

The Abbeville Press and Banner.

BY HUGH WILSON.

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DOES A BABY PAY?

A Father's View of the Entries Made on the Family Ledger.

Does a 2-year-old baby pay for itself up to the time it reaches that interesting age? Sometimes I think not. I thought so yesterday when my own baby slipped into my study and "scrubbed" the carpet and his best white dress with my bottle of ink. He was playing in the coal hot ten minutes after a clean dress was put on him, and later in the day he pasted 50 cents' worth of postage stamps on the parlor wall and poured a dollar's worth of the choicest white rose perfume out of the window "to see it wain."

Then he dug out the center of a nicely baked loaf of cake and was found in the middle of the dining room table with the sugar bowl between his legs and most of the contents in his stomach.

He has already cost \$100 in doctor's bills, and I feel that I am right in attributing my few gray hairs to the misery I endured walking the floor with him at night during the first year of his life.

What has he ever done to pay me for that?

Al! I hear his little feet pattering along out in the hall. I hear his little rattle of laughter because he has escaped from his mother and has found his way up to my study at a forbidden hour. But the door is closed. The worthless little vagabond can't get in, and I won't open it for him. No, I won't. I can't be disturbed when I'm writing. He can just cry if he wants to. I won't be bothered for—"Rat, rat, rat," got his dimpled knuckles on the door. I sit in silence.

"Rat, rat, rat."

I sit perfectly still.

"Papa."

"Papa, papa."

"Grim, grimace."

"Baby turn-in-peeze, papa."

He shall not come in.

"My papa."

I write on.

"Papa," says the little voice; "I lub my papa. Peeze let baby in."

I am not quite a brute, and I throw open the door. In he comes with outstretched little arms, with shining eyes, with laughing face. I catch him up into my arms, and his warm, soft, little arms go around my neck, the very clean little cheek is laid close to mine, the baby voice says sweetly:

"I lub my papa."

Does he pay?

Well, I guess he does! He has cost me many anxious days and nights. He has cost me time and money and care and self sacrifice. He may cost me pain and sorrow. He has cost much. But he has paid for it all again and again in whispering those three little words into my ears, "I lub my papa."

Our children pay when their very first feeble little cries fill our hearts with the mother love and the father love that ought never to fall among all earthly passions.

Do our children pay?—J. H. D. in Detroit Free Press.

THE SPEED OF BIRDS.

It Is Not Nearly So Great as Has Been Generally Assumed.

If you consult the usually accepted authorities on the speed of birds in their flight, you are likely to be misled by an exaggeration of from 100 to 300 per cent. This is because figures have been given on hearsay, appearance and very superficial observation. But recently American, English and French observers have been comparing notes and are practically agreed, after most careful calculation, on the speed of the best known birds.

They started with the carrier pigeon and have made him a base of comparison. He has heretofore been credited with 110 miles an hour, but it is now agreed that he is entitled to 50. A quite recent long distance, carefully conducted test of 562 miles, from the Shetland islands to London, showed that the most rapid pigeons made 37 miles an hour. On shorter distances none made more than 50 miles.

Because frigate birds have been seen far from land and have been supposed not to fly by night or to rest on the water they have been credited with a speed of from 150 to 200 miles an hour. If they did fly at that speed, they would have to overcome an atmospheric pressure of from 2 to 133 pounds to the square foot of flying surface. There is no certainty that they fly more rapidly than a passenger pigeon or that they do not fly at night or do not sleep on the water.

The swallow, that is indeed a rapid flier, has been credited with 190 miles an hour, but he must be cut down to 85 miles, and the martin is not behind him, though authorities have placed him ten miles ahead.

The teal duck is brought down from 140 to 50 miles an hour. The mallard is five miles slower and flies the same as the canvasback, while both of these are five miles an hour ahead of the wild goose and elder duck.

The pheasant makes 98 miles an hour, which is three miles ahead of the prairie chicken and quail, though the latter appears to fly much faster on account of its temporary burst of speed that seldom exceeds 200 feet. The crow flies 25 miles an hour.

Small birds appear to fly more rapidly than the large ones and have deceived many observers. The humming bird does not fly as fast as many awkward appearing, very much larger, slow sopping birds.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Proud Father.

A member of the New York Yacht club was proudly boasting to an old friend he had not seen in 15 years of the merits of his children. "Henry, as you say, has done nothing for the family. As yet he has done nothing for the family. Archbold is at the Leland Stanford University. I wanted to bring up my sons as far apart as possible, under hopelessly different and varying circumstances. Of course Archbold has not as yet done anything for the family. Henry, I really can't say that she has done anything for the family. The youngest child is Virginia, who is just becoming useful."

"Indeed? And what does Miss Virginia do?"

"She has just reached the age and stature when she can wear her mother's old clothes. Captain, will you accompany me to our grillroom?"—New York Press.

Well Posted.

Mrs. Greene—That was a fine article your husband wrote about "The Smoke Nuisance." Mr. Greene says it is the best thing that has appeared on the subject.

Mrs. Gray—Yes? I suppose it ought to be. My husband says no less than 25 cigars while writing it.—Boston Transcript.

NOTICE OF REGISTRATION.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, ABBEVILLE COUNTY.

OFFICE OF SUPERVISORS OF REGISTRATION, ABBEVILLE COUNTY.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with an Act of the General Assembly, and in conformity with the requirements of the State Constitution, the books for the registration of all legally qualified voters, and for the issue of transfers, etc., will be open at the office of Supervisors of Registration in the Court House, between the hour 9 o'clock a. m., and 3 o'clock p. m., on the first Monday of each month, and kept open for three successive days in each month until thirty days before the next general election.

The Board of Registration is the judge of the qualifications of all applicants for registration every male citizen of this State and of the United States, twenty-one years of age, who is not an idiot or insane, is not a pauper supported at the public expense, and is not confined in any public prison, and who has not been convicted of burglary, arson, obtaining goods or money under false pretenses, perjury, forgery, bribery, adultery, wife beating, housebreaking, receiving stolen goods, breach of trust with fraudulent intent, fornication, sodomy, incest, assault with intent to ravish, miscegenation, larceny, or crimes against the election laws, and who shall have been a resident in this State two years (except voters in charge of organized churches and officers of public schools, and these after six months residence in the State), a resident in the County for six months, and in polling precinct four months, and who can read any Section in the Constitution of 1895, or can understand and explain any section of said Constitution when read to him by the registration officer or officers shall be entitled to registration and become an elector upon application for such registration. If any person has been convicted of any of the crimes above-mentioned, a pardon of the Governor removes the disqualification.


In case any minor will become twenty-one years of age after the closing of the Books of Registration and before the election, and is otherwise qualified to register, he may apply under oath showing he is qualified to register, the Boards shall register such applicant before the closing of the books.

Any person whose qualifications as an elector will be completed after the closing of the Registration Books but before the next election shall have the right to apply for and secure a registration certificate at any time within sixty days immediately preceding the closing of the Registration Books, upon an application under oath to the elector in charge of such registration.

The registration of voters must be by polling precincts. There must be a Book of Registration for each polling precinct, that is for each township or parish, or city, or town of less than five thousand inhabitants, or ward of more than five thousand inhabitants. Each elector must vote in the polling precinct in which he resides. If there is more than one voting place in the polling precinct, the elector may vote at any voting place designated on the registration certificate. The Boards must designate in the registration certificate the voting place in the polling precinct at which the elector is to vote. If there is more than one voting place in the polling precinct, the Boards shall designate on the certificate the voting place selected by the elector.

S. S. BOLES,
W. A. LANIER,
G. H. MOORE,
Board of Supervisors of Registration

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PLUCK AND HONESTY.

The Astonishing Rise in the World of Charles M. Schwab.

There is a widespread belief, says the New York Press, that the man who rises suddenly from obscurity to prominence and great riches owes his success more often than not to questionable practices and unfair means. One man of whose rise in the world of such questions can be raised is Charles M. Schwab, president of the newly organized steel trust. Five years ago Mr. Schwab was unknown to the world. Today the world is talking about him with great interest, wondering, guessing, surmising. Who is he? Where did he come from? What has he done that gives him such a hold on the world? Andrew Carnegie and the Jew to dictate terms to a man like J. Pierpont Morgan? These are some of the questions asked him.

Mr. Schwab is only 39 years old. Twenty-three ago he was a grocer's clerk at a salary of \$250 a week. Last year, as president of the Carnegie company, his salary was \$50,000 and 3 per cent of the company's earnings. This year, as president of the great steel trust, he will receive in the neighborhood of \$100,000 for his services. His 3 per cent interest in the Carnegie company has made a millionaire 40 times over in five years.

And he owes all this not to any man, not to questionable practices, but to his own initiative, to his determination to succeed, and to his faithful observance of certain rules which he believed essential to success. Mr. Schwab believes himself. He has "lifted himself by his boot straps from nowhere to the top of the heap."

What he has done he declares that others can do. "There never were so many opportunities for the right kind of young men as there are today," he says, "and in this advice, which he offers to the ambitious:

"Make yourself indispensable to your employer instead of continually looking at the clock."

That is the simple recipe of the head of the greatest industrial organization in the history of the world. That is the simple magic by which Mr. Schwab has put Aladdin himself to blush.

Mr. Schwab was born in Williamsburg, Blair county, Pa., on Feb. 18, 1862. The family moved to Loretto, Cambridge county, Pa., when he was 10 years old. As a boy he worked for neighboring farmers or drove a coach to and from Cresson, his father at one time having the contract to carry the mail between Loretto and Cresson.

The boy did not neglect school, however, but entered St. Francis' college. He was graduated at 16 and became a clerk in a store at Braddock, Pa. He got \$250 a week and his board. He worked hard all day and slept in the store all night as watchman. He was fascinated by the operations of the Edgar Thomson steel works near by and spent his leisure hours watching the men manipulating the hot metal.

One day in the summer of 1881 Captain Jones, one of Andrew Carnegie's superintendents, dropped into the store to buy something, perhaps a plug of tobacco or a red apple.

Behind the counter was a freckle faced boy of 19, dreaming of becoming a civil engineer. He mustered up courage enough to "speak" to the man, explain his ambition and ask for a job in the steel works. So earnest was his appeal that he forced the superintendent to give him a hearing.

Could he drive stakes? He could drive anything, answered the young man.

Would he work for \$1 a day? Yes, and glad to get the chance to learn.

To this day Charles M. Schwab began his career with the Carnegie company. He worked with the engineering corps, but there is no evidence that he drove stakes any better than any other freckle faced boy. He kept his eyes and ears open, however, and never lost an opportunity to learn the business. When there was nothing for him to do in his own line, he took up some other man's work, just to learn how it was done.

Captain Jones was a "hunter," Schwab wanted to earn his superior's good opinion and worked at a furious gait. He thought and dreamed of nothing but the steel works.

In six months the boy became the assistant of Jones. In seven years he was Carnegie's chief engineer and was valued at the high name. He built the great Homestead steel plant and was made its superintendent. He made it the largest works in the world for the production of several kinds of steel, including armor plate made by the Carnegie company for the United States navy was turned out under his personal supervision. His armor plate won such a great reputation that the company received orders for European warships.

Upon the death of Captain Jones, in 1889, Mr. Schwab was called back to Braddock to become general superintendent of the Edgar Thomson works. Three years later the Homestead works were again placed under his charge, and he continued to direct both establishments, turning out products valued at the millions every year.

After he had risen to be general manager an English steel manufacturer offered him a position with a salary of more than \$50,000. Mr. Schwab refused the tempting offer, but instead of taking advantage of the situation to squeeze a better salary out of Mr. Carnegie he said nothing about it to his chief.

Some months later Mr. Carnegie heard of the incident indirectly, and he said to Schwab:

"You mustn't think of such a thing."

"I'm not thinking of it," answered the general manager, "because I don't want it."

"What is it you want?"

"To be a partner in your company."

"Mr. Carnegie had his faithful aid elected a member of the board of managers in 1896. A year later Mr. Schwab was chosen president of the Carnegie company with a salary of \$50,000 a year, and he was given a 3 per cent interest.

Of the \$100,000,000 of stock of the Carnegie company he is said to have owned 18,929 shares of the par value of \$18,929,000, besides bonds of the face value of \$18,929,000.

but is a maked variation of the species, since the true kangaroo hops, whereas this one never does. Still it is a curious and interesting variety, and has not been catalogued before. As I discovered it, I have felt justified in securing the credit of the discovery by attaching mine to it, and hence have called it Kangaroom Adamiensis.

THREE MONTHS LATER.—The kangaroo still continues to grow, which is very strange and perplexing. I never knew one to be so long getting its growth. It has fur on its head now; not like kangaroo fur, but exactly like our hair, except that it is much finer and softer, and instead of being black is red. It am like to lose my mind over the capricious and harrasing developments of this unclassifiable zoological freak. If I could catch another one—but that is hopeless; it is a new variety, and the only sample; this is plain.

FIVE MONTHS LATER.—It is not a kangaroo. No, for it supports itself by holding to her finger, and thus goes a few steps on its hind legs, and then falls down. It is probably some kind of a bear; and yet it has no tail—as yet—and no fur, except on its head. It still keeps on growing—that is a curious circumstance, for bears get their growth earlier than this. Bears are dangerous—since our catastrophe—and I shall not be satisfied to have the thing prowling about the place much longer without a muzzle on.

I have offered to get her a kangaroo if she would let this one go, but it did no good—she is determined to run us into all sorts of foolish risks, I think. She was not like this before she lost her mind.

A FORTNIGHT LATER.—I examined its mouth. There is no danger yet; it has only one tooth, and that is a very small one. It makes no noise now that it ever did before—and mainly at night. I have moved out. But I shall go over, mornings, to breakfast, and to see if it has any more teeth. If it gets a mouthful of teeth it will time for it to go, tail or no tail, for a bear does not need a tail in order to be dangerous.

FOUR MONTHS LATER.—I have been off hunting and fishing a month in the region she calls "Buffalo." I don't know why, unless it is because there are not any buffaloes there. Meantime the bear has learned to paddle around all by itself on its hind legs, and says "poppa" and "mama." It is certainly a new species. This resemblance to words may be purely accidental, of course, and may have no purpose or meaning; but even in that case it is still extraordinary and is a thing which no one else has seen. This imitation of speech, taken together with general absence of tail, sufficiently indicates that this is a new kind of bear. The further study of it will be exceedingly interesting. Meantime I will go off on a far expedition among the forests of the North and make an exhaustive search. There certainly must another one somewhere and this one will be less dangerous when it will go straightway; but I will muzzle this one first.

THREE MONTHS LATER.—It has been a very weary hunt, yet I have had no success. In the meantime, without stirring from the home estate, she has caught another! I never saw such luck. I might have hunted these woods a hundred years, I never should have run across that thing.

NEXT DAY.—I have been comparing the new one with the old one, and it is perfectly plain that they are the same breed. I was going to stuff him for my collection, but she is prejudiced against it for some reason or other; so I have relinquished the idea, though I think it is a mistake. It would be an irreparable loss to science if they should get away.

TEN YEARS LATER.—They are boys we found out long ago. It was their keen in that small, immature shape that puzzled us; we were not used to it. There are some girls now. Abel is a good boy, but if Cain had stayed a bear it would have improved him. After all these years I see that I was mistaken about Eve in the beginning; it is better to live outside the Garden with her than outside it without her. At first I thought she talked too much, but now I should be sorry to have that voice fall silent and pass out of my life. Blessed be the chestnut that brought us near together and taught me to know the goodness of her heart and the sweetness of her spirit!

Sin wears a mask, back of the mask is the face of a monster with eyes of fire, the features of Satan himself.

Many Christians are like the Leaning Tower of Pisa—as far gone from uprightness as it is possible to go without toppling over.

Never part without loving words to think of during your absence. It may be that you will not meet again in life.

There is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his deathbed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.

Foolish waste of life is pitiful to see, and the bitterness it brings in the end to the disconcerted soul is beyond words to express.

We can only have the highest happiness having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves.

The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights repeated.

No farmer harnesses a fawn to a plow or puts an ox into a speeding wagon. Life's problem is to make a right inventory of the talents one carries.

If we were to be glad in this or any world, we must make his "whose service is perfect liberty."

The merryhearted feel at times that this world is good enough for them; but when sadness overtakes them they sigh for a better land.

Prayer is like a ship, which, when it goes on a long voyage, does not come home laden so soon; but when it does come it has a richer freight.

Five minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning will change your whole day, will make every thought and feeling different, will enable you to do things for his sake that you would have done for your own sake, or anyone's sake.

ADAM'S DIARY.

The Coming of "That New Creature With the Long Hair."—Incidents of the Tree and Snake Satisfactorily Explained.

Extracts from Adam's Diary, Translated from the Original MS. By Mark Twain.

From Harper's Magazine and North American Review of April.

MONDAY.—This new creature with the long hair is a good deal in the way. It is always hanging around and following me about. I don't like this; I am not used to company. I wish it would stay with the other animals. Cloudy to-day; wind in the east; think we shall have rain. . . . We? Where did I get that word? . . . I remember now—the new creature uses it.

TUESDAY.—Been examining the great waterfall. It is the finest thing on the estate, I think. The new creature calls it Niagara Falls—why I am sure I do not know. Says it looks like Niagara Falls. That is not a reason; it is mere waywardness and imbecility. I get no chance to name any thing myself. The new creature names everything that comes along before I can get in a protest. And always that same pretext is offered—it looks like the thing. There is the dodo, for instance, when the moment one looks at it one sees at a glance that it "looks like a dodo." It will have to keep that name, no doubt. It wears me to fret about it, and it does no good, any way. Dodo! It looks no more like a dodo than I do.

COULDN'T HAVE HIS SHELTER IN PEACE.

WEDNESDAY.—Built me a sheltering against the rain, but could not have it to myself in peace. There is the dodo intruded. When I tried to put it out it shed water out of the holes it looks with, and wiped it away with the back of its paws, and made a noise such as other animals make when they are in distress. I wish it would not talk; it is always talking. That sounds like a cheap fling at the poor creature, a slur; but I do not mean it. I wish he never heard the human voice before, and any new and strange sound intruding itself here upon the hush of these dreaming solitudes offends my ear and seems a false note.

FRIDAY.—The naming goes recklessly on, in spite of all I can do. I had a very good name for the estate, and it was very musical and sweet—GARDEN OF EDEN. Privately, I continue to call it that, but not any longer publicly. The new creature says it is all woods and rocks and meadows and therefore has no resemblance to a garden. Says it looks like a park and does not look like anything but a park. Consequently, without consulting me, it has been named NIAGARA FALLS PARK. This is sufficiently high handed, it seems to me. And already there is a sign up.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

My life not as happy as it used to be. SATURDAY.—The new creature eats too much fruit. We are going to run short, most likely. "We" again—that is its word; mine, too, now, from hearing it so much. Good deal of fog this morning. I do not go out in the fog myself. The new creature does. It goes out in its muddy feet. And talks. It used to be so pleasant and quiet here.

SUNDAY.—Pulled through. This day is getting to be more and more trying. It was selected and set apart last November as a day of rest. I already had six of them per week, before. This morning found the new creature trying to cod apples out of that forbidden tree.

MONDAY.—The new creature says its name is Eve. That is all right. I have no objections. Says it is to call it by when I want it to come. I said it was superfluous, then. The word evidently raised me in its respect; and indeed it is a large good word, and will bear repetition. It says it is a She.

TUESDAY.—She has littered the whole estate with execrable names and offensive signs:

This way to the whirlpool.

This way to Goat Island.

Cave of the Winds this Way.

She says this park would make a tidy summer resort if there was any custom for it. Summer resort—another invention of hers—that means nothing, without any meaning. What is a summer resort? But it is best not to ask her, she has such a rage for explaining.

FRIDAY.—She has taken to beseeching me to stop going over the Falls. What harm does it do? Says it makes her shudder. I wonder why. I have always done it—always like the plunge and the excitement and the coolness. I supposed it was what the Falls were for. They have no other use that I can see, and they must have been made for something.

SATURDAY.—I escaped last Tuesday night, and travelled two days, and built me another shelter, in a secluded place, and obliterated my tracks as well as I could, but she hunted me out by means of a beast which she has tamed and calls a wolf, and came making that pitiful noise again, and shedding that water out of the places she looks with. I was obliged to return with her, but will presently emigrate again, again, when occasion offers. She engages herself in many foolish things; among others, trying to study out why the animals called lions and tigers live on grass and flowers, when, as she says, the sort of teeth they wear would indicate that they were intended to eat each other. This is foolish, because to do that would be to kill each other, and that would introduce what, as I understand it, is called "death," and death, as I have been told, has not yet entered the Park. Which is a pity, on some accounts.

SUNDAY.—Pulled through. MONDAY.—I believe I see what the week is for; it is to give time to rest up from the weariness of Sunday. It seems a good idea. She has been climbing that tree again. Clodded her out of it. She said nobody was looking. Seems to consider that a sufficient justification for chancing and dangerous thing. Told her that. The word justification moved her admir-