

The News and Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1905.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

"DEMOCRACY IS UNDYING."

The Masterful Oration of R. L. Patrick in Oratorical Contest at Greenwood.

The following is the oration of R. L. Patrick, of Erskine College, winning the first prize in the intercollegiate oratorical contest held at Greenwood April 28th.

THE DESTINY OF DEMOCRACY.

The principle of Democracy is an ancient principle. So ancient is it, in fact, that not even the most hoary traditions relate to its beginning. So ancient is it that not even the oldest dynasties go back to a day when it did not exist.

And yet, grand as has been the triumph of Democracy's forces, wide as has been the sweep of her surging phalanxes, close and serried as has been her front to the foe, there are forces within the camp of the people's cause that are making for destruction. Forever gone, it seems, is the simplicity of the patriarchs—that simplicity which caused Cincinnati, the greatest of the Romans, to toil in his fields like a common ploughman, and that simplicity which even in the history of our own land actuated our Washington and our Jefferson. Forever gone is the old dislike for pomp and the old indifference to gold. The old simplicity has been succeeded by the modern imperialism and desire of aping royalty, till now the nation's capital resembles a stronghold of monarchy, and the President's house a monarch's palace.

THE BED ROCK.

This principle, and no other, must be the bed rock on which all safe and sane government rests. No other principle has ever been, or ever shall be, the criterion to determine the world's grasp on things that make for civic righteousness. Throughout the ages as the world's ever have fled past the great reviewing stand of Heaven, as the thunderous tramp of the conquerer's hosts has kept time with the world's laudations, the people's hopes and the people's rights have been another marching force. This has been no army with banners, no host led by laurel-crowned conquerors, their gaily caparisoned steeds ornate with barbaric gold. This has been no force that came to possess the fairest provinces of the earth through diplomatic treachery. This has been that inspired its worshippers with the madness of song and made them shout forth praises of praise as did the ancient Israelites when they brought their ark back in triumph from Philistia.

tury, we stand on a new Patmos and read the glories of a new Apocalypse of liberty. No revelations delivered to a rapt and visionary soul; no disclosures born of a reformer's trustful nature; no mere hopes conceived of faith in things eternal, has been this development. The emancipation of the world from tyranny's fetters has partaken of the nature of these far off feelings, but with it all there has been something so real, so substantial, and so enduring that millions of free and happy households proclaim the birth of an eternal law as surely as did the hosts of Heaven announce a Savior's birth on the starlit plains of Judea. The force of Democracy, thus introduced and fostered, is being felt throughout all the nations. It is unceasing in its work in America. It is upsetting traditions in the British Isles. It is destroying the foundations of Absolutism in Russia. It is making-lesse majeste no longer a crime in Germany. It is opening the ears of China to the sounds of progress. It is awakening the Japanese to the highest enlightenment. It is knocking at the door of heathen darkness and ushering in the torchbearers of eternal truth.

And yet, grand as has been the triumph of Democracy's forces, wide as has been the sweep of her surging phalanxes, close and serried as has been her front to the foe, there are forces within the camp of the people's cause that are making for destruction. Forever gone, it seems, is the simplicity of the patriarchs—that simplicity which caused Cincinnati, the greatest of the Romans, to toil in his fields like a common ploughman, and that simplicity which even in the history of our own land actuated our Washington and our Jefferson. Forever gone is the old dislike for pomp and the old indifference to gold. The old simplicity has been succeeded by the modern imperialism and desire of aping royalty, till now the nation's capital resembles a stronghold of monarchy, and the President's house a monarch's palace.

PANORAMIC SLIDES.

These are glimpses of American life chosen at random from the panoramic slide that sets forth our passing history. They do not exaggerate or too highly color what might actually come to pass if certain tendencies are not arrested or suppressed. They but truly foreshadow darker days which might come when in the height of Absolutism run mad, men should have to surrender as lost the once bright hope of popular government. Sad would be the scene if the passing bell should ever toll the knell of dying Democracy. Sad would be the scene if, as the journey's end is neared, the narrow house should yawn for this precious habitant. Sad would be the scene if hell's inmates should ever be allowed to laugh in ghoulisb glee over the triumph of their forces. Sad would be the scene if the light of hope had fled forever. And sad, above all picturing, would be the heaving of the breast, as with sorrowful faces and tear-dimmed eyes the nation turned from the grave.

Great is the spread of debauchery; all over the hills and valleys of our fair country rests its baleful influence. It has stained the nation's history; it has wreathed from us the possibility the nation had in its infancy. But let us hope that the country is only diseased and not dead; only temporarily impotent, and not forever without force and vitality. Faith in the oracles of old faith, in the integrity of the American people, faith in the principles for which men have died, nor deemed their deaths a sacrifice, bids us believe in the resurrection, the resuscita-

tion and the rejuvenation of Democracy. The principle that rose with the foundation of the world must not set until the world shall pass away. A star may be occulted, but seldom in the mystic mechanism of the spheres is one destroyed. The principle of Democracy is hidden in the clouds that hover over it, but behind those black banks still shines undimmed the star of the people's hope.

UNDYING DEMOCRACY.

Democracy can never die. It can come to what is almost dissolution, but the principle is itself immortal. Just as the Swiss believe that Tell is not dead, but slumbers till the clarion of Switzerland's duty summons him to her need, so will the souls of our great dead return to aid their country. As the country writhes in its struggles for life, there is a renewed determination in the face of the watchers. The leaders of the past reach forth to the present and tender their aid. Folk in St. Louis, Clark in Minneapolis, and Guthrie in Pittsburgh are but the reincarnated souls of the past, burning with love of the people and the desire to perpetuate the people's cause. Then let us believe, as we stand engaged in this glorious cause that the past stands with us; that past achievements wrought for civic righteousness are attendant upon us and bespeak for us a future blessing. Let us believe that the hosts of Heaven, concerned always in the cause of right, lackey us unceasingly. Let us believe that the God that smote the countless hosts of Assyria will also smite the serried hosts of corruption and stand victor with us in the overthrow of civic vice.

In his matchless speech at Gettysburg Lincoln said: "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Likewise it is for us too to dedicate ourselves to the cause that concerns the nation's welfare. It is for us to break down the despotic dominion of the dollar, to crush out forever the rotten reign of the moneyed element, and lift into perpetuity all just and wholesome government by the people. Then let us stand firmly in our respective places, flinching at no onset, however severe, shrinking from no duty, however exacting. Let us stand prayerful and resolute till the unsullied banner of a triumphant Democracy is unfurled throughout the world. And in that strife, in which man and God are alike engaged, let each be—

"One who never turned his back, but hunched breast forward; Never doubted clouds would break; Never dreamed, though right were worsted, Wrong would triumph! Ever held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

To this end, then, let us live and, if need be, die; and in "the parliament of man, the federation of the world," may America be able to stand forth and say, in the language of the great Nebraska: "Yea may dispute whether I have fought a good fight, you may dispute whether I have finished my course, but you cannot deny that I have kept the faith."

"Death was fast approaching," writes Ralph F. Fernandez, of Tampa, Fla., describing his fearful race with death, "as a result of liver trouble and heart disease, which had robbed me of sleep and of all interest in life. I had tried many different doctors and several medicines, but got no benefit, until I began to use Electric Bitters. So wonderful was their effect, that in three days I felt like a new man, and to-day I am cured of all my troubles." Guaranteed at McMaster Co.'s, Obear Drug Co.'s and John H. McMaster & Co.'s drug stores; price 50c.

CASTORIA
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J.C. Ayer*

Ode to Confederate Dead.

(Written for Memorial Day by One of the Surviving Few.)

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat,
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and daring few.

On Fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No answer of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No trouble thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind.

No vision of the morrow's strife,
The warrior's dream alarms;
No brav'ing horns nor screaming file
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with
rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.

And pteuous funeral tears have
washed
The red stains from each brow;
And their proud forms in battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past.

No war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more shall
feel
The rapture of the fight.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood you gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The heritage of your grave.

Nor shall your glory be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot,
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Your marble minstrel's voiceless tone,
In deathless songs shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath
flown,
The story how ye fell.

No wreck, or change, or winter's
blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That glids your glorious tomb.
May 9, 1905. J. H. N.

A RUMOR CORRECTED.

Mr. Hollis Makes a Statement as to His Management of the Ridgeway Dispensary.

Mr. Editor: If you will allow me a small space in your paper, please publish the following: Having been called to Winnsboro on Monday last, I happened to meet an old friend, who informed me that a report was being circulated that, when I settled with the Ridgeway dispensary last December, I was short in my accounts to the amount of \$500. Now, Mr. Editor, in justice to myself and to relieve the pressure that such a report would bring to bear on my bondsmen (it was a personal bond), please publish the following affidavit from Mr. Nickles, inspector: "This is to certify that R. W. Hollis, dispenser at Ridgeway, has made settlement in full with both State, town and county. "R. W. Nickles, Inspector. "Dec. 1, 1904.

"N. B.—This settlement is perfectly satisfactory and I had to pay him in cash \$2.43 as he was long in his account to that amount. R. W. Nickles, Inspector.

The above is a verbatim copy of the statement of Mr. Nickles, the inspector, who checked me out, and I have now the original in my possession and it can be seen by any one whosever desires to see it.

In conclusion, I beg to say that I was in charge of the Ridgeway dispensary 8 years and 24 days and my accounts were checked by the county board of control on the first day of every month and by the State inspector some half dozen times, and I was never short in my accounts to the amount of anything, which I can prove by every one of them and every book-keeper at the State dispensary in Columbia; and any such report is groundless and false. R. W. Hollis. Ridgeway, S. C., April 26, 1905.

A Good Suggestion.

Mr. C. B. Wainwright, of Lemon City, Fla., has written the manufacturer that much better results are obtained from the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in cases of pain in the stomach, colic and spasmodic vomiting by taking it in water as hot as can be drunk. That when taken in this way the effect is double in rapidity. "It seems to get at the right spot instantly," he says. For sale by Obear Drug Co.

The second blow makes the fray, but not if the first is well placed.

Will Cure Consumption.

A. A. Herren, Finch, Ark., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar is the best preparation for coughs, colds and lung trouble. I know that it has cured consumption in the third stage. You never heard of any one using Foley's Honey and Tar and not being satisfied. Sold by McMaster Co."

Avon News.

This section was visited last week by a very heavy rain. Corn is looking fine where planted early. Cotton planting is about finished and the stand is fine. We do not think there is as much cotton planted in this section as there was last year; but there is more corn. While a good deal of guano was used, some went under corn. Gardens are looking very promising now.

Fruit, from present appearance, will be plentiful. Capt. Jim McKeown of Cornwell passed through last week in the interest of his company, to which several of our boys belong. Mrs. Jno. Brooks and children paid her parents, near Winnsboro, a visit recently.

Mrs. Rena Duubar, after spending a few days in Yorkville, has returned home. Mr. Adam Duubar recently spent a few days in Richburg on a visit to his sister. A guest at the home of Mr. R. C. Sterling—a fine boy. Mr. Editor, we think the farmers should stick together and try to raise the price of their products, for now everything that they consume is far above what they as a working class get for their products. J. May 8, 1905.

Why Suffer from Rheumatism?

Why suffer from rheumatism when one application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm will relieve the pain? The quick relief which this liniment affords makes rest and sleep possible, and that alone is worth many times its cost. Many who have used it hoping only for a short relief from suffering have been happily surprised to find that after awhile relief became permanent. Mrs. S. H. Leggett, of Yum Yum, Tennessee, U. S. A., writes: "I am a great sufferer from rheumatism, all over from head to foot, and Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the only thing that will relieve the pain." For sale by Obear Drug Co.

A Revelation.

If you will make inquiry it will be a revelation to you how many succumb to kidney or bladder troubles in one form or another. If the patient is not beyond medical aid, Foley's Kidney Cure will cure. It never disappoints. Sold by McMaster Co.

Mr. Ford's Writings Appreciated.

Editor of *The News and Herald*: You have my warmest appreciation and thanks for publishing Mr. M. L. Ford's traditions and history of the Rocky Mount section. That vicinity being my "native heath" and Mr. Ford my next-door neighbor nearly all of our lives, of course makes his papers particularly interesting to me; but aside from this, so many have inquired of me to know who Mr. Ford is, and have expressed a pleasure in reading his articles, I feel the general interest of your readers has been promoted and for the author's encouragement as well as yours, it gives me pleasure to mention how agreeable it has been to read these papers. I am induced to believe the history and traditions of other sections of the county would be equally as pleasant and profitable reading if given with the same industry, skill and completeness. Respectfully, J. Austin Scott. Monticello, S. C.

The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs, causing catarrh of the bladder, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell. Bladder troubles almost always result from a derangement of the kidneys and a cure is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kidneys. If you are feeling badly you can make an mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often through the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stops the highest of its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

900 DROPS CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. J.C. Ayer* of **CASTORIA**
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of **INFANTS & CHILDREN**
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**
A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.
Fac-Simile Signature of *Dr. J.C. Ayer*
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old, 5 DROPS—35 CENTS.
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

MULES, HORSES, BUGGIES.
Largest Horse and Mule dealers in South Carolina.
A large supply now on hand.
BABCOCK BUGGIES THE BEST MADE. WRITE US FOR PRICES.
GREGORY-RHEA MULE COMPANY.
JNO. W. CONDER, Manager.
Harper Stables, Plain St., COLUMBIA, S. C.

Special Notice.
We are glad to announce that we are now better prepared than ever before for doing all kinds of **REPAIR WORK** and that we shall be glad to be favored with any work you may have. When needing anything repaired bring it to us or phone us in regard to same. All business entrusted to us will be promptly attended to.
R. T. Matthews & Son.
Timely Topics.
We are Headquarters for **Cheap and Medium Grade Furniture.**
Call in and examine our stock of Iron Beds, Suites, Dressers and Centre Tables. We have six Cheval Dressers at actual cost to clear our stock. Now is the time to get your Summer Cots. Try one of our Felt Mattresses—the best in town. We have a complete line of Little Dandy Cook Stoves. All guaranteed to give satisfaction. We have in stock also a complete line of Bed Lounges. Our **UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT** is complete. All calls promptly attended to.
R. W. PHILLIPS.