

'ROUND UPPER MARION IN HORSELESS CARS.

A Jolly Party as Guests of Mr. R. P. Stackhouse Spent Day Inspecting Crops of Upper Marion. Automobiling Through Garden Spot of the State. Record Breaking Crops of Cotton and Corn.

Right here in upper Marion almost midway between the two Pee Dees is the garden spot of South Carolina. When it is remembered that South Carolina lays just claim to some of the richest soil in the cotton belt this may be taken at first glance as a rather broad and unwarranted assertion, but if there be anyone who thinks the writer exaggerates on the fertility of upper Marion lands let them take a day off before the present crop is matured and see for themselves.

Strangers traveling through this section marvel at the richness of the lands and one of the first questions they ask is "What makes these lands more fertile than those of adjacent territory?" It is because they lie on a ridge that begins somewhere near the Horry line and ends in Marlboro county, passing through what is known as the famous Hebron section. The crest of this ridge is the highest point between the Pee Dees; it has a deep clay sub-soil that holds moisture in dry seasons and in wet seasons it sheds water like a duck's back. In other sections less favored by the laws of nature drouths and torrential rains have almost completely annihilated crops, while in the memory of the oldest inhabitant this section has never suffered a crop disaster.

It was through this section that a party, as guests of Mr. R. P. Stackhouse, toured in automobiles last Thursday. In the party were Judge R. O. Purdy and Mr. Charles Rowland, of Sumter, and Messrs. C. T. O'Ferral, J. S. Thompson and A. B. Jordan. Led by a big Reo driven by Mr. O'Ferral and followed by a Buick roadster with Chaffeur Jimmie LeGette at the throttle the party left the A. C. L. station at 11:30 and the first stop was made at the Col. Stackhouse plantation now owned by Dr. Stackhouse and worked by Mr. H. Hubbard, one of the best farmers in Marion county. Mr. Hubbard was not at home, having gone to Campbell's Bridge to attend a fish-fry. Dr. Stackhouse was giving to the managers of his several plantations. The party alighted, however, and spent several minutes looking over the plantation. Dr. Stackhouse has an excellent crop on this place and will make nearly a bale to the acre. Thirty years ago, it was recalled by Mr. R. P. Stackhouse, Col. Stackhouse made over 700 pounds of lint cotton to the acre which is rather extraordinary considering the fact that cotton culture at that time was in a crude state of development.

LAND LORDS AND BARONS.

Continuing the journey westward toward Bennettsville a ride of a few minutes brought the party into a zone of big landed estates where the proprietors are "lords of all they survey." In this circle dwell the lords and barons of the soil. Stretching out for mile after mile and broken only here and there by thin strips of pine forest forming beautiful and picturesque sky lines are magnificent fields of cotton and corn burgeoning and bending with the wealth of the soil. Add to the scene a number of beautiful country homes equipped with all the

conveniences necessary to comfortable living and you have completed the picture of an ideal country community. In this section which seems to have been doubly blessed by a kind providence, dwell such substantial farmers as O. C. Hayes, T. L. Manning, L. Manning, W. F. Stanton, and W. T. Huggins, the last two managing plantations for Mr. A. J. C. Cottingham and Mrs. Josephine Stackhouse, while further on live E. A. McCormack, P. L. Bethea and others whose names are not recalled at this moment.

Excessive rains had fallen during the early morning and as the roads were muddy and choppy a short stop was made at Mr. Huggins' place to attach mud chains to the automobiles. Here it was discovered that Mr. Huggins had a very sick mule and while Mr. O'Ferral adjusted the mud chains the other members of the party gathered round the sick animal and in their zeal to display a profound knowledge of veterinary diseases, each suggested a remedy either of which, no doubt, would have produced fatal results the moment it was applied. Finally Mr. Stackhouse suggested that a quart of raw turpentine be applied to the stomach, and the animal freed to take the violent exercise which must necessarily follow. It was agreed that Mr. Stackhouse's remedy seemed to possess more virtue than the others, but none of the party could be induced to linger and see the effect.

The next objective was the plantation of Mr. Rod Jackson's to inspect a field of corn, reputed to be of such luxuriant growth as to excite the envy and wonder of all who saw it. En route to Mr. Jackson's the party passed many fine fields of cotton, among which was the plantation of Mr. J. L. Bennett. Mr. Bennett lives at Clio and his plantation is managed by Mr. W. B. Horton, a most excellent gentleman and a splendid farmer. The crops on Mr. Bennett's place were looking fine and will compare with any that were seen on the journey. Arriving at Mr. Jackson's the party was shown through the field of magnificent corn of which they had heard such wondrous reports and at a first glance there was unanimity of opinion that the estimates on its yield had not been exaggerated. Like other great men who do big things quietly Mr. Jackson's cardinal virtue is modesty and although he estimated the yield at 50 bushels per acre a bit of calculation with pencil and paper proved that the yield will not fall short of 76 bushels. With more favorable seasons the yield would have exceeded that amount. Mr. Jackson is one of the best farmers in the county and has cotton that will produce more than a bale to the acre. He is progressive in his ideas and has given his fellow farmers a splendid example of the value of rotation. He has recently purchased a handsome Buick automobile which will greatly shorten the distance between his home and the neighboring markets.

There had been lowering clouds all the morning and at this juncture a heavy rain forced the party to abandon the automobiles and seek shelter in Mr. Jackson's piazza where they spent a pleasant half an hour. As the party returned to their automobiles, the jovial face of Jimmie LeGette, driver of the Buick machine, was seen to emerge from the house wreathed in smiles. Questioned as to his absence during the rain Jimmie nonchalantly replied that he "didn't know where this thing would end" and automobiles were too uncertain in rainy weather to refuse invitations to dinner.

A heavy rain had fallen and on the return journey the swiftly moving machines ploughed through mud and water like naphtha launches splitting the surface of a placid lake. Driven by the throbbing engines they sped onward, down by the W. B. Allen plantation, through Gallavon, owned by Mr. J. C. Cottingham, and on to the plantations of Miss Lettie Stackhouse and Mr. Cade Sherwood, the objective being Mr. R. P. Stackhouse's magnificent country seat two miles west of Dillon where a sumptuous repast awaited the party. All through this section the crops are in excellent condition and the yield this year will be far above the average. In fact all this section forms part of the circle owned by the "lords and barons of the soil" referred to in a previous paragraph. Through here are found immense plantations, each in itself a kingdom of its own, ruled over by sovereigns more independent in worldly possessions than were the feudal lords at the time of the crusades.

FORDING A QUAGMIRE.

The only rival of the modern automobile when it comes to fording quagmires and bogs is the ox. This fact was illustrated in the successful crossing of a swamp dividing the plantations of Miss Lottie Stackhouse and Mr. Cade Sherwood's. Here a stretch of bottomless mud more than a hundred feet long was encountered and the way the powerful Reo followed by the brave little Buick tore through it was enough to put the proverbial ox to shame. As the party approached this morass they were stopped by the whizz and burr of another automobile driven by young Mr. Britt as it tore its way through mud that touched the differentials of the machine. The party alighted and watched the big Reo as it plunged into the mire and fought its way through with the energy of a Turkish warrior scaling a palisade. Further up the hill the road had been freshly worked and the big car came to grief the first time by plunging into a deep hole that had been covered by a thin layer of dirt. This occasioned only a few minutes delay, however, and soon the party was gliding over the highway again with the speed of the wind.

By this time the dinner hour had long since passed and the party had to forego the pleasure of visiting the large plantations in this vicinity owned by Messrs. J. W. Hamer, Sam Britt, R. P. Hamer, J. H. Hamer, E. R. Hamer, N. A. Berry, L. C. Braddy, Brooks Hamer, D. McLaurin and others. However, any description of the wonderful fertility of the lands surrounding Little Rock would only be to repeat oft told tales of agricultural successes that read like a page from "Arabian Nights."

THE CASTLE OF LORD RUDOLPH.

Swiftly the cars sped through the historic town of Little Rock and out again into the open country. Crossing Roper's Mill they mounted the hillside as gracefully as swallows fly and then the magnificent country home of Mr. R. P. Stackhouse, resting majestically on the crest of a hill with gently sloping sides, hove in sight. Arrived at their destination the party alighted and after a refreshing toilet were ushered into the dining room where they did full justice to a most delightful dinner. There is no more beautiful or better appointed home in Marion county than Mr. Stackhouse's. The land upon which it rests and the broad acres surrounding it have been handed down through an unbroken line of an-

cestry for a period covering more than a century. The present beautiful structure with its broad verandas and stately halls was remodelled from the home where Mr. Stackhouse's father and grandfather lived and died. Here the present master, a most successful business man and farmer, like the knightly Cedric in Sir Walter Scott's charming "Ivanhoe," lives the life of a quiet country gentleman, entertaining with hands wide open and heart responding to the pleasures of every moment.

A part of the afternoon was spent inspecting the crops on Mr. Stackhouse's plantation and those of his neighbor, Mr. J. S. Thompson. Men who own such valuable lands must of necessity be good farmers and the crops on these two fine estates were second to none that were seen on the journey through the garden spot of Marion county. Both have large fields of cotton that will produce more than a bale to the acre.

GREATER THAN JULIUS CEASAR.

This feeble attempt at description of a trip through such fine farming lands would not be complete without a word about the distinguished visitors who accompanied the party. Judge Purdy is a Virginian by birth but he has lived in this state so long that he easily passes for a real South Carolina gentleman. He is one of the most successful practitioners at the Sumter Bar, and however incongruous it may seem, he is also one of the most successful business men of the Game Cuck county. When Julius Caesar reluctantly pushed aside the crown he was proclaimed the greatest man of his day but Judge Purdy's friends hold him in higher regard than did Caesar's, in that after serving one term on the Bench with marked distinction Judge Purdy voluntarily retired and positively refused a second term. He is easy and graceful of manner, charming in personality, and best of all a sincere Christian and a gentleman.

THE MORGAN OF SUMTER.

From the telegrapher's chair to the banker's office is a long jump in less than half a score of years, but this feat of financial acrobaticism has been accomplished by Mr. Charles Rowland. It was while Mr. Rowland was working for the railroad that he took a "flier" into several business ventures. He was successful from the first, and then fearful lest he should soon own the railroad his employers advised him that he had better leave off the outside business and look after their affairs more closely. Mr. Rowland's rejoinder was that he was making three times as much on the outside and he "guess he'd better quit." It was not long before he had established himself at the head of one of Sumter's banks. Other successes followed in rapid succession and suddenly the railroad people woke up and found out what they had lost. He was offered another position with the railroad with a large increase in salary and plenty of time thrown in on the side to look after outside investments, but Mr. Rowland had got a taste of freedom and he declined. He has acquired a lot of land and is at the head of the Sumter Telephone Co., the only enterprise of the kind in the south. His company reaches out for trade all over the world and in addition to equipping the city of Sidney, Australia with 'phones they have sold their product in Japan and the Philippines. Their latest triumph is a contract from the government for

1000 'phones. Mr. Rowland was born in North Carolina but his successes down here have been so great that people seem to overlook this. The only thing against his record is that he once lived in Marion, but this has been so long ago that only the oldest inhabitants remember it. He is a jovial gentleman, bubbling over with wit, and the pleasure of the day was greatly augmented by his presence.

It would be a pleasure to continue this article but time and space will not permit. More has been told already than was originally intended. One regret is that we could not stop at all the fine farms seen along the journey, but had we done so the trip would have extended into a week. There was real pleasure in entertaining and being entertained by such delightful gentlemen as Judge Purdy and Mr. Rowland and the hope is they will not wait so long to come again.

A. B. Jordan.

BLAZING HAT CAUSES TUMULT.

Atlanta, Ga., August 3.—A fire upon the roof garden of the hat of a pretty girl traveller at the Union Station this afternoon, called out two fire companies, a hose cart, a score of willing amateur firemen, delayed a fast train and destroyed about \$30 worth of finery upon the peach basket aforesaid.

The young women, en route to New York, rushed into the station for a bite to eat. In paving her check, she swung the confection too close to the cigar lighter. In an instant, the orchard, which adorned it was a mass of very smelly flames. A dark skinned waiter turned in a fire alarm and every available male guest tried to rescue the affair, thereby convincing the wearer, who knew aught of the conflagration, that she had blundered into an insane asylum.

The train was held a few minutes until the victim recovered from an attack of near-hysterics, when she graciously permitted it to proceed, giving vent to a few personal opinions of cigar lighters in general, and this one in particular.

He Plants Corn Alone.

Rock Hill, Aug. 2.—Mr. J. M. Cherry, who owns the largest and finest farm in York county, extending from Rock Hill to the Catawba river, a distance of five miles, has not planted a bit of cotton this year, but his whole plantation in corn, and it is probably the finest crop in the State. Just think of five miles of corn. He is a city farmer with a head full of brains, and makes a pile of money out of his farming operations.

Brownie's Fine Record.

In the summer races of the Pee Dee Circuit now about to close Brownie, the handsome little bay mare owned by Mr. J. B. Gibson, has made an enviable record. This was Brownie's first season but she took to racing "like a duck to water" and made a record that surpasses the most sanguine expectations of her owner. In 28 days she has been entered in 6 races and has trotted 19 heats. She has been driven 116 miles across the country from meet to meet and has traveled 74 miles on the train. She has never won less than second money and her total winnings for the 28 days are \$247.50. She has increased her speed at every race and took a mark of 2.24. In September she will start on the Virginia-Carolina Circuit and will trot for purses worth \$2,500. This is a fine record for a horse that less than a year ago was looked upon as a pretty fair buggy animal.

The Dillon Herald \$1.50 a year.

HOUSE ALMOST WRECKED BUT INMATES ESCAPE.

Lightning Played Remarkable Pranks With Residence of S. D. Jordan. No one Seriously Hurt.

A very severe thunder storm, accompanied by a heavy downpour of rain, passed over Dillon at midnight Thursday night. The lightning struck the home of Mr. S. D. Jordan in the northeastern part of town, and while none of the family, consisting of Mr. Jordan, wife, two daughters and niece, were seriously injured, they were all fearfully shaken up. The bolt struck the chimney of one room, demolished it, tore a great hole in the roof, through the ceiling into a closet. There it seemed to divide, one fork going to the right, the other to the left between the plastering and front weatherboarding, the bolt passing to the left traversing the hall, doing no damage save to the mirror of a hatrack, and passing into the adjoining room, where a heavy washstand was thrown forward against a table. The full force of the explosion expended itself on the front windows, the sash of which, the screen, the frame work and weatherboarding around and below look as though a bomb had exploded at that spot. One piece of timber was driven across the room into the plastering of the opposite wall with such force that it was withdrawn with considerable difficulty. Mrs. Jordan was asleep in a bed within a few inches of the window, and while terribly shocked she was able to give the alarm to Mr. Jordan that the house was on fire, a fierce blaze springing up the side of the window. A pitcher of water in the room enabled them to extinguish the flames before they could make any headway. The freakish fluid played queer pranks. All around, the silvered back of the hall mirror shows the most beautiful fern like traceries. A metal handle of an umbrella was blown off and melted and the screen window in its metal parts showed the same effect of the great heat. The escape of the family was simply miraculous.

Mr. John Hinson Dies Suddenly.

Mr. John Hinson died suddenly at his home in east Dillon Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The cause of Mr. Hinson's death was heart disease from which he had suffered for several years. It was while sitting on the piazza that Mr. Hinson was taken ill and in a few moments he was suffering great agony. Dr. Badger, who was making a call at a house near by, administered stimulants and did everything he could to relieve his sufferings, but the attack was so severe that death ensued in a few minutes.

Mr. Hinson was born in Marlboro county and in early life he followed the profession of a printer. Abandoning this profession he engaged in various other vocations, the latter part of his life being devoted to the saw mill business. He was a brave confederate soldier and served with great distinction during the four year's conflict.

He was twice married and by his first marriage there were born to him several sons by whom he is survived. His second marriage was without issue. He is survived by his second wife, who was a Mrs. Sanders.

Monday the remains were taken to Maxton where they were interred by the graves of his ancestors. The deceased was 67 years of age.

As this is the season for many social events and much visiting The Herald wants its correspondents to send in newsy letters every week. The most interesting feature of the newspaper is the news furnished by its correspondents from the various sections and we want our correspondents to co-operate with us in the effort to cover the territory in which The Herald circulates, thoroughly. A bright, newsy letter every week will do much toward attaining this end.