

The Newberry Herald and News.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

NEWBERRY, S. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1903

TWICE A WEEK, \$.50 A YEAR

30 Days Bargains. UP-TO-DATE CLOTHING Down in Prices. 30 Days Bargains.

EVERY Clothing Merchant is pressing for your patronage--we alone are worthy of it. Every suit of Clothing you buy from us is fully 20 per cent. cheaper than elsewhere. So bright and snappy is our Spring and Summer Line it seems like the sunshine has been woven into the fabrics, and our prices are as thoroughly shrunken as the woolens from which our Clothing is made.

Friday, April 17, the great 30 day opportunity begins and you can't afford to miss it. 200 Suits piled on bargain counter at prices never named before. 8,000 dollars worth of Brand New Clothing, Shoes and Gent's Furnishings just landed. Prosperity Values and Poverty Prices for the next 30 days at the Big Corner Store.

Grand Display of Straw and Felt Hats. The Latest Creations Priced to Suit Every One.

Big Shipment Queen Quality Shoes and Oxfords-- The Latest Shapes Combined With Best Workmanship--The Shoe For Ladies. TAKE NO OTHER. BETTER CAN'T BE FOUND.

Children's Suits--Prettiest Line Ever Shown. Remember the Store for Smart Dressers. There's Only One. Come to See Us.

The Two Corners.

SUMMER BROS.

The Two Corners.

REMINISCENCES OF NEWBERRY.

Former Newberryman, Now of Texas, Writes Interestingly Of The Days of "No More"--The Newberry of Old.

My last closed with "true bill, Daniel Goggans, foreman." In a Herald and News, sent me by my old friend Dr. S. G. Welch, was the story of Mrs. Hun Herbert, so well remembered by wife and me as a sprightly, handsome girl, and also one of Goggans' daughters, upon which I involuntarily exclaimed, "True Bill, Daniel Goggans, foreman." Afterwards I saw "Ex-Confed's" account of its origin, which may be true; but I think it came from the fact that Goggans was often on the grand jury, and his known common sense, stern uprightness of character, and fine qualities as a citizen, caused him to be made foreman--and that thus the affirmation rose.

A certain squad of mischievous young men, (they may have been "Ex-Confed's" crowd), rooked the log house in which two women lived, and as they charged they sang this battle cry,

"Hail Columbia, happy land,
If I don't kill you I'll be d---d!"

The grand jury viewed the case; result, "True bill, Daniel Goggans, foreman," (doubtless.) The court interviewed them: result, guilty and sentence of several months in jail, by Judge O'Neill. I don't think they ever forgave the good old Judge. They had a rollicking time in the debtor's room in the old jail, a peculiar old gent Frank Price being jailor; they afterwards became good citizens and energetic, progressive men.

In the days of "no more" was the circus, pure and simple--no side show, barnacles--the tents of tiny proportions, compared with those of the present day; pitched usually in Thos. Pratt's spring lot, lighted with tallow candles, in wooden circular chandeliers; clowns irresistibly comic; cute tricks of ponies, etc., etc. The kids thought everything magnificent, brilliant, bewitching, side-splitting. With it Dan Rice's negro minstrels. Here are some of the verses that linger in my memory:

"Walk in Sambo, don't stand dar a shaking,
De peas in de pot, and de hoe cake a baking."

"O Rose, de coal black Rose,
I wish I may be shooted--if I don't lub Rose."

"Old Zip con's a mitey apt scholar--
(three times)
Possum up de gum stump, cooney in de holler."

"One day I walk in Adams street,
Dis lubly creeter I did meet;
I wink, she blink, like a bag of sut,
Rose the whites ob her eyes, and gib a great strut;

So clear de kitchen old folks, young folks,
Clear de kitchen young folks, old folks,
Ole Vir--gin--ny neber tire!"

Then Rice's popular song:
"First upon de heel, den upon de toe,
And every time I wheel about I do jis so,
Wheel about, an turn about, I jump Jim Crow."

Oh, how the urchins tried circus tricks! Every little fellow that had melody in his soul made the echoes ring with these songs.

In my last, going from the Baker grove, I jumped to the Gum Spring. I love to linger around the grove where Baker preached. His powers over the emotions of an audience were unsurpassed since the days of Whitefield.

As we go up the road to the Black Jack we meet wagoner Spence, driving his fine six horse team, the four front ones, each with a chime of bells, and as he cracks his whip, sprinkles off a little shower of bell ringing and goes melodiously on his way.

Next we are at the Black Jack, famous in its day as the stopping place of immense droves of Kentucky hogs, horses and mules. Big Dave Boozar, who afterwards blow off the top of his head, reigned supreme. He was a sharp, keen trader, a jolly laughier. He also merchan-dised and sold liquor, much to the sorrow of the good women and children and brought misery to many a poor family. He prospered and became rich was esteemed a good citizen. The many poor women and children above alluded to might well have said:

"Tell me I hate the bowl,
Hate is a feeble word,
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
By strong distrust, is stirred,
When'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell."

Passing on by the Beth Eden road we see on the left a double pine tree, said to have been a famous deer stand, and at which Col. Pat Caldwell was often.

Now we are at the famous Gum Spring. Hail, bubbling silver spring, gently flowing! How often we have slaked our thirst with its pellucid waters! How much better than imbibing the "dark beverages of hell!" Alcohol is only as the spur to a tired horse; we can only keep up our force by rest and sleep.

Next on the right we see the dwelling of long Jimmie Sloan and his most excellent wife, Jennie. He

had a sure robust common sense and re-ctitude of Christ. She was of the excellent of the earth. I had a kind affection for them and often visited them. I boarded with them while going to school to Mr. Galloway at Head Springs, also Dr. G. W. Glenn and his nephews, Thos. C. and Jeff E. Brown, two lovely and intelligent little fellows. Wash was strict upon them, and I proposed the next time he was hard on them, that we would pitch into him; luckily we didn't pitch, for Wash would have worn us out. Mr. Sloan and my father had been Covenanters and warm friends and when my mother came to pay my board, he would have none of it.

While here Mr. Galloway appeared with his bride nee Miss Martha Speers. She had rare intellectual attainments and unfeigned piety. "Love, sweetness and goodness in her person shined."

Long Jimmy was a pious man. After supper he would sit in a chair, leaning against the wall, sleep for an hour, then wake up and have family prayer.

Passing through a strip of woods, on the left we see the grave of He-ferison, a suicide. There was more than ordinary cruelty of death and forgetfulness about that grave so desolate.

"To die, to sleep--
To sleep, perchance to dream. Aye!
there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil."

On the next hill was the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Kellar. She belonged to that true blue Presbyterian Scotch Irish family--the Glasgows--and was a worthy representative of them.

Opposite Kellar's stands Head Springs (A. R. P.) Seeceder Church. Here worshipped my fathers and here I belonged. "I think the herb of grace grows strongest and sweetest in country churches." As I think of it, hallowed memories and purer aspirations stir to life in my heart. Fathers and mothers can give their children no better gift, no dearer heritage than constant associations with a church. What we put in their hands may vanish. What we put in their hearts, will live after us and in them. They who have been taught in their young days to attend some one church regularly, have one of the sweetest luxuries the heart can enjoy. Here our highest impulses are developed, our most sacred hopes formed. "Wherever he may roam, old music, old faces, teachings and associations will be wafted by some

random drift of recollection, from none knows where, to soothe, warm, illuminate his heart softly, like a gentle potent benediction."

"Twas a long plain weather boarded church, all the appointments primitive, with the pulpit in the end, one aisle, hard comfortless benches. The congregation was of sturdy men and comely women; they were a good looking, substantial, re-posed people with honest front and amiable meaning.

Thos. A. Janvier in Harper's Magazine, says that in 1650, deacons, elders and parsons in Connecticut, with a clear conscience owned slaves and branded them like cattle; and the pious old gents made their slaves attend worship, following at a respectful distance behind them and sit in the "nigger's pew." So at Head Spring a few negroes, "not branded," occupied their appropriate place in rear of the congregation.

But negroes in a Presbyterian church reminded me of old Mose and his Master. Mose had been a Presbyterian. Attending a big meeting, he joined the M. E. Church, whereupon his Master said: "How's this, you joined the M. E. Church? I brought you up better." Mose replied: "Yes Massa, dat's so; de Presbyterian people am a mitey fine people, and de church am a mitey fine church, but Massa don't you think it am powerful 'dismal' for a nigger?"

The first preacher I remember there was the Rev. Sam P. Pressly, of whom Curwile in his reminiscences gives a good sketch. He lived in town on Caldwell Street, opposite Chancellor Johnstone, his warm friend. He was a medium sized man. He had wonderful power over his congregations both in and out of the pulpit. He cultivated right living rather than creed. In his sermons he sounded the deep places of the heart. He had a certain quality of persuasiveness that had all the essentials of true eloquence. He had a warm heart full of gentle kindness, genuine sympathy, and his smile was a benediction. He was fond of music and played well on the violin. He was of too catholic a spirit to endorse close communion as then practiced by the Seeceders. Take him all in all, Newberry never had a purer, abler, better man than Sam. P. Pressly.

I love to linger about Head Springs, but must stop now, but will hereafter resume.

Have just learned that my excellent friend, Thos. W. Holloway, has passed over the river, the mystic river. He was a good, useful citi-

zen, whom I remember very kindly. "Soon--but by gradual steps across the blue,
The regal sun will steal from east to west;
So year by year, from youth's brave morn and noon,
Life cools into its sunset unawares."

Adieu!
J. M. Croston,
Houston, Texas,
3518 Travis St.

SOUTH CAROLINA NEWS.
Items of More or Less Interest Condensed in the State.

A negro convict in Abbeville county who went in swimming with his shackles on was entangled by them and drowned. A companion convict who was with him lost consciousness but was revived.

The Christian Crusaders, who have been conducting a three months' meeting in Spartanburg, have closed. It is reported they accomplished much good in the city, especially in the tenderloin section.

By a vote of 313 to 176 Greenwood on Monday for the fifth time refused a dispensary.

Somewhat of a sensation was caused in Spartanburg last week by the finding of bloody tools in a marble yard. One theory is that a murderer was committed and the body carried away. Another that the whole affair was a hoax.

Allendale is to have a new oil mill, the work to be commenced on the first day of May. Savannah capital is behind the project.

The marriage of Miss Tillie Clancy Mand, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Odell, of Beaufort, and who is now playing a star engagement in San Francisco, has been announced to Thomas Cornelius Doremus, the son of the eminent New York chemist.

John Shaver, aged about 70 years, was shot and killed six miles from Johnston on Monday by Rufus Durst, a young man. It seems that Durst wanted Shaver's son to work in his field. Shaver wanted his son to do something else, and he' words, resulting in the shooting, ensued.

The growing and shipping of strawberries has become a paying industry in Marion county.

Last week Dr. E. H. Gasque, of Marion, and all the members of his immediate family were severely stricken from the effects of poison in food, supposed to have been in a vanilla extract.

A good sized eagle was captured at Congaree a few days ago. The eagle became entangled in a trout line.

Alonzo Pike, a white man, seriously cut a negro at Florence on Saturday night. The negro had run in to the white man on a bicycle.

J. N. Howard, a factor claiming to be traveling agent of the Curtis Publishing Co., secured about 75 subscriptions in Columbia to the Saturday Evening Post. The subscribers have received no paper and the publishers have received no subscriptions, but Howard received the money.

Thomas H. Enbanks, a prominent farmer and citizen of near Socastee, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor on Sunday morning. No cause assigned. Was 45, and leaves a wife and one child.

The identity of the man found in the Ashley River, at Charleston, last week, with two bullet wounds in his head, has not yet been discovered. The general impression is that he was a suicide.

Warrants have been issued in Anderson for the arrest of J. W. Poeser, an insurance agent who last winter claimed he was collecting for the Pennsylvania Casualty Company, and got money which the company has never received. There is also a warrant for Poeser in Greenville.

The alleged preacher Clifton has been released from the Greenville county jail, where he has served out a sentence of ninety days for petit larceny. He was furnished a ticket for Washington, where he has a relative.

There were two efforts to burn the Duncan Methodist Church in Spartanburg last week. A protracted meeting was in progress and the would after service be firebugs entered the back door.

During an electric storm at Union on Sunday night several buildings were struck by lightning, but there were no fatalities.

Mayor J. M. Sullivan, of Anderson, has gone to Atlanta where on Wednesday he was married to Miss Harriet Dubose, formerly a teacher at Anderson.

Prof. Harper, the teacher who was shot by one of his pupils at Lowndesville recently, is out and has resumed his duties.

Constable L. C. Knox, who shot T. P. Vernon in the Olympia mill village in Columbia last February, was acquitted by a jury this week.

An election was held in Anderson on Tuesday upon the question of issuing \$25,000 worth of street improvement bonds and \$15,000 worth of bonds for the erection of a new school building. Both carried by a majority of nearly four to one.

In a heavy storm on Monday a tenement house in which wore a negro woman and her baby two weeks old was totally demolished, but no harm done to the mother and the child.

Miss Elinor Courtney, who has spent the past four years in Alaska, has returned to her home in Edgefield. She has been absent for ten years.

A negro has been arrested in Darlington for horse stealing. He went about it in a systematic way, hiring himself to different farmers, gaining their confidence and then stealing their horses.

The Columbia plumbers and tinners went out on a strike Tuesday. They say they don't know what they are striking for, and the public seems to have the impression that they are telling the truth.

In a wreck of the Southern's fast mail flyer near Lexington, N. C., Monday, the engineer was killed and the fireman has not been seen since.

Jonathan Felt, a prominent citizen, was found dead in a clump of bushes near Marianna, Fla., Sunday. He had been turkey hunting. Accident or murder.

A young man in Brooks, Ga., Ivy Dampier, committed suicide on Tuesday, and on the same day a young lady in Savannah, to whom he is said to have been engaged, attempted suicide. There was a warrant for Dampier for seduction.

The National Association of Manufacturers, representing several hundreds of millions of American capital, began at New Orleans on Tuesday. President Parry in his annual address opposed labor unions, saying that "organized labor knows but one law--that of physical force, the law of the Huns and Vandals, the law of the savage."

Grover Cleveland, in an address delivered in the concert hall of Madison Square Garden, New York, on Tuesday night, the meeting being held in the interest of Booker Washington's school, said that the solution of the negro problem rests on Southern shoulders, that instinct has social equality, that those who will lift the bars must stand next to it.