

THE PAGELAND JOURNAL

Vol. 4 NO. 34

PAGELAND, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 6, 1914

\$1.00 per year

Philip K. Snipes Dead.

Lancaster News.

One more of Lancaster county's heroes, who fought for Southern Rights, has passed over the river. The sad news was received here late Friday that Mr. Philip K. Snipes had passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. B. Horn, at Tradesville, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. His age was 92 years, two months and five days. Mr. Snipes was born in this county, where he spent his entire life, except the four years of the late Civil War. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted in Company K, commanded by the late gallant Capt. M. J. Hough, 6th. South Carolina Regiment of cavalry, Butler's brigade, and served during the entire war. He was wounded in the bloody cavalry fight at Travillian Station, where many sons of old Lancaster and Chesterfield yielded up their lives. He was in the desperate engagement at Rean's Station, where Butler's brigade, alone on August 26th, 1864, held in check Hancock's whole corps for a day and night, until A. P. Hill's corps came to its relief, gaining a triumphant victory. It was here that Mr. Snipes, although a private, single handed and alone made a sudden dash for the enemy's entrenchment, the remainder of the regiment seeing the signal act of bravery, followed him with the "Rebel Yell," and swept everything before them. Capt. J. M. Hough, one of his officers and the friend of his life-time was present and in eloquent terms of his

as a citizen and soldier. Mr. Snipes engaged in farming all of his life. During the last few years of life he had become very feeble and was almost totally blind, but was tenderly cared for by his devoted children. He married Miss Jane Robertson, daughter of the late Samuel Robertson, who predeceased him eleven years ago. By this union ten children were born, all of whom are still living. They are, Mrs. W. J. Funderburk, Mrs. J. B. Horn, Mrs. E. C. Funderburk of Tradesville, Mrs. M. A. Shaw of Kershaw, Mrs. John D. Arant of Antioch, Mrs. J. D. Shute of Tabernacle, Mrs. William Cook of Taxahaw, Mrs. P. B. Funderburk of Willpoint, Texas, Mrs. Will Armfield of Jefferson and Mr. Bud Snipes of Charlotte.

Mr. Snipes' remains were interred at Spring Hill church at 11 o'clock today, the Rev. B. F. Carson officiating.

Do This Very Thing.

Come on, boys, let's plant everything in cotton again this year and if we have a good crop year, we may make enough to pay our rents and guano bills. Then we can pull crab grass out of our cotton fields to perish our old plugs on through the winter, and the first of March we can borrow money to buy our corn and meat and other supplies and pay a big interest.

It will never do for us farmers to raise our corn and meat and other things we need at home. If we did the man who raises it for us, the railroads, the merchants and the man who loans the money would suffer, and we wouldn't have to work our wives and children to death. We would be living at home. Let's hold on to the same old way, boys, and we will be slaves all our lives.

R. F. S.

Fine Progress On Bonsal Road.

Charlotte Observer.

Fine progress is being made on the so-called Bonsal road, which when finished will extend from Charleston to Andrews, on through Florence, Darlington, Hartsville, McBee, Jefferson and on to Monroe where connection will be made with the Seaboard for Charlotte and Bostic, according to reports that have been received in the city from the lower division of the new system. The line is now in operation between Jefferson and Florence and between Poston and Andrews and the gap is being constructed between Andrews and Charleston and at an early date work will be started on the 25-mile stretch between Jefferson and Monroe. The new road is backed by the Seaboard system and when completed and in operation will doubtless be merged with it. The Clinchfield and the Seaboard are very closely affiliated and it is highly probable that the immense coal trains will be operated over the new system to deepwater just as soon as it is finished.

GREAT FOR CHARLOTTE.

This new road means more to Charlotte and also Charleston than many believe. Mr. W. R. Bonsal has announced that he would have the system ready to haul cotton from the rich Marlboro fields to Charlotte by the Fall and it is regarded as certain that he will carry out his promise. This new road will connect Charlotte another railroad connection. The fact that it will bring the Queen City, the great industrial center of the Piedmont section into such close contact with the great seaport will mean great things for all interests concerned.

The following is from The News and Courier about the new system:

"Upon the completion of the coal terminus on the Cooper River of the Carolina, Clinchfield & Ohio Railroad, in the event that this corporation does not construct a railroad of its own from Bostic, N. C., to Charleston, it is expected that the coal will be hauled here over the lines of the Carolina, Atlantic & Western. According to unofficial versions, the Clinchfield cars will be taken over at Bostic and brought through Charlotte, McBee, Hartsville Darlington, Florence, Poston and Andrews into Charleston. Charlotte and other newspapers have been publishing articles to the effect that the Seaboard Air Line and the Carolina, Atlantic & Western would jointly haul the heavy coal trains of the Clinchfield system into Charleston and there has been no official statement to the contrary. It is expected here that the Clinchfield will be building its huge terminals before long, and the belief is that trackage or similar arrangements will be made with the Seaboard Air Line and the Carolina Atlantic & Western.

SPLendid TERRITORY.

"The section traversed by the Bonsal lines is wonderful in its possibilities, and it is evident that Mr. Bonsal and his associates are confident of developing an enormous business in the territory their trains will serve. The Carolina, Atlantic & Western is spending generously for the purpose of getting the best, and it is reliably reported that everything about the new sys-

Found Corn Buried

Camden Chronicle.

While digging a clay pit on the farm of Mr. Alex West, a few miles from Cassatt, in the county laborers this week unearthed a large quantity of corn that had been buried, presumably for many years.

It was found a few feet under the ground near the foot of a tree, and had the appearance of having been placed there in a box, as a part of the encasement could be easily recognized. The corn looks as though it had been burned, but this could not have been the case as the grains are still on the cobs, which show plainly when grains are shelled off.

It is supposed to have been about twenty-five bushels in the ear. No one has been found who knows anything about it being placed there, and the general supposition is that it was buried during the raids being made in this section by the Federal army, and that the parties who buried it were either captured or killed and no one was left to tell of its hiding place.

The property upon which it was buried was owned during the war by one Benj. Campbell, who has since passed away and the land is now owned by Mr. Alex West.

Teaching the Editor a Lesson

Tribune

She came down the street three steps at a time and scolded the country newspaper like a whirlwind. She had no ceremony in what she

wholly asked: "Is this the printin' office?" "Yes, madam." "I want to stop my paper." "All right, madam." "Sop it right away, too." "It's stopped," we replied, making a blue line through her husband's name on the subscription list.

"Maybe that will learn you some hoss sense and how to do the square thing next time, and not to slight people just because they are poor. If some rich, stuckup folks hapens to have a bald-headed brat born to 'em you're in an awful hurry to put it in the paper and make it out an angel; but when poor people have a baby you can't say a word about it, even if it is the purest child borned. That's what I'm stoppin' the paper fur. This ort to be a lesson to every paper in Oklahoma." And she went out of the office as mad as a wet hen.

tem will be top grade. In anticipation of the handling of long and very heavy freight trains the management is having very heavy steel rails laid and roadbed thoroughly ballasted. It is evident that every precaution looking to dependable service will be taken. Mr. Bonsal and his associates have carefully studied every phase of the situation and their decision to building in the territory they have chosen means that they are convinced that the territory will develop wonderfully with proper transportation facilities. Business men believe that in a brief period the Bonsal lines will build up a highly profitable business into and out of Charleston."

When the road is finished to Monroe, there will be a rich business developed into Charlotte. The territory between Monroe and Jefferson is rich in natural resources and a magnificent trade could be originated in this section. The completion of this road will mean much for this section.

Three Pioneer Preachers of Union County.

James Long in Biblical Recorder

My boyhood memories gather about three ministers: Rev. E. L. Davis, Rev. D. A. Snyder and Rev. J. L. Bennett. There have been many other mighty religious forces in Union county since the war, but these three servants of the Lord have stood out above all others. They were men of limited education, but possessed of good common sense. They loved the Lord and the people.

Each had his peculiar characteristics. Uncle Edmund Davis was strong and rugged. Brother Bennett was energetic, enthusiastic and tireless. Brother Snyder was retiring, transparent, even tempered. All of them were faithful gospel preachers. These three preachers baptized at least ten thousand people in Union county and the surrounding counties. Uncle Edmund Davis told me just before he died that he had baptized five thousand people. I heard Brother Bennett say last summer that he had baptized three thousand and five hundred. Brother Snyder must have baptized almost as many.

We can never pay the debt of gratitude we owe to these consecrated men and many others like them who went warfaring at their own charges. They were content with a humble home and a little of this world's goods. They could but win lost men to Christ. Theirs was pioneer work and no doubt they were the Lord's chosen for the special work they did. They have toiled without fame or compensation and we are entering into their labors.

All of the pastors have sons in the ministry. Rev. A. C. Davis of Olive Branch, Union county, the son of Rev. E. L. Davis, is a useful pastor. Rev. Stanley W. Bennett, the faithful pastor of the Baptist church at Lincolnton is the worthy son of Brother Bennett. Brother Snyder has three sons in the Baptist pastorate: Rev. Joel S. Snyder, the splendid pastor of the First Baptist church of Fayetteville, Rev. John W. Snyder, the faithful pastor of the West Baptist church of Concord and Rev. E. C. Snyder of Wingate, N. C., who is pastor of churches in Union county.

Brother Bennett and Brother Snyder were like David and Jonathan. They lived most of their lives within a mile of each other. For many years they served churches together, alternating in their appointments. I have never been able to think of them apart from each other. When I was a boy they came pioneering for the gospel in our section of Union county, there was but one small Baptist congregation in the northern part of Union county at that time. They preached in almost every school house in the region and in many private homes, seeking to reach the people and to find the strategic point.

In 1879, they organized Hopewell Baptist church. It at once became a center of spiritual power in all that section. Today there are six Baptist churches in that section of the county. From Hopewell have gone out numbers of useful men and women. The father and mother of Dr. E. W. Sikes were baptised into the fellowship of Hopewell, Prof. M. B. Dry of Carey is a Hopewell boy. Rev. Bruce Benton, the eloquent pastor of the First Baptist church of Rockingham is a son of Hopewell. From Hopewell, the Lord has raised up nine Baptist pastors, all living

Postcard is Passing.

The picture postcard vogue is dying out. Already the corner stores report a falling off in trade; already the postoffice figures indicate a decline in the actual number of postcards carried. A thing that has been at the same time a fad a convenience, a popular common carrier, and a common popular pest is now about to take its place with the bicycle as a thing that may be used with discretion, but never again made a mania of.

Over the greater part of Europe, it is now possible to send a sealed letter for the same price that a postcard may be dispatched. If we get 1-cent postage here the only excuse for the illustrated cards will be its illustration and the accompanying fact that fewer words are required as a personal message.

It is interesting to note, now that the postcard is ceasing to be a fad, that it was not, as has been supposed, an American invention. It was first used in Austria, where as early as 1869 a Dr. Herrman suggested its employment. Its price was something less than 1 cent then, but those who used it were allowed to write only 20 words on it. Not that the writing of 21 words would have appreciably increased the burden of the mail carriers; 20 words was the limit, perhaps that the people might duly appreciate the fact that a government owned the post-office.—Ex.

and in the pastorate but one who neered the regions round about.

I was not surprised when I saw in the daily papers that Brother Bennett had left us, nor was I surprised at the way of his going. People used to say that if he kept rushing and working as he was doing, he would not live out half his days. His going was not pathetic to me, for I fancy it was as he would have it—speaking the last words over a departed friend. He loved his people. Last summer at the annual reunion at Hopewell, he was scarcely able to speak because of overflowing emotions, as he thought of the past and God's goodness to him, and of his many friends living and dead and of what God had wrought by him and Brother Snyder and others in that community.

I am thankful that these two men together with Uncle Edmund Davis came into my way to the Load. My father and mother were baptized by Brother Bennett and Brother Snyder. Their eleven children have all come into the fellowship of Hopewell. In the providence of God three of the boys have entered the Baptist ministry.

These are words that have been waiting in my heart to be said of these useful men as I have thought of their noble, unostentatious work, and realized soon they would be no more on earth except as their works do follow them. There is one who still lingers with us who has toiled with these who have passed over to the blessed reunion beyond. I refer to Rev. J. A. Bivens. He has lived in the same section with these other three and their labors have been contemporaneous and coextensive. Brother Bivens was "the Apostle John" of the group, loved by everybody and honored many times by his brethren. As the evening shadows lengthen may it be light to him and at the twilight he will surely see his pilot face to face and on the other shore shake hands with his co-laborers who have gone before.

Death of Miss Pearl Sowell

Miss Willie Pearl Sowell, daughter of Mrs. Mary A. Sowell, died Tuesday morning about 4 o'clock after an illness of several months with tuberculosis. She was born March 31, 1881, and was therefore a little more than 33 years old. She joined Rose Hill Methodist Protestant church in early life and was consistent member at the time of her death. She was a good girl, and she told members of the family shortly before her death that she had nothing to fear, as she had long ago made peace with God and was trusting in Him. Her death was peaceful. She bade her loved ones good bye and said she was dying.

The funeral will be held at Rose Hill today at eleven o'clock by Revs. J. A. McGraw and J. M. Sullivan, and the body will be laid to rest at the cemetery at that place.

She is survived by her mother and four sisters and one brother, Mr. H. B. Sowell. The sisters are: Mrs. J. W. Quick, Mrs. J. Y. Doster, Mrs. G. C. Mungo and Mrs. E. C. Chavis.

Some Fishing.

The fishing season has opened up and many whopping yarns will be told ere the season closes. The first one to come to our notice was the one in the Monroe Enquirer last week. Bro. Ashcraft, didn't you misunderstand the boys? Was it really that big a haul? Here is the story as we

underburk, Hayden Shepperd, James Liles, Watt Hamilton and H. B. Havely went to Blewett Falls on the Pee Dee river Tuesday night and fished some.

They caught 500 pounds of fish in about two hours. At one haul they brought up 132 fish in their net. The river was literally alive with fish and the fishermen had the time of their lives. The fishing was done just below the Blewett Falls dam."

Boy Struck With Rock

Mr. M. B. Smith took his little son, Percy, to Florence yesterday to have his collar bone set, same having been broken by being hit with a rock. It seems that a number of boys were playing and that little Ross Lindsey threw a rock at Percy which struck him on the collar bone with the result that the bone was broken.—Cheraw Chronicle

"Ah," he said "if you only gave me the least hope I—" "Gracious," interrupted the hard-hearted belle. "I've been giving you the least I ever gave any man.—Ex.

Ready Wrapped.

A secretary for a Massachusetts congressman had never seen a cotton seed. A few days ago he happened to be in the office of a representative from the South and saw several small sacks on the floor.

"What are those?" he asked. "Cotton seed furnished by the Department of Agriculture for distribution down our way," the Southerner explained.

A sack was opened and the Yankee examined the cotton seed with great interest. He picked up some and observed the lint that clings closely to the seed. He pulled at this, but was not successful in removing any of the lint.

"My!" he said. "The department certainly treats you fellows fine. Just think of wrapping up each seed so carefully in cotton. How do they do that?"