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NO. 82.

The Story Teller.

Frau Berger's Story.

BY CELIE GAINES.

"YOU look very happy this afternoon, Frau Berger!" "Why not?" she answered. "My man is coming, you know."

Frau Berger was a typical old German lady, very "thick" as to proportions and very rosy as to complexion. Her hair, which had evidently been blood, was now perfectly white, and the knitting in her fat little hands was the brightest of scarlet stockings.

We were sitting on the piazza awaiting the arrival of the stagecoach. Her blue eyes sparkled so pleasantly behind her eyeglasses that I involuntarily drew my rocking chair nearer.

"How pretty she must have been as a girl!" I thought.

Perhaps she read my thoughts or something in my expression suggested confidence, for she presently smoothed over her knitting meditatively.

"Ach, ja! I have been in America 40 years, and I have also been married 40 years, fraulein."

"How did you happen to come?" I inquired eagerly, and with the funniest little accent she began:

"I tell you about that—something very strange. One day I met my husband, next day I love him, next day I marry him! You laugh? We also laugh about it now."

"It was the first day of June. The winter had been a time of much sickness in Germany, and my father and mother had both died in less than three months. I had no brothers, no sisters, and I was but 18 years old."

"We were not rich people, and I knew not what to do at all."

"One of my cousins was married, and I went to her house, but her husband was an old man and very cross. She was so kind as a sister to me, but he was jealous that she loved me so much and seemed always to be angry to me. I helped take care of the children and worked what I could, but he did not like me, and I was so unhappy. Many times I thought I would go away, but did not know where to go."

"One day I walked out with the little girl. She was running ahead of me, but all at once she stumbled and fell. I hurried to pick her up, but before I reached her I saw a young man stoop down and lift her up. She was generally a very shy child, but her little head lay quite quietly on his shoulder as he comforted her. I was frightened, but something in the way his great, strong arms held her little form gave me courage, and I tried to thank him."

"Your sister? he asked, glaring from her to me."

"No," I replied; "my cousin. Shall I not take her? And I held up my arms—so. But she only buried her face on his shoulders and would not look at me. But he looked at me very hard. I knew my cousin's husband would scold because I had let the child fall, and I was so miserable the tears just came into my eyes and ran down my face. He saw it, I know, but he turned to the little girl again."

"What is your name, little one?" he asked.

"Lottie Muller," she answered.

"And where do you live?" "I show you!" And when he put her down she took hold of his hand and pulled him after her, for it was not far.

"Now you know, fraulein, there are so many Mullers in Germany like there are Smiths in America, but when we came to the house he said, 'Why, here lives my friend Muller!'"

"And, sure enough, we all went in. Then I heard his name, Carl Berger, for Herr Muller had known him since he was a little boy and was very glad to see him. They talked a long time, and that young man laughed and seemed to be so happy. 'In two days,' he said, 'I am leaving the fatherland to go to America. I seek my fortune there. A young country is better for a young man.'"

"I had thought many times of America myself, and it seemed to me for a minute as if he was an angel sent to tell me about it."

"Oh, sir," I cried, "please tell us some more about America!"

"What have you to do with America?" asked Herr Muller, frowning.

"Some day I may go there," I said.

"Nonsense!" he answered crossly and seemed angry that I had spoken. But the young man smiled and said, "So, fraulein, you would like America, you think? And then he told much about it, and by and by my cousin got some wine, and we all drank his health and luck and a good voyage, only I was very quiet afterward, because I dare not speak any more."

"And my face was burning so much because I had been spoken to so unkindly before a stranger that I left the room and went out into the little garden in front of our house. Pretty soon I heard them saying goodby and knew that he was going. I hoped he would go through the garden without noticing me, and so I turned my face away and began to break off a rose from a small bush. But he must have seen me at once, for he came just up to where I was standing and held out his hand. 'Will you not say goodby to me, fraulein?' he asked. Then like a foolish child and not knowing at all what to say I put into his hand the rose which was in mine."

"Ah, little one," he said, "that is a very sweet goodby, but let us say instead, Ad wiedersehen, yes? But suddenly his jolly, laughing face grew serious as he whispered earnestly: 'Are you not happy here, fraulein?' I tried to answer, but my lips were trembling so I could not, and I turned and ran quickly away into the house, but as I went into the door I looked back and

he still stood in the same place holding the flower in his hand.

"You know, I was but 18 years old, and joys and sorrows were all very great to me—very real, indeed. Am I string you?" asked Frau Berger. "Please go on," I begged. "I am afraid the coach will come before I hear the rest."

"It is really not much of a story. In truth it was far too short. Well, the next morning I was dusting, when suddenly the bell rang. Herr Muller was just going out, so he opened the door. 'I stopped and listened. I knew that voice. Had I not been dreaming of it all night? It was his. In a moment they would both come into the wohnstube. Ach! I remembered the rose of yesterday and was so ashamed. What if Herr Muller should know of that? Was it very wrong? Why did he come back after saying goodby? A hundred thoughts like that went through my mind in a moment. What could I say? Where could I go. I was standing near the sofa. It was a high backed, old fashioned one."

"Come in! Come in!" I heard Herr Muller say. "Very friendly, I am sure, to come to see us again before you go."

"Ah, how I had wished to see him again, and now I would rather have seen the whole German army come in to that room as that same pleasant young man, and just as the door opened I fell on my knees behind the sofa and was quite out of sight."

"Then they took seats and began to talk. Every word they said I remember like it was only yesterday."

"Herr Muller, I have something to ask you."

"So? What you want ask me, eh?" And that young man answered, "I want you to let me ask the fraulein, your wife's cousin, if she will marry me. 'Thunder weather!' roared Herr Muller, which in the German language is an extremely bad swear. 'What man! You will go to a strange land to make your fortune, and now you want to take that "kind," that child, with you for your bride! You can never be such a fool!'"

"Then I heard that young man laugh a little. 'I understand how you think about it,' he said. 'Most always a man in love is called a fool, but I cannot help it. I love her more than all the world. Since yesterday I have thought of nothing else. It is true, I have not much money, but so long as I have two hands she shall want for nothing.'"

"By and by my cousin came in and talk a long while. His family, she said, were old friends of hers, and she knew he was a very fine young man also, but America was such a very far country, and I was very young. Oh, how my heart beat there behind the sofa on my knees! It seemed to me that they must hear it almost."

"I nearly tried to stop my breathing, I was so still—so afraid they would find me, you know."

"After awhile I heard young Berger say: 'All I ask is that you allow me to speak to her. If she will not marry me now, I will go and work alone, and after a few years I will come back for her, for of one thing I am entirely sure—only with her can I be happy.'"

"Then my cousin went to call me, and she called and called, but I made no answer, and Herr Muller became angry."

"Where is she gone?" he asked. "She is never there when you want her. What a crazy harum scarum that girl is!"

"Then he called very loud, and at last he ran out into the garden, where I often used to go, to seek me. I was trembling all over, but I peeked out from behind the sofa, and there sat my poor Berger with his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands. I got up very softly and came out. The first thing I noticed was that he had a faded rose in his coat. I stood quite still for a moment looking at him, and presently he sighed and raised his face and saw me. Ach, I don't know how that was any more now, but when my cousin and her husband came back into the wohnstube Herr Berger's arm was around my waist, and somehow, I was afraid of nothing—not even of Herr Muller."

"Well, the next morning after that we got married. Yes, it is true, it was very quick, but you see he had bought his ticket already, and he must go. I had not indeed much—what you call trousseau. I had some linen of my mother's, like every German girl have, and my cousin gave me some more things."

"Berger laughed, and I thought he looked so nice when he laughed."

"The greatest travelers," he said to me, "always have the least luggage to bother them. Everybody will think we are old travelers."

"But it all seemed like one dream to me until we stood on the deck of the big ship and I saw Deutschland and my cousin's faces growing farther and farther away every minute and at last could see them no more, and the ocean and the life before me seemed so strange, so wide."

"But my husband's arm was around me, and I tried to look up at him and smile, although the tears would come into my eyes, and I was so glad when he said I was a brave girl."

"Thank God, I can say now, when I am a white haired old woman, that a better man never lived, and we have also had very good luck. At first we were both worked hard, but now we have all that we could wish, and the best thing that I could ever say to my children is that they should try to be like their father."

"Ah, here is the coach!" And in another moment all my romantic imaginings were shattered by beholding my fat little heroine, panting with the exertion and delight, towing into the hotel a huge, corpulent, florid faced, bald-headed and very jolly looking German, whom I afterward learned to know as the millionaire brewer, Mr. Carl Berger."

NOT LIKE OTHER MEN.

By Frederick Van Rensselaer Day.

Author of "The Brotherhood of Silence," "The Quality of a Sin," Etc. Copyright, 1901.

CHAPTER XVII.

"NOT LIKE OTHER WOMEN EITHER!"

THE scene changes once more to Nevada—to the ranchhouse where Lisle passed the years of her youth. Gattered upon the veranda near where the low windows of the library opened from it were Lisle and her mother, Thomas O. Thomas of Kansas City and his daughter, and sitting upon the balustrade, with his long legs dangling over it, Craig Thompson.

A year had passed since that same party, with the exception of Mrs. Barlington, was assembled there—a year that had meant much to Lisle and in fact to them all. Craig was just the same old Craig, not a whit altered except by the disappearance of the beard, which he had not again permitted to grow, and the fact that he wore his hair shorter than formerly. In other respects he was the same. He had resumed his western manner and habits with his western dress, and, if the truth be told, Lisle liked him better so. There was something incongruous and unfamiliar about him while he was in the east, and, after the trip abroad, during which he accompanied Lisle and her mother, they all elected to return to Nevada, at least for the summer, and Erna and her father were invited to join the party.

Regarding the reunion of mother and daughter at that time one year ago, when, with Craig, Lisle had left the presence of her lawyer to call upon her mother, very little need be said. To look upon them now, side by side, one seemed to be the counterpart of the other, with the difference wrought by years alone, for, although Lisle had resembled her father, she certainly was "the image of her mother."

The two ranches were combined into one, and both were under the management of Craig Thompson, who had lived the free western life so long that he was preferred to any other and who also clung to his western name with the same tenacity with which he adhered to habits which had become second nature to him.

"Tell you what, Lisle," he said when the conversation lagged somewhat, "people who live in the great cities of the east don't know what life is. You can't live to please yourself in such a place, no matter how hard you try, and out here you can't help it. The only times in my life when I feel independent of all creation are when I have got my legs a-straddle of a good horse, with a colled riata on the pommel of my saddle, a pair of forty-fours in my belt, a cool breeze from the peaks of the Sierras filling my lungs and my eyes roaming over a bunch of cattle that stretches away just as far as I can see. That's the life for me, and I'm going to live it to the end of my days. You and your mother can go poking round the world seeing things all you want to, but I'll stay here and see that the bank accounts don't dwindle and keep my account with the Lord straight, too, for I don't believe I could do it in the east."

"You ought to marry, Mr. Thompson," said Erna. "You wouldn't be so lonely when Lisle and her mother are away."

"Well, I don't know about that. Maybe you're right, and maybe you're wrong. I can't tell, though, what I would do if you were a little older or I were a little younger. Perhaps in that 'I might ask you to marry me.'"

"It might be that the difference in our ages would not be objectionable to me," said Erna mischievously. "You might ask me anyhow. It is the only way to find out."

"No, it isn't. There is another."

"What is it?"

"Never to ask at all. You see, Erna, I don't want you. I never would be contented anywhere unless I was boss, and if you made me stand around the way you do your dad I'd be the unhappy fellow out of jail, and anyhow you're spoke for, so Tom tells me."

"I might give the other fellow the mitten for your sake," she retorted.

"Then I wouldn't have you anyway," he answered. "A gal that'll go back on one fellow for another will never be true to anybody, and I wouldn't give 2 cents for her—not if she was the prettiest critter this side of kingdom come. Come on, Tom. Let's go over to the corral and see the horses."

As they moved away Mr. Thomas murmured in an undertone: "What a lovely woman Lisle is!"

"You bet!" replied Craig.

"Tonight reminds me of the first time that I ever saw her," continued Thomas. "She was a man then, but even then I noticed that she was not like other men."

"No, and now she ain't like other women either. She's got enough of both in her to make the finest woman on top of God's green earth, and that's what she is."

After that they changed the subject and talked horse.

THE END.

Not Entitled to Reward. Governor McSweeney has received an official report from Magistrate Motte, of Berkeley county, in regard to the killing of a Negro desperado. The magistrate advised the governor that having had a warrant for the Negro, he sent his constable out to arrest him. The Negro resisted arrest and the constable shot him dead. There was a reward for the capture of the man and the magistrate wrote to inform the governor of the killing and ask if his constable was entitled to the reward offered. The constable being an officer in the discharge of his duty, is of course not entitled to the reward.

Miscellaneous Reading.

ON TO THE GAME.

Sumter County Farmers Refuse to be Duped by Politicians.

"Whereas a call has been issued for the reorganization of the Alliance, in which we are informed that a purely business organization is desired and politics is not to be permitted—in order to remove all doubts of selfishness in the Alliance officials and to inspire confidence and trust, we respectfully ask that a committee of one be appointed by this meeting to send President Enfrid, Organizer Wilborn, and Lecturer Elder the following pledge for their signatures: 'We solemnly pledge ourselves as officers of the Alliance, not to be candidates for any political office, either county or state, during the approaching political campaign.'—(Signed) R. M. Cooper, chairman; E. W. Dabbs, secretary."

The above apparently innocent resolution was passed today by a small body of farmers who assembled in the court house here for the purpose of resurrecting the defunct Alliance, which has been dead in this county ever since 1892.

When the meeting was organized this resolution was first presented and after full discussion was unanimously adopted.

Until the terms of the resolution are complied with no further effort will be made to perfect the organization, nor will any other county meeting be held until some time in November.

The gentlemen referred to in the resolutions are Messrs. D. F. Enfrid, of Lexington; John C. Wilborn, of York; and W. N. Elder, also of York. These are the state officials who are reorganizing the state, county by county, and the work has been proceeding systematically. Remembering how the Alliance was used as a political step-stone in the early '90s the farmers of Sumter county do not intend to allow themselves to be used by politicians again, and have taken today the initiative to test the faith of their would-be leaders.

It is not known what action will be taken if these gentlemen refuse to comply with the conditions imposed; but it was intimated that an independent county organization would be organized, which shall be "a non-political southern cotton growing organization."

Even today it cropped out in debate that some imperative action must be taken to fight the cotton oil trust which has fastened its fangs upon the state and is buying up the cotton seed at their own prices. On this point the farmers are aroused all over the state and Alliance or no Alliance some organization will be perfected. They begin to realize the true value of their cotton seed and do not intend to part with them for small prices.

The decisive action of the meeting is today in making their leaders declare themselves may be the means of inducing other counties to take the same step.—Sumter special of Friday, to the Columbia State.

JURY LAW UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

Judge Gary Makes a Ruling That is of Far Reaching Effect.

Judge Ernest Gary has given the existing jury laws of the state a paralytic stroke. He has, in effect, decided that Aiken county is the only county in the state that has a jury law that is worth anything. The question has been mooted for some time, but Judge Gary cut the knot at the recent term of court in Cherokee county. His ruling may not be that of any other judge in the state, and may not be sustained by the supreme court, but it is a precedent, and if agreed to by other circuit judges will play havoc with the courts for the next few months, or until the general assembly can remedy the trouble, unless the state supreme court can and does disagree with Judge Gary.

The point is that Judge Gary has declared Act No. 183, approved February 19, 1900, to be unconstitutional, and has further declared that the "Healing act," passed at the recent session of the general assembly is not effective as a "Healing act," and cannot heal, that which, was in his opinion, originally illegal and unconstitutional.

The jury act of 1900 repealed the county government act as to jury law, except for Aiken county. Under the act of 1900 Aiken county is exempted from the provisions of the act, and it is specified that so far as Aiken is concerned it shall draw its juries under the provision of the county government act.

Then for Charleston county there is another act, applying to counties with cities of over 40,000 people, and Charleston county is not covered in any way by the act of February 19, 1900. No mention at all is made of Charleston county. Edgefield county seems to have two modes being in the act in question.

Judge Gary said that he regretted very much to have to declare the jury laws in question unconstitutional, but there was nothing else for him to do after the issue had been made and the facts agreed to as to what had been actually done.

Under section 34 of the rights of the general assembly it is especially provided that one of the things that the general assembly shall not do is to pass special legislation as to "summons and empanelling of grand or petit juries."

It is further especially provided that "in all other cases where a general law shall be enacted."

Judge Gary held that in the case of Dean vs. Spartanburg and Nance vs. Anderson it was very plain what was the construction of the supreme court as to special legislation. In the Dean case it was decided that a per diem of prisoners different in the various counties was unauthorized and illegal.

In the Nance case Judge Gary held that the supreme court gave unmistakable evidence of its views and that it applied directly to the jury laws in question.

The court in that case held: "In order that a law may be general it must be of force in every county in the state and, while it may contain special provision, making its effect different in certain counties, those counties cannot be exempt from its entire operation."

The act of 1900 provided an entirely separate and distinct plan for Aiken county and made no mention of Charleston, and provided two plans for Edgefield, and so Judge Gary held that it could not pass the test provided by the supreme court.

The Charleston fight on the jury law was pretty much on the same line, but in that case it was held that the mere attack of the statute on the grounds that it was unconstitutional would not do, but that it would have to be shown what had been actually done or facts were presented, but in the Cherokee case there was an agreement as to what had been actually done.

Court is about to meet in Columbia and there is already talk of attacking the jury here, and if Judge Watts takes the same position as does Judge Gary there will be no jury cases tried here, and so will it be through all the circuits of the judges who hold that view until the general assembly or the supreme court, takes a different view.

The general assembly at its last session passed the "Healing act," instead of changing the whole law, so as to make it uniform for the state, and Judge Gary held that the "Healing act" was as bad as the act of 1900, as it attempted to remedy that which could not be legally remedied.—August Kohn in News and Courier.

WILLY POLITICS.

A Rather Suspicious View of the Colonel Jones Proposition.

The Savannah Morning News is a close observer of South Carolina politics and it invariably puts its finger on the spot, when it undertakes to analyze our frequent political complications. Commenting upon the proposition recently made by Colonel Willie Jones, one of the innumerable caravan of seekers of McLaurens senatorial seat, that all the candidates withdraw in favor of Wade Hampton, The Morning News says: "Looks like a Tillman plan!"

"We are not, of course, in the secrets of the politicians of South Carolina, but to an outsider it looks as if the proposition for all factions of the Democracy to unite and send General Wade Hampton to the United States senate, as the successor to Senator McLaurens, and not to honor General Hampton. Senator Tillman does not appear as the father of the proposition, but it would not be at all surprising if he were the originator of it. If it did not originate with him, it doubtless has his approval. It would never have been made, in all probability, unless he had been consulted in respect to it."

Does this proposition mean that Senator Tillman is a little apprehensive of the result of an effort to "down" McLaurens? There appears to be some ground for thinking so. It is our understanding that those who are behind this proposition never had any great amount of love for General Hampton. That being the case why should they come forward at this time with a proposition to send him to the senate unless they have some motive for doing so other than that which is given to the public? Questions like this are no doubt suggesting themselves to the people of South Carolina.

But would General Hampton accept the senatorship under the circumstances? It would naturally be supposed that his consent had been obtained before the proposition was given to the public; but it is doubtful if it had. Assuming that it had not, it is by no means certain that General Hampton would accept the senatorship, coming to him in the way proposed. The men making the proposition have never posed as his friends. It is our recollection that it was Tillman and his followers who pushed General Hampton out of the senate a number of years ago. If now they want to put him back, it would seem it was not for the purpose of giving him a chance to round out his career as a member of the senate. If they admired him greatly and wished to honor him they would have left him in the senate when he was there. The outcome of this move on the political chess board of South Carolina will be awaited with a great deal of interest."

THE PERSECUTION OF SCHLEY.—Albert Halstead, the Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn Standard-Union, sends his paper the following of interest:

It would not be surprising if, before long, some one should spring a boom for Rear Admiral Schley for president on the Democratic ticket, however short-lived such a move might be. The popularity of Schley is unquestioned, and whatever may be the decision of the court of inquiry, many people will look upon him as the real naval hero at Santiago. But heroes do not always make good political candidates, as in the case of Admiral Dewey, for example. It would be hard to find an opponent person who believes that Admiral Schley would seriously consider the matter of being a candidate for president, one paramount condition being the chaotic condition of the Democratic party at present, and the extreme uncertainty of Democratic success in the next presidential election.

Still, there are many enthusiastic Democrats who believe that in the person of Schley they have found a candidate who might go a great way toward uniting the party and harmonizing the various warring elements. They point to the fact that the naval officer has no political record and could safely

stand on any platform that the Democratic convention might adopt. They further insist that there is no other entirely satisfactory Democratic possibility for president, and that Schley would be a safe compromise. Schley would hardly give any encouragement to the use of his name in this connection.

PORT MILL.

Mention was made some weeks ago of the poems of James Hampton Lee, formerly of Fort Mill, now of New York. Aside from their literary merit, these poems are possessed of local interest, especially the following poetical history of a York county town. It is entitled, "Of a Fort and Mill, If You Will," and is "Dedicated with inexpressible gratitude to my most conscientious teacher, Prof. John A. Boyd, to whom will always belong a share of any credit or honor which anything I do may ever command."

PROLOGUE.

Creeps Catawba river calmly Crossing Carolina's land;— I invite you now most warmly On Catawba's banks to stand;

To view with me where Indian nations Worked and wandered at their will; Where now grow the gay plantations Which make famous far Fort Mill.

Come! In Fort Mill, Carolina, 'Tis not now between the drinks; For she drinks—now don't malign her— What will help, not hurt, she thinks.

A "dispensary's" established In the center of the town; Its front door is on the surface, And to go in means go down.

In the summer comes forth coolness, In the winter issues heat; Find there fun, but never fool'sness 'Cause there comes from forty feet 'Neath the neat and clean-swept pavement Water only!—Mother earth Free dispenses, no deprivation Can invade her home and hearth:

If sin should make monstrous visit, 'Twould be buried at its birth!— Speaking of this or that, North worth more than whisky's worth? Carolina called her children Up one day in '76;— Told them that their home and birth-right,

Monsters menaced; bade them fix 'Round her castles, firm and frowning, Forts from which to fiercely fight. 'There will be a glorious crowning, If the day is won, at night."

Said young Marlon's Marlon mother, And he said, with hundreds more: "If you crown us, Carolina, We will crown you, too, before!"

So the swam-fox, swift as sunshine, Swept by British dogs of war; Laughed while listening to their bark— Slightly scratched them with his paw.

Bringing blood which brought on battle Off with Carolina then!— Listen!—how the brushwood rattle! Marlon! and his marching band! Down towards Cowpens, from her hills— tops,

Carolina sees the stir; Marlon's marches, Britons short-stops, Knows her children care for her

And her dozen sisters, giving All their sons for liberty: "Life is not to us worth living, Unless we can live it free."

Said she, and through revolution Rose up forts upon her hills; For they fired for constitution, While to feed them moved the mill!—

"White's old mill" much meal was grinding For our fort's defenders' bread; Bushels boosted bulwarks making Blazing burst 'gainst coats of red!

Scarlet of blood-red was turning!— Though some of our boys were of pine, Painted, their designer's earnings Fame yet—1899.

Mill and fort co-operation— Farmers forcing sacks of corn To the mill for granulation, Whence the fort was fed each morn,

Gained such victory and glory That the folks for hours will Will They'd one city make; did so they, And they christened it "Fort Mill."

By that fort that flamed with fury, By that old revolving mill; Didn't they name it right? Grand jury Never found a truer bill!

We've the name and we're the people, By our fathers who are dead! And though some have chased the steep As you may perhaps have read,

There are few of such who've wanted In some rare redeeming trait: Men like Marlon e'er undaunted, Swift yet cry, "God save the State!"

Deeds are done today divine, By the faithful of Fort Mill; Than was none by Carolina Years ago, when she said NIL.

To the Northmen and Secession, And the Act to Nullify, Law made, heading the procession, That resolved to do or die.

They're the cream of Carolina— The good people of Fort Mill— And though some of some of them are finer Than the others, most have still Blood just like the "Grand old Rebel" Had who fought a million foes; And they'll pay back double—treble To the trampers on their toes.

Yet their bravery when defending All that's great, that is, that's good, In the way of love unending, Has not in one instance stood.

Long and lovingly we linger 'Round this region so renowned; For mementoes many a finger Picks up pebbles from the ground.

See those bullets bruised and beaten, Huddled in that tiny hand?— Through men's hearts they ploughed;— They sweeten every furrow of the land!—

Glorious land our soldiers camped on, Who were kind enough to kill, Under men like Marlon, Hampton, Fiercest foes of fair Fort Mill.

Ah, the cream of Carolina, Are the folks of fair Fort Mill— Nought can break the kindred tie nor Waste my wishes that no ill

FREE RURAL DELIVERY.

Good Roads Are an Absolutely Necessary Pre-Requisite.

The Journal has before called the attention of the farmers of Georgia to the necessity for good roads, and in season and out, has urged the wisdom of paying greater attention to this most important matter.

But here is a point brought out by Col. A. W. Machen, superintendent of the United States free delivery system, that will appeal to every farmer who appreciates the rural mail delivery. It is fully explained in an article in The Louisville Post, which says: