

The News and Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1902.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

MEMORIAL DAY.

The following piece was written by Lewis S. Henderson, of Newberry, whose mother was Miss Eliza Milling, of this county. It is published by request:

The people of Newberry are coming
To the front, as they always do,
To honor the Confederate soldiers
That were killed by the boys in blue;
The boys that are sleeping and shrouded
In the old time Confederate gray,
Shall receive the respect of our country
On this memorial day.

The day set apart by the people,
The day of which you often have
read,
The day to prepare our flowers
For our Confederate dead.

The day for us all to remember
The day that is sacred we say,
The day that brings to our memory
The heroes who died in the gray.

Then let us assemble and praise them,
"Tis all that we mortals can do,
And trust our heavenly father,
For he already has carried them
through,
And bade them enter his kingdom,
That kingdom that fairer than day,
And be healed of the wounds that be-
fell them,
While in Confederate gray.

Then let us go forward this morning
To the place where our soldier boys
rest,
And lay our garlands gently
Over their upturned breast,
And ask a blessing from heaven
To come down upon us to-day,
While we breathe with flowers the
places
Where our Southern heroes lay.

And while we praise the departed,
We shall not forget the ones who
Are still here with us in Dixie,
After serving their country so true;
They deserve a part of our praises
And a part of the flowers so fair;
To be plucked from the soil of Dixie
For our surviving heroes to wear.

Then let us observe the occasion,
Memorial days are but few,
And we don't have the pleasure so
often
Of paying our tributes to
The boys who fought for old Dixie
Both those who are living and they,
Who gave their lives for their country,
We'll remember them well to-day.

W. W. BULWER.

Horrors of Volcanic Outburst as Told
in Famous Novel About Pompeii

The horror of a terrible volcanic eruption is vividly portrayed by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton in his novel, "Last Days of Pompeii," from historical material embellished into a running story. He writes as follows of the eruption of Vesuvius, which, in 79 A. D., destroyed the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum:

The eyes of the crowd beheld, with ineffable dismay, a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine tree; the trunk, blackness—the branches fire!—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare!

Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; and, beyond in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more and the mountain cloud seemed to roll toward them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning vines—over the de la te streets—over the amphitheatre itself—far and wide—with many a mighty splash on the agitated sea—fell that awful shower!

Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen—amidst groans, and oaths, and prayers, and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth. Whither should they fly? Some, anticipating a second earthquake, hastened to their homes to load themselves with their most costly goods and escape while it was yet time; others, dreading the showers of ashes that fell fast, torrent upon torrent, over the streets, rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses, or temples, or sheds—shelter of any kind—for protection from the terrors of the open air. But darker and larger and mightier spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly night rushing upon the realm of noon.

And the other horrors the mighty mountain now cast up columns of boiling water. Blent

and kneaded with the half-burn- ing ashes, the streams fell like seething mud over the streets in frequent intervals. And full, where the priests of Isis had now covered around the altars, on which they had vainly sought to kindle fires and pour incense, one of the fiercest of these deadly torrents, mingled with immense fragments of scoria, had poured its rage. Over the bearded forms of the priests it dashed; that cry had been of death—that silence had been of eternity! The ashes—the pitch stream—sprinkled the altars, covered the pavement and half concealed the quivering corpses of the priests!

Meanwhile the streets were already thinned; the crowd had hastened to disperse itself under shelter; the ashes began to fill up the lower parts of the town; but here and there you heard the steps of fugitives cranking them warily or saw their pale and haggard faces by the blue glare of the lightning, or the more unsteady glare of torches, by which they endeavored to steer their steps. But ever and anon the boiling water or the straggling ashes, mysterious and gusty winds, rising and dying in a breath, extinguished these wandering lights, and with them the last living hope of those who bore them.

The fugitives hurried on; they gained the gate; they passed by the Roman sentry; the lightning flashed over his livid face and polished helmet, but his stern features were composed even in their awe! He remained erect and motionless at his post. That hour itself had not animated the machine of the ruthless majesty of Rome into the reasoning and self-acting man. There he stood, amid the crashing elements; he had not received the permission to desert his station and escape.

The cloud which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivalled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky—now of a snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent—now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch—then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

In the pauses of the showers you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimics of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurrying one upon the other and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abysses of shade; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the substantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes—the agents of terror and of death.

The ashes in many places were already knee deep, and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor. In some places immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and as the day advanced the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt—the footing seemed to slide and creep—nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

The groans of the dying were broken by wild shrieks of women's terror—now near, now distant—

which, when heard in the utter darkness, were rendered doubly appalling by the crushing sense of helplessness and the uncertainty of the perils around; and clear and distinct through all were the mighty and various noises from the fatal mountain; its rushing winds; its whirling torrents; and, from time to time, the burst and roar of some more fiery and fierce explosion. And ever as the winds swept howling along the street they bore sharp streams of burning dust and such sickening and poisonous vapors as took away, for the instant, breath and consciousness, followed by a rapid revulsion of the arrested blood and a tingling sensation of agony trembling through every nerve and fibre of the frame.

Suddenly the place became lighted with an intense and lurid glow. Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around it like the walls of hell, the mountain shone—a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two, or rather, above its surface there seemed to rise two monster shapes, each confronting each, as demons contending for a world. These were of one deep blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere far and wide; but below the nether part of the mountain was still dark and shrouded, save in three places, adown which flowed, serpentine and irregular rivers of the molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of their banks they flowed slowly on, as toward the devoted city. Over the broadest there seemed to spring a cragged and stupendous arch, from which, as from the jaws of hell, gushed the sources of the Sudden Phlegethon. And through the stifled air was heard the rattling of the fragments of rock, hurtling one upon another as they were borne down the fiery cata- racts—darkening for one instant the spot where they fell, and suffused the next in the burnished hues of the flood along which they floated!

And meekly, softly, beautifully dawned at last the light over the trembling deep!—the winds were sinking into rest—the foam died from the glowing azure of that delicious sea. Around the east thin mists caught gradually the rosy hues that heralded the morning; Light was about to resume her reign. Yet, still, dark and massive in the distance, lay the broken fragments of the destroying cloud, from which red streaks, burning dimlier and more dim, betrayed the yet rolling fires of the mountain of the "Scorched Fields." The white walls and gleaming columns that had adorned the lovely coasts were no more. Sullen and dull were the shore so lately crested by the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii! The darlings of the deep were snatched from her embrace!

Happy Time in Old Town.

"We felt very happy," writes R. N. Beville, Old Town, Va., "when Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured our daughter of a bad case of scald head." It de- lights all who use it for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Bruises, Boils, Ulcers, Eruptions. Infalible for Piles. Only 25c at McMaster Co.'s drug store.

A Pair of Socks.

A bachelor, says an exchange bought a pair of socks and found attached to one of them a paper with these words: "I'm a young lady of twenty and would like to correspond with a view to matrimony." Name and address were given. The bachelor wrote and in a few days got this letter: "Mama was married twenty years ago. The merchant from whom you bought those socks evidently did not advertise or he would have sold them before. My mother landed me your letter and said possibly I might suit you. I am eighteen."

My little son had an attack of whooping cough and was threatened with pneumonia; but for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy we would have had a serious time of it. It also saved him from several severe attacks of croup.—H. J. STRICKFADEN, editor World-Herald, Fair Haven, Wash. For sale by McMaster Co.

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by all druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. 1-1-17

"In politics," said the Cynical Codger, "spot cash will buy many an unspotted reputation."

Crimson Clover.

Crimson clover can be sown during the late summer and fall, either by itself or at the last working of corn or cotton. Advantage should always be taken of a favorable season for seeding this crop, as it sprouts very quickly and easily. When sown by itself, it is better always to prepare land intended for crimson clover as early as can conveniently be done, and then wait for a good rain. As soon as practicable, after a rain, run a light harrow over the ground to break the crust of the soil; then sow the seed and cover with a smoothing harrow, brush harrow or roller. A great many of our truckers make it a rule to seed crimson clover on all vacant land as soon as the crops are taken off. It is not at all necessary to re- plow for crimson clover; in fact, it is better not, if the land is reasonably clean and not too hard or compact. Running a cutaway or sharp-toothed harrow over the land will, as a rule, give sufficient preparation on land where crops have been recently taken off, and better stands will be secured than if the land is freshly plowed. One of the principal reasons why crimson clover sometimes fails to give satisfactory stands is on account of being sown on freshly plowed land, which does not seem to be compact enough to protect the little rootlets against the hot, dry spells which we sometimes experience in the late summer and fall, and on this account it is much better to seed on land that has been plowed sometime previous to seeding.

In addition to its great value for pasturage, early green forage and hay, crimson clover is unquestionably one of the best soil improvers the farmer can use. It not only adds to the fertility of the soil, but puts the land in excellent condition for the crops which are to follow it. It also prevents the winter leaching of land, conserves its fertilizing constituents, and will increase the quantity and quality of crops following it, wherever it is grown. Its use is increasing very rapidly, and it is only a question of its merits becoming fully known, when it will be appreciated and considered as one of the most important crops for farmers every- where.

The value of crimson clover for pasturage alone should commend it for universal use as it furnishes more and better pasturage during the late fall, winter and early spring than any other crop. Wherever sown largely for pas- turage the sowing of rye or bar- ley with it will prove of decided benefit. The crop can be grazed during the winter, the cattle or sheep taken off it the end of March, and a full crop made after- wards, which can also be used for hay or green feed, and then it will leave the land in very much better condition than before the crimson clover was sown.

Sow at the rate of one peck (15 lbs.) to the acre, and, where practicable, sow at different times instead of sowing the whole crop at one seeding, as in some seasons the earlier seedings give better results, while in other years later seedings do the best. It can be seeded from first of July to mid- dle of October, making its full crop early the following May, so that the crop can be taken off or plowed under and followed by corn or other summer crops, the yield of which will be very much increased when following a crop of crimson clover. The seed is low in price this year and as it costs very little to seed per acre, it should be more largely used than ever before.

Special to The State.

Ridgeway, June 3.—When the appointment of a successor to Senator McLaurin becomes a matter of consideration for the governor, the citizens of Ridge- way will submit the availability of her former townsman, R. Means Davis, professor of political history at the South Carolina col- lege, for the unexpected term of senatorship. We do not know of any appointment that would be more appropriate or popular.

Although Mr. Davis has not been identified with any faction in the political course of events in the State during the past 10 years, on account of his regard for the proprieties while holding a position of trust in a State in- stitution, his connection as a member of the Democratic execu- tive committee during the strug- gle of the reconstruction period, gave him a reputation and in- fluence throughout the State that are not excelled by any who may possibly be mentioned for the consideration of the governor.

His studies in the ground work of politics, and in the course of events in his native State since the first settlements to the present times, preeminently fit him to represent South Carolina in the senate of the United States. His Democracy is that of the stamp of the founders of the party, and not adulterated or contaminated wit modernisms that have affected so injuriously the success of his party in the past decade.

While not an orator in the usual signification of the term, Mr. Davis is a vigorous and apt speaker and debater, and at all times his efforts are marked as by thorough preparation and deep reflection.

His attitude and opinions in regard to the momentous ques- tions now engaging the attention of congress would reflect honor and gain influence in the senate for the State of South Carolina that are so much to be desired at this time. Gov. McSweeney would find in Mr. Davis the man of the hour, so to speak, and no act of his administration would become him more, be so univer- sally acceptable, and at the same time more deserving in the re- cipient than his appointment as successor to Senator McLaurin, should his resignation be received, of Prof. R. Means Davis.

Ready to Yield.

"I used DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for piles and found it a certain cure," says S. R. Meredith, Willow Grove, Del. Operations unnecessary to cure piles. They always yield to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Cures skin diseases, all kinds of wounds. Accept no counterfeits. McMaster Co.

Doesn't Take Initiative Step.

Congressman Finley said on Wednesday, that so far he had filed applications for about 65 rural delivery routes in his dis- trict. Many of these have been ready been surveyed and estab- lished, and others are in process of investigation. With the routes already established and in process of investigation in York county, the outlook is that there will be a pretty thorough county service. It should be understood that Mr. Finley does not take the initiative in the establishment of free delivery routes. That is a mat- ter with the people of a given territory. They must get up a petition that is required by the postoffice department, a blank for which Mr. Finley is glad to furnish on application, and after the petition is properly signed he makes it his business to see that it receives all the consideration to which it is entitled. Of course it does not follow that every route petitioned for can be es- tablished. This matter is gov- erned by various considerations in the office of the superintendent of rural free delivery, and many petitions are turned down for good reasons, while others fail without satisfactory explanation.—York Enquirer.

You Know What You Are Taking

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a taste- less form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

A Good Suggestion.

Special to The State.

Ridgeway, June 3.—When the appointment of a successor to Senator McLaurin becomes a matter of consideration for the governor, the citizens of Ridge- way will submit the availability of her former townsman, R. Means Davis, professor of political history at the South Carolina col- lege, for the unexpected term of senatorship. We do not know of any appointment that would be more appropriate or popular.

Although Mr. Davis has not been identified with any faction in the political course of events in the State during the past 10 years, on account of his regard for the proprieties while holding a position of trust in a State in- stitution, his connection as a member of the Democratic execu- tive committee during the strug- gle of the reconstruction period, gave him a reputation and in- fluence throughout the State that are not excelled by any who may possibly be mentioned for the consideration of the governor.

His studies in the ground work of politics, and in the course of events in his native State since the first settlements to the present times, preeminently fit him to represent South Carolina in the senate of the United States. His Democracy is that of the stamp of the founders of the party, and not adulterated or contaminated wit modernisms that have affected so injuriously the success of his party in the past decade.

While not an orator in the usual signification of the term, Mr. Davis is a vigorous and apt speaker and debater, and at all times his efforts are marked as by thorough preparation and deep reflection.

His attitude and opinions in regard to the momentous ques- tions now engaging the attention of congress would reflect honor and gain influence in the senate for the State of South Carolina that are so much to be desired at this time. Gov. McSweeney would find in Mr. Davis the man of the hour, so to speak, and no act of his administration would become him more, be so univer- sally acceptable, and at the same time more deserving in the re- cipient than his appointment as successor to Senator McLaurin, should his resignation be received, of Prof. R. Means Davis.

Ready to Yield.

"I used DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for piles and found it a certain cure," says S. R. Meredith, Willow Grove, Del. Operations unnecessary to cure piles. They always yield to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Cures skin diseases, all kinds of wounds. Accept no counterfeits. McMaster Co.

Doesn't Take Initiative Step.

Congressman Finley said on Wednesday, that so far he had filed applications for about 65 rural delivery routes in his dis- trict. Many of these have been ready been surveyed and estab- lished, and others are in process of investigation. With the routes already established and in process of investigation in York county, the outlook is that there will be a pretty thorough county service. It should be understood that Mr. Finley does not take the initiative in the establishment of free delivery routes. That is a mat- ter with the people of a given territory. They must get up a petition that is required by the postoffice department, a blank for which Mr. Finley is glad to furnish on application, and after the petition is properly signed he makes it his business to see that it receives all the consideration to which it is entitled. Of course it does not follow that every route petitioned for can be es- tablished. This matter is gov- erned by various considerations in the office of the superintendent of rural free delivery, and many petitions are turned down for good reasons, while others fail without satisfactory explanation.—York Enquirer.

You Know What You Are Taking

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a taste- less form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

Over-Work Weakens Your Kidneys.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes. The kidneys are your blood purifiers, they filter out the waste or impurities in the blood. If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work. Pains, aches and rheu- matism come from ex- cess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidney trouble.

Kidney trouble causes quick or unsteady heart beats, and makes one feel as though they had heart trouble, because the heart is over-working in pumping thick, kidney-poisoned blood through veins and arteries. It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all constitutional diseases have their begin- ning in kidney trouble.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar siz- es. You may have a sample bottle by mail. Home of Swamp-Root, free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

The Pickens Journal gives the following information as to pro- gressive farming in that county: "Those who have used shredding machines in Pickens county are selling hay at good prices and can count on their supply of hay for ready money. Another thing noticed is that in the neighbor- hood of a settlement shredder, the people have more and better stock and cattle and better lands as the results of attention to the production of stock feed and to stock keeping."

How to Avoid Trouble.

Now is the time to provide your self and family with a certain cure for Lin's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over, and if procured now may save you a trip to town in the night or in your busiest season. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful medicine in use for bowel complaints, both for children and adults. No family can afford to be without it. For sale by McMaster Co.

Rev. A. Coke Smith, a native of this State and until recently a member of the South Carolina Conference, has been elected a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Dr. Smith has the reputation of being a brilliant and eloquent pulpit orator and a profound theologian. At the time of his elevation to the bishopric he was a member of the Virginia Conference.

Good enough for anybody!

ALL HAVANA FILLER

FLORODORA

3 for 10c

CIGARS

FLORODORA BANDS are of same value as tags from STAR, DRUMMOND, NATURAL LEAF, GOOD LUCK, OLD PEACH & HONEY, RAZOR and E. RICE GREENVILLE Tobacco.