

DICK WRITES LETTER HOME

Things as They Are and as They Might Be, Says He

Editor Herald:

Please allow me space in your valuable little paper for a few words of encouragement to those who have started life's highway. Don't ever stop; keep your face set toward heaven. We will soon reach the pearly gates. Everything has changed in these late years except God and salvation. I am so glad that they remain the same and I have a few words to say to the young people: I will say again as I have said before, there is only one thing to make a man out of and that's a boy. I have been over a part of twelve states, seen many faces of the many millions of people in America and elsewhere. There is only one thing at large that everybody wants and that is satisfaction. The man gets drunk for the way he enjoys it; the gambler goes to his eternal home often with his misspent life in sin. Oftentimes the seeds of gambling are sown in the home, beginning with the playing of fox and goose and common checker-board, and from that to Rook and Setback, and the thirst becomes more and greater; and later on poker, and winds up many times in the death cells of our prisons. I saw a judge sentence a nice looking young man. No doubt he was the idol of his mother's heart, the darling boy of her dreams, and also the father; and you do doubt the choice young man of his community and was the husband of a well educated and very pretty young lady. With all his education and his refinement he was to be a state convict for ten long years. The judge told him to stand up and receive his sentence—it was a sad hour to many of his friends present. All that father and mother had done to make a gentleman of him was, so to speak, a complete failure in life — they had only raised a convict who brought gray hairs and dishonor to his loved ones and hastened the steps of his parents to the grave. One can so easily step from freedom to life's imprisonment or into some stain that will never come off our life or the lives of our states may forgive us and send us back home pardoned; our parents and loved ones may embrace us, and we may have some place in the family circle, but we can never stand any more with the world; our place in society will ever be vacant, but God will never hold rude things against us if we will only consecrate our lives to Him and live for Him. Often I see young boys and men with a pistol in one pocket and some bay rum in the other, and pads of cards along with some cigarettes and matches, and some man's daughter by his side in a little Ford, his little cap on the side of his head. The little girl surely must get courted before he takes her home; and should she consent for a marriage, what kind of a husband or father do you think he would make? He looks and acts as though the world needed a boss, and he was the only one who could fill the place since Alexander the Great died.

I so often think of a young man I saw in a barber shop in Wilmington sometime ago. There were several young men in the shop at the time, cursing and pulling down morality in every form. As the barber straightened him up in the chair he began to talk and give a bit of his experience. He said he was raised in the state of Kentucky on a farm. His father sent him to school and from there to college; and his father, whose hands were rough and fell of shingles from hard labor, paid his way through all, and he had been graduated with honors and came back to the old home. His father said to him, "Go on the farm and select you like a one-horse farm anywhere you like; go to the stables and select any mule you want"; he did so and he went to work, ploughed a few days and said, "The very idea of a college graduate ploughing a mule on a one-horse farm in Kentucky!" No doubt the old well with old sweep and bucket looked too small for him to stay there. He said he thought that the world needed a master, so he started out, left the old home; left his mother's old safe and her big, warm featherbed, where he had often come home any hour of the night and found something to eat, and it was all seasoned with welcome. It's the regret in my life that I ever did so. Oh that I could retrace my steps back to boyhood again!

Young man, there is a place for you to fill in this life that no one else can fill for you. We are like the spokes that are put in the wheel and form the circle. Each individual has a place. As the wheel turns over the spokes that are on the ground bear the load. So then, in the circle of life we should each bear a part of things pertaining to a better life. Often we see a spoke broken out of this wheel and can never be replaced. Often a wheelwright can respoke the bent wheel, but the wheel of life can never be respoke. So the old serpent that has robbed so many wheels and homes is still robbing them today. Drive as far from him as you can go.

I was on a steamboat one day on the Cape Fear River. Went up to the pilothouse and talked with the pilot. He was an old colored man named Buckston. I asked him how long he had been pulling that wheel and his answer was, "About 25 years." The backs of his eyes had blue rings around them from age. He never made a curve without sounding his whistle, a note of warning. He never stuck the bow of the boat in the mud.

He never wrung a wheel off. I said to him, "You know where all the snags and logs are, don't you?" And he said, "No sir, I do not; but I do know where there is not any."

Young man, you had better always steer your boat in the center of the channel. You will never make a mistake by giving God your heart, filling your place in Sunday School and in prayer meeting and in such places. A judge once said in court that he had never sentenced a boy to imprisonment that had been reared, in Sunday School and under good religious influence. The young men and young women of today seem to think that it's too small a piece to go to Sunday School and prayer meeting, but it grows to be a great tree in this life and in the life to come, so that by doing our full duty to God and church it grows to be an ever-blooming flower in our life the year around. A little wrong grows to be a large tree, fruitless and full of tears and bitter thorns of regret. One night in our town, just a lad of a boy had an old pistol in his pocket. Although he nor no one else had any use for it (for it had only one ball in it) he was in a very highly esteemed merchant's store and he and the boy were looking at the pistol, and it accidentally fired, killing the nice young merchant, leaving his store of goods and a pretty young wife and four beautiful little girl children. It only took one ball to make four orphan girls and a heart-broken wife. The goods were soon scattered, the house wrecked, the little girls given away among their people. The mother soon married again, but these little ones missed the love and kisses of a kind and affectionate father and mother, just from the effects of one pistol ball. As you go to the chain gang and state prison you can see the effect of the one pistol ball. Some times the half ounce pistol ball can bring ten after ten of sorrow. Dear Reader, do you remember what one 5-cent piece of money cost Horry county one time? Some years ago a boy got a vial of some kind of liquid that would change the color of money and make a 5-cent piece look like a \$5 goldpiece, so he changed the color of the 5-cent piece. He went to court and was being sentenced to a term in state prison before a crowd of men and bought an umbrella with his painted nickel and passed it as a \$5 goldpiece, got his change and went out. For that 5-cent piece his father had to mortgage the old home, and I was told that his mother died of a broken heart. The boy spent several years in state prison. That one 5-cent piece caused it all. What it cost the county was quite a large sum, I guess.

A man one day gave a millionaire's horse an apple and patted the horse on the neck. A few days later the rich man asked this man to grant him a favor and the poor man did it, and when he did it he was granted a check for \$100,000. A small boy once filled a woodbox with wood, but before filling it he cleaned it out and straightened it. He was only a poor boy chopping wood here and there to help take care of his mother. He was asked why he cleaned out the box and he calmly answered, "I saw that it needed to be done. The boy climbed from a wood chopper to a coal partner in the large mercantile business, where he straightened the wood box. It's not always the amount that we do but the spirit in which we do it. At one of the state banks not long since the lock to the vault got caught and neither the cashier nor any one of his helpers could unlock it. The governor said, "Looks like we will have to blow it open." The superintendent of the state prison came up and said, "I have a convict that can open the vault." The men seemed somewhat surprised, and so expressed their selves, but they said "If you have, please send him here and let him open it." The superintendent gave him a note to take to the cashier, as he was a trustee, and he walked into the bank with his hat under his arm, gave the note to the cashier and he said, "Are you the one that can open the vault?" He said "Yes sir, I made those locks for fourteen years." So he was invited around and opened it in about five minutes. He said those locks were all made alike with a little different combination. When it was found out that he had opened the vault he was offered a handsome sum of money. But he had to refuse and said, "I can't take it, for I am only a poor convict serving a life sentence." As he walked away the governor looked at him with pity and granted him a pardon. I believe that the prayer of some loved one had reached and unlocked the throne of grace in his behalf just as he reached and unlocked the vault. That was the way that God had to get him free. So many times little deeds work to be great things in days to come.

Just a few words now to the young girls. You are one among the greatest things that God ever made. Can scatter more sunshine in the life of sinful men than any one else. You can reach a hard-hearted sinner that a man could never reach. Lift up your heads and look at the rosebuds you can help to bloom in so many lives and how much sunshine you can scatter when the young man offers to take you to the theatre or the dance hall, or show of any kind. You kindly say, "I thank you, but I want my life filled with something richer and more noble than that." You may go with him to those places and ride with him late hours at night, but when he gets ready for a wife he seldom ever goes to get you. He will call you his old sport. So later on you will have to try to catch an old widower and start life with a ready started home and family. I have often seen girls stick out their lips at poor boys and know today that some of them today are cooks and maids in the same boy's home, for his wife to sit up in comfort and ease. It will not hurt you to speak and smile to those you pass by. Often in life we see a flower that is wilted and drying up, and when there comes a shower of rain, Oh, how it revives and shows its pretty petals and fruit! So it is with many a person who the world has thrown aside and cast their name out as evil. If they only had some one to scatter a little sunshine for them they would make such lovely men and women. We are on the stage of life, each acting our part, so let's live so the world will be made better by our lives. Sometimes the tombstone marks the place where the body lies, but our characters can never be suited. The first man I ever heard pray, I can recall some of the words of his prayer now, and it's been over fifty years ago. He has been gone to glory many years. Have you noticed in the different prisons and asylums of today that most of the inmates of there are young people? The great cause of this is that parents are not doing their duty by their children. The children use to obey their parents; if they failed they were punished until they did obey. Folks use to begin carrying their children to church in infancy and right on all their life. But it is not so now, for it takes two or three people to nurse a one-year old baby. The mother can't stay in the church unless the child wants to stay. The average mother can't take the little three-year old boy to the barber shop for a haircut. He will outtalk her and she will say, "I'll have to wait on him until some other time."

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said he did one thing that he had always been sorry for. Went to white man's home, killed all of them and the last one to be killed, was an infant baby sitting on the floor. He said, "As I threw it up to fall on a sharp pointed knife in my hand to kill it, as it passed his face it looked into his eyes and smiled sweetly." He said he could shut his eyes and see baby's smile yet. There are so many people today that are doing things that when they become old they will shut their eyes and say, too, "I wish I hadn't done that!" We can never undo the things that are past. We often smile with our lips and an aching heart in our breast, unless we do the right. There are but three things that will make us laugh, something we see or hear or feel. A Christian from all three of these and a sinner from only what he sees and hears. When you laugh, the world will laugh with you; when you cry you cry by yourself. May we ever sow the seeds that will brighten the paths of our own lives and others.

If these lines escape the waste basket I may write again sometime. With the very best wishes to those who may read this, I am

DICK,
Box 81 Cerro Gordo, N. C.

J. A. Clifton, M. D., specialist in diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat, at Conway Drug Co. on Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday only. Please call as early as convenient. 11-3-11

PROGRAM OUT

The program of the State Teachers' Association has just come from the press and R. C. Burts is mailing them out to the teachers of the state. The program is a forty page bulletin. In it will be found general information about the railroad rates, hotel arrangements, etc. About twenty pages of the program are given over to the advertisements of school supplies, which will be of interest to teachers.

CARDUI HELPED REGAIN STRENGTH

Alabama Lady Was Sick For Three Years, Suffering Pain, Nervous and Depressed—Read Her Own Story of Recovery.

Paint Rock, Ala.—Mrs. C. M. Stegall, of near here, recently related the following interesting account of her recovery: "I was in a weakened condition. I was sick three years in bed, suffering a great deal of pain, weak, nervous, depressed. I was so weak, I couldn't walk across the floor; just had to lay and my little ones do the work. I was almost dead. I tried everything I heard of, and a number of doctors. Still I didn't get any relief. I couldn't eat, and slept poorly. I believe if I hadn't heard of and taken Cardui I would have died. I bought six bottles, after a neighbor told me what it did for her.

"I began to eat and sleep, began to gain my strength and am now well and strong. I haven't had any trouble since... I sure can testify to the good that Cardui did me. I don't think there is a better tonic made and I believe it saved my life."

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