

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES WHICH HANG ON THE WALL.

Editors Keowee Courier: So long as I can speak and write I shall hold up the Confederate soldier as the greatest man in all the world, but not to excite anew the fierce patriotic passions which once filled the breast of every true Southern man. Nor is it our intention to say aught that is disloyal to the great Union which now protects us all, for we are now under the same government, the same flag; we have the same laws, we read the same Bible, and worship the same God; and we are the same people, with the same hopes, the same aspirations, and the same destiny.

Thank God, the day has come when a part of the sad memories and bitter animosities of the past are being absorbed in a quickened public sense of the importance of business and social relations between the South and the North; but the day has not yet come when we can forget the brave men who died the death of martyrs in fighting for their convictions. In all times and ages he who has been willing to offer his life as an evidence of the faith that was in him has been deemed worthy of a place among the heroes of history. Without fear of contradiction we assert that this position should be accorded to every man who wore the gray.

The struggle, from the beginning, was an unequal one. It was not for the promise of glory that they entered into this war, nor for riches or high renown, but simply because each Southern State was a sovereign in itself, which should be protected even at the cost of the blood of her noblest sons. The result of that unequal conflict did not destroy the principles contended for by the South, and we speak of it now as a just cause. "Nations do not rise and fall, but truth is immortal, and principles based upon truth live on forever. So it was the principle of local self-government for which our comrades died, and will yet live on forever.

No cause is lost which in its losing forms the corner-stone of liberty. Even to-day we can see a bright star of hope above the sadness which steals over us when we hear from the lips of Father Ryan, that soldier-priest, that uncrowned poet laureate of the South, his famous war lyric, which says to you:

"Fold that banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis floating dreary;
Furl it, fold it—it is best,
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood that heroes gave it;
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead."

That star of hope was for a long time after the war obscured from view, from the desolate condition of heart-broken homes, from whose fire-side a son, a father, a husband, were missing, but to-day it spreads its effulgent rays of comfort over a proud, energetic, successful and happy people.

Let us draw aside the curtain from some of the beautiful pictures which hang high on memory's walls. The chiefest picture in our group of treasures is the picture of that spotless, that immortal Virginian, the hero of Appomattox, the ideal of every Southern heart. The very sound of the name of

Robert Edward Lee fills every true Southern heart with a charm, like unto the gentle murmur of a "silvery fountain stealing forth midst a bed of roses." We can see that gallant chieftain and his heroic followers on that eventful morning of the 9th of April, at Appomattox C. H., as they stand ready to face the unequal foe. Ah! some of those gallant soldiers had taken part in Pickett's magnificent charge at Gettysburg—by their valor they had made the battlefield of Manassas immortal. Again, at Chickamauga, where those granite shafts now point skyward in loving memory of both the gray and the blue, these war-scarred veterans had, on many a bloody field, felt the flush of victory. But now the end was very near, and it did not take a prophetic eye to see that Lee's illustrious army was soon only to be a matter of history. Less than twenty-seven thousand, all told, ragged and hungry, having passed through a winter of extreme privation and suffering—and knowing that the loved ones at home, through Federal invasions had become wanderers upon the face of the earth—still the tattered gray uniforms, upon which the tattered stars of April morning, covered as ever, as brave, as unflinching soldiers as ever breathed. Lee's immortal surrender was made, and it was left for that day to disclose to view the ragged Southern soldier, with head bowed in the presence of his God, to whom alone he could look in that trying hour for solace and comfort; for, though he had fought a brave fight and had done his best, "all was lost save honor."

Another picture well defined upon the walls of memory is the heroic Stonewall Jackson, whose gleaming sword was an aspiration to his men; grouping about him in memory's view the gallant Pelham, one of the greatest artillerymen the world has ever known; Jeb Stewart, the immortal leader of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia. But Virginia is not the only State that weeps for her children that are not. Kentucky, the fair young daughter, turns to Virginia, the mother State, and all her sister Southern States, and points with lofty pride to those noble sons she gave to the cause—the intrepid

John H. Morgan, the matchless Albert Sidney Johnston, the brave and fearless John B. Hagood, and gallant Roger Hanson, and that tall chieftain, the "Wizard of the Saddle," Nathan Bedford Forrest.

But there is another picture that we will not forget, which hangs on a line with all the greatest generals that were ever born—that is

The Private Soldier in the ranks. In reading history he is seldom mentioned; but it was the

private soldier who whipped the fight always, and it will always be so. Without him there would be no war, no battle would be fought on land or sea. We have seen him pressing the ice and snow with bare and bleeding feet, trousers torn, jacket rent, his blanket in shreds, with old slouched hat, and haversack empty, but he followed the battle-torn flag, and wrote on the brightest pages of history the names that will never die. It was the private soldier who will make the names of Lee, Longstreet, Jackson, Gordon, Hampton and Forrest ride down the ages; and it is our duty to keep alive the fires of devotion and patriotism. Every true mother will teach her children to love God, love home, love family, and to love their native land.

We have another picture that will eclipse all others. It is

The Southern Women, the fair daughters of the Confederacy, the "uncrowned queens" of our hearts, the inspiration of every noble and chivalrous deed, the arbiters of fortunes and political histories of nations. Her chiefest virtues, however, do not exhale their sweetest fragrance in the bright hours of prosperity, for it is her sacred mission to wipe away tears, to soften sorrows and heartaches, and to bind up with tender hands the open wounds of grief. How truly can this be said of our Southern women of Confederate times! From the time the bugler's clarion sounded the first alarm of war until the smoke of the last battle had cleared away, and the folds of the conquered banner drooped pathetically over a land of broken hearts, our heroic women were absolutely true. Their sacrifices were not made in the glare of noon-day sun, but in the innermost recesses of their hearts. They gave their sons, their brothers, their husbands to the Confederacy with that willingness which could have sprung only from the truest patriotic zeal; and this they did, although the mother knew in her heart that the glimpse she caught of her boy as she stood watching for the last wave of the handkerchief was perhaps the last time that her aged eyes would rest upon that stalwart form.

While the war was going on the misfortunes of our women were most uncommon ones. In the solitude of their homes, once grand and magnificent, now stripped of even the necessities of life, they were left to that consuming anxiety from which there was no rest. Sewing and weaving were the occupation of the day to support the little ones around them, and night after night they worked upon those gray uniforms, which were oft sprinkled with tears.

Upon the battlefields, among the wounded and in the hospitals of the sick and the dying, our Southern women did their duty. Many a Confederate soldier, just before passing on to his reward beyond, felt upon his feverish brow the soothing touch of a gentle hand and heard from fair lips words of divine hope and inspiration as soft and sweet as an angel's prayer.

When the war was over and the Confederate soldier returned home to begin anew the struggle of life, the brave heart that had not quailed before a relentless foe sank deep into the depths of despair at the sight that met his gaze. The mangled hand of the enemy had left its trail upon every side. It was a ruined homestead indeed. Everything was gone except his queen, but she was there to greet him, to inspire him with new hope and with renewed zeal for life's duties, and to our women are we chiefly indebted for the healing of those terrible scars of war.

Even up to this day the loving hearts of our Southern women have never ceased their well-doing, for now come these fair daughters of the Confederacy with all their kindly deeds, a noble band of true, patriotic, Christian women, to care for these Confederate veterans who have been buffeted by the storms of life, and in declining years feel the need of a supporting hand. And each year, at the season when the birds sing their sweetest carols, and all the earth is abloom with beautiful flowers, they come to scatter roses over the Confederate graves, in sacred memory of the heroes of the South. As "the vestal virgins kept alive the sacred fire of their God upon his altar," so will these daughters of the Confederacy ever keep before posterity your noble deeds.

J. Russell Wright.

Walhalla, S. C.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo,

Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. Frank J. Cheney.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal.) A. W. Gleason,

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sold by druggists and free of charge.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Would Not Be a Burden.

Nashville, Tenn., April 1.—Augustus H. Lawrence, aged 68, a retired wholesale liquor dealer, this morning complained of feeling ill, and went to his room to lie down. Several hours later his wife found him dead with a bullet hole in his temple. He left a note saying he feared he would become a burden to his family.

Pain, anywhere, can be quickly stopped by one of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. Pain always means congestion—unnatural blood pressure. Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets simply coax congested blood away from pain centers. These tablets—known by druggists as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets—simply equalize the blood circulation and then pain always departs in 20 minutes. Twenty tablets 25c. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., for free package. Sold by J. W. Bell.

"WENT OFF HALF COOKED."
A Moral and a Sensible View of the Hefflin Incident.

(From Columbia State.)

We are agreeably surprised to note that our esteemed Northern contemporaries seem to have refused to get excited over the shooting of a negro in Washington by a Southern Congressman. It appears that after all the incident is not to assume national proportions.

The affair illustrates, if it illustrates anything at all, but two points. The first is, the disposition, so often manifested, of a Southern man to take the settlement of these matters in his own hands. In the same circumstances a Northern man would have simply called the police. It is this difference, the result of temperament, inheritance, environment, or something, that has done so much to give the South a bad reputation in respect of law and order. In just such a situation as Mr. Hefflin found himself, the Southerner for some reason is disposed to act for himself, to set himself forward as the regulator of manners that he deems to be bad, himself to demand that the other fellow behave himself, and if he won't to fight him. The result is only too often the same as in this case: fists and then guns come into play and the chances of a funeral before the matter is untangled are usually bright. Law and order get a black eye, and the turbulence and lawlessness of the Southerner become the subject of editorial lament—and justly so.

They order these things better in the North, where there is a keener anxiety to make the officers of the law earn their pay. The Northern man argues that the police are there to do just this sort of yeoman service, and when trouble begins he calls an officer; the unruly one being duly impressed with the majesty of brass buttons quietly submits, is led away, and everything and everybody settle down comfortably again. The Northern man is practical and sensible. It is a great pity that the Southerner cannot be got to accept the same calm view of these wayfaring incidents; it would save much trouble and occasion less blood-spillage.

The Hefflin incident serves too to direct attention once more to the fact that Washington is a city in which the Southerner has a hard time keeping his temper. Thanks to the strong streak of bumptiousness that runs through negro character, as a rule, and which causes him to mistake "equality" for the right to make himself obnoxiously conspicuous and self-assertive, the capital of this nation has become a place of frequent irritation to the man of Southern "prejudices." Of course there are plenty of negroes in Washington who behave themselves like other people and are content to attend to their own business. On the other hand there is no city in the world where another class of negroes is more offensive and insolent, as is evidenced in this very case in which Mr. Hefflin interfered.

However, we trust that the next time anything of the sort comes under his notice, the Alabama Congressman will be content to call the police. He should remember the unfortunate fate of the Brownsville marksmen and refrain from "shooting up" the town, and incidentally "pink" the unfortunate "innocent bystander."

This May Interest You.

No one is immune from kidney trouble, so just remember that Foley's Kidney Cure will stop the irregularities and cure any case of kidney and bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Sold by all druggists.

Senator Davis Fined \$26.

Little Rock, Ark., April 1.—United States Senator Jeff Davis was fined \$26 in police court to-day for disturbing the peace.

The fine was administered for the Senator's action in getting a pistol and returning to Second street and Louisiana avenue Tuesday afternoon, where he had been attacked and beaten a few minutes before by Tom Helm, deputy prosecuting attorney.

It is alleged that Davis flourished the revolver and made threats of taking a shot at his antagonist, who had vanished by that time.

Helm was fined \$10 for assault.

CATORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Beats the Signature

Dr. Norwood Vance Suicides.

Atlanta, April 1.—Dr. Norwood Vance, an ex-surgeon in the United States marines, committed suicide by shooting himself in the breast with a pistol. The tragedy occurred in his room in the Kimball. His health is assigned.

RUSKIN ANDERSON, SENECA, S. C.



Did you ever stand before your mirror just before you went out to make a call and feel ashamed because you knew you would meet people better clothed than yourself? If so, you know how it feels.

We have in our store many, many things it would make you feel proud to wear. It is drawing close to May-day now. Is this not the very latest date on which you should appear in your New Spring Garments? If you get them now they can be worn just that much longer, and you will have just that many more times to feel proud when standing before the mirror. We do not believe you can resist wishing some of these temptations.

See my line of Silks, Linens, White Goods, Lawns, Dimities, Piques and Wool Dress Goods.

Special values in White Lawns at 8c., 10c., 12 1-2c. and up. All new goods just received.

Let us show you our line of Oxfords for men, women and children just received. Everything in correct style at correct prices.

Ruskin Anderson, Seneca.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITERS.

Bankers Fear there are Many Counterfeit Certificates in Circulation.

New York, April 2.—Discovery of a counterfeit of a \$20 gold certificate by a Grand street bank cashier on Saturday has led banking men here to believe that large numbers of similar counterfeits may be in circulation.

The counterfeit is a poor imitation of the original, and can be easily detected. The "XX" and the seal on the face of the note are irregular. The back of the note is dark colored as if from much handling, presumably to hide the poor engraving. The engraving on the face is three-sixteenths of an inch short, and on the back one-quarter of an inch short.

The note discovered Saturday is of the 1906 series, check letter B and number 426,426.

That languid, lifeless feeling that comes with spring and early summer can be quickly changed to a feeling of buoyancy and energy by the judicious use of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is a genuine tonic to tired, run down nerves, and but a few doses is needed to satisfy the user that Dr. Shoop's Restorative is actually reaching that tired spot. The indoor life of winter nearly always leads to sluggish bowels and to sluggish circulation in general. The customary lack of exercise and outdoor air ties up the liver, stagnates the kidneys and oftentimes weakens the heart's action. Use Dr. Shoop's Restorative a few weeks and all will be changed. A few days' test will tell you that you are using the right remedy. You will easily and surely note the change from day to day. Sold by J. W. Bell.

EVANGELIST CAMPAIGN

In the Twelve-Mile River Association by Rev. W. M. Walker.

Cherry Hill, April 12 to 15.
Whitewater, April 18th to 24th.
Salem, April 25th and 26th.
Estatote, April 30 to May 3.
Rocky Bottom, May 3d to 7th.
Saulda Hill, May 9th to 14th.
Antioch, May 15th to 19th.
Salem, May 23d and 24th.
Cheochee, May 30th and 31st.
Shady Grove, June 4th to 7th.
Bethel, June 9th to 12th.
Cheochee, June 13th and 14th.
2d Church, Central, June 19th to 25.
Salem, June 27th and 28th.
Keowee, July 4th to 10th.
Cheochee, July 11 and 12.
Fall Creek, July 12 to 18.
Mount Carmel, July 19 to 24.
Salem, July 25th and 26th.
Central, (Mt. Taber,) July 27-31.
Pleasant Hill, August 1 to 7.
Six Mile, August 8 to 14.
Cheochee, August 15 to 21.
Salem, August 22 to 29.
Holly Springs, Aug. 30 to Sept. 4.
Little River, September 5 to 11.
Cheochee, September 12 and 13.
Stamp Creek, September 19 to 25.
Salem, September 26 and 27.
Brethren, pray for us that the Lord may bless our efforts.
Respectfully,
T. H. Stewart,
Frank Heaton,
Committee.

S. L. Bowen, of Wayne, W. Va., writes: "I was a sufferer from kidney disease, so that at times I could not stand straight. I took Foley's Kidney Cure. One dollar bottle and part of the second cured me entirely." Foley's Kidney Cure works wonders where others are total failures. Sold by all druggists.

Honor Roll Westminster School.

First Grade—Grace McDaniel, Christine Terrell 98, Laura Griffin 96, Katie Harris, Teacher.
Second Grade—Victoria Miller 98, Christine Sanders 97, Mariam Pitts 96, John Sam Dickerson 95, Loraine O'Kelley 95.
Third Grade—Jesse Timmerman 98, Mary Anderson 98, Chas. Anderson, Jr., 97, Ira Bearden 96, Ithamer Puckett 95, Mildred Bearden 95, Maggie Mitchell 95, Eula Gibson 95, Ino Sanders 95, Maude Stribling, Teacher.
Fourth Grade—Hattie Simpson 99, Alta Prichard 97, Basil Phillips 96, Lucius England 95, Julia Dickerson 95, Audrey Holley 95.
Fifth Grade—Ralph Lawrence 98, Vassie Prichard 98, Harold Norris 97, Emily Stribling 97, Agnes Orr 96, Frank Stribling 95, (Mrs.) M. E. Brockman, Teacher.
Sixth Grade—Lullie Miller 95, Gladys Carter 95, Ollie Prichard 95, Anna B. Rushton, Teacher.
Seventh Grade—William Anderson, Annie Mae Anderson, Bessie Foster, Mary Harrell, Allen Norris, Alice Stribling, Grace Stribling, Robbie Simpson, Fred Zimmerman, Gussie Harper, Teacher.
High School.
Eighth Grade—Ada Simpson 98, Ethel Marett 97, Eddie Pickens 96, Augusta Smithson 96, Jameson Stribling 95, DeWitt Miller 95.
Ninth Grade—Rena Harrell 99, Kate Harris 99, Frank Anderson 99, Kletner Tannery 98, Bernice Marett 98, Belton Marett 97, Lee Stribling 97, Minnie Eubanks 96, Bessie Simpson 95, M. E. Brockman, F. T. Cox, Teachers.

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For thrush, foot rot and garget on cattle and sheep -
For hog distemper, hog cholera, thumps and scours in hogs -
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