

That Soldier's home proposition is gaining favor the more it is discussed. It is not at all unlikely that the next legislature will be memorialized to establish such a home. In case it should decide in favor of the establishment of the home, the town of Winnsboro should be in a position to offer it a suitable site. It would not be amiss for the town council to make an offer of the park as an evidence of the town's desire to have the home in the event it is established.

The city of Columbia and the State of South Carolina are to be congratulated upon the getting of the Southern Educational Association. The educational value of such gatherings cannot be over-estimated, and the teachers of the old Palmetto State are exceedingly fortunate to have two such large educational associations as the National and the Southern to meet in their midst in so short a period as two years. It need not be added that Columbia will do her part well as did Charleston. It is now up to the teachers as to whether the gathering in Columbia during the Xmas holidays will be a success. By attending and working for it they can contribute the all in all to make it so. By taking no interest in it, they can cause it to fall as flat as a flounder. While Columbia is doing her part so well, let the teachers of the State be up and doing.

As the time draws nearer we want to repeat a general suggestion made not long since in regard to the election of teachers, and that is that no advertisement of the election of teachers be made until vacancies have been declared. True the teachers of the State are entitled to a seat and that the form of an election has to be had. Equally true is it that every one of them who has done satisfactory work is worthy of re-election, without having to be brought into competition with a large number of unprofessional teachers who are chronic applicants. What more fitting tribute to a teacher's work could a board of trustees offer than to re-elect without even having to make an application! That is the tribute we should like to see the trustees of Mt. Zion pay in every instance in which they think it is deserved. The sooner, the better.

Thursday's edition of The State was a rich one, reflecting great credit upon the Capital City in which the reunion is being held and upon the paper which has done so much for the upbuilding of that city. It is brim full of Confederate history, and should be preserved by every one that has been so fortunate as to receive it, and should be had by every one who has been so unfortunate as not to get it. In reading the article on the Secession convention as one looks upon the distinguished faces mentioned therein and calls to memory the names of their associates who have gone on before, it is impossible to shut out the thought that a move endorsed by such men could have been other than right. For the sake of preserving history we wish that this rich number could be placed in every home in South Carolina.

This day thirty-seven years ago the spirit of that great military hero, Stonewall Jackson, took its flight. In memory of him and the dead heroes of the cause for which he gave his life, thousands of old veterans—God bless them every one—with their wives and sons and daughters will visit their resting places to lay flowers upon their graves as a token that those who have gone before are not forgotten. Would that every grave could be so marked. We trust that the graves in Winnsboro in Fairfield County will either this or some other early day be so marked. The wives, sisters, and daughters will see that this tribute of respect is paid the husbands, brothers and sons. Nor will they rest till they are able to erect a lasting memorial to the Confederate dead

of Fairfield County. That monument will be forthcoming at some not very distant day to perpetuate the heroism of the sons and the devotion of the daughters.

NIP AND TUCK.

The editor of The News and Herald spent Wednesday in Columbia, and but for one sight he saw in common with several others from Winnsboro he would have made no mention of the fact. And it was by the merest accident that this came within his observation. It was just as the Blanding street car was making its last trip before the departure of the first section for Winnsboro. This car was starting off on good time and at a pretty good speed, so much so that it attracted the attention of one of Winnsboro's largest citizens who had figured on going on the said car—and on that car he was determined to go whether or no. The race around the walls of Troy that will be shown in the lecture Tuesday night was far more exciting, but for an amusing scene the effort of this not-to-be-left citizen of Winnsboro would hold its own. How he spread himself in his onward move to catch the car that was rapidly speeding on its way and how intense became the excitement of the lookers-on as it was seen that the distance between himself and the car was getting rapidly less. And when he mounted the rapidly moving public conveyer there was a roar of laughter from those within and but for the fact that it might have reminded the old Vets up street that they were again marching on to victory there would have gone up from those without a victorious yell. And when the incident was over there was the common question why should a man who can outrun a car wish to ride on the same.

ADDRESS BY PROF. THOS. DELLA TORRE

(Continued from page one.)

the vision of the ideal beneath the actual. Does he not himself sing:

"I love the world of flowers  
Less for their beauty of a day  
Than for the tender things they say,  
And for a creed I've held alway

And this recognition of the secret bond of union between nature and man sometimes touches his genius to the expression of an almost human tenderness for slight things of beauty, and is the inspiration of the exquisite lines:

"And when in wild or thoughtless hour  
My hand hath crushed the tiniest flower,  
I ne'er could shut from sight  
The corpses of the tender things  
With other drear imaginings,  
And little angel-flowers with wings  
Would haunt me through the night."

But, Mr. President, Henry Timrod's claim to recognition and honor among his own people rests not alone on the fact that he is a poet; it is based on the two-fold reason that, as poet, he drew his inspiration from this, our land of South Carolina, and from our civilization, and that in a great crisis, in searching down into his own heart, he found there the heart of his people. And so, when I think of Timrod's deep love of nature, the thought that is uppermost in my mind to-day is that this forest land, with its trees and flowers and rills, with its blue sky or cloud and the winds that rush over it—that this land that fed the poet's inspiration—that this is our land! Venice has fairer skies and the leaves that fall in Vallombrosa are the leaves of grander trees. The jasmine that "burns its fragrant lamps," the "flowers that shake their odors in the wind," the forest trees in whose deep heart "the blood is all aglee," the tall fir that "whispers to the stars," the dark oaks and fluted chestnuts where lie "fettered all the secrets of the breeze"—these are our flowers, these our trees, this the Carolinian forest! The poet's heart has seized the universal note of nature, but in its loyalty seldom wanders far from home. And now shall I ask again, why stands this monument here to-day; what is its justification?

Is there no debt, Mr. President, which a State and a people are bound to acknowledge except the debt of material and political progress? Is there to be no recognition of spiritual and moral claim? Are we to rear monuments to our statesmen, generals and soldiers and shall he have no need of

praise who preserves their deeds for distant ages to which wasting marble may bring no message? Does the poet bear no gift of his own within his gentle breast mightier than the might of warriors and of armies? Not so thought the earliest of the great commanders, the Macedonian Alexander himself, who, standing beside the grave of Achilles, uttered the famous words which many a hero has echoed since: "O happy youth, in that you found a Homer as herald of your valor!" It matters not that critics spend their little days in vain questioning if ever the mail-clad Greeks ranged round Ilium's sacred towers; for swift-footed Achilles and glorious Hector, Diomedes of the loud war-cry, and wide-ruling Agamemnon keep marching down the spacious halls of time with mien as stately as they ever wore, living too full and real a life to feel the chill of doubt! And so Homer's Agamemnon lives on, and will live on forever, while the heroes—countless—who lived before Agamemnon "all lie buried in endless night because they lack their sacred bard." And I must think that, if in the long centuries the day shall come when the cause for which Carolinians bled and died shall grow fainter and fainter on the ears of distant men, that even in that calm and far-off day the agony and strife would live again and the great heart of Carolina would beat once more if, perhaps, some ancient scholar, musing on the words of the past, should read these words:

"I hear a murmur as of waves  
That grope their way through  
sunless caves,  
Like bodies struggling in their graves,  
Carolina!

"And now it deepens; slow and grand  
It swells, as rolling to the land  
An ocean broke upon thy strand,  
Carolina!

"Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!  
And roar with all thy festal gow!  
It is the answer of thy sons,  
Carolina!

South Carolina, Mr. President, has been mother to many statesmen and commanders and they should have their due. The learned and the eloquent have writ their names deep on the record of her bench and bar and they should have their due. Humble, but devoted, sons, with nameless graves, consecrate her soil, and these should have their due. But the face that looks out from the new bronze that rises in our midst to-day is the face of another and a rarer race—the race of poets—and of that race how many, besides Henry Timrod, shall South Carolina count among her sons in her two centuries and more of motherhood? Should he not have his due?

God forbid, Mr. President, that there should fall from my lips any word this afternoon that might not seem to bear witness to the happiness we all feel in our reunited country, but something must ever be wanting to that happiness when doubt is cast on the motives that led southern men to battle. Again and again, when the purity of those motives has been challenged, statesman and orator have leaped up in defence and the southern cause has been amply vindicated. But yet, Mr. President, where shall the man who would feel as southern men felt in those days, who would explore the southern heart and know its truth, where shall that man find the knightly spirit of the south so typified and imaged as in the war lyrics of Henry Timrod? So long as the words of Timrod's "Carolina" shall live, so long shall those words disprove the charge that South Carolina fought for sordid gain; for within those verses there lives the spirit that never yet was evoked save by the conviction of right; for it is a holy emotion to which base, material ends could never be mother. Such a spirit, through Henry Timrod's verse, lives in South Carolina's men! And for her women—would you know the Carolinian woman of the old south? Read Timrod's "Two Armies" and tell me, if you can, where lies the land that shall boast a holier type of woman—transfigured, as she stands before us, in all the glory of gentle deeds, wearing a soft halo round her head, the bright emanation of purity, loyalty and courage!

I believe, Mr. President, that Henry Timrod's supreme service to South Carolina and the south—a service, too, we are here to-day to recognize—is that, how-

ever the distant historian may settle the constitutional right of the southern cause, Timrod, better than any other man, has shown, so that all may see, the hearts that beat in southern breasts and has shown that those hearts beat unselfish and true. Had the south no conception of a lofty mission? Read his "Ethnogenesis." Had she the Tyraean spirit that animated the Greeks of old? Read his "Carolina." Had she with her the consciousness of the right that justifies the cruel battle? Read his "Cry to Arms." Let the future historian, who would read aright the southern heart, first read the heart of Henry Timrod, and, if Timrod's heart is the southern heart then that southern heart beat pure and true and knightly and in such a heart no base and selfish cause could live.

And Timrod's heart was the southern heart. For when this country's soul was stirred within her his voice was echo to that soul; when southern statesmen were gathered first in council his genius conjured up the inspiring vision of a future south whose beneficent wealth should spread through all the lands, blessing the distant peoples; when the hour for battle had sounded his answer was "Carolina" and "A Cry to Arms;" when South Carolina's heart was glad with victory from his lips pealed out the "Carmen Triumphale;" when his native city was besieged did he not find a lesson of calm and steadfastness in her poet's "Charleston"? And at the last, when all was over and Carolina's nameless dead lay safe in the mother soil, was not Henry Timrod's voice lifted up, in no vain repining, no idle regret, but with all the healing of the poet's art, to give comfort to the living and life to the dead?

I know not how another, no true son of the old south, with no deep feeling of reverence or loyalty for that more generous and less self-seeking time, may judge of the ode to the Confederate dead sung in Magnolia cemetery in 1867; I know not and I care not how on alien ears these words may fall; I conceive not how in southern hearts no answering throb may rise; but if poetry mean the expression of deep emotion—the stirring of noble feelings of pity, and exaltation and pride, even in defeat, and calm repose and resignation when all has been given and all has been lost—then surely these words, whatever they mean for alien ears, mean poetry to the soul of the southern man whose heart goes out to his elder people:

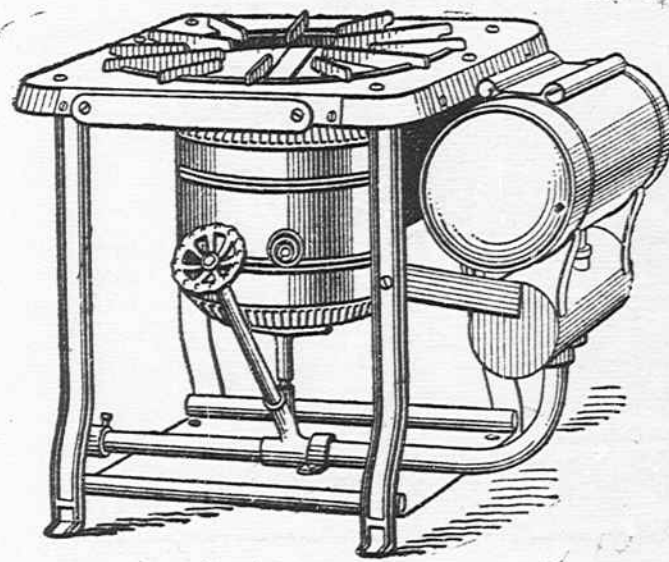
"Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,  
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause,  
Though yet no marble column craves,  
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth  
The blossom of your fame is blown,  
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,  
The shaft is in the stone.

Meanwhile; behalf the tardy years  
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,  
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,  
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile  
More proudly on these wreaths to-day  
Than when some cannon-moulded pile  
Shall overlook this bay."

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"Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!  
There is no holier spot of ground  
Than where defeated valor lies,  
By mourning beauty crowned!"

The man who wrote these lines, ladies and gentlemen, lived a brief life, full of trial and full of disappointment, but such a life as his has not been lived in vain, for he has gone deep down into his people's heart ever to pass from his people's memory. However humble and uneventful that life may seem when set down in cold words, the man who echoes a people's heart in some great crisis, who feels and answers to its throbbing, encourages in hardships, rejoices in victory, mourns in defeat—such a man bearing within his breast not one human heart but the universal heart of his people, lives a fuller life than his fellows, and in death his need is the fullest of all needs—remembrance! And, oh! I know that there is not one within the reach of my voice to-day who does not feel the pathos that underlies this glad occasion, who would not wish that one ray of to-day's sunshine could have passed into the poet's last hours. But may we not hope—for the poet has a keener vision of the future than falls to common men and the seer within him looks out into the distant years—may we not hope that the genius of his life, the "Fairy of his Dreams," whose conscious presence he tells us inspired his early years, may in fact have come again to him at the last, bearing some bright forecast of this scene to-day, whispering that his life had not been lived in vain, but should "bear its flowers in future times," and that "nothing wholly perishes but grief."

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**DE BOYD DEAD**

Spartanburg, May 6—Dr. J. J. Boyd died Saturday night about 11 o'clock. He had an attack of cold two weeks ago which developed into bronchitis.

He was a native of Fairfield County and was in his 83d year. He graduated at the South Carolina College, read medicine, and after taking his diploma spent a year or two in a medical school in Paris. After his return he settled in Spartanburg in 1843 or 1844 and began the practice of medicine.

He married a daughter of Richard Thomson, who lived near the city. Of the five children born to them only two are living. Some time after the war he married the widow of Col. O. E. Edwards, who survives him. He was buried to-day, Dr. E. E. Bonar of Richmond reading the funeral services and making a most appropriate talk.

Dr. Boyd was perhaps the oldest member of the Baptist Church at this place, having joined by letter in 1844. His citizenship in the town was longer than that of any white man living except Maj. A. H. Kirby, so far as we know. He was a most conscientious Christian and manifested his religion during the week as well as in the church on Sunday.—Greenville News.

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### Notice to Stockholders.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Fairfield Cotton Mills is hereby called for Monday, June 3d, 1901, at 11 o'clock A. M., in the President's room of The Winnsboro Bank, Winnsboro, S. C., for the purpose of considering the question of increasing the capital stock of said company to \$250,000, the increased stock to be of the class known as "preferred."

JNO. W. CATHCART, Secretary.

T. K. ELLIOTT, President.

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