

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1897.

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It was growing dark when Miss Mattie, with her basket on her arm, came into the corner market to buy her Thanksgiving dinner. The basket was abnormally small, but Miss Mattie was little herself, and when she set it on the high counter and stood blinking in the bright light, the call's head at her elbow seemed to be grinning at her both.

"Well, Miss Mattie," called out the market man, in his hearty fashion, "I see your mind is not set on a turkey this time, but just what'll I start this basket off for? Cap'n Lawson's and I'll show you the right thing—a plump little duck I clapped into the safe this morning, thinking to myself that's the very moral of a treat for Miss Mattie."

Miss Mattie looked embarrassed and rubbed her forehead uneasily over a small coin that lay in the palm of her hand under her glove. It was a silver five-cent piece, and she had taken it with much hesitation from a little store of pieces, most of them given her when she was a child. For herself she could have got along very well with bread and tea, but somehow

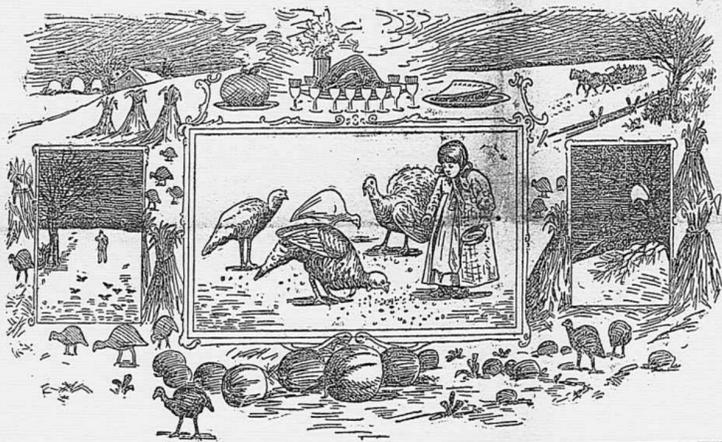
your folks have gone off to Thanksgiving and left you beinid. Well, if I ever! How dreadful—thoughtless—and you a cripple besides!"

Tommy kept on crying, but he had his eye on the door while Miss Mattie was fitting her key, and the minute it opened he darted in.

"That's right, Tommy," said Miss Mattie; "just make yourself at home. You and I'll have our Thanksgiving together. That extra chop will be wasted after all, and I'm going to make riz biscuits."

She put away her bonnet and shawl and hung the basket on a nail in the back-room without even looking at the contents, though Tommy Barnes watched her keenly with a shrewd suspicion of something good, and a faint hope which nothing in his past experience justified that he might come in for a share of it. Miss Mattie was accustomed to being alone, and she scarcely thought of Tommy, as she trod about, setting the sponge for her biscuits in a pint bowl, putting a little cup of broth on the stove to warm for her supper, making her tea, toasting her bread, and at last sitting down by the table in the little green chair with a patchwork cushion. The fire, having learned by many severe lessons that little folks should be seen and not heard, but when Miss Mattie poured out the savory broth the delicious odor was too much for his fortitude, and with one bound he sprang into her lap.

THE JOYS OF THANKSGIVING.



it seemed a dishonor to all her happy past not to have something special on Thanksgiving; and so she had a feeling of real pity for it, lying there warm and snug in her palm, and so soon to get tumbling into the heap of clashing, jingling coins tossed about by the butcher's greasy fingers, or perhaps into the pocket of that horrible apron with blood-stains on it. Miss Mattie shuddered, but quickly recovered herself to say, cheerfully:

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Simmons; but don't you think ducks are a sight of trouble, what with the stuffing and the roasting and needing to be looked after and basted regular? I made up my mind to something simple, and I don't know anything that's easier got or more relishing than lamb chops. Two lamb chops is about what I thought of, Mr. Simmons. You know there's only me."

Mr. Simmons had not seen the five-cent piece, but he understood just as well as if he had, and he began to cut the chops at once, talking all the time to relieve his own embarrassment and assuring Miss Mattie that "if folks only knew it, there was nothing like lamb chops to encourage your appetite and strengthen you up all over."

"But you'll have to take three chops," looking curiously at the money Miss Mattie laid in his big hand, "or I'll have to make change, and change is scarier than hen's teeth to-night. You might have company unexpected, you know, and an extra chop would come in handy."

Miss Mattie laughed so genially that the market man ventured to slip a sweetbread and a bunch of yellow celery into the basket on the sly. He would have loved to put in the duck, but that would have looked as if he suspected her reason for not buying it, and bless you, he knew better than that. Some people have feelings, though their faces are red and their hands coarse and greasy.

"Bless me," said Miss Mattie, "if I hadn't clean forgot you, and you half-straw too much to have insult added to injury, and springing from her chair, she cuffed Tommy in such vigorous fashion that three or four hearty blows found their mark before the astonished sinner could withdraw his claws and bound out at the back door, left ajar in the search for the chops. At that instant a resounding knock on the front door sent Miss Mattie's heart to her throat with a sudden leap, as if justice were already coming to take her in hand for unreasonable cruelty.

When Miss Mattie was peacefully patting about, unconscious of the cruel trick fate and Tommy Barnes had played her, Mrs. Deacon Giles was surveying her husband with a disturbed and fearful face.

"You don't mean to tell me," she repeated, "that the minister's folks ain't comin' at all, and you and me has got to eat this big dinner alone? Here, I stayed home from church to tend to it. Oh, you needn't to look back on that! It was a judgment. Josiah I wouldn't be such a hipperick as to pretend to be thinkin' of spiritual things when I was wonderin' if Sarah Eileen would remember to baste the turkey. Seems to me they might let us know sooner."

"But I told ye, mother, it was a telegram come just before church. You can't regerate telegrams like the weekly newspaper, or stop folks from dyin' unexpected."

"Then, why didn't you rush around and get somebody else? Mercy sakes! 'Twon't seem like Thanksgiving at all."

"Didn't seem to be anybody to ask but old Miss Morrison and Martha Ellison. I drove round by the Morrisons, but the old lady was just having something relishing Miss Mattie had fetched in. They said they invited her to dinner, but she had company; one of them Barneses next door."

"The cold bread will go just as well with chops," she reflected, and prepared for church with a glow of happiness such as she had not known in a long time.

"This Face all So Glum." Out it and sance it and give us all some. From lean skinny Joe to Tom Fat; For 'tis Thanksgiving Day and this face all so glum. Was never cut out for one hat. —Thomas Sherwood.

It helped to a real feeling of thankfulness, especially when she thought of old Mrs. Morrison, and how pleased she had been with the unexpected gift. She laughed a little to herself as she returned to her own door after service, remembering how when Sally Morrison had commiserated her on being alone Thanksgiving Day, she had assured her she had company invited.

Tommy Barnes, from the next door, was spending a couple of days with her, the rest of the family being away.

"I hope 't wa'n't a sinful untruth," she said, smiling at Tommy, who lay peacefully sleeping on the braided rug, "but if old Miss Morrison had set in to have me stay to dinner, I shouldn't 'a' known how to get away, and she is such a talker."

With a long, clean apron over her best frock, Miss Mattie began cheerfully to make her small preparations for the Thanksgiving feast. She had meditated leaving one chop for breakfast, but her walk and happiness had made her hungry and she decided to cook them all.

But where did she put these chops—she was getting so forgetful—she could have sworn she put them on the shelf—could she have left them in the basket after all? Her perplexed eyes fell from the shelf to the floor, and there, just peeping from the wood-box was the plate, and two small, very small, bits of bone, gnawed quite clean and white.

Ungrateful Tommy Barnes, lying there in peaceful slumber, with those precious chops rounding out your yellow sides, if justice had befallen you then and there you might not have lived to steal again. But into the midst of Miss Mattie righteous wrath came the reflection that Tommy wasn't all that hungry, and the fault after all was partly her own for putting temptation in his way, "though how this way than that shelf, I don't really see," she added, dolefully.

At that minute Tommy Barnes waked from his nap, transformed himself into a camel, yawned in a frightfully tigerish fashion, and proceeded to sharpen his claws on the rug, the sacred rug into which had been braided some precious old garments

hers also, but at Mrs. Giles's hospitable table, under the genial influence of generous fare and pleasant old-time reminiscences, she told the story of Tommy Barnes and the lamb chops in a way that made the deacon lose his breath with laughter. And when she was tucked into the yellow slippers for the ride home, Mrs. Giles stopped at the door to say:

"I put some bits of bones and things in a basket under the seat for Tommy. Takes a sight of stuff to reely fill up a



"SHE WAS TUCKED IN THE YELLOW SLIPPERS."

cat fur 'nough to give his moral principles a fair showin'.

Tommy was on the step waiting to welcome Miss Mattie, which shows his forgiving disposition, and, though he got as much as was good for him out of the basket under the seat, Miss Mattie very wisely concluded that the mince pie, roast chicken and cranberry sauce could hardly have been meant for his delight, so she locked them in the cupboard, saying decidedly:

"This time, Tommy Barnes, I'll give your moral principles a fair showing." EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

O HEART, GIVE THANKS.

O heart, give thanks for strength, to-day, To walk, to run, to work, to play! For feasts of eye; melodious sound; Thy pulses' easy, rhythmic pound; Thy servants that thy will obey;

A mind clear as the sun's own ray; A life which has not passed its May; That all thy being thus is crowned, O heart, give thanks!

Feet helpless like that once were gay; Eyes know but night's eternal way; Souls dwell in silence, dream profound; Minds live with clouds encircling round; In face of these, thy blessings weigh! O heart, give thanks! —Emma C. Dowd.

The Housewife's Holiday Plans.

Make the home bright and cheerful for Thanksgiving and Christmas, writes a farmer's wife. Plan the work so that the holiday will not find you in the kitchen every moment or find you weary from overwork. Pies, puddings, cake and bread may be made two days before the event; sweeping, dusting and decorating may occupy the day previous, and the turkey or chicken should also be cleaned and stuffed at this time, in order to go into the oven early the next day. This method gives a little time on the morning of the holiday for the extra toilet and; Roasting the turkey and preparing and cooking the vegetables will take up the remainder of the morning, so that no time can really be found in which to prepare desserts, etc. Garlands of evergreen, dotted here and there with wild immortelles and pressed autumn leaves, will brighten the rooms wonderfully. This is always work for the young people, who always want to help at such a time. Have some green upon the table. If you have no flowers in bloom, use the handiwork of your own fingers. Your window collections. If no jardiniere is forthcoming, conceal the ordinary flower pot with evergreen or autumn leaves. Chrysanthemums keep out of doors until the first of December, and are effective as decorations, if one does not object to their odor.

Let me describe the table decoration at our first Thanksgiving six years ago. I had only a few carnation blossoms, red and white ones. These I put in a tall glass vase with some drooping sword ferns that I stole from my one jardiniere. I placed the vase upon a large antique pewter platter covered with a pretty doily and heaped with fruit, apples, grapes and bananas. The base of vase was almost concealed, and the result charming, as my guests declared.

On Desert Air.

Winthrop—"If Freddie is going to spend Thanksgiving with his grandmother, perhaps you'd better buy him that tin horn."

Mrs. Winthrop—"I spoke to him about it, my dear, but he said it would do no good to him, as grandmother is dead."

A Sucking Pig For Thanksgiving.

There are some old-fashioned people who prefer a sucking pig to turkey at Thanksgiving, and to have this dish in perfection an old saying goes that the small animal must be three weeks "under a moon."

The Kid's Harvest.

Now he is as pleased as pleased can be, And has no cause to sigh. With all his heart he says: "To me Thanksgiving time is pie."

The Turkey on the Wall.

THE opening of the chestnut bars, The leaves, yellow and so, Told beyond a peradventure That Thanksgiving Day was near. But, to my childish fancy, The surest sign of all, Of the nearness of Thanksgiving, Was the turkey on the wall. It plainly told the story That we had not long to wait, For the path from wall

was very short and straight. It hung all plump and golden In the pantry near the door. For a day or two before the feast, And there was seen no more.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Potatoes as Cleaners.

A new use for the humble tuber has been discovered. It will clean fabrics without changing their color. Raw potatoes are grated over clear water in the proportion of two fair-sized potatoes to a pint of water. Grate till the last bit of fine pulp has dropped into the water, then strain the mixture through a coarse sieve into another vessel holding the same amount of clear water, and let the second liquid stand until it is thoroughly settled. Pour out the clearer part of the liquid and keep it for use. The soiled materials are rubbed or sponged with the potato water, then washed in clean water, dried and ironed. The thick sediment left after the settling can be kept and used to clean thick fabrics, like carpets and heavy cloths.

Removal of Stains.

The removal of stains from line linen comes within the province of the waitress who should attend to it before sending to the laundress. The following specific directions for various stains, as received in the valuable "Waitress Course" at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, might with advantage be pasted in every housekeeper's scrapbook, while copies clearly written should be hung up in the kitchen or laundry for weekly reference.

For fresh tea and coffee stains use boiling water. Place the linen stained over a large bowl, and pour through it boiling water from the teakettle, held at a height to insure force. For old tea and coffee stains, which have become "set," should be soaked in cold water first, then boiling.

For chocolate stains use cold water first, then boiling water from the teakettle. Fruit stains will usually yield to boiling water; but if not, oxalic acid may be used, allowing three ounces of the crystal to one pint of water. Wet the stain with the solution, place over a kettle of hot water in the steam or in the sunshine. The instant the stain disappears, rinse well, and wash the acid remaining. Then rinse thoroughly again. This will many times save the linen, which is apt to be injured by the oxalic acid. Javel water is excellent for almost any white goods. It can be made at home or bought at any druggist's. For wine stains sprinkle well with salt, moisten with boiling water, and then pour boiling water through until the stain disappears.

For blood stains, use cold water first, then soap and water. Hot water sets the stain.

For scorch, hang or spread the article in the sunshine. For mildew, lemon juice and sunshine, or if obtainable, dissolve one tablespoonful of chloride of lime in four quarts cold water, and soak the article until mildew disappears. Rinse very thoroughly to avoid any chemical action upon the linen.

For peach stains a weak solution of chloride of lime combined with infinite patience. Long soaking is an essential.

Grass stains may be removed by cream tartar and water. After stains are removed, to keep the linen at its best, soak in cold water until the dirt loosened, wring out and put in cold water with shaved soap and bring slowly to a boil. Boil twice rather than rub, as the rubbing wears the fabric. Rinse out the soap very carefully, and be careful about the bluing, as much of the bluing in use contains iron. If a little stiffness is needed, add a little thin starch to the bluing water, or iron while very damp, which gives a fine gloss.

Recipes.

Thickened Cream—Blend one tablespoonful of flour with one of butter. Pour on two cupfuls of rich milk, boiling hot, and stir over the fire until creamy. Season with a half-teaspoonful of salt and a dash of nutmeg.

Chicken Hash on Rice Toast—Boil a quart of rice the night before, not forgetting the salt; put it in a narrow square pan and set in ice-box. Next morning cut it in half-inch slices, dip in melted butter and broil on wire broiler to a delicate brown. Arrange the toast on a platter and pour over the whole a chicken hash made from the remains of cold fowl.

Rye Shortcake, with Thickened Cream—One cupful of rye flour, one cupful of white flour, two cupfuls of baking powder, a half-teaspoonful of salt. Sift all together; add a half-cupful of molasses and a cupful of milk. Make into a stiff dough, roll out half an inch thick and bake in a hot oven twenty-five minutes. Tear open and butter and eat with thickened cream poured over.

Casseroles of Shrimps—Stamp out some rounds of bread, marking them to three-quarters of their depth with a smaller cutter, and fry a golden brown. Lift out the inner part, scrape away all the soft crumbs and use the small round as a lid. Have ready a cupful of shelled shrimps (the canned will answer), and toss them over the fire with a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of small hot water, a dash of cayenne and a sweet cream, and a dash of mixed salt, and fill the little bread casseroles with the mixture.

Pineapple Sandwiches—Procure finger rolls; split and remove most of the crumb and butter; the inside of the shells. Then lift and fill lightly the lower half of each roll with the following mixture, replacing the upper half in position. Filling—Mix the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs to a paste with a tablespoonful of melted butter. Stir thoroughly and then add a half-pound of common cheese grated and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Stir steadily for ten minutes, or until the ingredients are thoroughly blended.

Terrible Night Blindness.

Night blindness is a peculiar affection of the eye in which the patient sees very well during the day, but becomes blind as night approaches. It is mostly met with in warm climates, and usually gives way to mild treatment.

Organ-grinding has been taken up by a Felixstowe (England) curate to obtain money for his church building fund. He pays \$10 a month for the hire of the barrel organ, and in three weeks has collected \$75.

Quinine and other fever medicines take from 5 to 10 days to cure fever. Johnson's Chill and Fever Tonic cures in ONE DAY.

EYES, EARS AND NOSES.

Sight, Hearing and Smelling Ages Ago and at the Present Time.

It is a very curious question, especially if the question include the first animals created as well as the first men, whether there be any difference between sight, hearing and smell in those early days and at the present time.

Small was one of the most important senses then, for it aroused appetite, enabled the animals to seek and find their mates and to track their prey, and it gave them a warning of a foe's approach, or presence. With a man now it is of only third-rate or fourth-rate importance.

The organ of smell, among some of the first creatures, was not near the end of the snout, or nose, but near the brain, and was well-protected or cushioned with fat, and protected by a tender skin, or by scales overlapping each other.

But it was not more keen or more delicate than that it is now, especially in our hunting dogs. Cats, too—and these are among the later animals—have this sense in great perfection. A cat has what is called the homing instinct, and if carried away from home in the dark, it can return by precisely the same road. It is said that this is because every field, ditch, village or house leaves its own odor in just the right order on the cat's brain, like a succession of pictures, and the animal smells its way back as we would see ours.

The organ of smell seems to communicate with the memory, for the scent of a flower will sometimes bring back to a grown man the scene associated with it in his childhood, and a thousand other subtle thoughts and feelings, so that he seems literally carried back into his past life.

The first creatures knew nothing of fragrance. The sweet-smelling flowers were not then in existence; besides, their brains were too small to enjoy the delicate pleasures of sweet odors.

Hearing was comparatively poor with the first animals, for often an external ear was lacking. The outside ear not only protects the delicate nerves within, like a hood, but also gathers or collects sounds. A man of defective hearing instinctively puts his hand behind his ear for this purpose. Birds that have no external ear can easily be surprised by night and taken, while their acute vision shows them every movement by day.

The savage races had little idea of music. They liked noises as children like drums and horns. The savages on the Midway Plaisance had great delight in their native music, which was discord to our ears. It required larger brains and finer training to have the full delight in melody and harmony that our musicians possess now.

The eye also, in the gigantic creatures of early periods, was sometimes rudimentary, though again it was of large size and protected by a ring of bony plate instead of the lovely silken eyelashes that protect and adorn the human eye now. In some of those lizard-like animals that burrowed in the mud there were three pairs of eyelids, one of them transparent, so that the animal might see through it closed.

It is said that early writers, like Homer, speak of very few colors, chiefly red, or "purple," as they called it then.

Enjoyment of beauty, of graceful curves and lines and proportion or of harmonious and varied colors and their delicate tints, belongs to a later state of cultivation, a more developed brain, than most of the early races knew.—Philadelphia Times.

Why take Johnson's Chill & Fever Tonic? Because it cures the most stubborn case of Fever in ONE DAY.

THOSE HARDEST HIT. Willie—Papa, does beggary always follow bankruptcy? Papa—Yes, my son, it usually does—but the creditors usually become the beggars.

DIFFERENCE. She—It's always to a man's credit when he is able to stop drinking. He—Not always. Sometimes it's to his lack of credit.

Johnson's Chill and Fever Tonic is a ONE-DAY Cure. It cures the most stubborn case of Fever in 24 Hours.

High Latitude Not Beneficial. More people over 100 years old are found in mild climates than in the higher latitudes. According to the latest census of the German empire, only 78 a population of the 100th year. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 213 centenarians. In England there are 146, Ireland 578, and in Scotland 46. Sweden has 10 and Norway 23, and Belgium 2, Denmark 2, Switzerland none. Spain, with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 people over 100 years of age. Of the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Servia 575 people have passed the century mark. It is said that the oldest person living whose age has been ascertained is Bruno Cotring, born in Africa and now living in Rio Janeiro. He is 150 years old. A coachman in Moscow has lived 140 years.

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