THE NATIONAL BANK OF AUGUSTA
L. C. HAYNE, Pres't. F. G. FORD, Cashier.
Capital, $250,000.
Surplus and Undivided Profits } $110,000.
Facilities of our magnificent New Vault containing 410 Safety-Lock Boxes. Different Sizes are offered to our patrons and the public at $5.00 to $10.00 per annum.

Edgefield Advertiser.

THE PLANTERS LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK. AUGUSTA, GA.
Pays Interest on Deposits. Accounts Solicited.
L. C. HAYNE, President.
W. C. WARDLAW, Cashier.

THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR. EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1900. VOL. LXV. NO. 2.

"Oom Piet's Fort."

AN INCIDENT OF BOER LIFE IN THE TRANSVAAL.

BY F. Y. BLACK.

The fires on the hills were the warning. The farmers were commandeered, that is, every able-bodied man between 16 and 60 in the district was called to take his horse, his "biltong" or dried beef ration, his rifle and ammunition and proceed at once to the rendezvous, thence to proceed against the fierce and warlike Zulus, who had again raided the Transvaal. Farmer Putter saddled up and hurried off, as his first duty was, but first he called to him Piet, his son, and solemnly spoke to him.

"Son of mine," said the farmer-soldier, "you are not yet man tall enough to face the Zulu impis in open field, but to your care I give mein vrouw and your little sister Greta and Pretorius, your brother. You must, if need be, play a man's part, for, since the two gold prospectors left the farm at the sign of war, there is none to take command of the Kaffir servants but you."

Then Piet said without bravado:

"You may trust, my father, for, though I be not a man, still I am a Boer."

So the farmer rode away, and Piet, thus promoted to command, withdrew into the sitting room, and almost at once his troubles began. His first care was to clean and load all firearms. These hung on the walls, and some were old-fashioned and without ammuniton to fit them. But Piet's eye, seeking his own pet light rifle, which he had won in a shooting match against all boys of his age for many miles round, missed it. He was startled, for it is almost criminal to meddle with another man's glory—his rifle, and he sought Pretorius to see if that ambitious youth had taken it down. Pretorius had it not, and Piet ran out to call Malula, a native servant, with sudden fear in his soul. Malula did not come at the call, and Piet, with a pale face, thought for a moment, and then, taking his old gun and belt, leaped bareback on a horse, without a word to alarm the family, and rode off unseen at a gallop. He rode to the cornfield, where the native laborers should have been working. The green corn waved in the wind deserted. Not a man was in sight. He dashed to the meadows down the valley, where the herders should have been with the cattle. Here, in spite of himself, tears sprang to his eyes, for the cattle were gone, and the herders were absent. The great grassy fields were silent as were those of corn.

"They have deserted us, as soon as my father's back was turned," cried Piet in dismay. "And they were not Zulus! Can it be a general rising among the Kaffir tribes?"

At that thought he trembled, but he had still vigor enough to ride to the top of a kopje near by. From the peak he had a view of much country, and saw a cloud of dust far away, which he guessed was made by the stolen cattle.

"Never mind," said Piet, "if we beat the Zulus we shall get them back with interest."

Then he dug his heels into his horse's ribs and dashed down the hillside. He had seen, half a mile away, a black figure moving swiftly across the veldt, and the sun glanced from something borne on his shoulder—a gun, Malula. Before the traitor servant was aware of pursuit, Piet was within 400 yards of him. Then the Kaffir heard the horse's hoofs and turned. For a moment the black seemed inclined to run, but changed his mind as the boy shouted to him angrily. Malula deliberately raised the stolen rifle to his shoulder. Piet threw himself from the horse, as a bullet whistled over the vacant saddle. The boy, already a hunter, replied, with but a hasty glance through his sights, and Malula uttered a howl and staggered and fell to the ground struck in the chest. Piet felt a spasm of horror. Deer a-plenty had he shot, but never till now a man, so that his heart for a flash stood still, and his own face was deathlike. He rode slowly up to Malula, and found the Kaffir writhing in a death agony. Piet again dismounted and attempted to offer aid, but the savage repulsed him. With a look of hate he glared at the boy, and cried in his own tongue:

"I am one, but tonight come the Zulu, and no white thing on the farm shall live. For mine there shall be ten deaths."

So he died, glorying in the hope of a speedy revenge, and the Boer boy, leaving him, recovered his new rifle and rode slowly and mournfully homeward. Here his troubled mother met him.

"Piet," she said, "the Kaffirs have left us."

"I know," said he, and looked into her brave face, and told her what had happened and what Malula had said of the nearness of the Zulus.

"If my father had known it," said her son, "he would not have left us."

"He was commandeered," said the Boer wife. "It was his duty. Country first—always, my son."

"But," said Piet, in much perturbation, "my father did not think the blacks would fly. He thought that they, Basutos, would fight their old enemy, the Zulu. If these come, what are we to do? Shall we leave the farm and trek to Van Boeven's?"

The Boer mother pressed her lips with a frown of pride.

"That was not well said, my son," she answered. "Oom Putter said 'Stay.' As he obeyed his general and went, so we shall obey him, and stay and fight till he comes."

It was a Roman speech. Even as the words came from her mouth, she looked round and saw Piet, a well-grown boy of 15 years; Greta, a child of 11; little Pretorius, and the baby—a goodly garrison to defend the hearth! But she saw that hearth—she saw the dear walls her husband had built to bring her home as a bride; she saw the fields he had tilled and the barns he had raised, and seeing them, she would have fought to the last scratch of her nails, like a wildcat, rather than give them up.

"Besides," said she hopefully, "what could the wretch Malula know that we don't? The Zulus cannot be near, and if they are, the farmers have out their scouts and they say the English from Natal are also ready. Before they reach our farm the Boers must meet them, and surely the savage shall be stricken."

Nothing more was said about deserting the homestead. Vrouw Putter went about her work quietly, but Piet began to prepare. Now the farmhouse was roomy and the garrison a most petty one, and puzzle over the matter as he might, the boy could not see how its rough stone walls could be protected at once on all sides, if the attacking force was to be a large one. His mother was as about as good a shot as he, and even Greta could discharge a gun at a pinch, but two or three guns could not protect so rambling a building. Piet came to that conclusion with a feeling akin to despair, until, at last, as he stood in the broad yard looking at the house, the chickens came clucking about him in their search for food, and he had an idea.

All day he worked busily, leaving his mother to the children, and by nightfall he had prepared a fort to withstand a siege. Two or three times during the afternoon he had slipped off to the top of the kopje, where he could look afar, but each time he came back, having seen nothing but the rolling veldt. They had supper, and again Piet slipped away and came back, but now with a grim face.

"Mother," he whispered, "from the west I heard the war song of the Zulus. It came faintly with the wind. In the direction also of Van Boeven's farm the skies are red, and if I go at dark I fear I shall see the flames rising from their barns."

The mother gathered her baby tight in her arms for a moment, and then quietly asked her eldest:

"Are the guns cleaned and loaded?"

"Yes," said Piet, "and, mother, if you approve, we must leave the house. It is too big and rambling for us two to protect."

"Leave the house?"

"Not very far," said Piet, and explained.

In that land of few dwellers, space is not of much consideration. The farm buildings were quite widely scattered, and Farmer Putter had built his cowbyres and pigpens and so on a proper distance away from his house walls. All the afternoon Piet had been marching, laden with packages and bundles, between the house and the out-buildings. Now, when it was dark, he put out all the lights of the house, and the windows and doors were stoutly barred.

"Where are we going to sleep?" the children asked, accustomed to rise and lie down with the sun, and Piet answered cheerfully: "In the chicken coop."

The children, at first astonished and incredulous, were delighted when they discovered that their brother meant what he said, for the sight of the chickens feeding had given the boy the necessary idea. If the house were too big, the coop could not be accused of that fault. About the rocky kopje stones were plenty and more convenient than wood. Therefore, Piet had aided his father in building a solid affair to shelter the many fowls. It was stone, and high and roomy. Piet, during the afternoon, had made on each side, by careful removal of stones, loopholes, and carried to the henhouse the more precious articles in the house, with all the ammunition and guns. Now the chickens, squawking, were ruthlessly turned out, and the little family went in, the youngsters giggling. The door which Piet had strengthened was closed, and the garrison prepared. Vrouw Putter was not without experience in war's alarms. She looked round with a brave smile.

"Well done, Piet," she said, and calmly began to examine the guns, while at the same time quieting the children, who, now in the dark and disturbed by such preparations, began to be afraid. Agan Piet slipped away to the kopje, and when he came back he said: "Flames are rising from the Van Boeven's, and the war song is coming near."

"Loud?" the vrouw asked, briefly.

"Not very," her son answered, piling rocks against the door.

"A detached party," said his mother, quietly. "If the Lord wills it, we will protect our own."

And she made them all kneel down and pray, and then sing a psalm.

It was a fitfully moonlight night in the dry season, and chilly. White clouds pursued the moon after hiding it and leaving the veldt in darkness, then passing on and flooding the land with silvery beams. For a long time all was very still. At last Piet, peering out of his loophole to the west, saw a shadow among the shadows, and this shadow moved and glided and came swiftly up the slope on which the chicken coop stood between the house and the trees by the river. It was followed by another and another and another and another, coming on like wild ducks in a V or wedge, and from the heart of the shadows came a low hum—the song of the Impis.

"How many?" the mother asked, as the moon shone out, and Piet told her there were about 20, with shields and assegais, for in those days firearms were not common among the Kaffir tribes as now.

"A raiding party," said Vrouw Putter, and took command. Piet was eager to fire at once, but she forbade. The children were very quiet, though trembling. The savages came on and halted, and came on again, now silent and apparently puzzled at there being no sign of life about the house. As the coop stood it could not be readily discerned in the shadow of the slope. Again the Zulus advanced.

"Mother," said Piet, "if they get close to the house they will fire it."

She nodded, but waited until the savages were only fifty yards away, then—"Fire" she whispered, and from her own loophole and from Piet's at the same instant streamed a flame, and the Zulus gave one great cry of rage and astonishment; as two of their number threw their arms high and fell, their shields clattering beside them. At once little Greta and Pretorius did their part, and with incredible bravery in such infants forebore even to tremble, but handed up fresh guns, while the two defenders passed the empty ones down to be loaded by these small but trained fingers. The Zulus, however, did not fall back: Furious at being taken by surprise they dashed at the little fort, and a shower of spears came clashing against the stone walls. Crack! again went the guns, and again a howl of pain resounded through the night. The Zulus were almost in touch of the fort, and were pressing onward; one on top of the other, with their ferocious yells, when a tall man among them with an iron ring on his head, sign of an induna chief, shouted a command, and at once his warriors fell back.

"Mutlief," cried Piet, as they seized fresh rifles, "don't let them think that we are so few. Greta and Pretorius, load as fast as you can. Mother, let us fire continuously and, thinking we are numerous, they will retire."

Vrouw Putter nodded consent; and at once these two valiant defenders of hearth and home began from the half-dozen firearms at their disposal to pour bullets into the retreating crowd of naked blacks. They could not tell what actual effect their missiles had, save for an occasional cry from the warriors, but they hoped that so quick and withering a fire would deceive the party. In this manner, however, they used up a good deal of ammunition from the two boxes of cartridges Piet had carried to the chicken coop. With hardly a pause, the induna gave his savages their instructions, and suddenly they ran apart from one another in the moonlight and surrounded the henhouse and came at it from three sides. Now, indeed, the besieged were hard put to it, but never quailed. Greta took the lightest rifle, and, little girl though she was, her father and brother and even her mother had taught her to use it. She took position, a white-faced heroine, at one side, and her mother and Piet in their old places. Down came the Zulus, casting spears before them, and sheltered by their long, tough bullhide shields. Crack! crack! crack! swiftly the rifles rang out, and still the Zulus rushed on. The fingers of little Pretorius were busy on the floor of the hut, loading the rifles now getting hot. Crack! crack! The savages reached the wall; one scrambled to the roof; he thrust a spear down a crack. The Boer's wife cried out; her shoulder was pierced. But Piet's voice was triumphant as a yell came from the induna himself.

"I aimed for the chief and got him!" cried the boy, and indeed the induna seemed badly hurt, for he limped back, supported, and again called off his soldiers. Piet ran to his mother and helped her bandage the wounded arm.

"It is nothing," she said, bravely, and added more softly, "nor my life, either, if children and home are saved."

Suddenly little Pretorius cried out in dismay.

"Piet," he said, "there are no more cartridges."

It was true. One box was empty, and the other covered box did not hold ammunition. Piet looked and despaired. Two gold prospectors had been staying at the farm who used dynamite in their work. They had gone off at sign of trouble, but had left some tools and things behind. In this box which Piet had carried off for ammunition, were instead some sticks of dynamite.

"I—have—betrayed—my father's trust!" cried Piet. "My mistake has been our ruin!"

And he flung himself in despair against the wall. But his mother, finding nothing but empty guns, kneeled quietly down and prayed, her babies about her. She had done all she could. The rest lay with a higher power.

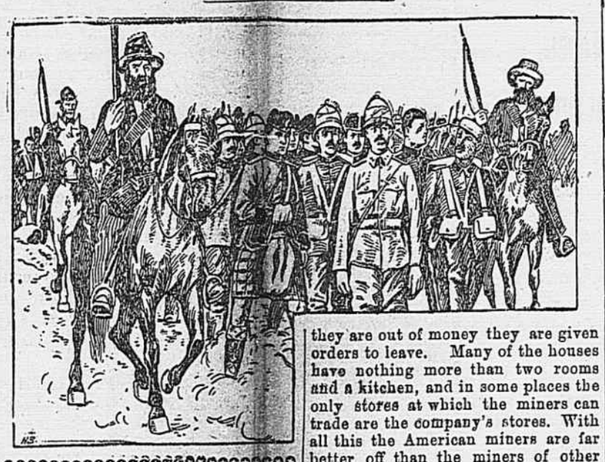
For a moment Piet was crazy, and then recovered himself. He looked through his loophole. The Zulus were in a group quite a hundred yards away, almost indistinguishable in the night. Even as Piet looked they moved and he knew they were about to attack again. With a shout of rage the furious boy suddenly stooped to the dangerous box he had carried from the house, and then drew down the rocks from the door and burst out. In his hands he carried two sticks of dynamite, carried such deadly things in his hands that a stumble meant destruction. Yet he dashed ahead through the night, yelling. The Zulus turned on him in amaze, thinking him mad, and greeted him with a shower of spears. Unstricken, Piet ran to within fifty yards of them, and then, one after another, he threw at them with all his might the fearful dynamite. There was a fearful concussion, which dashed the boy to the earth, a roar as of artillery, a medley of fearful shrieks from the unhappy Zulus, and all was still. Vrouw Putter and the children came out trembling, and found Piet insensible, but of the Zulu raiders no trace, save scattered limbs, where the earth was thrown about, leaving a great hole. The dynamite must have struck fairly in their midst and had exploded with fearful effects.

That happened long ago. Piet is today a man and owns the farm. His father is dead, but the brave old mother lives on with Piet and his wife. Many changes have taken place on the lonely farm on the veldt, but one building remains unchanged and reverently preserved. It is the chicken coop, which is known by the children for miles and miles as "Oom Piet's Fort."—New York Sun.

Bridegroom's Fatal Indiscretion.

A queer case of cannibalism is reported as having recently taken place in the Solomon Islands. The Jeannette took from Noumea a Kanaka who had acted as orderly to the immigration office there, and was on his honeymoon with his wife, intending to land at Aoba, where his wife's tribe live. He, however, made the mistake of disembarking among the wrong tribe, and was at once seized by the natives, overpowered, killed, and eaten. The widow was provided by the tribe with a second husband.—London Daily Mail.

BOERS CONVOYING BRITISH PRISONERS TO PRETORIA



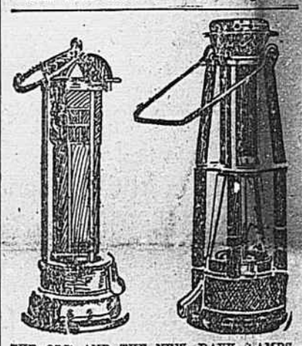
LIFE IN A COAL MINE.

How Our Black Diamonds Are Dug From the Earth.

THE accompanying illustrations give a fair idea of the method of living and working in a Pennsylvania coal mine, thousand of feet from pure air and sunshine. The human workers at least get a small share of both these requisites, but the mine mules have no such breathing spells. The animal shown in one of the illustrations has not been in the open air for five years, and he has not been a prisoner nearly so long as many of his fellows.

The life of a coal miner has improved vastly of recent years. Many of the features that used to shorten his life and make it one of extreme hazard have been eliminated, or at least greatly reduced in danger. The air is purer, the danger of that greatest of terrors—fire damp—has been reduced to a minimum through more intelligent methods than those of former days and the introduction of improved machinery, the greatest factor in the workman's safety being the non-explosive Davy lamp, with which a miner may fearlessly enter a pocket full of explosive gas.

But with all these new safeguards



THE OLD AND THE NEW DAVY LAMPS. IN USE IN THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL MINES.

the life is not an alluring one. The pay is small, the work hard and the dangers still many. The only really pleasant way to be connected with a coal mine is as the owner of one.

Our Appalachian coal fields alone could supply the world with fuel for centuries. They are the largest and richest known, and they are so situated that the coal can be shipped from them long distances by water. From Pittsburg coal can be carried for eighteen thousand miles on navigable streams, and the grate fires of the South blaze with the rays from the black diamonds from Pennsylvania. The Ohio River is the great coal chute for the Mississippi valley. The coal is carried down it in great barges, pushed by little steamers, and so fastened together that a single steamer will push acres of coal. Loads of twenty thousand tons are taken. A vast amount of coal is carried on the canals and the great lakes from one of the chief highways of the coal traffic.

The amount of coal carried on the railroads is almost beyond conception. The Philadelphia and Reading has more than fifty thousand coal cars, which are dragged by nine hundred coal locomotives. These cars are kept busy in carrying anthracite coal. The Pennsylvania Railroad employs more than seventy thousand cars for the movement of its coal and coke trade, and the Central Railroad of New Jersey carries about five million tons of anthracite coal every year. More coal is handled at New York than at any other place in the world except London, more than fifteen million tons being used or transshipped at that point annually.

The coal miners live as poorly as any other class of workmen in the country. For the most part they are in dirty villages, with narrow streets, their houses blackened by coal smoke. In many mining districts the houses belong to the company owning the mines, and the miners pay rent for them, so that when a strike occurs and they are out of money they are given orders to leave. Many of the houses have nothing more than two rooms and a kitchen, and in some places the only stores at which the miners can trade are the company's stores. With all this the American miners are far better off than the miners of other countries.

Have you ever been down in a coal mine? If so, you can appreciate some of the dangers of mining. A coal mine is like a great catacomb. It is a city underground, the walls of which in many cases are upheld by timbers. Now and then you come to rooms out of which the coal has been cut. The coal is taken down with blasting powder, and there is danger of the wall falling and of the miners being crushed.

There is also danger from fire damp, or the union of the gases of the mine brought together by the light from a lamp or candle. This causes a great explosion. It comes like a stroke of lightning, and with a clap of thunder. As the explosion occurs a roaring whirlwind of flame goes through the tunnels, pulling down the timbers and caving in the walls. It burns everything within reach. Miners are blinded, scorched and sometimes burned to cinders. Hundreds have often been killed at a time by such explosions, and by the flood of carbonic acid and gas which follows them. The statistics show that even in the United States one miner is killed for every hundred thousand tons of coal mined, and those who are injured number many times this proportion.

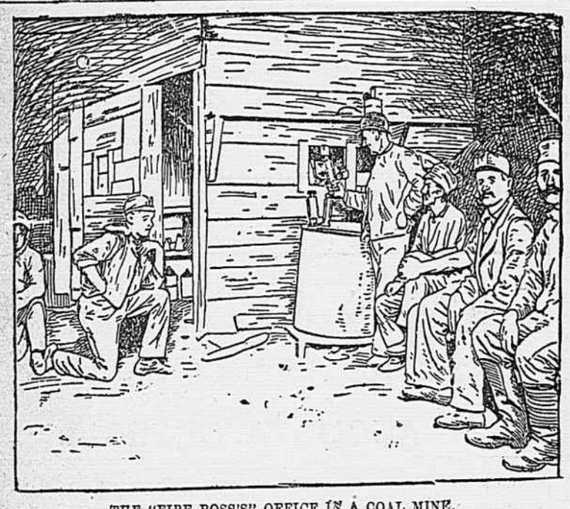
TESTING A MINE FOR COAL GAS WITH A DAVY LAMP.

The first coal found in America was near Ottawa, Illinois. It is mentioned by Father Hennepin, a French explorer, who visited there in 1679. The first mines worked were about Richmond, Va. This coal was discovered by a boy while out fishing.

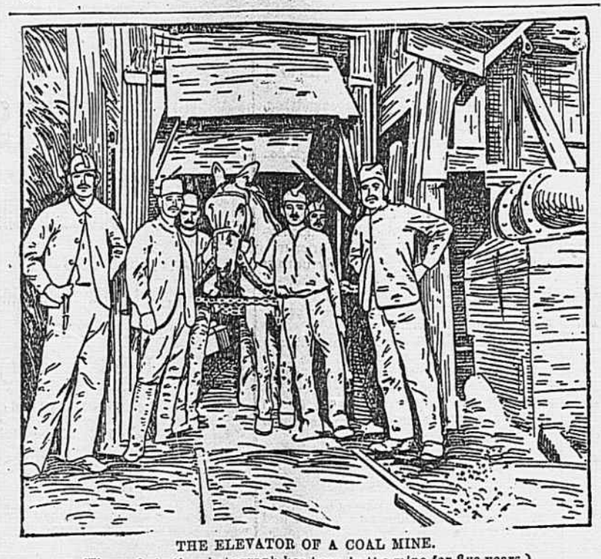
He was hunting for crabs for bait in a small creek, and thus stumbled upon the outcroppings of the James River coal bed. Our anthracite coal fields have perhaps paid better than any other coal fields of the world. They were discovered by a hunter named Nicho Allen, when George Washington was President. Allen encamped one night in the Schuylkill regions, kindling his fire upon some black stones. He awoke to find himself almost roasted. The stones were on fire, and anthracite was burning for the first time. Shortly after this a company was organized to sell anthracite coal. It was taken around to the blacksmiths, but they didn't know how to use it, and it was very unpopular. Some of it was shipped to Philadelphia by a Colonel Shoemaker and sold there. It was not at all satisfactory, and a writ was gotten out from the city authorities, denouncing the colonel as a knave and scoundrel for trying to impose rocks upon them as coal. Still Philadelphia has largely been built up by anthracite coal, and 50,000,000 tons of this coal were taken out of the Pennsylvania fields in 1896.

Since then some of these coal lands have been sold as high as $1200 an acre, and the Philadelphia and Reading Company, in 1871, paid $40,000,000 for 100,000 acres of coal land in this region.

It is hard to estimate the enormous amount of money the United States makes out of its coal. We get more than three times as much out of our coal mines as out of our gold mines, and the silver metal is not in it with the black diamonds. There is a little region in eastern Pennsylvania, about a hundred and twenty-five miles from Philadelphia, and not more than two hundred miles from New York, which produces every year coal to a greater value than all the gold mines of the Rockies, Canada and Alaska. It is our anthracite coal fields which turn out between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000 tons of anthracite every year. We have in addition to this a hundred and thirty odd million tons of bituminous coal annually. We have, in short, the biggest and best coal measures on the globe. It is estimated that our coal east of the Rocky Mountains covers 192,000 square miles, and within the past few years coal has been found in many parts of the Far West. Colorado will eventually be a great manufacturing State on account of its coal.



THE "FIRE BOSS'S" OFFICE IN A COAL MINE.
(The position of the kneeling miner is the one usually taken when resting.)



THE ELEVATOR OF A COAL MINE.
(The mule in the photograph has been in the mine for five years.)

A Marriage Made in Heaven.

At a recent wedding all went merrily until the bridegroom was called upon to produce the wedding-ring. In vain he felt in his newly-creased trousers pocket for the indispensable trifle. Nothing could be found except a hole through which the ring had evidently fallen. What was he to do? Suddenly a happy thought struck the parson.

"Take your shoe off," he said.

The suspense and silence was painful. The organist, at the clergyman's bidding, struck up a voluntary.

The young man removed his shoe. The ring was found, also a hole in his stocking, and the worthy minister remarked, evidently with more than the delay of the ceremony on his mind:

"Young man, it's high time you were married."

Swiss Schools of Agriculture.

Switzerland was the home of the philanthropist and educator Fellenburg. His school, established in Hopyl in 1806, was a philanthropy in aid of the peasantry, concerning whom he said that, possessing nothing but bodies and minds, the cultivation of these was the only antidote for their poverty. At least three thousand pupils received their education in agriculture here. The Federal Polytechnic School at Zurich is the nation's pride. Out of six courses of superior training which it provides for its one thousand students, forestry and agriculture count as two. Five universities and numerous special schools furnish aid to agricultural education.—W. E. De Riemer, in Appletons' Popular Science Monthly.

Man's Inhumanity to Man.

Are the men as considerate of the men as women are of women? When an engagement is announced the girl's friends give her doilies, linen, lace things, teacups, etc., but does any one give the man anything? On the contrary, his creditors become particularly active, knowing that his expenses will soon be larger, when it will be harder to collect from him. No engaged man was ever called upon by other men and presented with socks tied with light blue ribbon or a pair of new suspenders with pink bows on. All the attention he gets from the men consists of guying.—Atchison Globe.

Japanese Women Divers.

Over one hundred Japanese women, following the hazardous profession of divers, are found along the coast of the peninsula. They are divided into four batches, and their ages range from seventeen to thirty. They come almost exclusively from Shima, Miye ken, a noted fishery centre in Japan. Their earnings are, of course, not uniform, as they are paid according to the amount of their work, which consists in diving for agar-agar seaweed, sea-ear, sea-cucumber and so forth.—Japanese Weekly News.

Method of Strengthening the Lungs.

Strengthening the lungs, especially the apexes, may be done by blowing through a small pipestem or tube that will allow the breath to pass out slowly. First fill the lungs with good air, then blow with steady force vigorously but not violently. A few times daily will be sufficient.—Ladies' Home Journal.

There are a thousand vessels which cross the Atlantic Ocean regularly every month, some of them twice a month.

JAMES B. WALKER. WARREN WALKER.

Walker & Walker,
COTTON FACTORS,
827 REYNOLDS ST., AUGUSTA, GA.
STRICT PERSONAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL BUSINESS.
THE BEST FACILITIES FOR HANDLING AND SELLING EITHER SQUARE, RECTANGULAR OR ROUND BALES.
MODERN STANDARD FIREPROOF WAREHOUSE.
LIBERAL ADVANCES ON ALL CONSIGNMENTS.
BAGGING AND TIES ALSO FOR SALE.

If You Want
KENTUCKY WHISKEY,
ORDER IT FROM KENTUCKY.
Send Us $3.00 and We Will Ship You Four (4) Full Quarts of The Celebrated Old
Mammoth Cave
Bourbon or Rye.
Expressage Paid (To any point in U. S. East of Denver). Securely packed without marks indicating contents.
AUG. COLDEWEY & CO.,
No. 231 W. Main Street, Louisville, Ky.
EST. 1848. REFERENCE, ANY LOCAL BANK.

Are You Going To Paint?
If so, write to the Southern Paint Company of Pinebluff, N. C., and secure their price list. They can give you a better paint at less money than you can get elsewhere. They do not belong to the trust and can sell at less price than those who do. This is a Southern enterprise and should be patronized by Southern people. The publisher of this paper will arrange to secure paints for any of his subscribers, who would like to order through the ADVERTISER. This paint has a thick heavy body so that buyers can add Linseed oil and make the paint go further, and save money, as the oil will cost about fifty cents a gallon. Write to the company telling them what colors you want and how much, and price will be given. The paint contains the best material and a guarantee goes with every can, barrel and package of paint.

The Commercial Hotel,
607 TO 619 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA.
L. P. PETTYJOHN, Proprietor.
First Class in Every Respect.
Larger sample rooms, more front rooms, and more first floor rooms than any hotel in the city. Trains pass Broad street two doors from Hotel entrance.
European Plan, Rooms 50 and 75 Cents Per Day.

W. J. RUTERFORD. R. B. MORRIS.
W. J. Rutherford & Co.,
Manufacturers of
BRICK
And Dealers In
Lime, Cement Plaster, Hair, Fire Brick, Fire Clay, Ready Roofing And Other Material.
Write Us For Prices.
CORNER REYNOLDS and WASHINGTON STREETS, AUGUSTA, GA.

GEO. P. COBB,
JOHNSTON, S. C.
Furniture and Household Goods,
Wagons, Buggies, Harness, Saddles, Etc.
—— Have Just Purchased a New and ——
BEAUTIFUL HEARSE.
Calls by Telephone promptly answered and attended to.
LOWEST PRICES.