

**THE UNION TIMES**

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1915.

**CHILDHOOD'S PRAYER.**

The fire upon the hearth is low,  
And there is stillness everywhere;  
Like troubled spirits, here and there

The firelight shadows uttering go,  
And as the shadows round me creep,  
A childish treble breaks the gloom  
And softly from a farther room  
Come, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, some how, with that little prayer  
And that sweet treble in my ears,  
My thought goes back to distant years

And lingers with a dear one there,  
And as I hear the child's amen,  
My mother's faith comes back to me—

Crouched at her side I seem to be,  
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place  
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!  
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!  
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!

Yet, as the shadows round me creep  
I do not seem to be alone—  
Magic of that treble tone—  
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."  
Eugene Field.

President Wilson's message to congress, delivered Dec. 6, is a masterpiece. It is the expression of principles and ideals that are fundamental in our Democracy. So impressed are we with the message that we will publish the whole message in next week's Times, thus giving every reader an opportunity to read it for himself.

You will see by our "S. O. S." column, published elsewhere in this issue of The Times, that many of our friends have remembered us. There are yet many more who could renew and not be hurt. We feel sure many will do so during December. The united little sums will make up a big sum, and that will help us greatly.

The Herald and News, of Newberry, is to be congratulated upon the splendid special edition which was gotten out last week. The paper contained fifty-six pages, and a worthy thing about it was that the reading matter was most excellent. It is a boost for Newberry and Newberry county that will have great influence. The edition was in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the life of the paper. Best wishes to you, gentlemen!

On Tuesday evening of this week there was a membership meeting of the Chamber of Commerce. The meeting was large and developed great enthusiasm. Plans for immediately beginning the campaign for subscriptions in membership fees were made. On the two days following this campaign has been pressed. And the results have been most gratifying. Indeed, it has been a sweeping victory so far, and it may be said, with assurance, that the Union Chamber of Commerce is now about to be placed upon a solid financial basis. We believe this is one of the best moves Union's business men have made in many years.

**A WARNING.**

We do not relish telling people of their faults; in fact, we try to find something good, rather than something evil, to say always. We do not now pose as a guardian of thoughtless people, nor do we assume that everybody is an idiot who does not follow our advice. But we speak a word of warning to the reckless automobile drivers, and we speak it in good faith and with good will. There is entirely too much careless driving, too much reckless driving going on in and outside of the corporate limits for the public good. The public safety is jeopardized by the fast drivers. The danger is one that is increasing almost daily, as the number of automobiles increases. We feel sure that nine out of ten owners of cars are blameless; they use due care, and they are quite willing to cooperate in any movement looking to the just regulation of speed. It is the tenth man, the hair-brained, wild man, indifferent to the rights of others, perhaps vicious enough to care nothing for others—he is the man causing the trouble. He is fast travelling to his downfall, and if he be open to reason he will take warning. The public has reached its uttermost limit of patience in the treatment it is receiving from him.

**CAPTAIN CHARLES WESLEY BOYD.**

Of the 15th South Carolina Regiment, C. S. A.

By Mrs. L. J. Hames.  
Some years after the Civil war in speaking of the Confederate soldiers, Major General Hooker of the United States Army said: "Search the world over, and you will find nothing like them." How true this is of the brave sons of Union county, particularly so of Captain Charles Boyd, husband of our esteemed honorary member, Mrs. Maria Boyd.

I shall not attempt to write an article on this noble man, but read a beautiful tribute written by Professor Menns Davis, a classmate and friend of Captain Boyd.

Charles Wesley Boyd was born at Walterboro, S. C., March 27th, 1835. His father, Dr. Robert Boyd, was a physician at the time, but afterwards gave up his practice to enter the ministry of the Methodist church, in which he spent many fruitful years; being well known in various parts of the State as a preacher of force, and a man of weight in his church.

The Boyds were Scotch Irish, having come to this country from the north of Ireland, but originally from Kilmarnock, in Scotland, a branch of the family having once been in possession of the castle of that name.

Charles was a second son and one of a large family of children. He was sent to the preparatory school at Cokesbury, and from there entered the South Carolina college. Here he took high mark as a student from the first. He became a member of the Euphradian society, and in his junior year took the medal in that society for oratory. In his senior year he took a medal given by the college for an essay on Sir James Mackintosh. He graduated from the college. He then went to Germany to the University of Cottengen, where he maintained a high stand, graduating after two years with the degree of doctor of laws.

Mr. James Lowndes, in an address at an alumni banquet held in Charleston a year or two ago, speaks of him as follows: "I cannot close these remarks without performing the pious office of bearing my witness to the remarkable ability of Charles Boyd. I shall always remember the attic nights in his little room in a far-away German university town, where he dazzled his companions by his learning and ability. It was an evil day when he fell at Chancellorsville in the front of the battle."

He returned home in 1858 and studied law at Union, in the office of Judge Goudebeck, whose second daughter, Maria, he married.

He began the practice of law at Union in partnership with Judge William Wallace, in conjunction with whom he edited the "Union Times."

In 1860 he threw himself heart and soul into the secession movement, and made political speeches throughout his county. He went to the coast at the opening of hostilities in 1861, was made orderly sergeant, and was present at the taking of Fort Sumter.

He went to Virginia with Gregg's First regiment, and when it was disbanded, returned to Union, where he raised a company, received a captain's commission and joined the Fifteenth South Carolina regiment.

He was with his command throughout the campaign in Virginia until he was killed at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 2nd, 1863.

When Colonel DeSaussure was informed of his death he said: "Cover him with the regimental flag, for his are the shoulders that should have borne it."

General Kershaw said: "Our State has sustained a great loss."

Thus passed away in the full tide and promise of his youth one of South Carolina's most loyal sons.

In estimating a man's character it is always illuminative to know the impression made by his presence upon his contemporaries. The impression made by Captain Boyd on the fellow college students and friends in after-life seems well expressed by the famous phrase of Matthew Arnold, "Sweetness and light." He was a born student, a lover of art and literature, a brilliant conversationalist, and withal, so genial and urbane, so kindly and sincere that wherever he came men, women and children were at once his friends.

Under normal conditions he would never have chosen the career of a soldier. War, with its hardships and turmoil, its suffering and bloodshed, was abhorrent to him. But he was endowed with the highest order of courage, and an unwavering devotion to duty, and wherever duty called he went without question. He believed firmly in the righteousness of the South's cause, and in the obligation of each one of her sons to give himself freely for it. His was not the enthusiasm of the young and ambitious soldier who goes into battle to achieve name and fame for himself, but the heroism of a martyr, who leaving wife and children behind, offers himself upon the altar of his country's need.

There came to mind the beautiful, solemn lines of a ballad in Faust: "Blest he who dies in battle's splendor," and the old adage of the Greeks: "Those whom the gods love die young," and certainly there are worse fates for a man than to be spared the inevitable disappointments and disillusionments of life, and to die a noble death in the full flush and glory of his youth. But there is another side to the question, in the lives of such men as Captain Boyd, the South even more than in her impoverishment and defeat, paid a fearful debt to destiny. The old order has passed away. It is hard for us now to realize the hopes

and fears, the wild enthusiasm of the generation which went forth to fight the war of secession. But the heroism of those who took part in that struggle should never be forgotten. No prouder heritage is possible than the South's memory of the men and women who bore gladly and bravely its dangers and losses, and last and more than all its bereavements."

Captain Charles Boyd's portrait hung in the South Carolina university hall, but when Sherman burned Columbia, this picture was destroyed.

**OAKLAND**

Oakland, Dec. 7.—Amid the hardships and cares of this life there is a time when the tiniest streak of light will do a world of good towards gladdening a soul whose inclination and environment seems to be nothing short of melancholy or despondency and no better time is to be had than Christmas to impart to your friends and acquaintances some token of your friendship. So the time is not long off and why not try and make it convenient to gladden as many hearts as we possibly can by letting them know in some way or other that we still think of them. It doesn't take the costliest presents to bring the sweetest joys of Christmas to a person. No, not in the least, for, if it did there would be but few homes made happy. The recipient of valuable presents sometimes value them for their worth only and not for the source from whence they come.

The Upper Fair Forest Sunday school is making preparations to have a Christmas tree again this Christmas and it is hoped that all parties mutually concerned will come together and make it the best yet.

At a meeting held at Oakland school house last Thursday night in behalf of the School Improvement association two very interesting and beneficial talks were presented to the small crowd present by Mr. Brown of Newberry, who is State organizer of night schools in the mill villages and Superintendent of Education James H. Hope of Union. Both these gentlemen discussed most every phase of the school and school life and in conclusion spoke very favorably and encouragingly as to the schools' future.

There is quite a bit of moving being done in our community this fall. Mr. W. C. Fincher, who has been a resident here for the past 33 years and whom we esteem most highly as one of our best neighbors, moved yesterday to his new home near Bonham station. Mr. Fincher is one of the county's best citizens and we regret very much that he has moved from our midst, but still we are pleased to know that Mr. Fincher has not moved entirely away from this section.

Mr. J. E. Hord and family from near Buffalo moved to this community today and will tend the plantation owned by Mr. J. D. Arthur of Union.

Mrs. F. M. Barnett of Union is having quite a lot of new repair work done to her old home, preparatory for moving into it in a short while.

Mr. J. E. Gault has bought Mr. W. C. Finch's interest in the Oakland telephone line and will install a 'phone in his residence this week.

Mrs. J. B. Miller, who has been suffering with rheumatism for the past two weeks is still in a very helpless condition.

The many friends of Mrs. J. W. Adams will be pleased to know that she is able to be up again after suffering a several weeks' illness.

Ah, now, Moxey, my dear friend, please don't get it into your head that I am a "quitter"; not much of that yet. Neb.

Instead of trying to dodge temptation some people worry because it dodges them.

**Have Your Eyes Examined and Glasses Fitted**

**DR. CRIMM**

Will remain in his Union office until Saturday Evening, Dec. 11th.

Will be in Lockhart next Monday, One Day Only at Hames House.

Will be in Jonesville, Tuesday, Dec. 14th, one day only at Hotel.

**NOTICE**

**To Undertakers and Others.**

Notice is hereby given that in future no one, whether owners of lots or not, will be allowed burial in the Methodist cemetery without special permit from trustees of church property.

S. M. Rice,  
J. D. Arthur,  
J. Wesley Greer,  
L. J. Hames,  
M. B. Sumner,  
Trustees Grace Church.

**For Rent**

One Store Room; just the size for small Grocery, Beef Market, Barber Shop, etc. Up-to-date place and only \$15 rent. See H. L. Pool, in Smith's Block.

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**TINSLEY'S**

**NOTICE TO KINDRED AND CREDITORS.**

State of South Carolina, County of Union.  
By Hon. W. W. Johnson, Judge of Probate.

Whereas J. M. Gault has made suit to me to grant him Letters of Administration on the Estate and effects of W. H. Gault, deceased.

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said W. H. Gault, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Union C. H., South Carolina, on the 21st day of December, next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal this 8d day of November, Anno Domini 1915.

W. W. Johnson,  
Probate Judge.  
Published on the 3rd day of Dec., 1915, in the Union Times. 49-2

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visitors will find our furniture ideal in design and full of comfort promise. Our desks, rockers, chairs, beds, etc., are all built on the plan of comfort, durability and beauty. It is furniture that soon becomes like an old friend. And like old friends they wear well. See the exhibit and note the values.

For High Grade Furniture see **W. H. BURRIS** UNION, S. C.

If it is true, as the St. Louis Post-Dispatch asserts, that woman is now "the equal of man in every particular," it certainly was the deuce of a comedown.—The State.  
But the hen that sits on a china egg is better off.

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**KAHN Tailored Clothes**

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