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WALHALLA, S. C.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1914.

STOP AND THINK!

We want to call the attention of the boys of Oconee to the pitiful appeal, the heart-rending wail of a grief-stricken and sorrow-burdened mother—heart-broken and bowed down before the sins of her son and their awful consequences. Hear her:

"Oh, may God save my son!
Oh, will they kill him? Oh, save him!"

Think, boys, before you do some mean, low thing; before you commit some deed that may bring shame and sorrow and unutterable grief to your mother, to whom you owe a debt that you can never pay, no matter how honest and honorable your life may be.

Those words are the words of the bowed and grief-ridden mother of Clyde Clement, the youth whose life is blasted by his own misdeeds; the youth before whose treachery and villainy the character and hopes of a young girl have been blasted forever; the youth who, in very horror of his own degradation and hers, seeking to blot from the eyes of men the living evidence of their sin, steeped his hands in the red blood of human life.

Think of these things, boys, and let not the recounting of such horrors as the trial at Spartanburg brought out, pass by you unnoticed and lightly considered. There is a lesson, horrible though it is to contemplate, taught at every criminal trial. Would that we might all take these lessons to heart, for "the wages of sin is death" and the payment certain.

We haven't heard much of "Gen." Coxe's army since the Mexican troubles came to the fore. It may be that the latter have overshadowed the brave "general" and his followers in importance only for the moment, but we rather suspect that some of the unemployed at least saw visions of service not altogether to their liking, and therefore have found employment for themselves.

One of the most forceful evidences of the fact that "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gley" is the resurrected dispatch of one Victoriano Huerta, of Mexico. This message was sent to President William Howard Taft at Washington, on February 18, 1913, and is as follows:

"I have the honor to inform you that I have overthrown this government, the forces are with me, and from now on peace and prosperity will reign. Your obedient servant,
"Victoriano Huerta,
"Commander-in-Chief."
Peace—sweet peace!"

Oconee county is one of the best counties in the United States of America, regardless of State lines. Her people are prosperous, but not contented entirely, because a county "contented" is a county that will be found to be standing still. Oconee is pushing forward every day in material welfare, educational advancement and moral and social achievements, and with a kind Providence smiling benignly upon her, she stands ready to reap a bountiful harvest of good things in the future. If nothing serious turns up, "we have the honor to report, sir, that from now on peace and prosperity will reign" supreme in Oconee.

Cataract Cannot Be Cured

with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cataract is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Cataract Cure is not a snuff medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing cataract. Send for testimonials, free.
E. J. Cheney & Co., Props.,
Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.
"Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation."—Adv.

Card of Thanks.

Westminster, R. F. D. No. 3, April 27.—Editor Keowee Courier: Kindly give us space in The Courier to thank our many friends and neighbors for the kindness shown us during the sickness and death of our wife and mother. May God's richest blessings rest upon them all.
B. H. Cole and Childrea.

OBSERVE MEMORIAL DAY.

Appeal to Daughters of the Confederacy—"Lest We Forget."

To the Confederate Daughters: "Lest we forget," I remind you that the 10th of May is our State Decoration Day. I hope the Daughters and the public schools of Oconee will take a few hours in decorating the graves of our departed soldiers. Let us not forget Appomattox. Upon the calendar page of April 9th the South has forever set its memory seal; through the onward-sweeping pages of the year she moves with swift, sure tread—agile, buoyant, hopeful; on the 10th of May, and June 3d, she stoops with roses to the graves of her dead; on the Fourth of July she tosses her laurels at the feet of freedom; in November she lifts her thank-offering to the God of harvests; at yuletide she dreams of the Bethlehem star, and sings her carol with a heart of faith; on the 14th of February she blushes over her Valentines, and on the 22d powders her hair in patriotic imitation of the Father of our Country; at Easter time she stands among the radiant lilies, singing the hosannas of the resurrection. All of these are milestones in her own life and in the pulsing life of the nation, and she joys in each in its turn. But when she comes to the 9th of April, she bares her head for a fleeting space and looks away to the far Virginia town where her conquered sword was yielded to the victors. She sees, in fancy, her warriors in tattered gray break ranks for the last time and turn their faces homeward; she watches the martial panorama, the faded and folded colors, the unblown bugles, the unbeaten drums; but now she reads it all with tearless eyes, for she has bent her will to the will of the God of Battles. The only shadow on her heart is the sad memory of the useless sacrifice of her sons sleeping in so many thousand soldier graves, for they could not see, as the South does to-day, the perfection of peace, the perpetuation of national ideals, the blessedness of a united government. All of this the South knows now.

Then let us honor those that gave their lives in defense of their country's cause. The South can only look back across the Appomattox field, and with her hands crossed reverently on her noble, historic breast, say softly to herself, "My beloved Confederacy, rest in perpetual peace."

Now, dear Daughters of the Confederacy, remember May 10th or June 3d. Let not the gallant soldier dead be forgotten. Let us hear them calling—

O, bring to me the sweetest flowers,
The wild flowers of the vale—
The daisies and the buttercups,
Violets fair and pale.

The cowslip with its yellow cap,
Buds from the willow tree;
Sweet lilies-of-the-valley bring,
In memory of you and me.

They each to us a story tell—
And whisper words of cheer,
And joyfully we welcome them
When spring-time comes each year.

They whisper o'er and o'er again
Our Father's tender care—
Then bring to me the sweetest flowers,
The wild flowers fresh and fair.

Truly and respectfully,
S. K. Dendy, Sr.
Walhalla, April 25, 1914.

BRAINS DULLED BY CONSTIPATION.

Some People Only Half Alive—Dodson's Liver Tonic Cleans You Out and Wakes You Up.

When constipation is having its evil effects on your body and brain, nature is doing her best to offset them and overcome the cause itself. But usually nature cannot do this unaided.

In the past many sufferers at such a time used to turn to dangerous calomel in hope of relief. For some people calomel does appear to give a temporary benefit, but as a matter of fact it is a poison that proves to be injurious and even dangerous to many. If you have ever taken calomel you probably have suffered from evil conditions following its use.

But nowadays great numbers of people have learned how to feel better, brighter and healthier by taking Dodson's Liver Tonic instead of calomel. Indeed, this harmless vegetable liquid is recommended and guaranteed by Dr. H. M. Barton and Norman Company, who will refund the purchase price to you without question if you are not completely satisfied with it.

Get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic for only 50c., and learn for yourself how easily and naturally it assists nature in getting rid of and correcting constipation and biliousness; how it clears away the sick headache and coated tongue and sets you right without ache or gripe, without any interference with your regular habits. Fine for the children. They like to take it. Adv.

E. J. Watson Elected President.

Savannah, Ga., April 24.—E. J. Watson, Commissioner of Agriculture, Commerce and Industries of South Carolina, was to-day elected president of the National Drainage Congress. The congress decided to hold the next meeting in Washington and later there will be an international session in San Francisco.

Sir Wilson Willocks was elected honorary vice president, and the title of honorable past president was permanently bestowed on the retiring president, Edmund T. Perkins, of Illinois.

The convention adopted resolutions recommending an international drainage and flood control congress at San Francisco in 1915.

A Stubborn Cough is Wearing and Risky.

Letting a stubborn cough hang on in the spring is risky. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound heals raw, inflamed surfaces in the throat and bronchial tubes—makes sore, weak spots sound and whole—stops stubborn, tearing coughs. Refuse substitutes. Bell's Drug Store.—Adv.

AWAY BACK IN THE FIFTIES.

W. E. Doyle Writes of "the Old Days" at Bounty Land.

Teague, Texas, April 27.—S. K. Dendy, Walhalla, S. C.—Dear Uncle: With memory and hope eliminated, this life would hold out but little to us. Memory enables us to live in the past, hope in the future. What gives us continuous pleasure that we have lived is that we will join loved ones gone before and live with them in eternity's future. Therefore, from these we gather most of the pleasures of this life—especially of old age. When memory carries us back to our boyhood days and we review our lives to the present, we involuntarily conclude that there is a destiny that shapes, without even any rough-hewing on our part. The illustration or comparison may be inelegant, but I am persuaded that we have as little to do, as to the general course of our lives, as the swiftly floating log on the swollen stream has to do with its starting, or can have to do as to when or where it may stop.

These thoughts are suggested by the letter of our old friend, W. P. Mauldin, to you, recently published in The Courier. He has been lost to me since November, 1858. When memory takes me back to the years 1857-58, and to Bounty Land, when and where I first met Billy Mauldin, I well remember that I was then as thoughtless of the future as the log which waited for the flood to rise and bear it away. It was then and there that Mr. Penny taught us "reading," "riting" and "rithmetic." Then and there we played and loved, but never thought. As I now remember, there were usually about 65 pupils in attendance—a happy family, as it were—consisting of boys and girls ranging in age from about eight to perhaps 24 years. Of them I can now name you, Uncles Tom and Stiles Dendy; Doc, Short and Ed Johnson; Will, Jack, Neal, Bettie, Tom Handy, Jim and Dave Stribling; John, Dave, George, Jim and Bill Penny; Bill, Jim and Fannie Mauldin; Hayne, Bill, Jim, Ben and Tom Lowery; Agnes Steele; Lucy, Evaline and Sam McElroy; Will, Millie and Lizzie Hunt; John, Margaret and Ben Dickson; Wilborn Abbott, Bob Lumpkin; Frank, Andy, John and Jeff Hall; Jane Myers, Ellen Hamby; Jim, Billy (Cooter), Martha, Mandy, Eli, Phoebe, John, Rose, Lou, Jim H. and Beck Doyle, and Mat and Sue Alexander.—16! The most of those named I never met after we separated at Bounty Land on the last Friday in November, 1858. Oh, time, with what power and rapidity thou dost work!

Jane Myers, Ellen Hamby and Jim and I were in a class to ourselves during the two years. Early in January, 1858, Mr. Penny started us to studying the multiplication table, and we recited it every morning for five months, and all of us missed some part of it every time. In fact, we did not learn it during the entire ten months. Mr. Penny's worry over our ill success reminds me of Mr. Jordan teaching Dave Murry the alphabet, as told me by Mr. Jordan, who taught school in this county long years ago. He said Dave could not learn the letter "O." He told Dave one Friday evening that he must learn that letter by Monday morning, and Dave said he would have it all right by that time. When Monday morning came Dave went down the line nicely till he got to "O," when he headed up as usual. "Well, Dave," said Jordan, "I thought you were going to know that letter this morning." "I thought so, too," replied Dave, "but I don't." To indicate or suggest, Jordan said: "Well, Dave, what do you say when you stomp your toe?" "I don't say nothing," answered Dave. "Yes, you do. You say O, don't you?" "No, sir, I don't," said Dave. "I say 'ouch'." So Mr. J. could not lead Dave to say "O," nor could Mr. Penny lead or drive us to learn the multiplication table.

It may be astonishing to teachers of this age to know that Mr. Penny required our quartette to commit to memory every rule in Sniffley's arithmetic from addition to cube root before he would let us begin to "cipher." These lessons followed immediately our multiplication recitation. We did not try it, but I know that on the morning we recited the rule of cube root, none of us could have repeated the rule of simple addition. I understand that the rules of teaching have changed some during these 56 years.

Jane Myers married Jasper Hughes and came to Parker county, Texas, about 12 years ago. Soon after that I "drifted" from Hood to Limestone county, and thereby lost Jap and Jane. I never saw or heard of Ellen Hamby since we parted at Bounty Land. All the boys thought

that Bettie Stribling was the prettiest girl who ever went to Bounty Land, and I thought so more than any of them. The boys who were old enough went to the war; some were killed, some died and many were wounded. Tom Lowery, Jim and I went to the army in February, 1864, and joined the same company to which Neal and Dave Stribling, Jim Mauldin and Bill Penny belonged. Thus we were thrown together again amid dangers and hardships which bound us with ties much stronger than the pleasures of Bounty Land. Jim was slightly wounded in May, Tom Lowery was killed in June and I was captured in September, 1864. The others got out whole.

When I "floated" to Texas in 1867 I found George W. Abbott in Hood county. Hood was then a frontier county, and the Comanches would come in every "light of the moon" to steal horses. It was in 1869, I think, that a raiding party of nine Indians was killed 12 miles southwest of where Granbury now is. The last one of the number killed proved to be a female some 18 or 20 years old. When all the others were killed she came out from the bluff into the open and handled the bow and arrow with as much dexterity and earnestness as a man till she was killed. The wisecracks present said she was a princess, as her attire was superior to that of the average squaw, and in addition she wore rather costly beaded wristlets and anklets and beaded moccasins.

In those days George Abbott was a fine specimen of physical manhood, and he could "cuss" with as much eloquence as Gen. Gary. I was as natural for Gen. Gary to "cuss" when the Yankee bullets began to whistle around as it is for sparks to fly upward. George has been successful in life and he discontinued his eloquence years ago.

In 1871 two very pretty and lovely sisters lived about five miles from where George and I did, and in the halcyon days of August of that year we went to see them 21 days in succession. I think the sisters enjoyed our protracted or continuous calling, and I know we did; but that "destiny" got in its work and Zane and Nan found other—and, I hope, better—men for husbands.

That floating process, directed by predestination, separated Jim and me 120 miles about 41 years ago, and I have lived all these years with and among people who were never at Bounty Land or in Pickens District.

You may not remember as to our names. Jim was named James Hogan, for your father, and I was named William Elliott for my grandfather, William Doyle, and Elliott Keith. Then Elliott Keith was a lawyer and lived at Pickens C. H. I have no recollection of our moving to Pickens C. H., but my father's term of office as sheriff expired near the end of 1851, and it was during the latter part of that term I can remember of seeing and knowing Elliott Keith. I also remember the McFalls and Harrises, "Esq." Gantt, J. E. Hagood, R. A. Thompson, Gus Taylor, Capt. Miles Norton, Holcombe, Alexander, Kirksey, Gaston and Gabe Thomas. Mr. Leverett taught school there in 1850-51. Two young men, then known as Andy and Joe, would come to our house for water at recess, and they would always take Jim and me on their backs and carry us to the school house yard. Later in life they were known as Capt. Ramsay and Judge Norton. My first recollection of going to church was to hear (?) Rev. William McWhorter at Pickens C. H., about 1850, and the last time I heard him was at Chauga Baptist church in the summer of 1863.

I have heard my mother tell about taking Jim and me to a camp meeting at Five Chestnuts when we were some four or five months old, and of the great number of people who came to her tent to see us and she would wake us up. I suppose we were awakened that we might show off to better advantage.

We moved from Oconee Station, the place of my nativity, before I can remember. I was there next in the summer of 1858 and was there no more until last summer, when, by the kindness and liberality of Miss Elizabeth Stribling, I saw the dear old home once more.

In this letter I may not have written anything of interest, but even if I have, possibly I have written more than you may care to read, and therefore I will close.

Yours as ever,
W. E. Doyle.

Coughed for Three Years.

"I am a lover of your godsend to humanity and science. Your medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery, cured my cough of three years' standing," says Jennie Flemming, of New Dover, Ohio. Have you an annoying cough? Is it stubborn and won't yield to treatment? Get a 50c. bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery to-day. What it did for Jennie Flemming it will do for you, no matter how stubborn or chronic a cough may be. It stops a cough and stops throat and lung trouble. Relief or money back. 50c. and \$1. at your druggist. Bucklen's Arnica Salve for pimples.—Adv.

Profitable Side Dressing
The use of side dressing is increasing on COTTON and CORN
It pays to do it, if one uses the right goods.
Two applications of 200 pounds each per acre are recommended by a well-known Southern investigator and experimenter. He suggests a 5-5-5 formula, or a mixture of equal parts of Acid Phosphate, Kainit and Nitrate of Soda.
KAINIT
Side dress cotton when the plants are 10 inches high and again when the bloom begins to open. Where cotton is inclined to rust, use Kainit, making two applications of 200 pounds each per acre. This is also effective against root lice and worms on corn, if applied early enough. It will pay you to try it, for Potash Pays.
Order Kainit now before the supply is exhausted. We sell Kainit and Potash Salts, any quantity from one 200-lb. bag up.
GERMAN KALI WORKS, Inc.
Whitney Central Bank Building NEW ORLEANS, LA. Empire Building ATLANTA, GA. Savannah Bank & Trust Building SAVANNAH, GA.

APPEAL IN THE CLEMENT CASE.

Convicted Youth is Denied New Trial By Judge Shipp.

Spartanburg, April 30.—Judge S. W. G. Shipp to-day overruled a motion for a new trial for Clyde C. Clement, the youth found guilty Monday of the murder of the baby drowned January 30 in a mill pond near here, and sentenced Clement to life imprisonment. Clement had nothing to say as to why sentence should not be passed. He looked haggard. Counsel for Clement announced that an appeal would be taken to the Supreme Court.

A new trial was asked on numerous grounds, among which were that Judge Shipp had erred in admitting the confession of Miss Fleta Pendleton, the co-defendant, who was found not guilty, that the jury had been unable to disregard preconceived convictions on the case, and that the demonstration of public sentiment should not have been permitted.

Indigestion? Can't Eat? No Appetite?

A treatment of Electric Bitters increases your appetite; stops indigestion; you can eat everything. A real spring tonic for liver, kidney and stomach troubles. Cleanses your whole system and you feel fine. Electric Bitters did more for T. D. Peeble's stomach troubles than any medicine he ever tried. Get a bottle to-day. 50c. and \$1. at your druggist. Bucklen's Arnica Salve for Eczema.—Adv.

Citizenship is Restored.

(The State, April 30.)
For the purpose of restoring citizenship, the Governor has granted a pardon to Frank King, who was convicted in Clarendon county in 1911 of manslaughter and sentenced to two years in the State penitentiary. King was paroled in 1912.

Since assuming office the Governor has extended clemency in 1,208 cases.

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?
Bilious?
Insomnia?
ANY of these symptoms and many others indicate inaction of the LIVER.
You Need **Tutt's Pills**
Take No Substitute.

Tutt's Pills
Take No Substitute.

Ford
"My kingdom for a horse," proffered a defeated monarch. But the modern man gets an infinitely better means of transportation—at lowest cost—when he buys a sturdy Ford. The economical Ford has made the horse an extravagance at any price.
Five hundred dollars is the new price of the Ford Runabout; the Touring Car is five fifty; the Town Car seven fifty—all f. o. b. Detroit, complete with equipment. Get catalog and particulars from
PIEDMONT AUTO CO.,
WALHALLA, S. C.
R. C. CARTER W. A. GRANT
PHONE 34.