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EDGEFIELD, S. C. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1903.

NO 15

AN UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

"May I come in, Major?"
"Who is it? What you Curtis? Come right in, my boy. You're just in time for my taps pipe."
Burke sank into the wicker chair. The Major pushed toward him, and slowly lifted his pipe from the proffered jar.
"Major Wright," said he, at last, "I want to leave the post."
The old gentleman looked up quickly. "Leave the post, man? Why, what for?"
The young officer arose and stood in front of the commandant.
"You've been more than a friend and kind comrade to me, sir, and I come to you to ask this favor."
"You don't right to come to me. What's the trouble, my boy?"
Years ago, when he was a youngster, he had loved the boy's mother, and when her son had come from the front he had tried to be more than a friend and comrade to a friend to her.
"It was with the solicitude of a father for his son that he asked: 'Curtis, my dear boy, what is the matter? I thought you were content here, and you've made an old man feel like living; but now you're what on your mind?' and he rested his hand on Burke's shoulder."
The lieutenant walked up and down the room twice before he began.
"Margaret—"
"I thought so," broke in the Major; "I thought it was the little flirt."
"No, sir; not that. It isn't her fault," and Burke sank into his seat again, and hid his face in his hands.
"It's Robinson."
The other man recalled an episode in his own youth as he gazed at the boy who loved.
"Major, listen; I'll tell you all. You're the best friend I have on earth, and you will understand. You know Margaret and I were good as engaged for nearly a year. Well, when Robinson became sick at Fort Leavenworth and was exchanged to this post, you know how glad I was; for Ed was my chum and classmate, you know, well, he had been here long when I saw how it was. He was trying to win Margaret."
"Not he, your best friend?"
"Friend! A true friend doesn't steal away the girl you love. I saw this month ago, and didn't say a word to Margaret or to him. Finally, Peggy—he half smiled—"I mean Margaret, began to like him so."
"I went to her, Major, and told her from every obligation she owed me."
The old man nodded musingly.
"And she told me she didn't love Ed any more, Burke went on; "but flatly denied that he had ever told her his feelings, or tried to prejudice her against me in the least. She wanted to defend him, you know. So, Major, I've thought it all over, and I've come to you to ask if I can't leave the post. I can't stay here and see her—his voice half broke as he hid his face in his hands."
"Not a word, my boy. Stay—"
"No, sir," insisted the younger man. "You'd better take a man with you."
"No, sir, I want to be alone. And now, good-by, dear sir. You've always been so good. You seem like a father. You know mine died when I was so young I never knew how it felt to have one."
A half hour later a horseman left the post by the west stockade gate. He rode at a walk with his chin on his breast, and seemed oblivious to everything. The cool mountain breeze swept softly to the tall grass as black beads bent his head to hear the music. The blue hemisphere above glistened with a thousand stars, which with their merry twinkling tried to make the man forget his sorrow. But on he rode. Burke's was not the only note of discord; for if he had noticed the north-west sky, he would have seen the reflection of many fires, and had he listened attentively he would have heard the weird notes of an Indian song and the beat of many dancing feet. But on he rode, and as the morning sun faintly tinted the mist high up on the mountains, he entered the foot hills and was lost to view.
That morning, as the major returned from guard mount, a girlish voice called to him from the balcony of the post surgeon's house:
"Major, I want to see you. Come over, do."
The commandant bit his lip as he turned and saw Margaret.
"Come, that's a dear. I want to ask you something; and as the major went up the stoop: "Where's Curtis?"
"I ought to know, Margaret."
"I haven't the least idea," answered the girl, with eyes wide open. "You don't know what you've done, little girl. You've sent the best man in the world away from you."
"Curtis gone!"
"He left last night. You know, Margaret, how close Curtis and I are to each other, and he told me all."
"But, major, what—"
"I don't come as an envoy from him, my dear. All I have to say is that Curtis is the best boy that ever breathed, and that you've lost him. Good-by, little girl. I am once heard of a case similar to this, and—
"But never mind, you've done your best, no doubt."
After the major left her, Margaret sat for a long time simply repeating to herself, "Curtis gone! gone!" And then she set to thinking over their friendship; how much he had really been to her, and how good, and brave, and kind. She had really loved him once, she thought to herself; and she knew in her heart of hearts that he loved her, and loved her yet—and now he was gone, and what had he left?
The door of the officers' mess opened, and a man came out on the piazza and toward a table. She did not see him, nor did she notice him at all until she spoke her name next her. Then she rose suddenly, and—
"The same, Miss Margaret. Why, I must have frightened you, you said 'You!' in such a tragic way. Just like the Camille we saw at Tabor's

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Honorable Joseph Hodges Choate, American Ambassador to Great Britain. One of the famous boys of Salem, Mass., and a graduate of Harvard. He joined the bar in Massachusetts in 1855 and settled in New York in 1856. He was one of the committee of seventy that drove Tweed out of office into jail, and he later served his adopted State as President of the Constitutional Convention of 1894. He is one of the foremost lawyers of his time, and ranks high among our celebrated public speakers. He has ably upheld the great tradition of the past he now occupies.—National Magazine.

FANTASTIC FOOTWEAR.

Worn by the Sultan, Dattos and Others of the Moro Tribes.

THE Moro Sultan, datto, rajah and slave may be devoid of ingenuity, cure, shame, gentlemanly instincts, their sense of honor and the like, writes a Philadelphia correspondent of the Shoe Trade Journal, but he is certainly well up in what he ought to put on his foot. He may not care much about his shoulders, as these often go bare. His head is often exposed and his feet frequently free from incumbrances. But his feet are quite often as well protected on the bottoms as the feet of the American.

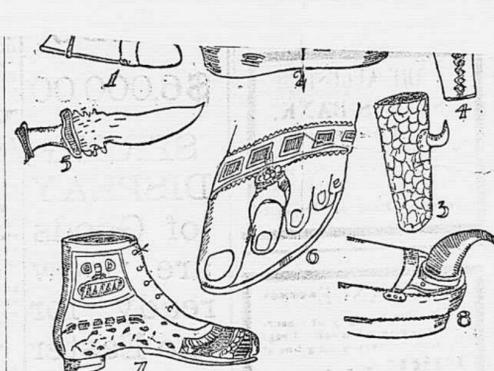
I saw a number of instances in which the Moro protected the soles of his feet with a shingle-like piece of wood fixed

shoes thus painted by the hands of the Moro shoe artist. It will give one an idea of the direction in which the average Moro mind runs when it comes to patterns for the surfaces of footwear.

Every datto owns slaves. In fact, every one seemed to me to belong to some datto. The chief authority the datto seemed to me to possess over his tribe of men, women, boys and girls was that of kicking them gently as occasion arose. Any transgression of the datto house rule meant a kick. Thus some of the dattos and their assistants have horns fixed to the toe tops, as in Figure 8.

See Anemone Whipped a Crab.

The sea anemone is the last animal on sea or land that one would pick as a fighter; but a certain blue crab in the New York Aquarium knows that he is a better fighter than the anemone and a better fighter than the fighting anemone and a better fighter than the fighting anemone. The crab was described by L. B. Spencer, who has charge of the "I was feeding the anemone a fair-sized brown specimen," said Mr. Spencer, "with bits of chopped clam from a long stick. The crab, not con-



ODD FOOTWEAR OF THE MOROS.

and thus sustain the piece at the bottom of the foot securely. There is a like piece, wider, over the lower part of the foot. With this affair fixed to the sole of the foot the native is able to go almost anywhere without damaging the feet very much.

Another type of shoe is shown in Figure 2, consisting of a solid piece of wood cut down to right proportions and gradually followed out by a process of gouging with inferior tools. The Moro devotes considerable taste to the making of protecting devices for the shins. There are always some of the tribes at war with one another, and the warriors of the different tribes wear armors of leather, carbon horn, brass and other metal; helmets for the head of wood and metal, and, in addition, metal and wood protection for the ankles such as shown in Figures 3 and 4. The first is a wood interior made up with a shell trimming. The shells are sometimes cemented on, and sometimes riveted with little metal pins. In Figure 4 the contrivance is more like a legging than anything else. It is made of several sorts of native material. The best kinds are those made from skins. The lining is some of the goat properly dried and twisted so as to make very tough and lasting lacing.

In Figure 5 is a sketch of one of the Moro shoemen's knives used in various lines of shoe and leather operations. It is a very stout-bladed affair, often with the butt of the blade quite stocky and strong. The edge of the blade is kept sharp and clear, and the point is made of several sorts of native material. The best kinds are those made from skins. The lining is some of the goat properly dried and twisted so as to make very tough and lasting lacing.

In Figure 6 is a sketch of one of the Moro shoemen's knives used in various lines of shoe and leather operations. It is a very stout-bladed affair, often with the butt of the blade quite stocky and strong. The edge of the blade is kept sharp and clear, and the point is made of several sorts of native material. The best kinds are those made from skins. The lining is some of the goat properly dried and twisted so as to make very tough and lasting lacing.

choice morsel from its mouth.
"Then a funny thing happened. Fully thirty small threadlike coils shot out from near the anemone's mouth, startling the crab on all sides. These threads are said to have stinging powers equal to a nettle."
"Instantly the crab doubled up in apparent pain and started round that glass tank like a possessed. After numerous turns he approached again, and this time the anemone stung him hard, for after a turn or two he turned over on his back and wagged his flippers feebly."
"It was some time before he recovered. I tell you that crab has not been within hailing distance of the brown anemone since."—New York Mail and Express.

Sioux Medicine.

Those who go to the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania will not find on exhibition a single hoop, four sticks and a bag of tobacco. These simple objects meaning little to us, yet

A Dog's Long Journey.

The other day McClellan McCord, of Altoona, accompanied by his son, went to Lewistown by train to enjoy a rabbit hunt. With them they took what they had been led to believe was a first-class rabbit dog, but as soon as the chain was removed from his neck he took to his heels in the direction of Altoona. Father and son finished the day's hunt with normal success, returning home at night with little hopes of ever seeing the dog again. Two days later he walked in and took his accustomed place beneath the kitchen stove. The distance from Lewistown to Altoona is 71 miles.—Tyrona Times.

Electricity is the motive force employed on 1635 miles of rail in Italy

RETRIBUTION.

Poor old horse! He has to do just what we humans tell him to!
True sympathy his woes provoke; When first he starts in life, he's broke.
He plods as bid, this way and that; He's fated to wear a funny hat.
He has no chance to choose his sup. He has to sleep while standing up.
And when we boys seek the track And bot; and 'rest of coin go back,
Unmoved, the steel beholds our plight And says, in horse-talk, "serve you right."
—Washington Star.

HUMOROUS.

"She has buried three husbands."
"Yes; I heard her say that she had a lot in the cemetery."
La Motte—is the young man who is going to play a finished musician? La Motte—No; but he will be if I can find a brick handy.
Sunday School Teacher—Now, can any one tell me who made the Milky Way? Tommy—It was the cow that jumped over the moon.
Mr. Brown—Yes, Slader is passionately fond of horses, but he loves his wife, too. Mrs. Brown—He loves anything he can drive.
Wigs—The average Englishman is slow to see a joke, isn't he? Waggy—Yes; he believes that he laughs best who laughs the next day.
She—Why do you suppose they have all the telephone wires so high in the air? He—Oh, that is so they can keep up the conversation, I suppose.
"Hello!" the first deaf mute's fingers signalled rapidly, "did you get that job as office boy?" "No," replied the other, "the man said he didn't think 'll answer."
Sharpe (describing amazons)—Imagine a great army of women and their leader calling, "Ho! ho! ho! Wheaton—Ho! it was an army of women I guess they'd 'fall out."
Sillicus—Prosperity has ruled quite as many men as adversity. Cynicus—Possibly; but most of us would prefer to take the former course if we are to be ruined at all.
Bibbs—The vermiform appendix seems to be the one thing in the world that is absolutely useless. Slobbus—Useless? Why it has kept lots of doctors from starving to death.
Nell—Mrs. Ritzenhouse Squeer says her husband was a perfect nobody when she married him. Belle—And now? Nell—Oh, now he is Mrs. Ritzenhouse Squeer's husband.
Backlotz—You don't mean to say this is the first you've heard of it? Subbuss—Yes. Backlotz—Why, its the talk of the neighborhood. Subbuss—Yes; my wife is away on a visit.

(in surprise)—You don't mean to say you ride in a carriage? Dusty Dennis—No, mum; a patrol wagon.
Twee—I should think you'd be afraid to write in your novels of things you don't know the first thing about. Baw—My dear boy, don't you know that the people who read my books don't know even as much as that?
Lady—Aren't you the poor man to whom I gave a piece of my cake the other day? Tramp—No; but I was my twin brother Bill. He croaked next day after eatin' dat cake, an' I thought meebey you'd gimme a quarter to help erect a marble shaft to his mem'y.
Mother—Have you any waterproof boots for a boy? Salesman—We have waterproof boots, ma'am; but they are not for boys. Mother—Why don't you have some for boys? Salesman—When somebody has invented a boot that has no opening for the foot to get into it, we may hope for boy's waterproof boots, not before.

Mutiny Veterans at Delhi.

When all the others have long been in their places, a small band of men, composed in about equal proportions of Europeans, Eurasians and natives, all well stricken in years and some visibly bowed down under their many ailments, were seen to make their way toward the entrance. They would faintly make such a show of military alignment and soldier-like precision of step as the infirmities of age allow, but in many cases the attempt is beyond their powers. Of the Europeans, some are in plain mufti, some in uniforms long since discarded, and tarnished and faded in the course of years, while several are wearing the uniforms of their civil and military employment. The natives clearly belong mainly to the humbler classes, for their long, flowing garments are plain and unadorned. But, more superbly than in shining raiment or in fustle of gold and silver, these men are clothed in the records of an Empire can boast. They are Mutiny veterans, about 600 altogether; remnants of the slender isolated forces of stout-hearted Britons and loyal natives who, 45 years ago, held India for the empire on the Ridge of Delhi, in the residency at Lucknow, and on many another bloody field.—London Times.

about it. The amount of money that can pass through the hands of a young woman has frequently paralyzed a young husband who thought he was something of a spendthrift himself, reflects the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
There is a break in the radium market. Radium, it may be said, is a combination of metals, pulverized, which gives off a light almost as strong as that of the sun, by means of which iron three feet thick can be penetrated. Radium is now \$900,000 a pound marked down from \$1,000,000 the other day.
An American woman in London writes: "I have said that I am at a loss to know whether the lack of heat in English homes and business buildings is caused by hardness or stinginess. I used to think it the latter, till I found numerous delightful English friends objected to my own heated home. Actually some of them 'cut me every winter, so far as calling on me is concerned, because they say my rooms are too stuffy and hot."
In Germany, electricity, among other curious results, has rehabilitated the discarded windmill. At Neresheim a windmill supplies power for thirty-six incandescent lamps that light a large paint factory. Another in Schleswig-Holstein keeps up a steady current of thirty volts. At Dusseldorf a windmill winds up a heavy weight, which the descent works a powerful dynamo.
Professor Dewey of the Boston Institute of Technology, in speaking before the convention of educators and business men at Ann Arbor, Mich., deplored the lack of fitness shown by college graduates for the hard realities of life. Professor Ripley of Harvard University urged the enforcement of business methods of exacting attention to study all through a university student's course.
A movement has been started in behalf of such non-commissioned officers and men in the Army who had a Civil War record to have extended to them the same privileges as is given to commissioned officers—that is, of retiring with the next higher rank than they possess at the time of their retirement. Thus non-commissioned officers of the highest rank would retire with the grade of second lieutenant. Privates would retire with a grade of corporal.

Among the many hobbies of Senator George F. Hoar are his fondness for the trolley trips and dime novels. The Senator's favorite time for reading half-raising publications is while traveling, and he declares he gets keen enjoyment out of the plots and impossible characters. The Senator is as well a student of history. At his home in Worcester he lives on the atmosphere of history. One of his chief means of recreation in Washington is a long trolley trip.
An English physician warns all attendants upon the sick against the amateurishness of "toast and tea," which is a diet not especially conducive to cheerfulness and patience in any person who undertakes this serv-

der Captain Brownson, which the Brazilians to time during the Meis revolution. Recently she has been the cause of another little incident between the harbor of the Port of Para entered and saluted the Portress De Barra. The salute was not returned until five hours later. The incident has been satisfactorily explained by the Brazilian government. It seems that the commander of the fort was away when the Detroit entered and his subordinates did not know enough to return the American salute. As soon as he returned to the fort the customary number of guns was fired.
The fighting around Santiago in 1898 has resulted in the addition to the equipment of the engineer corps of two implements which proved to be very useful in that battle. These are the machete and the wire-cutting pliers. The machete is not only a valuable weapon of offense at close quarters, but is useful in cutting through thick brush and jungle growth. The usefulness of the pliers is obvious since barbed wire has come to be such an important factor in the defense of fortified positions. Without them it is likely that many more men would have fallen in the assault on the San Juan blockhouse.
Insurance