

"Rock of Ages"
Seldom have we read a sweeter illustration of the thoughtfulness and the experimental way of singing this precious hymn than that which is embodied in the following anonymous verses, which we take from an exchange.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Thoughtlessly the maiden sang;
From her girlish tongue,
Sang as little children sing;
Sung as she sang the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—
'Twas a woman sang that morn'g,
Sung them slow and sweetly,
When hand on her aching brow,
Told the mark of sorrow there,
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred—
Every available prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin lid,
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid,
Nevermore, O stern tossed soul,
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billows roll,
With thee need to hide no more,
Could the sighs, the sunken eye,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mark of sorrow there,
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, eye still the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.
"All times when old are good," sneers that irreverent scoff, Byron; but he for better authority than he for rebuking that indignant praise of "old times," that less a laudation of glorious by-gones, than a stir and cavil against the time-spirit of progress. That discriminating thinker whose inspired pen has left us the "Ecclesiastes," says with the authority of re-son as well as Scripture, to the croaking prophets of present evil and future decadence: "Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these? For thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."

It is perhaps natural that the weary and worn travelers on the downward slopes of life should cherish the memories that are reflected from the happy heights of the past, and it is equally as natural that the youthful faces looking forward should shine with the radiance of hope. But it is not wise or natural that the veterans of life should decry the present, their own life resultant, and forecast failure for their children, as they enter on their inheritance of world-saving labor. The freshness of physical life must wane with the decline of the body; the face will grow wrinkled and peaked, the form bent and weak, the step faltering and infirm, but the immortal spirit should not partake this falling. With the decline of the body should come enlargement of sympathy, mellowness of feeling, tender sorrow for error, loving forgiveness for wrong. There is no nobler sight than while hairs crowning a brow wrinkled and pinched and scarred with the conflicts of years, but withal, genial, gentle, contented, a contentance furrowed by thought, deep with the iron-pen of grief, written over with the history of struggle, the record of battle, the doom of defeat, the ad roll of loved ones laid to rest; and yet with not a blur of hate, not a tint of impurity.

Sad enough is the contrast, read too often in the dissatisfied faces of aged folk, whose feet are taking hold on the grave, whose hands have lost their grip on life, but whose hearts are seamed and scarred with the sharp edges of envy, distrust and discontent. They shake their weary heads over a time all out of joint. They number their gloomy prognostications of woe and ruin. They muse endlessly over the "good old times" whose glamour of surpassing excellence is but the illusory mirage of a failing memory. Their poor numbed senses can catch the distant echoes of the past, but are closed to the clear ringing, victory-welcoming shouts of the present.

And yet these dear ghosts of departed manhood claim to believe in a farther that cares for all his children in a Christ who prophesied the progressive development of his kingdom in the earth, in a Christianity whose successive advances know no backward faltering, no inactive stages. Where is consistency, reason, faith? Christ is conquering, and the world growing worse? God is making his word of promise good, and men are being lost in a greater proportion every year. The millennium is advancing, and wickedness on the increase? The trouble is that men color their view of life and its outlook with the tinge of their personal feeling. To discontent, and envy and querulousness, and dissipated ambition and veteran wrong-headedness, the world and men and measures seem radically and essentially defective and wicked. And it is no unusual sight, sad though it be, to find associated even with the unworthy wickedness that is alike a shame to humanity and a dishonor to religion. The old times are not better. A thousand voices of world helping agencies declare it. The teaching of experience affirms it. The dictum of science confirms it. The fiat of inspiration seals it. The old times were good—the present times are better. That the times to come shall climb an ascending scale of betterment evermore, is as sure as God rules and Christ saves.

Honoring Mother.

Boys, do you read the biographies of the men who have made their mark in the world? Risen to distinction among men? Do you not always read what good mothers they had? Very little said about the fathers; mothers get the praise. Their mothers might never have been heard of had not those sons risen to "ca l'not exception."

Whether they had, or not, exceptionally wise or good mothers, these men by drawing the eyes of the world to their own achievements, have also shown the mothers behind them, colored by their sons' character. And the world goes down to his knees and does homage to those dear white-haired ladies whose sons have won honor or fame from his reluctant grasp. But some of the most tender and truest mothers in the world go down to their graves, their virtues unsung because of their sons' dishonor. The world never knows of them; if it meets them, it turns aside. "Who is she?" "Oh, she cannot be much—such a one is her son; and he's anything but an honor to the community." Dishonored, because of her sons' dishonor.

After these sweet and tender hearts break because of the ignominy heaped upon—not themselves! They have asked no praise, sought no recognition; but upon the head their poor lips have kissed when he was a little boy—the little white-shouldered boy, now a man, spotted with shame!

So you see, the verdict is always the same—like his mother. Be he good or bad, mother stands just behind him—mother "repays as she sowed." This is the verdict of the world, whether just or unjust.

And mother—mother who lives in him, when all other faith has failed, who sees the little, white-shouldered child always, through all the murky shroudings of guilt and shame; mother, who kneels and kisses his feet no matter what mire clings to them; and who, no matter how low in vice and crime the hardened man may have sunk, sees only "her boy"—oh, the loving, hoping mother who prayed for him, who always prays for him as she prays for no other, and who will never give up that there is no good in him—that she will yet show that she knew him best! Poor, yearning, clinging-hearted mother, how pitifully it is for her when the world scorns her because of her sown seed!

Boys, did you ever think of this? Have you no friend in all the human world like this one north star love to which you may always turn, sure of finding it when it is sought. If your mother can say of you before the world, "I can trust my boy," no heart in all the world will be so light, so joyous as hers. Though she may be poor, and toiling, and careworn, no wealth would tempt her to exchange with the mother, who having all other good, is yet so poor if she have cause to be ashamed of her son; the son who might have crowned her old age with the lilies of distinction, yet who buried her spotless name beneath the deadly night-shade of his own shame and dishonor.

Train Wrecker Arrested.
Charlotte Observer.
The arrest of George Owens, near Osceola, S. C., Munday, by Sheriff B. A. Horn, of Union county, and Mr. W. K. Newman, of Chester, S. C., is expected to result in the clearing up of the mystery that surrounds the catastrophe which occurred near Catawba Junction, early on the morning of September 9th, of last year, when passenger train No. 41, of the Seaboard Air Line, was precipitated from a sinking bridge thirty feet to the ground below, falling with a fearful crash. Only a few minutes later, to add to the terrible confusion that already prevailed, an extra freight came thundering along and hurried leaping upon the debris of the passenger train. As a result of the accident, five lives were lost and more than thirty-five were injured.

This double wreck was said to be due to a tampered track. Ever since the accident occurred, the officers have been working on the case. A week or more ago, the wife of George Owens in a fit of jealousy, disclosed the secret which had been so long sought for. Owens was at once arrested and is now behind the bars of Union county jail. The warrant on which he was taken was not that of train wrecking, but for the robbery of Mr. B. A. Dear, out store at Stonewall. All the facts have not yet been secured to connect Owens with the wrecking of No. 41, but the detectives have the case in hand and the developments are expected very shortly. In the meantime, Owens refuses to speak and is resting safe and secure behind the bars.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

What the Farmer's Union is Doing.
To the man who ought to be up and doing, it is no more than to bring him into energetic motion, that he scarcely knows what impetus to obey.

There that could be said and done by the farmers for themselves that it is hard to know where to start. In his present fight, however, he has the impetus of a merchant, and he has professional men of all classes; and he is never better situated for securing success.

It is to the interest of the speculators to get our cotton for nothing, it is as much our interest to see that he doesn't do it. Think of this: the cotton gamblers, who grow rich on our products who have never done a day of manual labor and have perhaps never seen a stalk of cotton. No wonder the farmer has to hustle when he is standing in between so many millions of idlers and the son.

We make every effort properly to the full measure until the South raises its own cotton, manufactures it and sell it independent of New York or Liverpool. Now brother farmers, come to the front and let us all work together. Come and join the Union, and let us all work together. Our policy should be not so much one of aggression but of defense.

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EAST END.
What "M" Sees and Hears on His Rounds in Country and in Town.
HERE AND THERE ABOUT THE CITY.
The building on the old "Knox" Corner the Phoenix of old is rising out of the rubble, and a new and more pretentious handsome building having been renovated from top to bottom.

The basement story and thoroughly ventilated and occupied by the Press and Banner. The second story of first story above the basement are being fitted out in a fine and good shape for the Kerr furniture company; preparations are being made to replace the old front with a new one of handsome French plate glass.

At this writing two of our oldest citizens Messrs. J. M. Young and Mr. Bell are quite sick particularly the first named. Another two weeks of either rains or show-ers almost every day or night have given to the crops of all other crops a big growth and brought up another fine stand of grass. This makes the fourth or fifth year since the old and new crops have been planted in the same place since they began the working of their crops and the wonder has been where the time comes and when they are able to do much with the soil. It is a wonder that with many working of crops they are able to do so much with the soil. It is a wonder that with many working of crops they are able to do so much with the soil.

FARMERS MEETING.

Important Action to be Taken on the Warehouse Question.
The Farmers County Educational Union will hold its annual meeting on Saturday, July 22 at half past two o'clock. It is desired that all farmers who are interested in the holding of new warehouses should be present at that time.

Excursion.
The Seaboard Air Line Railway will run their annual mid-summer excursion to Atlanta, July 24th. The excursion will leave Abbeville at 9:54 a. m. Rate \$1.25 round trip.

Annual Settlement.
Hon. A. W. Jones, Comptroller General, has held a settlement between the County Auditor and County Treasurer one day last week.

Lowndesville.
Mr. Mott Barnes of Anderson spent several days among kinsfolk in this place last week.

DR. NEUFFER MADE PRESIDENT.
Abbeville Physician Chosen as Head of Association of Seaboard Air Line Surgeons.

Notwithstanding the hot weather you will generally find the stores of L. W. WHITE.

The Summer Season White Goods.
Is well advanced and it is desired to close out Summer Goods in order to make room for Fall and Winter Goods which will soon be coming in.

We invite everybody to come to see us. There are thousands in Abbeville County who will attest the merits of our goods and who approve our methods of doing business. Let everybody in need of goods call at the stores of L. W. White and supply their wants.

General News.

It is stated that neither Norway nor Sweden is making preparations for war. Russia and Japan agreed to open the peace conference between Aug. 1 and 10.

The flood in Texas has caused the death of 200 people and the loss of \$2,000,000 worth of property. A young man in New Orleans ended a month's honeymoon by trying to kill his wife and then killing himself.

Miss Stella Lee Enraptured.
Miss Stella Lee entertained Monday afternoon a number of friends. They were invited to the dining room where ice cream and sherbet was served.

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Abbeville Lumber Company, Dealers in Lumber, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Shingles, Lime.

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L. W. White's Locals.

The sale of embroideries still goes on at the store of L. W. White. Within the past week we have received an entirely new stock of embroideries and are offering better values than ever.

Miss Ada Rehan has appendicitis. A band of 20 gypsies has been arrested in Hungary on the charge of killing and eating many children.

Seaboard Offers Following Very Low Rates.
Tuscaloosa, Ala.—Summer School for teachers, June 16 to July 28.

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