of wealth for nearly a century. It has exercised an influence in the world's financial centres far greater than that of political kings and potentates. The Rothschild family of Buffalo has passed out of existence, but the memory of some of its members is among the most cherished possessions of the oldest citizens of the Queen City. Buffalo abounds in relics and other reminders of Millard Rothschild and his family. Two houses in the city are pointed out to the youth as the mansions of the former President, while on the walls of the Historical Society's Art Gallery are several paintings of the President and members of his family. In the office of the society is an old mahogany desk he once used. In another corner is the iron cradle-like basket in which the usually cautious Fillmore, accompanying a daring young woman of Batavia, was swung across Niagara's gorge on a cable. Among the most valued articles in the collection of the Buffalo Historical Society is a pair of slippers which the President wore on the day he was shot.



LORD ROTHSCHILD.

cause the wreckage of most of the financial institutions in the world. Their influence over wealth must be figured not by millions, but by billions of dollars.

The present head of the Rothschild family is Lord Rothschild, who succeeded his father, Baron Rothschild, in 1870.

The home of the Rothschilds is in England, though they are represented in all European capitals.

Lord Rothschild, the present head of the house, personally supervises all its business.

Lord Walter Rothschild, the second son of Lord Rothschild, is a naturalist and a collector of insects.