

W. C. T. U.
Now the Ark of God abiding...
In our hearts the blessing lies...
All our hopes and destinies...
Every idol must be banished...
Put away each wandering thought...
And all 'outbidding shall have vanished...
Of the work our Lord hath wrought...
Fight and pray; the Lord is with us;
He will put to flight our foes;
Victory his strength will give us;
Every good his love bestows.
Let us thank him for his mercy,
Set a stone—here—in this place:
'Hisitho the Lord has helped us...'
We will trust for future grace.
God has helped us! Ah, we know it;
He will 'better than our fears';
Let our grateful spirits shout it,
Leave with him the untiring years;
Keep thy fingers from his planning,
Never wrest his way to thine,
For his care is never failing,
And his wisdom is divine.
'Hisitho'—the word is ringing
Hope and peace in every breast!
And some blessing now is winging
To relieve our souls' unrest.
'Hisitho'—oh, promise claiming
All the present's needed grace,
And a blessing assurance, naming
Him our help in every place.
Helen F. Boyden.

WALHALLA, S. C.
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 19, 1904.
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE'S LOVE.
Author of "Home, Sweet Home" Died in a Foreign Land and Homeless.

[T. Larry Gantt, in Spartaburg Herald.]
Some one said the sweetest word in the English language is "Home." The sweetest song that ever emanated from an American pen is "Home, Sweet Home." This simple melody has been translated into every civilized tongue, and has thrilled the hearts of untold millions. It appeals to all touches and softens the heart of all humankind. The millionaire, in his gilded palace, the peasant, in his cottage, the shivering and starving wretch in his garret, and even the homeless outcast as he aimlessly wanders through the streets of some great city or tramps the highways of his country. There is a peculiar pathos in this song that stirs a new better feeling in the breast of man, and touches even the most callous and wretched heart.

And yet John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," was himself an outcast and wandered upon the face of the earth, and had never known or experienced the comforts and pleasures of a home. His early days were spent in a nomadic existence, and in later years he wandered from one great European capital to another, often without a penny to buy food or a place to lay his head.

It is stated that often, while John Howard Payne was a homeless wanderer at night through the streets of London, he would hear floating from some brilliantly illuminated mansion the sweet and touching strains of his own "Home, Sweet Home."

But little did the dazzling beauty, sitting at the piano, know that the author of her song was at that moment a wanderer by her door, and like unto the Saviour of mankind, without a place to lay his head.

After leading for many years a wayward and homeless life the admirers of this gifted poet secured him an appointment as consul at Tangiers in Algiers. Here in this distant island, far removed from kindred and friends, John Howard Payne passed away, and died as he had lived, without a home.

Recently while on a visit to Athens, the seat of education, wealth and refinement for the great State of Georgia, in driving down Prince Avenue, I passed a little one-story, weather-beaten cottage, nestled in a grove of ornamental trees, and presenting a queer contrast with the magnificent modern residences surrounding it. In this little home lived and died a withered and aged maiden lady, Miss Mary Harden. Miss Harden descended from one of the leading and most distinguished families of Georgia, her father, Gen. Harden, being an anti-bellum minister to France. Miss Harden was one of the most brilliant and intellectual ladies of her day, a linguist, and having accompanied her father to France, acted as the secretary and interpreter.

While in her teens and the zenith of her beauty, Miss Mary Harden met John Howard Payne, who was at that time a young man engaged in helping remove the Cherokee Indians from Georgia. It was a case of love at first sight and the young couple became devotedly attached to each other, and which affection endured as long as life lasted. But the vagrant life led by young Payne presented an insurmountable obstacle to the consummation of their happiness.

John Howard Payne often visited his sweetheart in her Athens home, and Rob Roy, an old negro servant who waited on the guest and tended his horse, died only about two years ago. It was during this happy period that John Howard Payne wrote his immortal song, "Home, Sweet Home," and which will endure and be sung by unborn millions so long as there is a home.

Miss Mary Harden died some eight or ten years ago, leaving all of her property and belongings to her devoted friend and kinswoman, Miss Effie Jackson, of Athens, Ga. In the trunk of the deceased was discovered a package of love letters, among them the original manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home," with erasures and interlineations, just as the old melody was first penned.

A few days since I met a relative of Miss Jackson, and he told me she sacredly preserved this memento of her kinswoman's first and only love, and refused to part with it, although large sums had been offered for this valuable relic and which certainly ought to be held beyond price.

While residing in Athens I have often seen Miss Mary Harden, but at that time she was long passed the meridian of life, and there was nothing either romantic or attractive about her. She always wore an old black dress, rendered sleek with usage. But little did the stranger know that there beat within the breast of this old maid a heart as true, loving and devoted as ever animated a human bosom, and that she was the first and only love of one of the most gifted and sweetest poets and writers of the Sunny South.

Upon the slope of a hill five miles from Louisville, Ky., a little way off the Brownsville road, stands a massive stone tomb. Only occasionally is a passer-by attracted by the arched grandeur of the sarcophagus to draw nearer and read upon the slab over the entrance the name and date:
Z. TAYLOR,
Died 1860.

Yet here reposes Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," twelfth President of the United States, hero of the Black Hawk and Florida Indian wars, the man who, with 4,000 soldiers, swept Santa Anna's 2,000 before him at Buena Vista and conquered Mexico. For more than half a century the tomb of General Taylor has lacked the care of a kindly hand. The ivy roots of the weather-beaten blocks of granite in the spring and summer and almost conceals the outline of the gray stone tomb. The fastenings on the iron door are rusted and no key has turned in the ponderous lock for probably a quarter of a century.

A little to the east of the granite vault stands the Taylor memorial shaft of white marble. It, too, has become discolored through the storm and shine of half a century. Surmounting the shaft is a statue of General Taylor leaning upon his sword. The statue, too, is beginning to disintegrate in spots. The inscription, which is growing illegible, consists of General Taylor's last words: "I have endeavored to do my duty. I am ready to die. My only regret is for the friends I leave behind me." Visitors to the tomb of President Taylor are rare. It is doubtful if half a dozen tourists stop during a twelve-month to stand beside the last resting place of a President of the United States and a soldier who occupies a conspicuous and picturesque position in the nation's history.

The old Taylor homestead, which stands not far from the tomb, is furnished practically as it was during General Taylor's last days of abode therein. It is tenanted by strangers, the last member of the Taylor family having moved away some twenty years ago.

Is Indigestion a Disease?
The best medical authorities say that indigestion is not always caused by a diseased stomach, but may result from a disordered liver, constipation, excitation, etc. The cause of liver complaint, when it is not due to indigestion, is taken, as they never fail to digest the food, check fermentation, free the stomach from irritating and distending gases. They relieve at once, belching, heartburn, sour stomach, fullness after eating, etc. Rydalen's Stomach Tablets have a specific tonic effect on the stomach and organs of assimilation and are guaranteed to cure the worst forms of stomach trouble. J. H. Darby, Walhalla; Seneca Pharmacy.

It is enough to blister one's hands just to contemplate the job that confronted the men who swept the floor of the mammoth Palace of Agriculture at the St. Louis World's fair. When the contractors finished their work recently all that remained to be done was to sweep the floor. It never dawned on any one how great the task was. Caldwell and Drake, the contractors, ordered a dozen brooms and set 12 men to work. When night came their iron rods of floor space was scarcely noticeable. They increased the force next day to 40 men and ordered 100 brooms. These 40 men worked 10 days before the big floor was thoroughly swept.

Men and Women
who are in need of the best medical treatment should not fail to consult Dr. Hathaway at once, as he is the only physician in the South who has the leading and most successful speciality in his hands, as he is the longest established and best reported of any other physician in the South. He is a specialist in the treatment of all diseases of the liver, stomach, bowels, and all other organs of the digestive system. He is a specialist in the treatment of all diseases of the liver, stomach, bowels, and all other organs of the digestive system. He is a specialist in the treatment of all diseases of the liver, stomach, bowels, and all other organs of the digestive system.

Don't cling to him too tightly.
"Even an angel may be tiresome when one can never get out of the shadow of its wings," says a wise person.

Refined coconut oil is being largely used in Hungary as a substitute for butter. Two and a quarter million pounds of it were imported last year.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR stops the cough and heals lungs.
He—Women always have monopolized the conversation. A woman can't sit still and listen for one consecutive minute.
She—No, unless the other party to the conversation were making a proposal of marriage, eh?
He—Not even then. She'd say 'yes' before he had spoken a minute.

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A New Scientific Discovery
for the BLOOD and NERVES.
It purifies the blood by eliminating the waste matter and other impurities and by destroying the germs or microbes that infect the blood. It builds up the blood by reconstructing and multiplying the red corpuscles, making the blood rich and red. It restores and stimulates the nerves, causing a full free flow of nerve force throughout the entire nerve system. It speedily cures unstrung nerves, nervousness, nervous prostration, and all other diseases of the nervous system.
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The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson.

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to bring good prices must have
both size and quality.
Even good soil is made
better by the use
of a fertilizer
rich in
Potash

Opening Gun of The War.
Men of the old Eleventh army corps, banded together as the Eleventh Army Corps Association, says The New York Sun of December 16th, camped last night at Martin's Tavern, at the junction of the Twenty-sixth cross-road and the Fifth avenue turnpike. Sitting around the headquarters campfire were Col. A. C. Hamlin, of Bangor, Me., president of the association; Gen. Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio; Gen. Carl Schurz, Gen. James Grant Wilson, Gen. Horatio C. King, Col. Chisolm, of South Carolina, and Major J. M. Jewett, of Ohio.

Thon Col. Hamlin introduced Col. Chisolm, of South Carolina, who, Col. Hamlin said, was the man who fired the first shot on Fort Sumter. Col. Chisolm got up and said that was wrong, and told this about it: "A man named James, who has joined the majority, was the man who did that job. For some time before the outbreak of the civil war I lived on Chisolm Island, in Charleston harbor. I used to shoot duck and go fishing, and was a good all-around waterfowl."

"One day Gen. Beauregard sent for me and said that he wanted me to help build fortifications for Charleston. I told him I could catch fish and shoot ducks, but I reckoned I didn't know much about fortification building. 'Well,' said the general, you just got to do it any way."

"So I pitched in and did what I could to build the Charleston fortification. By and by the time came when it was necessary, so we thought, to ask Major Anderson to surrender. I knew the major very well, and he was one of the most lovable men I ever met. Two other officers and myself were sent over to make the suggestion to him. 'After keeping us waiting for about two hours, at the end of which we told him we couldn't wait any longer, Anderson said he wouldn't do any such thing (laughter and applause). 'We told him that we weren't looking for any trouble, but, of course, if he didn't know when he was well off, why, we didn't suppose we could convince him, and that there would necessarily have to be some shooting. So we went back to town, and when things were ready James fired the first shot. I fired some, but James' gun was the one that opened the ball.'"

Col. Chisolm told what a narrow escape the Union forces had from winning the first Bull Run, and said that nothing could have saved the Confederates had Gen. McDowell marched straight at them instead of making the wide detour which he did.

St. Peter and the Broker.
This is going the rounds, says the New York Press. A broker from the financial vortex sought admission at the party gates. "Who are you?" said St. Peter. "I'm a Wall Street broker." "What do you want?" "I want to get in." "What have you done that entitles you to admission?" "Well, I saw a decrepit woman on Broadway the other day and gave her two cents." "Gabriel, is that on the records?" "Yes, St. Peter; it's marked down to his credit." "What else have you done?" "Well, I crossed the Brooklyn bridge the other night and met a newswy half frozen to death and gave him one cent." "Gabriel, is that on the records?" "Yes, St. Peter." "What else have you done?" "Well, I can't recollect anything else just now." "Gabriel, what do you think we ought to do with this fellow?" "Oh give him back his three cents and tell him to go to hell."

JUST ONE WORD that word is
Tutt's
It refers to Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills and MEANS HEALTH.
Are you constipated?
Troubled with indigestion?
Sick headache?
Vertigo?
Biliousness?
Insomnia?
ANY of these symptoms and many other ailments indicate the LIVER you need.

Tutt's Pills
Take No Substitute.
A Scottish parish minister was one day talking to one of his parishioners, who ventured the opinion that ministers ought to be better paid. "I'm glad to hear you say that," said the minister. "I am pleased that you think so much of the clergy. And so you think we should have bigger stipends?" "Aye," said the old man, "you see we'd get a better class of men."

To the brides: Give him plenty of rope. He may love you ever so much, but he doesn't like to feel the pull of apron strings.

With the iron in Chester's hands...
The annual meeting of the South Carolina Road Convention will be held in Columbia January 18. There will be exhibits of machines and implements for road building.
Election year! It's time for the candidates to be shaking themselves.
James B. Caskey, a young man of Lancaster, was fatally shot Friday morning by B. Skipper superintendent. The weapon used was a shotgun, the load striking Mr. Caskey in the neck, and he died Friday night. Mr. Skipper was placed in jail, as were also a bookkeeper, G. B. Barron, and a mill machinist named Clayton, the two latter being charged as accessories to the killing.
There was only one lynching in North Carolina last year. In 1902 there were eight lynchings—3 for murder, 3 for rape, 1 for assault.
The Bank of Central has been chartered to do a general banking business on a capital of \$20,000. J. E. Morgan is president and T. B. Morgan cashier.
State Comptroller Hughes, of Charleston, was recently suspended by Chief Hammet on the charge of being drunk and threatening to shoot a policeman, and his suspension has been made permanent.
W. W. Russell, of Anderson, will be an applicant for the position of United States Railroad Commissioner to succeed Gen. Longstreet, who died last Saturday. The place is filled by appointment of the President. Russell has long been a Republican and was postmaster at Anderson under the Harrison administration and was at the same time Republican referee in this State.
Thursday was the last of the bar rooms in Raleigh, the dispensary going in Friday. The bar keepers of that city say in two years bar rooms will be voted back, but the anti-saloon people say that the dispensary will either be continued, or there will be prohibition. The law limits the profits of the dispensary to 80 per cent, but Manager W. P. Batchelor says the average profit will be about 60 per cent.
John Alexander Dowie, accompanied by four of the leaders in Zion City, started on his trip around the world on January 1st. Every resident of Zion City turned out to see Dowie off. He will first go to New Orleans, where he will remain for a week; then he will proceed to San Francisco. He will embark for Australia January 21, going by way of Honolulu.
Wm. R. Heaton, of New York, has representatives in South Carolina, urging a sentiment in his favor for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Prominent men in various sections of the State will be sounded as to the possibility of securing the South Carolina delegation for the New York newspaper man.

Elliot's Emulsified Oil Liniment
Is the best Liniment on the market for use in the family or on animals. It is very soothing, very penetrating, relieves aches and pains in an incredibly short time. Try it, and you will not be disappointed. Large bottle, Price 25 cents. J. H. Darby, Walhalla; Seneca Pharmacy.

Central's New School.
Central S. C., January 4.—At the last General Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Convention, or church, of America, it was decided to establish a college somewhere in the South, whose scope is to be literary, industrial and theological; also an annual camp-meeting, beginning August, 1904. An appropriation of \$10,000 was made and further contributions are solicited. A committee, consisting of Dr. L. G. Clayton, C. B. Smith, G. B. Nally, B. L. Padgett and L. A. Edwards, has charge of the project. One acre of land within and adjoining one acre of land with an adjoining farm, the town has been bought of C. B. Smith for \$1,500 and 75 acres adjoining from Wm. Wilson for \$1,000. The erection of substantial buildings will begin September 1. The institution will be co-educational.

"Don't Blow, Good Lord, Don't Blow."
"Talking about trusting in Providence," remarked Representative Charles Littlefield, of Maine, the other day, to a group of friends in Washington, "there's an old fisherman down at my home who affords a unique example. When old Capt. Eddy gets out in the swell of the heavy combers and feels his small boat tossing about roughly he will always pray:
'Poor old skipper, poor old boat; don't blow, good Lord, don't blow.'
'But Capt. Eddy returning home and once safe in the shelter of the sea is another person. Then he straightens up, squirts tobacco juice over the trusty oars, and cries:
'Good old skipper, good old boat; blow, blow, you, blow!'"

Two live lions and a pair of elephant's tusks, sent to President Roosevelt, and the treaty of friendship and commerce between the United States and Abyssinia.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.
All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
The Kind You Have Always Bought
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Ruth Cleveland Dead.
Princeton, N. J., January 8.—Ruth, the eldest daughter of ex-President Cleveland, died suddenly at their home yesterday morning. Mrs. Cleveland, who has been in poor health, is prostrated by the bereavement of the death of her daughter and her friends are alarmed. Her daughter's illness was not thought to be serious. Mr. Cleveland issued this statement: "After a brief illness of tonsillitis, diphtheria developed yesterday and Ruth died early this morning." Dr. Wyckoff, the attending physician, said that Miss Cleveland had been ill with a mild form of diphtheria for four days and heart affection had not been anticipated. She was fifteen years old.

Death of Dr. J. W. W. Marshall.
Abbeville, S. C., January 7.—Dr. J. W. W. Marshall died yesterday morning at 8 o'clock. The immediate cause of his death was heart failure. He was the oldest citizen of this place, being 83 years of age. Dr. Marshall was born and reared in this county. Before the war he represented the county in the South Carolina Legislature. At one time he was a man of great wealth, but the disasters of war and misfortune during the reconstruction swept almost all his property away. He has been in the active practice of his profession in this vicinity for many years. The members of his family who survive him are his wife, Mrs. Francis Marshall, and daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Cason, Mrs. Jennie Pinckney of Anderson, and Miss Kate Marshall and Capt. J. Calhoun Marshall of Anderson.

According to an official statement from the director of the mint the total product of gold and silver in the United States for the calendar year 1903 was \$74,335,340 and \$30,520,680 respectively. South Carolina produced \$102,573 of gold and \$145 of silver.

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