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NO. 22.

A CRITICISM OF DESTINY.

I wish I were a Scientist, or an Ethicist, or a Philosopher, or anything instead of just an ordinary man. If I were but a Doctor, mine would be a gay lot. Or I should be delighted were I just a Higher Thought, and it was on the floor of the millions would be handing out the checks. To aid in saving me from all the hindrances that vex.

I wish I were a System, or a Policy, or a Chair, for some one would endorse me, and my prospects would be fair. It could be an Issue, or a Theory, I know. The money to support me would immediately flow. Or, were I not a common man, but something like a Fund, I know by all the plutocrats I should not then be shunned.

I wish I were a Microbe, a Bacillus, or a Microscopic organism—just a silly, old worm. For then they'd spend their millions, and in countless numbers would strive to trace me out and feed me, and to help me keep alive.

I wish I were a Science, or an Ethicist, or a Plan. Or anything instead of just an ordinary man.

—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

CRIME IN MACEDONIA.

A woman's honor can be safe in Macedonia, or else all Europe is in a conspiracy to malign the Turk. Torture in specially hideous forms is daily inflicted upon mothers and maidens whose names and wrongs, vouchered by witnesses, have been widely printed. The men are overpowered by numbers, burned or impaled or mutilated. Commenting editorially upon all these things, The Daily News (London) says: "The Turk in Macedonia works in the minor key. He pillages, robs, violates and perpetrates the British forcibles which he, alone among European

FOLDING WORK BENCH

An Unusually Piece of Furniture Tucked Away in a Closet. An exceedingly clever arrangement has been recently devised by which a man who wants a work bench in the house can have his wish supplied without the necessity of being constantly confronted with what is necessarily a somewhat homely piece of furniture. In these days of general manual training nearly every man and many women have a good knowledge of the use of tools, and it is not an uncommon thing to find an excellent and complete set of tools in the possession of gentlemen who get more of less pleasure in performing various minor matters around the house in the way of construction and repair. It is not every man who has the space at his disposal to give up to a work bench, and this is quite as essential as the tools, and in re-

ACTIONS AND WORDS

Here's a sentiment worthy to keep in your mind. As you travel through life, for it's true you will find the birds, that you're not so much valued by what you may say, As by what you may do in a practical way. For unless you perform what you say you can do, Grave doubts will arise that you're honest and true. Though your voice be as sweet as the song of the birds, Remember, that actions speak louder than words.

Nor would I discourage the message that cheers, Or the prayers, or the blessing of sympathy's arms; They are always in order, they help in their way. To hasten the dawn of millennial day. But a little of gold sandwiched in with your prayers Would banish more tears and lighten more cares. Though your voice be as sweet as the song of the birds, Remember, that actions speak louder than words.

—Ram's Horn, HUMOROUS.

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LIFE'S LONG SHADOWS.

The Story of a Siberian Exile.

The following story was related to me by a Russian gentleman, at whose house I spent a few weeks last summer. He had been in the employ of his government for some years as an inspector of prisons, and it was on the occasion of one of his official visits to the famous convict establishment at Tobolsk that he heard the story from the lips of an old man, who had spent upward of 40 years in prison. Substantially it ran as follows: "Many years ago—how many, I cannot tell you, sir—I was living on the outskirts of the thriving little town of Velnia, in Russian Poland. I was a blacksmith by trade, and my forge stood at the angle of two cross-roads, about a mile from the centre of the town. Adjoining it was my cottage, the neatest and prettiest little homestead in all that countryside. Many there were who envied me my lot, and, indeed, it was an enviable one, for few prospered as I did, and none could boast a happier home.

"I had been married two years when my wife gave birth to a boy—a faithful copy of his mother—who, as time went on, grew a sturdy, bright-eyed little fellow, the darling of our hearts and the brightest jewel in our crown of happiness. What he was to me no words can tell. I know only that he became the very light of my life, and when some childish ailment checked for a brief space his merry prattle it was like to go mad with grief and fear. My bitter was the thought that some day, perhaps, he would be taken from me.

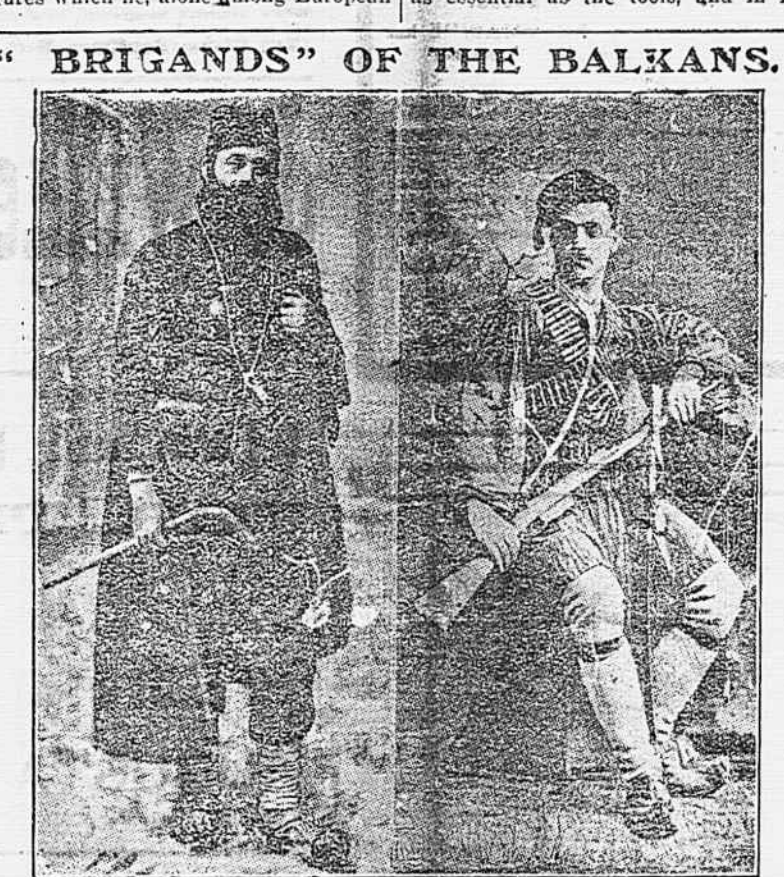
"One day I was at work when I heard a troop of cavalry approaching the forge at full gallop. Laying aside my hammer I went over to the half-door to catch a glimpse of them as they rode by. The leading files had already passed when a piercing shriek rent the air and froze my heart stood still in my bones—my heart stood still. Oh, God! can I ever forget the fearful sight that met my gaze. I see it now, as plainly as on that day—my darling, my heart's idol, and his angel mother, side by side on the dusty road, trampled to death by those cruel hoofs. With a terrible cry—a cry such as only a man infuriated to the pitch of madness, can utter—I snatched up my hammer, and whirling it around my head, rushed among the soldiers, now halted and gathered about the prostrate and mangled forms of my darlings. A fierce fight ensued and they struggled furiously to get beyond the reach of my wild blows. One there was, however, that essayed to close with me and wrest the hammer from my grasp, but I hurled him to the ground and struck him a blow that had it fallen on his head, would have killed him outright. Happily for him and for my future peace of mind, his upraised arm saved him; and before I could strike again one of his comrades dealt me a blow that stretched me beside him, bleeding and senseless. When I recovered consciousness I found myself lying on the floor of a cell in the Prison of Velnia. How shall I describe it to you, sir? How describe the awful sense of desolation that crept over me with the first dawning of consciousness, and so laid hold of me that I prayed, and prayed with all my might, to die? How describe the tortures I suffered when the remembrance of all that had happened at the forge that day came back to me with redoubled force, and flooding my soul with anguish, created in me a fierce thirst for revenge—but I cannot, I cannot. To realize my misery you must suffer as I suffered, love as I loved—and that I pray you never will. But let me continue my story. The daylight had faded in my cell, when two soldiers, bringing with them food and drink, communicated to me the intelligence that I was to be tried on the morrow for attempting to kill one of His Majesty's guards. I paid little heed to what they said—so wrapped was I in the bitterness of my thoughts—and my indifference angered them. "He is a sulion dog," said one of them, and, spurning me with his foot, passed a cruel jest that sent the hot blood surging to my head. Had I not been bound I would have fallen upon him and torn him to pieces, but they had chained me to a ring in the wall, and when I would have tried to reach him, my fruitless struggles only served to amuse them, and they jeered at me and taunted me with the impotency of my rage, and so goaded me with the brutality of their jests that I was like to go mad. When at length they had satisfied themselves with the cruel sport they left me—left me to the tortures of a sleepless night, of a night filled with memories of my dear ones and of the cruel tragedy that had robbed me of them; and countless times through those long hours of darkness did I see them, side by side on that dusty road, with their blood-stained faces turned toward me as if in mute appeal to avenge their death.

"With the dawning of the morning these visions faded and I sank into a

"BRIGANDS" OF THE BALKANS.

Colonel Yankoff, noted as a leader of "irregular" revolutionary bands in Macedonia.

Boris Sarafoff, pronounced "the most notorious" of Macedonian leaders.



COLONEL YANKOFF, noted as a leader of "irregular" revolutionary bands in Macedonia. BORIS SARAFFOFF, pronounced "the most notorious" of Macedonian leaders.

heavy slumber, which lasted until the guards appointed to take me to the place of trial aroused me.

"Heavily manacled, I was marched through the streets to the court, and as I passed through the crowd gathered around its doors many were the words of pity for me I heard on every side, and many the prayers that God might comfort me and have me in His keeping.

"I will pass over the scenes in court—the testimony of the soldiers, the hisses of the people when the judge condemned me to a life of penal servitude in the Siberian mines, and their eagerness to catch a nearer glimpse of me when I passed out on my way back to prison. The recital would but weary you. The next day I began by long and toilsome journey to Siberia.

"With many other exiles I was marched through the town and out into the country by the road that led past my forge. Long before we came in sight of it, I was straining my eyes to catch a glimpse of the little homestead I loved so well; but when at length it came in view another sight enchained my attention and stifled in a moment the eager throbbing of my heart. Ah! What a sight was that! Coming toward us, round a bend in the road, was a tumbrel, heavily draped with black, and following it, a long procession of men and women, many of them weeping bitterly. A mist blurred my vision and as the tumbrel until to my tear-blinded eye it seemed as a great black cloud that wrapped the whole countryside in its sorrowful folds. On me it cast its darkest shadow, and I cried to the guards to kill me and lay me beside my dear ones, for there was not on God's fair earth one more desolate than I. But they only cursed me for a madman and lashed me with their whips to urge me forward.

"The tumbrel was almost abreast of us when the mourners recognized me, and a great cry of compassion went up from all, for they knew how it had been with me, and their hearts were sore to see me treated thus in the presence of my dead; and moved by a common impulse, they broke in upon our ranks, and, raising round me, bowed their heads, and in frantic sobs and in the guard, to the tumbrel's side. One passionate kiss on the cheek hid my darling from my eyes, one fierce cry of vengeance on the authors of my misery—and I knew no more.

"When I came to myself I was lying at the bottom of the wagon in which the guards carried their food and equipment. The tumbrel and mourners, the familiar countryside—all had gone—and I aught save the tolling band of human misery, the poor Siberian exiles, was in view.

"I will not dwell on the details of that terrible journey. Suffice it to say that we reached Tobolsk, after months of incredible suffering and privation, a smaller band by many than when we left Velnia. Death had been merciful to the weak, and left only the strong to suffer. And terrible, indeed, were our sufferings during the first years of imprisonment, for a cruel man governed us, and ruled us with a rod of iron.

"One day, while we were at work, a fellow prisoner told me that a new warden had arrived at the prison, and would be on duty for the first time that night. I paid but little attention to what he said, and when night fell and I was locked in my cell I had forgotten all about it. It was the night warden's duty to visit the cells every hour, commencing at 10 o'clock. On that particular night, for I was more than usually restless, I was awakened by a sound that I had never heard before. I paced my cell with ever quickening steps as I recalled, one by one, the events of that terrible time. The prison clock struck 10, and I paused a moment to listen for the familiar grating of the bolts at the end of the corridor as the warden entered to make his usual round. But everything was silent. I waited a few moments, and then resumed my walk. The quarter struck, and still no warden came. Then I recalled what my fellow-prisoner had told me, and I saw how it was. The man was new to his duties, and, like enough would not come at all. But even as the thought passed through my mind I heard the bolts grating in their sockets, and, a few moments later, someone stumbled up the steps that led from the corridor to my cell and fell heavily against the door. With an oath he recovered himself, and, unlocking the door, flung it wide open.

"The dim light prevented me at first from seeing his face, but I knew from his heavy breathing and indistinct speech that he had been drinking. When, after a slight pause, he raised the lantern and the light fell on his sodden features, I started back with a cry of surprise, for I recognized him. He was the soldier with whom I had visited me in Velnia prison, and had mocked at me and insulted the memory of my dear ones. Something in my look alarmed him, and he

people, has handed down from the Middle Ages, and from remote days of barbarism. His officials and soldiers are not paid, and so they quarter themselves on the population. Reinforcing the acts of the Turks are Albanian troops and brigands, who are to the Macedonians what the Kurds are to the Armenians. Albanian lawlessness has developed of late years; and, in the Balkans, the Christian races of the inveterate misrule of the predominant partner in this ill-assorted empire. The reports before us show that neither life, nor women's honor, nor private property is respected in Macedonia, and that the nominal toleration accorded to Christians disappears when the military are given their head. This is the situation.

A most gloomy view of the situation is taken by the Reichswehr (Vienna), which predicts the failure of the reform measures undertaken by Austria and Russia. This view is shared by other observers, who insist that the Powers are concerned not so much about reforming Macedonia as about the political consequences of that undertaking. The Powers are mutually suspicious. Thus the Soviet (Odessa) says Italy is preparing to make a descent upon Tripoli the moment a conflict breaks out between the Balkan Slav States and Turkey. The Popolo Romano says Italy has nothing in particular to do with the Macedonian question.

"As long as the Powers concerned with Macedonia remain within the limits prescribed by the Berlin treaty, public opinion in Italy has not the slightest reason for anxiety. Even a repetition of the Bulgarian atrocities and a revolutionary movement in Macedonia need involve no risk to Italy's foreign policy. This is due to the oft-mentioned agreement between Austria-Hungary and Italy with reference to Albania—that is, the portion of the Balkan peninsula with which Italy's commercial and political relations are principally concerned.

Macedonia will succeed in throwing off the Turkish yoke, according to a well-informed but anonymous writer in the Neue Freie Presse (Vienna).

New President of Brazil.
Dr. Francisco de Paula Rodrigues Alves is the new President of the United States of Brazil. President Alves belongs to the Republican party, which is also described as the "Conservative" party. He has held many public positions, and is one of the ablest men in Brazil.

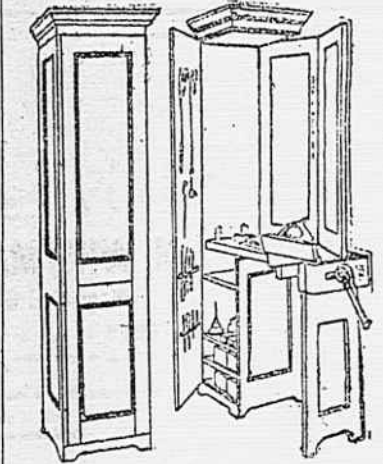
Dr. Brandao, who was elected Vice-President, has recently died.

President Alves holds that it is absolutely necessary to pay all the republic's obligations in gold. His chief effort will be to raise the value of the paper currency. He does not advocate a partisan modification of the constitution.

Dr. Francisco P. Rodrigues Alves, (The New President of Brazil), is, as he believes it now embodies the most advanced principles of democracy.

Striking an average of the whole Orange River colony, land values have doubled since the war.

response to the demand of gentleman carpenters various devices have been worked out for their convenience. Attractive wall cabinets to hold the tools conveniently have been in the market for some little time, but the latest thing in this line is a combination cabinet and work bench, which is shown in the accompanying cuts. This combination of a wardrobe or closet when closed. Two of the sides are doors, and when one is opened the tools in more general demand are conveniently displayed thereon. When the door is opened it permits the



WORK BENCH AND TOOL CABINET.

bench to be dropped into position for use, the whole making a very compact and convenient arrangement. The bench is made of hard wood, is three feet long and has a strong parallel-joined vise. It is provided with a bench stop and has a series of holes for similar stops running the entire length. This enables work to be held securely at both ends. There is a sliding guide on each side of the bench which supports work when necessary.

A Political Dark Horse.
According to the political circles, Alton B. Parker, chief justice of the New York Court of Appeals, stands a chance of being the next Democratic



JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER.

candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

He was born on his father's farm at Cortland, N. Y., on May 14, 1852. His education was begun in the Cortland Academy, and from there he went to the Cortland Normal School. His desire for sixteen he gave up his own schooling "to instruct the tender mind." After his experience as a teacher he entered the law office of Schoonmaker & Hardenbergh.

In 1877 and 1883 Parker was elected Surrogate by the Democrats of Ulster County. In 1884 he was a delegate to the convention at Chicago which nominated Grover Cleveland for President. During the campaign Theodore R. Westbrook of the Supreme Court, Parker to fill his place. In June, 1889, he was designated by Governor Hill to sit in the second division of the Court of Appeals.

Host (in a low voice to his wife)—I have a fearful headache. Do get rid of our guests as soon as ever you can. Hostess—Well, I cannot put them out. Host—No, my dear, but you can play the piano.

"What in the world are you doing?" asked Mr. Horsely. "Why, I am teaching my good boy to die on gasoline," responded Mrs. Horsely; "if they expect to exist they must depend on the automobile for a living."

"I would like to find out how many idle men there are in town," "Well, just start some laborers to digging a sewer," "But they won't be idle," "No; but every idle man in town will stand around and watch them."

"Oh, excuse me for stepping on your feet," stammered the blushing young maiden. "Certainly!" responded the gallant young man; "I only wish I had as many feet as a centipede, sir—two good feet! Try one—(zip!) Try the other—(zip!) How do you like 'em, sir?"

Gardening for an Invalid.
Several years ago I found myself too much of an invalid to be out in the garden sowing seeds and with no one at my service who, in my opinion, could be trusted to do it for a summer without flowers was too dreary a prospect to be contemplated. I secured a half dozen wooden boxes about the size of common soap boxes and had them sawed so that they were each four inches deep. These boxes were so small that when filled with soil they could be easily lifted about. I had the boxes filled with soil from the garden; and now imagine my comfort as I sat at a table sowing my seeds! There were no cramped limbs and aching back, as was usually the case when I had sowed my seeds in the seed bed. I had that year as fine a display of annuals as I ever had when the seeds were sown in the garden, in spite of the fact that the weather did not get warm enough for it to be prudent for an invalid to sit on the ground to transplant them until between June 9 and 6.—Country Life in America.

Everybody Satisfied.
"Diplomacy is a curious game," said one statesman.
"It is," answered the other; "it is one in which the most satisfactory results are achieved when both sides can go home and claim a victory."—Washington Star.

Wanted to Frighten His Wife.
Francis Guiney of Rouen, France, intending to give his wife a fright, pretended to hang himself. Unfortunately, the rope slipped from under his arms, and he swung by the neck. He was cut down just in time to save his life.

CLEANING PIANO KEYS.
Piano keys that have become discolored cover with a rather thick paste made of lemon juice and prepared chalk or whiting. Be careful not to let it get between the keys. Leave a few minutes, then wash off with a soft cloth, wrung out of warm water. Polish with the thickest drop of sweet oil, and then rub with soft duster till every trace of oil is removed.

British Statesman's Dexterous Use of This Little Article.
Few accessories of personal attire have played a more interesting part in parliamentary life than the simple eyeglass.

The greatest conjurer in the use of this little article the historic legislative Chamber ever contained was the late Lord Beaconsfield, says the Pall Mall Gazette. It has often been said of him that he was a splendid actor. He certainly contrived a sort of dumb show with his eyeglasses to create striking theatrical effects, and the manner in which he would manage, when it suited him, to lose the thing in the folds of his clothing, so that he could pause in his speech without the embarrassing missing article—a momentary respite which gave him time to think—was a frequent subject of mirth in the smoking rooms.

One incident of the kind will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Mr. Disraeli, then Prime Minister, was speaking with great solemnity on a question of foreign policy. He had been several times noisily interrupted by a somewhat boisterous Scotch representative, who threw out ironical sneers without any relevant application. At the third or fourth attempt the great Minister stopped abruptly in the middle of a sentence. There was dead silence in the crowded house as members watched the statesman slowly feel for his eyeglasses, mechanically adjust it to his eye, and then, turning to the direction of the interruption give the Highland gentleman one of those self-satisfied looks of the offender himself of the identity of the Prime Minister's expression came over the Prime Minister's face which seemed to say: "Oh, it's you, is it? Poor fellow, you don't know better!" The eyeglass dropped with a clink against the watch chain and the speaker resumed his remarks at the very point of the broken sentence. This honorable member had good reason to remember the episode throughout his Parliamentary career. His colleagues never allowed him to forget it.

When Disraeli could find his eyeglasses in a hurry and fit it promptly it was a sure sign that he was annoyed.

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BEACONFIELD'S EYEGLASS.
Regarded as a Delicacy.
The general living in Russia, except that of the muzhik, is described by Mr. Barry, in "Ivan at Home," as "perhaps a bit too substantial for Western ideas, but on the whole fairly portable. The muzhik's liking for grease in his food is carried to the extreme. I remember, writing Mr. Barry, once calling the attention of one of the footmen to the candle, which was not properly fixed into the candlestick. He very simply righted the matter by taking the candle out, putting it into his mouth and biting half an inch off, which he swallowed and seemed to enjoy."

"To show that the muzhiks are not particular as to what they drink, I must mention the case of a man who was nearly ruined by their taste for petroleum.

He had made a contract to light a suburban village with petroleum. One morning he came to the director of the department with a very long face, and announced that he must give up his contract and forfeit the money paid.

"Why do you want to give up your contract? I thought the price of petroleum was going down," said the director.

"Yes, so it is," responded Ivan. "It is not the price that frightens me, but when what is the matter?" asked the director.

"Why, you see, excellency, as fast as I put the petroleum into the lamps the pigs of muzhiks come and drink it."

SOLDIER SAVED A SAILOR.
During one of the terrible storms, early in 1902 a smack was seen to be in distress outside of Ramsgate. The vessel was making for the harbor, but, missing the entrance, was carried toward the pier, where she would be smashed to pieces if she struck, says a writer in an English magazine. Rather than face this risk the crew took to the small boat, which bobbed about on the raging sea, drifting helplessly. Ropes were thrown to the men, and two of them were hauled ashore. The skipper, however, lost his grip and fell back into the waves. He would certainly have been drowned but for the pluck and presence of mind of Lance Corporal Taylor, of the Royal Engineers, who dived after him. The unfortunate captain, hampered by his heavy coat-toggery and chilled with cold, was powerless to help himself, but Taylor succeeded in seizing him and in keeping him afloat until both were drawn up by a life buoy fastened to a rope. The onlookers cheered the brave soldier, whose heroic deed had saved the skipper, applying none the less heartily to that Taylor was a native of Ramsgate.