

# The News and

TRI WEEKLY EDITION

WINNSBORO, S.C., DECEMBER

## MY PRAYER.

I have no lengthy prayer to make  
When I approach my bed,  
And when through God's grace, I awake,  
Again to fare ahead!  
My prayer, I say,  
Through all the day—  
The words are few  
And simple, too:  
"God, let my faith in thee  
And in thy people be  
Forever strong and true!"  
This is the simple prayer I pray—  
If it be answered, I  
Alone shall find the way  
And confidently die,  
—S. E. Kiser, in the Chicago Times-Herald.

## THE Little Lace Maker.

Mdlle. Noemi Verdier, a lacemaker of Valenciennes, was as good as she was pretty and her modesty and simplicity commanded the respect of all.

Left an orphan at 13 years of age she lived with her brother, three years her senior, who, having suddenly become the head of the house, labored for his little sister and himself at cabinet making.

The two lived happily together; but the years passed and the time of military service came. Louis was obliged to go. The separation was terrible to those two children, who loved each other so much.

Left alone in the little lodgings, thus suddenly become too large for her, Noemi with bleeding heart applied herself to her work and wrought marvels from the flax fields.

Every Saturday she carried back her work and when she returned home divided her earnings in two parts. Must she not send a small subsidy to her soldier, who was thinking of her there in his far-away garrison?

On his side Louis believed in his regiment as he did in Valenciennes; that is to say, like an honest man, and so, at the end of the second year of his absence he was able to announce one beautiful morning that he had been promoted to sergeant.

You can imagine how happy Noemi was! How her heart throbbed with joy! Oh, how proud she was of her dear brother! But her happiness was short. In a few weeks came a letter. The war-cloud had burst all at once; armed France rushed to the aid of the East.

The drums she learned the success of the French army, Woerth, Sedan, Metz, Saint-Private, Gravelotte, Sedan. Then silence followed—no more letters, no more news, nothing.

Noemi, who never read the papers, hastened now to the office of the Gueudet de Valenciennes and of the Echo de la Fontaine, seeking there some little ray of hope. She listened to the talk on the street, she mingled with the groups of people commenting on the news, she gave ear to the painful accounts of the war and she learned, with a sinking heart, that her brother's regiment had met with severe losses.

Meanwhile the wounded soldiers were sent, through Hirsan and Avesnes, to the towns and cities on the northern frontier. Every day fresh convoys arrived in Valenciennes.

All the hospitals were full, and still they came. Then private ambulances were organized everywhere, churches and factories opened their doors to the unfortunate wounded soldiers.

One morning the report was circulated that a convoy of wounded from her brother's regiment had arrived during the night.

To the poor girl a glimmer of hope returned.

She ran from one to the other, asking of the nurses, bending over every cot, but the hope of the morning vanished.

All at once she remembered that the day before they had opened in Saint-Saulve a hospital intended especially for the officers. Was there any possibility that an unknown sergeant might have been brought there? Surely not. Yet, notwithstanding, she found strength to go thither.

An army surgeon came toward her. "What do you wish, mademoiselle?" "Oh, monsieur! Pardon! I am looking for my brother, Sergeant Louis Verdier."

"You mean Lieutenant Louis Verdier?" And pointing with his finger down the long row of mattresses on the floor, "there he is in the sixth bed."

To the poor girl it seemed as if the earth vanished from beneath her feet. She choked back an exclamation of joy, tottered forward a few steps and with an outburst of infinite happiness knelt before the bed of Lieutenant Verdier, who, with his head wrapped in linen, was lying in a heavy stupor.

"Louis! Louis! It is I," she exclaimed, trembling with clasped hands, ready to fall.

At this appeal the wounded man recovered his consciousness, opened his eyes and perceived his sister, but not being able to raise his head he stretched forth both his hands, which she seized in hers and covered with tears.

In the meantime the surgeon approached, and, half unwillingly, led her to the cause of any emotion guaranteeing nothing, "her wound is do- over, that is cer- our work."

"Come back to go home," "is," said the days later, her brother, for whom I

## PEANUTS AND GOOBERS.

HOW CROPS ARE RAISED, GATHERED AND PREPARED FOR MARKET.

The Goober is to the Actual Peanut What the Quahog is to the Genuine Clam—Vines Are First-Class Fodder for Mules—5,000,000 Bushels a Fair Year's Crop.

This is peanut time in the South. Going through eastern Virginia and North Carolina the traveler can see through the car window row after row of what appear to be round bushes. They are the stacks or shocks of peanut vines hung around sticks waiting to be placed upon wagons and carried away for stripping. Some of the larger fields will contain 1000 of these stacks, yielding from 50 to 75 bushels of nuts to the acre. Most of the nuts grown in Virginia and North Carolina are the goobers. The goober is to the actual peanut what the quahog is to the genuine clam. The shell usually contains but two kernels. This is the nut with which the Italians load their wagons and sell in paper bags on the street corners. The real peanut which answers to the Rhode Island clam is smaller than the goober. The kernel is about the size of a large pea and its flavor is sweeter than the other variety. It is grown principally in North Carolina and Tennessee. Occasionally a few get into a bog of goobers, but very seldom, as they are shelled and sold for from 10 to 15 cents a peck more than the others. They go into candy paste and to the oil factories of Europe.

The peanut farmer begins planting as soon as the frost is out of the ground in the spring. The shelled nuts form the seed and about two bushels are required for an acre. In a few weeks the plant gets above the earth and begins to leaf out. A field of peanuts looks much like a field of clover, and during the war many of the Northern soldiers mistook clover fields for peanut patches, while hunting for something to vary their rations. The plants grow in rows, very much like potato vines, and are cultivated in the same way. Weeds will soon choke their growth, and the pickaninies on the farm are kept busy during the summer in weeding out the patches with their fingers. Nowadays the harvesting is done by what is called a plow, made especially for the purpose. It is drawn by one mule and cuts the plants off close to the roots. As the vines are cut and massed around a short post struck in the ground. The stack is formed with the leaves outside, and the vines are wound around it as tightly as possible to protect the nuts from the weather. The plan is somewhat similar to that of binding wheat. About three weeks' exposure "seasons" the nuts and dries the vine, so that the pods are ready to be picked.

The picking is the most expensive operation of all and takes the most time. Whether in the barn or on the field, all the work has to be done by hand. The nuts are thrown into large baskets and the vines made in to large stacks or stored away in the loft, for they make a hay which is really more nourishing for the average mule than timothy. The vine is a little too rough for a horse's throat, but it is a luxury to the average southern mule, who will grow fat on peanut hay, and nothing else. In all fields some of the vines will be blackened and the nuts of poor quality. These are left on the ground and later the pigs are turned into the field. They eat everything that is left except the roots. The nuts are not very fattening, but they give the porker a very sweet flavor. The famous hams cured in some parts of Virginia owe most of their quality to the fact that the pigs have lived partly upon nuts before being fed the sour milk and garbage from the farmer's kitchen.

In half a dozen towns most of the peanut "factories" are located. The factory is merely a place where the nut is shelled or the shell polished for the market. It is a curious fact that peanuts with clean, glistening pods will sell for 15 to 20 per cent. more at retail than those with large, dirty-looking pods, although the kernels may be just as good, so the nuts intended for the bag trade at the circus and on street corners are scoured in large iron cylinders. Then they are carried to fans, which blow the heavier nuts into one part of the factory and the little ones into another part and at the same time remove the dirt which was not taken off the shells in the cylinders. The dark, partly filled nuts are shelled by machinery and sold to confectioners, while the other ones are carried by a sort of endless chain apparatus into bags, each of which will hold about 100 pounds. As fast as a bag is filled it is sewed with English twine, marked with the weight and proper address and sent to the wholesale peanut dealer, who makes anywhere from 25 to 50 per cent. profit in dealing with the Italians, who are his principal customers. Of late years a quantity of the bag peanuts has gone to manufacturers of cheap coffee, to be roasted and mixed in with the coffee berry and then ground, to be sold in packages as choice Mocha and Maracabo.

While most of the American nuts are grown in eastern Virginia and North Carolina and Tennessee, the peanut fields are beginning to be cultivated in parts of Louisiana and Nebraska. Many of the fields in North Carolina contain apparently nothing but wet sand, and the dark green of the leaves in contrast to the whiteness of the sand on a sunny day is

## GRAND VAST

A Yellow Land, the Count Gold rapidly else as in York

Very few peanuts are eaten on the pod in Europe, although 400,000,000 pounds are sent to Great Britain and the Continent every year from Africa and Asia. They are converted into oil and a sort of flour, factories at Marseilles and several English cities. A bushel of the genuine peanuts shelled can be pressed into about a gallon of oil, which is substituted for olive and other table oils very frequently. It sells at from 60 cents to \$1 a gallon, and the meal or flour left after pressure is used for feeding horses and baked into a kind of bread which has a large sale in Germany and France.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MOUNTAINS OF SALT.

A New Industry Which Will Help a Part of Australia.

Immense salt gardens have recently been established in the neighborhood of Geelong, along the bay of Stirling, in Queensland, Australia. The site was, until recently, a barren waste of swamp and samphire scrub, and thought good for nothing whatever. The present proprietors, however, have converted it into a place of interest, employing a large number of men, and turning out a valuable commodity, with the sea water as their raw material.

The works, or salt gardens, present the appearance of a chess board, the shallow tanks, about 300 acres up in this way by miles, or "paddocks," which vary from

from the sea by a ridge, the sluice gates to admit the water uniformly over the ground, presenting all the surface possible to the evaporating action of the sun and wind. The rainfall is an important item. The average is the lowest at the site chosen of any point on the whole coast.

When the water enters through the sluice gates it is held in the largest paddocks until the evaporation raises its density considerably. It is then by smaller sluices run into or pumped up to higher levels, called condensers. Here it remains until the evaporation raises the density to that of brine, and by this time it has lost many impurities (such as lime) which, as the water gets dense, are deposited. Then the manager knows by testing with a hydrometer that the brine is ready for the crystallizers, and it is pumped up into them. By regular pumping the brine is let into and kept in the crystallizers, which have already had their bottoms levelled at a uniform depth, and as the evaporation goes on the water becomes too dense to hold the salt and deposits it in beautiful crystals on the bottom, forming a layer several inches thick. Again using the hydrometer the manager knows when the water has lost all the salt it will give up in a pure state, and when this point is reached the remaining water is drained off. This residue is called mother-liquor, and contains magnesium, sulphates, chlorides, potassium, etc. These impurities would be deposited on top of the salt and make it impure if the mother-liquor were not drained off at the right time. Thus pure salt only is obtained.

The salt is then harvested by shovelling it up into casks, which give the crystallizers the appearance of a multiplied camp. When the salt has drained in the casks it is barrowed out into the stacks of several hundreds of tons each. The stacks are then thatched, to prevent the rain from dissolving the salt. The company has also a refinery, in which the salt is dissolved in water, and again evaporated in iron pans, by artificial heat. In this way a beautiful white and superior salt is obtained. A refinery has also been erected to dry and crush the crude crystals; it is here that the fine table salt is made.

Just as it is, as bay salt, it is used largely for packing meat for export and preserving meat and rabbits, sheep, cattle; for glazing bricks and pottery and other purposes.—Philadelphia Record.

Heartburnings About Bonnets.

The distinguished lady writer whom we know as Mrs. Leith Adams (Mrs. de Courcy Laffan) has another good London bus story for her friends. Her usual place on a bus, it may be presumed, is in front "Yes, lady," said the driver on one of these recent hot days. "Baby and Smiler" is a fine pair of asses as you'll see anywhere. But "Smiler" has a jealous mind—an "other day he thought as 'Baby'—at was a bit tastier than his'n. So when we left 'em standing he'd ate hers all or her'd before we could get back. That's 'Smiler' all over, that is—but he's a grand 'oss all the same!"—London Chronicle.

## GRAND VAST

A Yellow Land, the Count Gold rapidly else as in York

But India and China are not the only countries which absorb gold without ever giving it back again. As a matter of fact, in all countries there is a tendency on the part of coined gold to get out of sight and stay hidden. This is a subject which has occupied the students of finance in all lands, and there have been many analyses of the different causes for the disappearance of gold. Yet, with the most ingenious explanations, the problem always has remained a very interesting one. Our own treasury officials have given it a good deal of study.

Of the vast amount of gold that is annually mined and put into circulation, there always remains a heavy balance unaccounted for, even after all allowances have been made for use in the arts, for loss by friction and for what would seem a fair amount to charge to loss by fire, by being sunk in deep waters and by hoarding.

Our treasury officials, according to Mr. Hurley, estimate that there is used in the arts annually, in gilding, in electroplating and similar operations which withdraw gold from possibility of other use, probably not less than \$10,000,000 worth of gold.

Then there is the use of solid gold in jewelry and plate. This in reality is not an actual withdrawal of gold, for it can be remelted and coined. Still, the handling of the metal in the process of manufacturing these articles and the handling of them after they are made are sources of very considerable loss from friction, under which gold, because of its softness, loses weight sometimes with startling rapidity. It is estimated that gold for these purposes is used every year to the amount of fully \$50,000,000. This, with the amount, \$10,000,000 used in the arts, makes an annual total of \$60,000,000 in these two directions alone. Then there is to be added the uncertain and smaller, yet by no means inconsiderable amount of gold lost every year by fire, shipwreck and carelessness.

"Since the resumption of specie payments in '87," says Mr. Hurley, "treasury officials estimate that \$300,000,000 in gold has disappeared from circulation." The Bank of England is said to be poorer by \$400,000,000 in gold than it was in 1887. France reports an immense decrease in gold coined and in reserve, and other countries have similar stories to tell. An inquiry recently set afoot by our treasury department showed that the holdings in gold of the national banks on April 26 were \$196,769,872. The treasury holdings on May 1 were \$426,989,371, the two items aggregating \$623,759,243. The estimate for May 1 was \$1,943,325,117, which left \$129,000,000 to be accounted for as held by state and private banks, trust companies, and in safes, tills, pockets and hoards.

"A large amount of gold is taken out of the country by travelers. One tourist agency receives from travelers from \$100,000 to \$150,000 per year and turns it into the Bank of England.

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search for gold in the mountains of India and China devote most of their energies to keeping it out of circulation.

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weather order of converse of w ordinary English as our represent investigating the American spend trip to Europe than on, a tour in his nation the English visitor to expenses of living was The Englishman, theref chooses Ireland, which creasing in popularity, ma continent. He is not espec meet now in France, but he meet with insult. The reason rious. Not only London but the tinent is crowded with Americans the French will not insult an Eng man for fear he might turn out to an American. It is a little humiliat that, like one of our kings, we owe our immunity to the presence of other Richmonds in the field.—London Chronicle.

Slow, But Sure.

George Resoner of Muncie, Ind., recently received a five-cent check from the treasury department at Washington, D. C., in payment of an excess settlement made by him fourteen years ago, when he was postmaster at Wheeling, a small town four miles northwest of this city. At that time Resoner made his usual monthly report and settlement through the Cincinnati office. He sent in five cents too much once, but did not know of it until recently, when the check came, accompanied by a letter of explanation. This was the first time Resoner ever knew he had given Uncle Sam too much money. He says the government will still be indebted on its accounts to the Wheeling postoffice, for he does not intend to cash the check, but will have it framed and hung in his home as a souvenir of Uncle Sam's squareness and honesty.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

That Old Dispute.

"Well, after all," she said, "you men can't get around one fact when you try to make out that man's woman's intellectual superior. You admit that it was a woman who caused the first man's downfall. Now, if that doesn't show intellectual superiority on the part of the lady, I'd like to know why. If the man had been above her mentally, how could she have accomplished his overthrow? If he was her superior why didn't he—"

"Pardon me" the man interrupted, "you haven't started quite far enough back. As in all such cases, there was another fellow around to put her up to it."

After which she scorned him and entered into conversation with a boy at the other side of the room.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Prussia does not permit cremation, but does not forbid the export of corpses to Bremen, Hamburg, Hessa, or Tauringia, where they can be burned.

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Scared the Surveyors.

A crowd of United States surveyors and allotting agents were recently working in the reservation of the Comanche Indians, surveying, establishing cornerstones and getting everything ready to divide the land in quarter sections. The Indians did not take very kindly to the division and allotment of their land, and seeing that the whites were scared, they decided to act. The surveyors were all tender-foot from Washington. Suddenly, without warning, their camp was invaded by a yelling, shooting band of 500 Indians in war paint and feathers. The surveying party could not stand the pressure and started out for the settlements along the Texas line, and kept up their flight, pursued by the Indians, until they crossed the state line. Then they telegraphed to state line. Then they telegraphed to Fort Sill and the commander there sent out a large cavalry force to protect the surveyors. The general supposition is that a lot of cowboys and young bucks played a practical joke.—Argonaut.