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ANCIENT FISH CURES

MEDICINAL VIRTUES THAT USED TO DECK THE FINNY TRIBE.

Perch Was Valued in Germany For Its Curative Properties, and Carp Was Held in High Esteem in Old England—The Physician of Fishes.

Fishing literature prior to the days and writings of Isaac Walton opens up points of interest which are unique. Not the least interesting are the constant references of the early writers to the medicinal virtues of fish. Of course many of the salt and fresh water fishes mentioned by the old writers are not recognized in the waters of today, but the fresh water perch, carp, tench and eel are yet recognized, and it is in connection with these fish that some of the quaintest ideas as to their medicinal virtues have prevailed.

The German has a comparative proverb which says, "More wholesome than a perch of the Rhine," and it is certain that from the earliest times this familiar fish has been esteemed as one of the best gastronomic productions of fresh water. It has also been ascribed medicinal virtues. Gesner says that physicians value the perch so much that they recommend it to be freely eaten by wounded men, women suffering from those suffering from dangerous fevers. Aldrovandus praises it and mentions that the two otoliths ("round bones") found in the head of the perch are marvelously good for stone in the bladder.

That the carp was esteemed in olden times in England is certain. Dame Berners, writing in her quaint "Treatise of Eyssynghe Wyth an Angyle," published in 1366, says, "The carpe be a deoyntous fish, but there ben few in Englande." Being "deoyntous"—i. e., "delicious"—it must have been a good fish at that time to eat. It has certainly lost its character since then.

In the art of healing the carp plays a respectable part. One old writer speaks of the fat of the carp as being of marvellous power for the alleviation of "hot rheumatism." The manner of its application was by frequent rubbing on the painful part, and the effect was said to be eminently mollifying and salutary. The triangular bones in the throat of the carp were ground to powder and applied to a wound or bleeding nose were said to act as styptic. The gill was also said to have been used for sore eyes, and "above the eyes," says an old Æsculapian, "two little bones exist, semicircular in shape, which are diligently preserved by noble females against the lunatic disease."

In the "Haven of Health" carp are also comprised in "the ten sortes of fishe which are reckoned as principal in the preservation of health," and which the earliest writers on this fish is of a value, and its tongue is very pleasant to carping ladies."

A kind of first cousin of the carp is what is known as the barbel. Such ancients as Juvenal, Albertus and others of that ilk evidence a strong preference for it, and it was known by the Roman name, *Pompholyx*. Pliney mentions a curious fact in its natural history. Dr. Badham in his "Prose Fantasties" translates this passage as follows: "The roe of the barbel is very poisonous. Antonio Gazius took two loaves and thus describes his sensations: 'At first I felt no inconvenience, but some hours having elapsed I began to be disagreeably affected, and as my stomach swelled and could not be brought down by nase and carminatives I was soon in a state of great oppression and distress.'"

"The digmity of some fat cochmen in New York is very impressive. Their development is outlined distinctly by their coats. They have swelled steadily and persistently ever since, and every now and then the coats have been let out and the buttocks moved to accommodate increasing inches of girth. A coachman's figure has a great deal to do with his success. The attempts of fat men to look lean sometimes verge on the humorous. They hold their heads high to escape the imputation of obesity and puff out their chests heroically. But with all their hauteur, pomposity and pretentious bearing they look only like very fat men in tight clothes, reminiscent of Pickwick in livery.—New York Press.

WAGNER'S HOME.

How the Great Composer Came to Live in Baireuth.

How Wagner came to make Baireuth his home is a rather interesting story. He had long dreamed of possessing a theater where his compositions could be interpreted to suit his ideas, but had little hope that the dream would ever be fulfilled. When, however, in his period of greatest depression and loneliness he formed the friendship of the late king of Bavaria it seemed suddenly as if all things were possible to him. In 1867 his royal protector instructed the celebrated architect, Gottfried Semper, to prepare the plans for the theater, which was to be built at Munich. Through political and professional dissensions and jealousies the town council of Munich refused permission for the erection of the theater there. In 1871 Wagner visited Baireuth, and after taking counsel with the celebrated bankers Messrs. Fensel and Gross, decided upon a site in that city. The municipality of the town, correctly estimating the financial advantages which would accrue, presented Wagner with two plots of land, one for the theater and the other for his own home. The latter was immediately built, and in 1872 Wagner removed his family from Trubchen, near Lucerne, to the new home, Wahnfried. The corner stone of the theater was laid on his sixtieth birthday, May 22, 1872. It was estimated that the theater would cost 300,000 thalers (about \$250,000), and this sum was very largely raised by Wagner societies throughout the world. It was completed in 1876 and dedicated with the presentation of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" on Aug. 13 of that year. Since then it has been the Mecca of the lovers of Wagnerian music from all parts of the world.

VIRGINIA FARMING.

The Great Variety of Crops Easily Grown and Marketed.

Fifty years ago Virginia was one of the leading wheat growing states. Even at the present day there are portions of the state where wheat is raised successfully, profitably and quite extensively. In eastern Virginia, right in the trucking section, we have one man who raises annually 200 acres of wheat, and the most interesting fact in connection therewith is that he raises it practically in the dismal swamp, the land upon which he grows it being only a few years ago a portion of that great swamp, he himself having reclaimed it. I secured a "photograph" in June of some of his wheat, then in the shock, and the crop would be a credit to any western wheat growing section, promising a yield of twenty-five to thirty bushels to the acre. But still I doubt if it pays the Virginia farmer to grow wheat. Our soil, climate and near proximity to the great markets, the Norfolk section, being within very cheap and easy reach, with fully 10,000,000 consumers, enable our farmers to grow a great variety of crops which the west, east and north cannot grow.

If we can successfully and profitably grow all the early and late fruits and vegetables and find a ready market therefor among the 10,000,000 consumers at our very doors we should be content to let some other section grow the wheat. Yet we really think that our section should raise the hay, oats and corn consumed here; also the beef, pork and mutton, the butter, cheese and lard. But we should not aspire to compete with Illinois in corn, with Minnesota in wheat or with Texas in cotton. We should, however, make a specialty of the crops for which nature has so nicely fitted our state and section.

We can raise forty different crops here, any one of which pays as well as or better than wheat, and the expense of the machinery necessary to use in growing the forty crops is much less than is required for growing the one crop—wheat.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

PLANNING PROSPERITY.

Full Barns, Smokehouses, Grain Bins and Corncribs on the Programme.

The first duty of every farmer, according to the programme of Texas Farm and Ranch, is to provide for full barns, smokehouses, grain bins and corncribs, also for all the products of orchards and garden that the family can consume. Then he is sure to have strong tenants, fat hogs, plenty of milk and butter and cheese if he wants it and knows how to make it. He should plan to have enough of all these things even if the seasons should be unfavorable. Then in every favorable year he will have a surplus of several products which he may sell to those who do not grow, but must have them.

After providing for all these things he may plant whatever land he can properly handle with cotton, for cotton is salable for cash every day in the year. Then if he manages to pay cash for whatever he buys he has added another essential qualification and a profitable one of a successful farmer, and if he continues in this course he is sure to prosper and is on the proper road to wealth. This is the proper way to curtail the cotton crop and insure 10 cents per pound for that which is grown.

The successful farmer should calculate that he will make not less than 500 pounds of fat cotton per acre. He can do even better than that. Twice 500 pounds—yes, three times and even four times 500 pounds—have been made. But to grow more than one 500 pound bale per acre one must know how to do it. Those who don't know will content themselves with half a bale per acre or less. It will be found more profitable to make ten bales from five acres than from twenty or thirty acres. It will pay to study some and learn how this is done. There are books and papers and station bulletins and farmers' institutes from one of which this and very much more may be learned at very little cost.

Many farmers may find other crops that pay better than cotton. Such farmers should give their attention to those other crops. We know men who are every year making more clear cash from alfalfa than any man could make from the same land planted to cotton and with ultimately less labor and outlay. Alfalfa is not the only crop capable of yielding better profits than cotton. In fact, a large majority of our most successful farmers do not grow cotton.

TWO TURNS OF THE WHEEL.

The Story of the Rise and Fall of a Comstock Fortune.

Sandy Bowers was a teamster, his wife a bawdy and not uncommonly Scotch woman who took in washing and kept a "boarders" house. It was in the early days of Virginia City, before the gold had been discovered, that he and his wife had grasped the full value of the discovery, and the teamster, in company with others of his kind, came into possession of several hundred feet of gold in the lode at Gold Hill. Sandy claim became one of the bonanza of the region, and Sandy found himself richer than he had ever thought or dreamed of being. Neither he nor his wife ever rose to the level of their fortune. They remained the teamster and the washerwoman to the end. There is a story that neither could read nor write. After giving an entertainment at the International hotel such as that of many grand old men had never been seen they went to Europe for three years.

When they came back they were still teamster and the washerwoman. Europe had added no viceroy. But the money was still in the gold mine. Money to buy the mine, and the old man went to Nevada as a man of affairs, to remain there, and that strange monument of wealth, which is known all through Nevada and California as the Bowers mansion, was built on the shore of Washoe lake.

The site was one of extraordinary beauty, with the wall of snow capped Sierras behind it, the sapphire sweep of water in front. Money was never counted in its construction. It was built of quarried stone and furnished with the choicest San Francisco could supply. A library of books with Sandy's name on every volume was one of its features. The door handles were of silver, the table furnishings the finest to be had at that place at that time.

Here the old people—for they were getting old—settled and dispensed a hearty hospitality. Here an adopted child whom they dearly loved and had named Persia died. Here, too, later on Sandy died and was buried in the garden under the shadow of the Sierras. And here—the shades of evening beginning to close on this strange drama—poverty overtook his widow. She strove to redeem her first losses by speculation, throwing good money after bad. In her case the wheel of fortune had a complete revolution. Her old age gave her as poor as she had been rich. She passed from stage to stage and finally made a livelihood by peddling fortune telling in San Francisco, it having been always understood that she had the gift of second sight. The crystal in which she gazed had shown her many things, but nothing stranger, more dramatic and valuable on her own life.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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Large stock of Boys and Children's Suits and Overcoats.

I. C. LEVY'S SON & CO.

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TEETH AND SIGHT.

Decayed Molars Cause Disturbance of the Ocular Nerves.

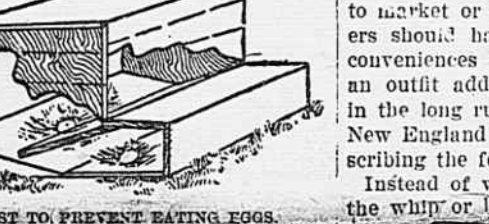
"Many people who come to me to have their teeth attended to complain incidentally of failing eyesight, and when I tell them that bad teeth are the cause of ten of the cause few feel inclined to believe me," said a well known New York dentist.

"Bad sight is generally attributed to overstudy, debilitated constitution and a hundred and one other causes. But have you ever heard any one place the blame on the teeth? Bad teeth are the direct result of insufficient application of the toothbrush, and bad eyesight, resulting from the decayed molars exciting disturbances of the ocular nerves, is the next inevitable penalty. That is a fact which seems to be little known."

"The other day I extracted four decayed teeth of a young girl who was almost totally blind. Her pupils were dilated and insensible. A week after I had pulled her teeth her sight was almost as good as that of a normal child."

PREVENTION OF EGGS.

The quickest cure for the habit of egg eating in fowls is decapitation for the table, but oftentimes a fowl is too valuable for this treatment, and it may be worth while to prepare a nest like the one shown in the illustration. The bottom of the nest is in two parts. The

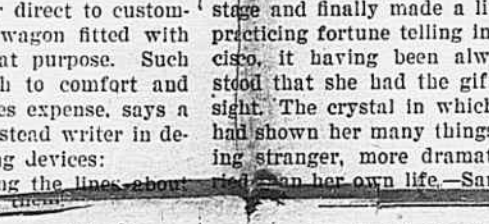


NEST TO PREVENT EATING EGGS.

THE FARMER'S MARKET WAGON.

Farmers who cultivate the produce to market or deliver direct to customers should have a wagon fitted with conveniences for that purpose. Such an outfit adds much to comfort and in the long run saves expense, says a New England Homestead writer in describing the following device:

"Instead of wrapping the lines about the whip or leaving them loose, which often get beneath the horse's feet, why not have a wire hook fastened to the wagon overhead, as shown in the cut. It can be easily made of stiff fencing wire and secured on the wagon."



FRAME CURTAIN—LINE HOOK—UMBRELLA HOLDER.

SPEED THE PLOW.

Never was there a more propitious time for this good work. Fall plowing is the most important work ever done on the farm. This is the foundation. If this be well done all else is possible. If this is neglected or partially and imperfectly done the damage is irreparable.

In October, November and December is the time to plow deep. Now is the time to subsoil. Now is the time when the clay is in proper condition for breaking the hardpan. Subsoil now, and you can then be in shape to do all kinds of intensive farming later on.

It will not do to say you are too busy, that you have not the time. Just as well say you have not time to farm. Are you running your farm or is your farm running you? This is an important question.

Do not let the cotton crop keep you from doing this work. A couple of good teams and two hands can do a great deal of good work in three months. Get at it and stick to it. The cotton will wait a few days for picking and be better for waiting, and the price will be better too.

This year has proved the value of subsoiling. Crops on deep soil have not been injured much if any by the drought. All this shedding of fruit on the cotton might have been prevented by good subsoiling last fall. This shedding has out the crop about 1,000,000 bales, or about \$50,000,000 out of the farmers' pockets. That amount of money spent in plowing would have subsoiled the entire south several times over.

"Plow deep and on a level."—Southern Cultivator.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Every Heart Has Its Old Romance.
Where are the loves of yesterday?
Ah, for an hour of youth again—
Youth that was short as a month of May,
Youth with its pulsing blood and brain;
Too soon came the autumn with mist
And rain, and the snows of winter
Too brief the dream, too short the dance.
Yet once on a time we lived in Spain,
And every heart has its old romance.

Where are the loves of yesterday?
Here is a note with a yellow stain,
And here in a book a withered spray
Of sweet alyssum for years has lain.
But why regret? All things must waste,
Life's sweetest note, love's fondest glance.

Yet once on a time we lived in Spain,
And every heart has its old romance.

Once Again.

When de cotton war a-bloomin' roun' de cabin
An' ribber war a-sparkin' in de morn,
When de ole folks sot together,
Busy gabbin' 'bout de wedding,
An' de bwozes went a-whisperin' frouh
Dah war nuffin' lef' to me to do 'cept
stealin'!

From de doorway whah de sun come
creepin' in:
Dah war no wish 'cept a-wishin'—
To be by de ribber fishin'!
To be by de ribber fishin' once agin.

In de happy, happy times aroun' de cabin,
When de darkeys war all gaddered at
de do',
When de daylight war declinin'
An' de ebbin' star war shinin'
An' de singin' schoed de ribber sho,
Dah war nuffin' lef' to me to do 'cept
stealin'!

To de doorway whah de moon went
creepin' in:
Jes' to steal back to de cabin,
What I lef' de ole folks gabbin'!
An' to jine de happy chorus once agin.

Now, no moh de cotton blooms aroun' de
cabin,
'Cept de bloomin' dat am ebbin' in my
dream.
An' no moh de darkeys singin'
Sets de ebbin' air a-ringin'!
From de doorway ob de cabin to de
stream,
An' dah war nuffin' 'cept to dream dat I am
stealin'!

From de doorway whah de sun come
creepin' in:
An' no wish lef' 'cept a-wishin'—
To be by de ribber fishin'!
To be by de cabin singin' once agin.
— Floyd D. Raze in Sports Afield.

The Man From The Crowd.
Men seem as alike as the leaves on the
tree,
As we look at the millions that make up
de bees,
And we look at the millions that make up
de stars,
Then Fajro calls for a man who is larger
than men;
There arise the man who is larger than
men, and then
There arise the man who is larger than
men,
And the man comes up from the crowd.

The chasers of tritles run hither and yon,
And the world seems all small things
will go on,
And the world seems no better at sunset
than dawn,
And the race still increases its plentiful
swarm.

Then the great yell calls out for the
great man to come,
And the crowd, unbelievin', sits sullen
and dumb,
But the great yell is done, for the great
man has come,
Aye, the man comes up from the crowd.

There's a dead hum of voices; all say the
same thing,
And our forefathers' songs are the songs
that we sing,
And the pride of our fathers and grand-
fathers
Are done by the son of the son of the son.
The man who comes up from the crowd,
Lo, a call for a man who shall make all
things new
Goos down through the throng! See, he
rises in view!
Make room for the man who shall make
all things new,
For the man who comes up from the
crowd.

And where is the man who comes up from
the throng,
Who does the new deed and who sings the
new song,
Who and who of the old world as a world
that is new?
And who is the man? It is you! It is
you!
And our praise is exultant and proud,
We are waiting for you there, for you are

Thankfulness of Deeds.
For this our life and all the joys of living
For eager days in boundaries of sleep,
For wholesome ways wherein our foot-
steps leap.
We bless the fates in gladness of receiv-
ing,
For friends and comrades loyal, undeciv-
ing,
For love that lights our voyage o'er the
sea,
We utter praise and say it is thankgiv-
ing,
Yet yet shall walk in woodland ways
alone
Nor hear the season's myrtle tender
warning!
It saith: Dear heart, begin at break of
morning;
Doubly bestow the pleasure thou hast
known,
And give thy thanks translated in en-
deavor
To dephs that glorify, like Christ's, for-
ever.
—New York News.

Duty.
She wore her duty as a crown,
And in her passing up and down
One came who laughed to see her wear
Such trifles with so grand an air.

She took it off. "One cannot be
a laughingstock for such as he."
Behold, her feet once swift to go,
Move now reluctantly and slow.

She walks a prisoner, looking down
At that which binds her limbs in pain,
Who wears not duty as a crown
Must drag it as a chain.
—Good Housekeeping.

Panics.
Take these memories sweet scented,
Gathered while the morning dew
Drenched the silver of the cobwebs,
Heartsease, picked at dawn for you,
Yellow for the days of sunshine,
While for days of peace and rest,
Purple ones for festal and high days,
Wine red for the days' best
For myself I keep the black ones,
Memories of grief and pain,
Keep them hidden, lest their shadow
Fall across your heart again.
—Mildred Howells in Atlanta.

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and latest Parisian styles,
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