Edgefield Advertiser

Published Weekly.

EDGEFIELD, S. C.

BRIEF NEWS NOTES FOR THE BUSY MAN

MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE PAST WEEK TOLD IN CONDENSED FORM.

WORLD'S NEWS EPITOMIZED

Complete Review of Happenings of Greatest Interest From All Parts of World.

Southern.

The establishment of a "central office" or clearing house in New York City is the latest plan evolved as a means of settling the long-existing differences over bills of lading between American shippers and European buyers of raw cotton. Representatives of the sub-committees of the bills of lading committee of the American Bankers' association held a protracted meeting in New York City with traffic agents of southeastern and sotuhwestern railroads and with Eurobeen interests, as represented by a member of the Liverpool bills of lading cotton conference.

The income tax amendment to the Federal Constitution was made the special order for consideration in the Florida house of representatives. Favorable action upon the amendment was recommended by the judiciary committee. A bill calling a state constitutional convention was favorably reported to the state senate. Among the bills introduced was a measure in the senate designed to regulate the fire insurance business and the writing of insurance policies.

Nearly two blocks of the finest buildings in Dalton, Ga. lie a smouldering mass of ruins as a result of a $250,000 fire. The Hotel Dalton, in which the fire originated, is a total loss, as well as the opera house and the mammoth plant of the Showalter Printing company and a half dozen large business houses. A detachment from Chattanooga's fire department came to Dalton on a special train, but the flames had done their worst work when the help arrived.

Three negroes, charged with the murder of S. C. Eason in a negro store in Ellaville, Ga., January 2, were removed from the Schley county jail by 200 masked men and lynched in a pine thicket a quarter of a mile from town. About twelve o'clock the mob came to the jail and awoke the jailer, A. C. Baugh, telling him they had a prisoner. When he opened the door half a dozen guns were thrown in his face with the request to unlock the cells in which the three negroes were confined.

One hundred and eighteen men are entombed in the Banner mine, at Littleton, Ala., and but three bodies have been brought to the surface, following a terrific explosion. It is believed all the men are dead. The fatal afterdamp, which followed the explosion, kept the rescuers from penetrating the mine, although they have been far enough in the interior to see a gruesome pile of human bodies huddled together near the shaft. Practically all of the men killed were negro convicts.

General.

Implicated by the confession of Joe Wiggins, a former life convict, Will and John Rogers, uncles of little Waldo Rogers, were arrested for complicity in the lad's abduction from his home in Las Vegas, N. Mex. For his return $12,000 ransom was paid. Will Rogers acted as agent for Mrs. Rogers. Disclosures have aroused the city to a degree of excitement that authorities fear may result in a demonstration against the prisoners.

Dr. B. Clark Hyde, convicted after a sensational trial of the murder of Col. Thomas H. Swope of Kansas City, a millionaire philanthropist, was granted a new trial by the Missouri supreme court, sitting at Jefferson City. Doctor Hyde has been in the county jail at Kansas City for nearly a year, following a sentence to life imprisonment. The supreme court, in setting aside the verdict of the trial court, remanded Hyde to the "custody of the marshal of Jackson county without bail."

Conditions are rapidly shaping themselves in the states of Chihuahua and Sonora, Mexico, for a crisis far more serious than the loss of life in battle. Americans in these two states declare that unless the rebellion is ended with peace overtures very soon, all Mexico will experience a disastrous famine. Little wheat was planted last autumn.

It was announced in Berlin, Germany, that the American potash representatives were coming to Berlin to negotiate a settlement directly with the German syndicate without further diplomatic steps.

Population statistics of the thirteenth census announced included Pulaski, Tenn., 2,928 in 1[illegible]0.

A republic which has been proclaimed at Canillas de Aceituno, Spain, in the province of Malagua, is not considered seriously by the government. The populace rebelled against the royal authority and attacked the barracks.

The town of Old St. Louis, Ind., became so badly overrun by rats that the male residents formed themselves into a rat-hunting party, and, with dogs, they succeeded in willing 265 rodents.

President Jacob G. Schuman of Cornell university brought to an end the controversy which has been in progress for a few weeks over admitting negro women students to Sage college dormitory. In a statement issued he says that all negro women students are to be admitted too the privileges of the woman's dormitory if they request admission.

Twenty-three persons are reported dead, at least a hundred injured, two towns practically swept away, scores of buildings demolished and thousands of dollars' worth of property damaged as the result of a tornado that raged in Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri. The tornado was accompanied by rain, hail and lightning. Many buildings were struck by lightning and burned. Western Missouri was visited by a rain and hail storm, but this section was not in the main path of the tornado.

According to Bishop Orson Brown of Colonia Morelos, one of the Mormon colonies south of El Paso, Texas, the colonists are greatly disturbed by raids upon their plantations. According to advices from Torreon, James Boland, representing American operators in the Los Reis district, has made formal complaint to United States Consular Agent Carothers at Torreon, regarding the interruption of business caused by the insurrection. General Lojara has been asked for protection for American interests.

Judge William S. Kenyon (Rep.) was elected United States senator to succeed the late Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver, on the sixty-seventh ballot in the Iowa legislature. He received 78 votes, just enough to elect, against 26 for Supreme Court Justice Horace E. Deemer, his Republican opponent. The deadlock has existed since January 17, when the first ballot was taken. Judge Kenyon was born in Elyria, Ohio, on June 10, 1869, and receievd his education at Grinnell, Iowa.

Two hundred men called at Mount Moriah hospital in New York in answer to an advertisement offering $25 for a quart of human blood. Most of them were penniless and all declared that the monetary reward was their sole consideration in applying. G. J. Allen, a sailor, was selected, and for half an hour blood flowed from his arteries into the veins of Mrs. Rosie Reisler. Mrs. Reisler, who had lost blood through an internal hemorrhage, is on the road to recovery.

Tom L. Johnson, twice congressman from the Twenty-first Ohio district, four times mayor of Cleveland, champion of 3-cent street railway fares and prominent advocate of the single tax theories of the late Henry Georgie, died in Cleveland, Ohio, after a long illness. Death was caused by cirrhosis of the liver. He was 57 years old.

Washington.

The Democrats of the house in caucus agreed upon the initial steps in tariff revision. By a vote of 128 to 29 it was decided to pass the Canadian reciprocity within the next week without amendment. The following articles are to be put upon the free list as a sop to the farmers along the Canadian border who will be adversely affected by the reciprocity agreement, though the effect of the action will be widespread: Agricultural implements, including plows, harrows, reapers, binders, mowers, boots and shoes, harness and saddlery, barbed wire and other fencing, cotton bagging and ties, coarse sacks, burlaps, flour, dressed meats and meat products, salt, sewing machines, seedard and hardwood. Another caucus will probably be held within the next two weeks to decide what shall be done to the woolen and cotton schedules.

A fight on the amendment feature of the New Mexico constitution will delay its ratification in the senate. Senator Owen announces that he will introduce a resolution providing that before the president shall issue a proclamation admitting New Mexico and Arizona into the union, the people of New Mexico shall vote on a proposed amendment to the constitution. He contends that, as framed, the constitution is impossible of popular amendment in any important particular.

The Supreme court of the United States held to be valid the so-called Grant patent, covering a system of setting rubber tires on carriage wheels.

Representative Clark of Florida created some excitement in the house by moving to abolish additional house positions amounting to about $30,000 annually. Mr. Clark proposed to take from a dozen or more committees their assistant clerks and stenographers, saying that the committees had no more use for these employees than a "hog has for a side pocket."

President Taft sent in the nominations of Walter L. Fisher of Illinois to be secretary of the interior and Roland P. Faulkner of the District of Columbia to be assistant director of the census. They were recess appointments.

Senator Culberson of Texas presented in the senate a memorial signed by 500 citizens of El Paso, Texas, who, "being a liberty-loving people," request the United States to take no steps or interest in the Revolution, which is being waged in Mexico. The petition asks that if any steps have been taken by the United States which woudl interfere with the Revolution, that such action be rescinded at once for the reason that "warfare waged by the insurrectos is a struggle for existence."

It is becoming manifest that congress is facing a stormy session, and that there can be made no forecast of the probable legislative results. That fact that both of the great political parties are badly divided is no longer denied, and the leaders appear to have little hope of restoring anything more than surface harmony. There are virtually four parties, each with a large representation, working at odds in the session. The Republican minority in the house is divided between Regulars and Insurgents, and the Democrat wings are the Conservatives and Progressives.

Trouble is brewing for George W. Wickersham, attorney general in President Taft's cabinet. Official Washington is agog over a resolution introduced in the house of representatives by Representative Rainey of Illinois, which is aimed directly at the attorney general. Mr. Rainey's resolution calls for an investigation concerning the proceedings instituted under the Sherman anti-trust law and subsequently dropped and as to whether Attorney General Wickersham has "outside employment," which would disqualify him for his position in the president's cabinet.

WHEN A MAN MARRIES

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR of THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE—THE MAN IN LOWER TEN, ETC.

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SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or Jimmy as he is called by his friends. Jimmy was rotund and looked shorter than he really was. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people steadily refused to do so, his art is considered a huge joke, except to himself, if he asked people to dinner everyone expected a frolic. Jimmy marries Bella Knowles; they live together a year and are divorced. Jimmy's friends arrange to celebrate the first anniversary of his divorce. Those who attend the party are Miss Katherine McNair, who every one calls Kit, Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Brown, the Misses Mercer, Maxwell Reed and a Mr. Thomas Harbison, a South American civil engineer. The party is in full swing when Jimmy receives a telegram from his Aunt Selina, who will arrive in four hours to visit him and his wife. Jimmy gets his funds from Aunt Selina and after he marries she doubles his allowance. He neglects to tell her of his divorce, as she is opposed to it. Jimmy takes Kit into his confidence, he tries to devise some way so that his aunt will not learn that he has no longer a wife. He suggests that Kit play the hostess for one night, be Mrs. Wilson pro tem. Kit refuses, but is finely prevailed upon to act the part.

CHAPTER III.

I Might Have Known It.

The minute I had consented I regretted it. After all, what were Jimmy's troubles to me? Why should I help him impose on an unsuspecting elderly woman? And it was only putting off discovery anyhow. Sooner or later, she would learn of the divorce, and—Just at that instant my eyes fell on Mr. Harbison—Tom Harbison, as Anne called him. He was looking on with an amused, half-puzzled smile, while people were rushing around hiding the roulette wheel and things of which Miss Caruthers might disapprove, and Betty Mercer was on her knees winding up a toy bear that Max had brought her. What would he think? It was evident that he thought badly of us already—that he was contemptuously amused, and then to have to ask him to lend himself to the deception!

With a gasp I hurled myself after Jimmy, only to hear a strange voice in the hall and to know that I was too late. I was in for it, whatever was coming. It was Aunt Selina who was coming—along the hall, followed by Jim, who was mopping his face and trying not to notice the paralyzed silence in the library.

Aunt Selina met me in the doorway. To my frantic eyes she seemed to tower above us by at least a foot, and beside her Jimmy was a red, perspiring cherub.

"Here she is," Jimmy said, from behind a temporary eclipse of black cloak and traveling bag. He was on top of the situation now, and he was mendaciously cheerful. He had not said, "Here is my wife." That would have been a lie. No, Jimmy merely said, "Here she is." If Aunt Selina chose to think me Bella, was it not her responsibility? And if I chose to accept the situation, was it not mine? Dallas Brown came forward gravely as Aunt Selina folded over and kissed me, and surreptitiously patted me with one hand while he held out the other to Miss Caruthers. I loathed him!

"We always expect something unusual from James, Miss Caruthers," he said, with his best manner, "but this—this is beyond our wildest dreams."

Well, it's too awful to linger over. Anne took her upstairs and into Bella's bedroom. It was a fancy of Jim's to leave that room just as Bella had left it, dusty dance cards and favors hanging around and a pair of discarded slippers under the bed. I don't think it had been swept since Bella left it. I believe in sentiment, but I like it brushed and dusted and the cobwebs off of it, and when Aunt Selina put down her bonnet, it stirred up a gray white cloud that made her cough. She did not say anything, but she looked around the room grimly, and I saw her run her finger over the back of a chair before she let Hannah, the maid, put her cloak on it.

Anne looked frightened. She ran into Bella's bath and wet the end of a towel and when Hannah was changing Aunt Selina's collar—her concession to evening dress—Anne wiped off the obvious places on the furniture.

"What's that young woman's name?" she asked me sharply, when Anne had taken the towel out to hide it.

"Anne Brown, Mrs. Dallas Brown," I replied meekly. Every one replied meekly to Aunt Selina.

"Does she live here?"

"Oh, no," I said airily. "They are here to dinner, she and her husband. They are old friends of Jim's—and mine."

"Seems to have a good eye for dirt," said Aunt Selina and went on fastening her brooch. When she was finally ready, she took a bead purse from somewhere about her waist and took out a half dollar. She held it up before Hannah's eyes.

"Tomorrow morning," she said sternly, "you take off that white cap and that fol-de-rol apron and that black henrietta cloth, and put on a calico wrapper. And when you've got this room aired and swept, Mrs. Wilson will give you this."

Hannah took two steps back and caught hold of a chair; she stared helplessly from Aunt Selina to the half dollar, and then at me. Anne was trying not to catch my eye.

"And another thing," Aunt Selina said, from the head of the stairs, "I sent those towels over from Ireland. Tell her to wash and bleach the one Mrs. What's-her-name Brown used as a duster."

Anne was quite crushed as we went down the stairs. I turned once, halfway down, and her face was a curious mixture of guilt and hopeless wrath. Over her shoulder I could see Hannah, wide-eyed and puzzled, staring after us.

Jim presented everybody, and then he went into the den and closed the door and we heard him unlock the cellarette. Aunt Selina looked at Leila's bare shoulders and said she guessed she didn't take cold easily, and conversation rather languished. Max Reed was looking like a thundercloud, and he came over to me with a lowering expression that I had learned to dread in him.

"What fool nonsense is this?" he demanded. "What in the world possessed you, Kit, to put yourself in such an equivocal position? Unless"—he stopped and turned a little white—"unless you are going to marry Jim."

I am sorry for Max. He is such a nice boy, and good looking, too, if only he were not so fierce, and did not want to make love to me. No matter what I do, Max always disapproves of it. I have always had a deeply rooted conviction that if I should ever in a weak moment marry Max, he would disapprove of that, too, before I had done it very long.

"Are you?" he demanded, narrowing his eyes—a sign of unusually bad humor.

"Am I what?"

"Going to marry him?"

"If you mean Jim," I said with dignity, "I haven't made up my mind yet. Besides, he hasn't asked me."

Aunt Selina had been talking woman's suffrage in front of the fireplace, but now she turned to me.

"Is this the vase Cousin Jane Whitcomb sent you as a wedding present?" she demanded, indicating a hideous urn-shaped affair on the mantel. It came to me as an inspiration that Jim had once said it was an ancestral urn, so I said without hesitation that it was. And because there was a pause and every one was looking at us, I added that it was a beautiful thing.

Guessed She Didn't Take Cold Easily.

Aunt Selina sniffed.

"Hideous!" she said. "It looks like Cousin Jane, shape and coloring."

Then she looked at it more closely, pounced on it, turned it upside down and shook it. A card fell out, which Dallas picked up and gave her with a bow. Jim had come out of the den and was dancing wildly around and beckoning to me. By the time I had made out that that was not the vase Cousin Jane had sent us as a wedding present, Aunt Selina had examined the card. Then she glared across at me and, stooping, put the card in the fire. I did not understand at all, but I knew I had in some way done the unforgivable thing. Later, Dal told me it was her card, and that she had sent the vase to Jim at Christmas, with a generous check inside. When she straightened from the fireplace, it was to a new theme, which she attacked with her usual vigor. The vase incident was over, but she never forgot it. She proved that she never did when she sent me two urn-shaped vases with Paul and Virginia on them, when I—that is, later on.

"The cause in England has made great strides," she announce from the fire place. "Soon the hand that rocks the cradle will be the hand that actually rules the world." Here she looked at me.

"I'm not up on such things," Max said blandly, having recovered some of his good humor, "but—isn't it usually a foot that rocks the cradle?"

Aunt Selina turned on him and Mr. Harbison, who were standing together, with a snort.

"What have you, or you, ever done for the independence of woman?" she demanded.

Mr. Harbison smiled. He had been looking rather grave until then. "We have a least remained unmarried," he retorted. And then dinner was again announced.

He was to take me out, and he came across the room to where I sat collapsed in a chair, and bent over me.

"Do you know," he said, looking down at me with his clear, disconcerting gaze, "do you know that I have just grasped the situation? There was such a noise that I did not hear your name, and I am only realizing now that you are my hostess! I don't know why I got the impression that this was a bachelor establishment, but I did. Odd, wasn't it?"

I positively couldn't look away from him. My features seemed frozen, and my eyes were glued to his. As for telling him the truth—well, my tongue refused to move. I intended to tell him during dinner if I had an opportunity: I honestly did. But the more I looked at him and saw how candid his eyes were, and how stern his mouth might be, the more I shivered at the plunge. And, of course, as everybody knows now, I didn't tell him at all. And every moment I expected that awful old woman to ask me what I paid my cook, and when I had changed the color of my hair—Bella's being black.

Dinner was a half-hour late when we finally went out, Jimmy leading off with Aunt Selina, and I, as hostess, trailing behind the procession with Mr. Harbison. Dallas took in the two Mercer girls, for we were one man short, and Max took Anne. Leila Mercer was so excited that she wriggled, and as for me, the candles and the orchids—everything—danced around in a circle and I just seemed to catch the back of my chair as it flew past. Jim had ordered away the wines and brought out some weak and cheap Chianti. Dallas looked gloomy at the change, but Jim explained in an undertone that Aunt Selina didn't approve of expensive vintages. Naturally, the meal was glum enough.

Aunt Selina had had her dinner on the train, so she spent her time in asking me questions the length of the table, and in getting acquainted with me. She had brought a bottle of some sort of medicine downstairs with her, and she took a claret glassful, while she talked. The stuff was called Pomona: Shall I ever forget it?

It was Mr. Harbison who first noticed Takahiro. Jimmy's Jap had been the only thing in the menage that Bella declared she had hated to leave. But he was doing the strangest things: His little black eyes shifted nervously, and he looked queer.

"What's wrong with him?" Mr. Harbison asked me finally, when he saw that I noticed. "Is he ill?"

Then Aunt Selina's voice from the other end of the table:

"Bella," she called, in a high shrill tone, "do you let James eat cucumbers?"

"I think he must be," I said hurriedly aside to Mr. Harbison. "See how his hands shake!" But Aunt Selina would not be ignored.

"Cucumbers and strawberries," she repeated impressively. "I was saying, Bella, that cucumbers have always given James the most fearful indigestion. And yet I see you serve them at your table. Do you remember what I wrote you to give him when he has his dreadful spells?"

I was quite speechless; every one was looking, and no one could help. It was clear Jim was racking his brain, and we sat staring desperately at each other across the candles. Everything I had ever known faded from me; eight pairs of eyes bored into me, Mr. Harbison's politely amused.

"I don't remember," I said at last. "Really, I don't believe—" Aunt Selina smiled in a superior way.

"Now, don't you recall it?" she insisted. "I said: 'Baking soda in water taken internally for cucumbers! baking soda in water externally, rubbed on, when he gets that dreadful, itching strawberry rash."

I believe the dinner went on. Somebody asked Aunt Selina how much overcharge she had paid in foreign hotels, and after that she was as harmless as a dove.

Then half-way through the dinner we heard a crash in Takahiro's pantry, and when he did not appear again, Jim got up and went out to investigate. He was gone quite a little while, and when he came back he looked worried.

"Sick," he replied to our inquiring glances. "One of the maids will come in. They have sent for a doctor."

Aunt Selina was for going out at once and "fixing him up," as she put it, but Dallas gently interfered.

"I wouldn't, Miss Caruthers," he said, in the deferential manner he had adopted toward her. "You don't know what it may be. He's been looking spotty all evening."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Impossible.

The car conductor wears a frown
He daily sees
He cannot make the hobble gown
Step lively, please.

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Purchaser—When you sold me this horse you said he was without faults. Now I find he's lame.

Horse Dealer—Well, lameness ain't a fault—it's an affliction.

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Hogan—Phwat makes ye swally all your dinner in two minutes, Grogan? Are yez atin' on a bet?

Grogan—It's for the good av me dyspepsy, Moike. Sure the docther tould me to rist an hour after atin', and how else am Oi goin' to git the hour of rist in onless Oi ate loike the divil?"

Garfield Tea contains no harmful drugs. Composed of Herbs, it is an ideal laxative.

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It is serious and especially so to people that must keep up and doing or get behindhand.

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Which purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolated tablets called **Sarsatabs.**

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The testimony of users is the best advertising. We have hundreds of letters like this one; they say no Sore, Wound or Sprain is too desperate for Mexican Mustang Liniment to cure.

Mr. A. C. Williams, Springfield, Mo., writes: "For a good many years I have used Mexican Mustang Liniment on myself and horses. For mashes, burns, cuts and sores it is the best thing I know of. For horses and stock generally I think it is unequalled. If my experience with the good old Mexican Mustang Liniment will be of any use you are welcome to publish it. I am a blacksmith."

25c. 50c. $1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores.

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IN THE CIRCLE
ON EVERY PACKAGE OF THE GENUINE

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