

# The Abbeville Press and Banner.

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## GEMS IN VERSE

**The Poet's Prayer.**  
A poet prayed aloud for power to sing  
To all mankind one sweet, soul thrilling  
song  
To bring forgetfulness of daily wrong  
And swift surcease of transient trials  
Bring  
O'er all the land his earnest prayer took  
wing  
Soft echoing here and there amid the  
throngs  
From heart to heart, as gently borne  
along  
As breeze blown fragrance from the flow-  
ers in spring.  
And when the poet walked among his  
kind  
Behold, they did great homage to his  
name:  
Gave thanks for endless good his  
words had wrought  
And blessed the teachings of a master  
mind.  
Nor knew he whence came luster to his  
fame,  
For, lo, his prayer had been the song  
he sought!  
—James Clarence Harvey in Smart Set.

**The Breaking Plow.**  
I am the plow that turns the sod  
That has lain for a thousand years  
Where the prairie's wind-tossed flowers  
nod  
And the wolf her wild cub rears.  
I come, and in my wake, like rain,  
Is scattered the golden seed;  
I change the leagues of lonely  
To fruitful gardens and field of grain  
For men and their hungry breed.  
I greet the earth in its rosy morn;  
I am first to stir the soil  
I bring the glory of wheat and corn  
For the crowning of those who till.  
I am civilization's seal and sign;  
Yea, I am the mighty pen  
That writes the sod with a pledge divine.  
A promise to pay with bread and wine  
For the sweat of honest men.  
I am the end of things that were  
And the birth of things to be;  
My coming makes the earth to stir  
With a new and strange decree.  
After its slumbers, deep and long,  
I awaken the drowsy sod  
And sow my furrow with life of song  
To glad the heart of the mighty throng  
Slow feeling the way to God.

A thousand summers the prairie rose  
Has gladdened the hermit bee;  
A thousand winters the drifting snows  
Have whitened the grassy sea.  
Before me curls the wavering smoke  
Of the Indian's smoldering fire;  
Behind me rises—was it God who spoke?  
At the toll enchanted hammer's stroke  
The town and the glittering spire.  
I give the soil to the one who does,  
For the joy of him and his;  
I rouse the slumbering world that was  
To the diligent world that is.  
Oh, see with vision that looks away  
A thousand long years from now,  
The marvelous nation your eyes survey  
Was born of the purpose that here today  
Is guiding the breaking plow!  
—Nixon Waterman in Success.

**The Man That Laughs First.**  
You've all heard the trite little motto  
That he who laughs last laughs the best.  
Be that as it may, 'tis a half hearted way  
Of meeting a friend's little jest.  
Perhaps it is wise to be solemn,  
To sit back with lips tightly pursed,  
Till all of the rest have applauded with  
jest.  
But here's to the man that laughs first.  
Of course I am twisting the motto  
To suit this melodious lay,  
But many I've found who twist it around  
In just this identical way.  
Fray, go to the play if you doubt it  
And wait for the laughter to burst.  
The number is vast that wants to laugh  
last.  
So here's to the man that laughs first.  
We all like the rollicking fellow  
Who sees, in a jiffy, the point,  
Who throws back his head and laughs  
"on the dead"  
Till his features are all out of joint.  
The man that laughs last, I imagine,  
With a weak sense of humor is cursed.  
Let's laugh while we may; 'tis but for a  
day.  
So here's to the man that laughs first!  
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

**The Country of Wide Eyed Dreams.**  
Where are you journeying, little boy,  
So far from the world and me?  
Your round, blue eyes are alight with joy  
At something I cannot see.  
Wonderful visions of dewy dells,  
Where sprites flit to and fro  
On shadowy wings and weave their spells  
O'er the pilgrims that come and go.  
Fire eyed goblins that grin and nod  
At the fluttering butterflies,  
Fairies asleep beneath the goldenrod  
That bends under autumn skies—  
All these must lie on the road you tread  
And beckon you on the wide  
Toward the light that is hanging on  
ahead  
In the land of the rainbow's smile.  
Take me with you, far seeing elf,  
To that realm where you are today,  
Where worldly cares and thoughts of self  
Are ever so far away.  
Show me the wonders your little eyes  
Have learned to discover there,  
For I see them light with a pleased sur-  
prise  
As you sit in that rocking chair,  
And, swinging so dreamily, look away  
To a country beyond my ken,  
A country I fear you will seek some day  
And never come back again.

Yet I know no way that a child may go  
With a fair and cloudless brow  
And never a shadow of pain or woe,  
But the one you are traveling now.  
—James Montague.

**The House of Success.**  
There are no elevators in the House of  
Success.  
But the stairs are long and steep,  
And man who would climb to the very  
top  
Before he dare walk must creep.  
There are no carpets in the House of Suc-  
cess.  
But the floors are hard and bare,  
With slippery places all about  
And pitfalls here and there.  
There are no lounges or easy chairs  
Nor places to rest your spine,  
But when one has arrived on the roof at  
last—  
Ah, but the view is fine!  
—Chicago Journal.

**Song of a Dyepeptic.**  
If I could know  
The names of all the flowers that grow  
And all the stars whose light extends  
Above me, like familiar friends,  
And fathom what their messages meant,  
I wonder if I'd be content?  
If I could know  
Just when good dining meant my woe,  
And within ten days victory will be  
ours.  
House your cotton and stand  
pat. Let the "bears" understand that  
you will no longer submit to their dic-  
tation and domination. The crop is

# J. S. Stark, Sales Stables.

I have sold my Livery business to Mr. George White, and rented him part of my stables.

I am still in the sales business, however, at the same old stand, and am prepared to furnish you the best stock the market affords at reasonable prices.

A car load of Mules and Horses will be received this week, and from time to time during the season.

## J. S. STARK.

### JORDAN REQUESTS COTTON PLANTERS TO STAND PAT

Statement Issued by President of C. A. R. of the Southern Cotton Ass'n. Remains Firm—Fight is on.

President Harvie Jordan, of the Southern Cotton association, issued a statement Friday morning in which he calls on the planters of the south to remain firm in their purpose to hold cotton for the prices named by the association. Mr. Jordan states that the fight is on in earnest now and that the next two weeks will decide the contest between the "bears" and the farmers.

In his statement Mr. Jordan says it is reported that E. S. Peters of Calvert, Texas, former vice president of the association, is advising farmers to sell their cotton, and that Peters has assigned his name to the circulars as vice president. Mr. Jordan states that the present depression in the spot market is unwarranted and unauthorized by anyone engaged in the legitimate handling or manufacture of raw cotton.

The following is the statement of President Jordan:

**South Must Stand Firm.**  
"The fight is now on in earnest and the south must stand firm for the next two weeks, or the cause for which we fighting will be lost. The present depression in the spot market is unwarranted and unauthorized by anyone engaged in the legitimate handling or manufacture of raw cotton. The depression is caused by manipulation in paper contracts and the issuance last Monday of a bureau report which was as much too high on the estimate of condition for September, 1905, as the report for the same date was too low one year ago. The statisticians of the bureau add to or deduct from the reports of their correspondents as their judgement dictates, which rule, so long as it is enforced, will give to such estimates doubtful value. The ginners' report is based upon fact and is the proper guide to go by. The spinners actively bought cotton in September, and were well satisfied at the stability of market."

**Farmers Hold My.**  
"Paper contracts can't be converted into cloth and the mills have got to run on full time to fill their orders. The farmers hold the key to the situation and not Theodore Prie and his contract followers who are now engaged in a stupendous effort to depress and break down the wealth producers of the country."

"It is reported this morning that E. S. Peters, of Calvert, Tex., former vice president of the association, is advising farmers to sell, signing his circulars as vice president, Peters was suspended in July and his resignation demanded by the executive committee at Asheville, N. C., September 6th. If above reports are true he is proving himself a traitor to the south and an enemy to legitimate business interests and as such he should be repudiated by every loyal citizen of the south. No cotton is moving this week at interior points and the local merchants and bankers are bargaining up the farmers to stand against the present unwarranted and iniquitous fight made on the producers."

"If I am doing all in my power to reach the people, and am convinced that they will successfully resist the present effort made to defeat the cause we are all fighting for."

**Victory Will Come.**  
"Stand together from one end of the south to the other. Don't give an inch and within ten days victory will be ours. House your cotton and stand pat. Let the "bears" understand that you will no longer submit to their dictation and domination. The crop is

short. Many sections have finished picking and the bulk of the crop is now open with no late crop to mature, even under favorable climatic conditions in the future, as was the case a year ago. Stand together and resist to the last every attempt to break the present organized effort of the producers to secure fair prices for their valuable staple. Yours truly, (Signed)  
"HARVIE JORDAN,  
"President Southern Cotton Ass'n."

**Rules of Health.**  
It is rather curious that many of the ills which make life a wretched affair are caused by our own daily actions. Sitting on chairs, for instance, is "the cause of nearly all our evils in regard to the spine," according to Dr. Noble Smith, a surgeon of repute. It would surprise the layman to know how many men, women and children who pass muster in the street or the dancing room suffer from deformity of the spine. They are the surgeons' best customers. And if Dr. Smith is right, we ought to abolish chairs and introduce the ancient fashion of reclining on mats.

Dr. Gowers, one of the greatest authorities on diseases of the nervous system, brings another charge against chairs. If one habitually sits on a hard seat, he says, the pressure of the edge is likely to give rise to sciatica. This is worth remembering, for there must be thousands of people who spend large sums trying to cure their sciatica while they are all the time adding fuel to it by sitting on hard edged chairs.

This same disease as well as the still more painful one of lumbago, are caused by other everyday habits. In this hot weather people sit, without thought of the consequences, on the grass, the sands, and worst of all, on rocks. Perhaps they escape for the time, but as soon as the first touch of winter comes the lumbago and sciatica make their appearance.

Then in the morning too we have the seeds of rheumatism. Sooner or later this daily chilling of the feet produces that inflammatory condition of the joint cartilages, which results in crippling rheumatism. A simple precaution is to use a cork mat or a piece of wood for standing on the bath. A block that would raise the feet out of the water is better still.

Perhaps the inventor of oilcloth has been the greatest enemy of those predisposed to rheumatism. Even when wearing thick boots, if you stand much on oilcloth, you can scarcely escape rheumatism in the feet. If you cannot afford carpets, stain the floor, and you will be saved much suffering.

Most people make themselves ill on Sunday. At least a majority are not in such good form on Monday morning as on other days of the week. This fact has been explained by suggesting that people eat too much and take too little exercise, on the Sabbath. But probably the chief cause is closed doors and windows. On Sundays the doors are closed, and the windows are closed, and the Sunday night dullness and Monday morning below par condition.

Doctors find those dyspeptic patients who are engaged in bookkeeping and other desk work almost incurable. The reason is that the writing attitude is most unphysiological. With the left arm resting on the desk and the body bent, the spine is much twisted. The left ribs are lowered until they touch the edge of the hip bone. Consequently the stomach and intestines are compressed and moved out of place, the heart, spleen, liver and other organs are pressed upon, and to add to the evil the neck is also twisted, squeezing the blood vessels and causing congestion of the brain. Obviously no function can be properly performed in these circumstances, and incurable dyspepsia is a certain result. If you cannot resist violent brushing of the teeth we ruin our gums and produce decay of the teeth; by leaving a little moisture in the ears after washing we cause neuralgia; by drinking too freely in hot weather we paralyze the stomach.

pointed out that the man who wears a waterproof coat while walking, or cycling converts the clothing into a peltice. When he takes it off he is in the same position as if he had put on very damp clothes, and this is a thing no one would be senseless enough to do.

**Cokesbury District Meeting.**  
The annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Cokesbury District convened in Honea Path, September 1-3.

The exercises began Friday evening. On account of the weather, the regular program was postponed until Saturday evening and a short, informal meeting held instead.

Saturday morning, the devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. J. W. Humbert. Mrs. W. L. Wightman called the meeting to order. Mrs. L. S. MacSwain was elected secretary. At roll call twenty-three delegates answered. There were also present Mrs. M. C. Owens, district secretary; Mrs. E. S. Herbert, and Mrs. J. W. Humbert, Brothers Peter Stokes, Driggers, Humbert and Dunlap were in attendance, and it was a source of pleasure and encouragement to have these pastors with us.

Mrs. Humbert read from the Handbook the duties of delegates. The secretary's report of Cokesbury District was very fine, showing a gain in members and money. There has been faithful work and earnest prayer by our beloved district secretary. Each member in the district should help her.

A fund has been started for the endowment of a chair in the Training School, to be called the S. C. Trueheart Lectureship.

The absolute necessity of sending prompt, correct and legible quarterly reports was again emphasized. It was needless to say that the dues of ten cents a month per member are not sufficient for enlarging the work or even carrying it on; hence the necessity for the payment of the pledge money. South Carolina's part of the sum required is \$3,700; Cokesbury's part is \$400.

Greenwood has the largest society in the district. The three societies there support a Bible woman; they rejoice in having a substitute. The representative of Ninety-Six stated that each lady in the church was asked to contribute to the pledge money. Abbeville raised \$30 more this year than last. Newberry has a list member, Honia Path auxiliary raised about three times as much money as it did a few years ago. Zoar society consists of one member, who pays ten dollars a year. May not many isolated women follow her example? Bethlehem auxiliary, at Cornaca, is the youngest—not yet a year old, and has contributed to every fund, making a total of \$35.50.

The president urged each member to read the Woman's Missionary Advocate and other church papers, saying she ought to do this from a sense of duty, if not for pleasure. Mrs. Wightman at the same time paid a high tribute to Mrs. Butler, editor of the W. F. M. Advocate. She spoke of her great capacity for work, the cheerful willingness with which she took every burden laid on her, of her long, faithful service to the paper. All were asked to pray for editors and those who write, since we are influenced greatly by what we read. Then prayers were requested for our pastors—that God would baptize them with the Holy Spirit that they may lead us to higher, holier things.

On Sunday morning, the hour before service was devoted to a deeply spiritual testimony meeting, conducted by Mrs. Wightman. Brother Stokes preached the morning sermon from Mat. 1:21. It was an earnest, impressive sermon. He said that he realized for the first time the magnitude of the work done by the women since the organization of their foreign missionary society twenty-seven years ago, and spoke in glowing terms of the important part they are taking in the redemption of the world.



## Seasonable Suits.

You need something more than light summer clothes these crisp mornings.

Better come in here and let us fit you out with a seasonable Fall Suit and maybe a Top Coat, too. We're showing some beautiful things this year—all the new styles from Schloss Bros. & Co., of Baltimore, the "Quality Makers."

The drawing shows how our Clothes look when actually worn. Prices run from \$5 to \$25, with a big variety to choose from.

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portunity, and he was glad it came at the close instead of the beginning of the conference, for he could give a more hearty welcome after having attended the meeting. He gave high and well-deserved praise to our State officers. Mrs. Wightman and Mrs. Humbert have held the same offices since the organization of the South Carolina Conference Society in December, 1878. The church choir added much to the pleasure of the services, the solos by Miss Bessie Hudgins being especially sweet.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the cordial hospitality of the members of the missionary society.

The next district meeting will be held in Ninety-Six.