STORY OF OSCEOLA

The Great Indian Warrior Born On Lake Waccamaw

Columbus, Ga., News-Reporter.

A short time since we published an interview with Col. McNeal of Scotland county, in which he stated that Osceola, the great Indian chieftain who so valiantly lead the Seminoles, of Florida, in their war against the whites, was born on Lake Waccamaw, in this county.

We told Col. McNeal he must be mistaken, and that Osceola was a Florida Indian. But Col. McNeal insisted that he was correct, and Mr. Powell of Vineland, substantiated him. Last week, in a conversation with Mr. B. K. Council, of Wananish, a town located on Lake Waccamaw, the subject was brought up. He said the statement of these gentlemen was undeniably correct; that Osceola was either born in Columbus county, or his mother gave birth to him very shortly after the United States had moved the Seminole tribe, to which she belonged, from this section. His impression is that Osceola was a child at the time of the removal of the Indians. Mr. Council states that several different tribes inhabited this section, but he cannot positively state which side of the lake the Seminoles occupied. As history states, Osceola was a half-breed, his father being one of the leading white men of that day in our county. So Osceola inherited the brain and valor of the white race, blended with the craft and strategy characteristic of the Indian. He was undeniably the greatest organizer and warrior that the prolonged struggle between the whites and aborigines produced. History concedes this, and the government has a heroic statute of Osceola moulded of wax on exhibition in Washington city. Even with the bar cimetar, a white family need not blush at the thought of one of their ancestors being responsible for the existence of this famous chieftain, and that the same blood flows in their veins.

Osceola's Vindictive Mother.

The Indians were violently opposed to quitting the graves of their kindred and friends, and doubtless Osceola inherited resentment against the white race from his vindictive mother, who had a double cause for grievance against the Pale Faces.

Anyway, before he reached his majority, Osceola became a leader among the Seminole Indians of Florida, and when the government decided to again remove them, this time west of the Mississippi river, they broke out in open revolt.

These Indians were reinforced by a number of runaway negroes, and taking refuge in the impenetrable fastnesses of the Florida Everglades, bid defiance to Uncle Sam.

The hereditary chief of these Seminoles was named Bill Bowlegs, and being an old Indian, doubtless also came from our county. But the dashing and gallant young Osceola soon supplanted him in the confidence and affection of the Indians and became their accepted leader.

The first deed of daring by Osceola was the massacre of Major Dade and some 300 of his soldiers, not a man being left alive to tell the story of attack. These troops were thought all necessary to suppress the Seminole uprising, and so they marched with banners flying into the Indian country, and at night pitched their camp in what we believe is now Pasco county. And in such contempt did the commander of these troops hold the red skins that when they pitched camp that night, the usual precautions were neglected, and the soldiers went to sleep guarded by a few drowsy sentinels.

The Massacre.

But from the time the troops invaded his territory, Osceola, with a band of his chosen warriors, had, from the dense forests and swamps, followed the march of these troops, and watched their every movement. So that night, while Major Dade and his command were wrapped in slumber, Osceola and his band rushed as a whirlwind upon their enemy's camp, and a horrible scene of slaughter ensued. The Indians neither asked nor gave quarter. The white soldiers being killed and scalped, and their arms and even clothing carried away. Of the entire command, only one badly wounded soldier escaped to carry the news of the surprise and massacre. The victorious Indians, now with arms and accourterments to make war in earnest, hid themselves in the dense swamps, the tidings of the victory bringing all the wavering Indians into Osceola's band, who declared war to the knife against the whites.

In the history of the Seminole war, this attack and victory is spoken of as "The Dade Massacre." But it was an open, and from the Indian standpoint, legitimate warfare, not more cruel nor uncivilized than when Gen. W. T. Sherman stuck torch to the undefended city of Columbia, S. C., after its surrender, and he knew the war to be practically over and left thousands of women and children without food or shelter. Osceola and his Indians had declared war against the United States, in defense of their homes and the encroachment of the whites, who were commanded to move still further toward the setting sun, and into a strange and unknown land. With the, at that time, bitter feeling existing between the whites and Indians, had Major Dade surprised a sleeping band of Indians doubtless the same bloody scene would have been enacted.

Such terror did this night attack and slaughter strike into the whites that for some time the bodies of these soldiers were left exposed to the birds of prey and wild beasts upon the forest battlefield. Afterwards the scattered bones were collected and carried to St. Augustine, Fla., and interred in a single grave within the United States barracks. A monument of blocks of rough stone was erected over this mound, with appropriate inscription recounting the story of their death. When the editor of the News-Reporter last visited that ancient and historic city, he inspected this monument, little thinking, at that time his lot would be cast within a few miles of the spot where the real half-breed red skin hero of that bloody scene first saw the light, and that we would look upon white men in whose veins the blood of that martyred and heroic warrior courses. And while the name of this same highly honored and prominent family it withheld, we will state that their conspicuous valor in the great war between the states show that Osceola inherited his valor and military prowess from one hardy old pioneer to whom he owed his paternity. William the Conqueror, Alexander Hamilton and other men whose names will ever live in history, like unto Osceola, were illegitimates.

Justice to Osceola.

Now that the Indians, the one time sole owners of this great land and continent, have been subdued and all but exterminated, and the hatred against the aborigines only survive on the bloody and cruel pages of the story of the early settlement of this country, impartial historians will do at least partial justice to Osceola and his little band of warriors, and the name and deeds of that great and valiant Indian warrior will live in song and story so long as the history of this American republic survives.

To the Seminoles of Florida, Osceola was the same patriot and great military leader that George Washington was to the struggling American colonists, and Robert E. Lee to our Lost Cause. And assuredly did this Indian have even a greater grievance and provocation to take up arms and wage a relentless war than did either of these great Anglo-Saxon leaders. The war cry of Osceola and his band of brave red warriors, like unto Marco Bozzaris was:

"Strike for your altars and your fires—
Strike for the green graves of your sires—"

Columbus county has cause to be proud of giving to the world Osceola and we would like to see erected upon the shores of Lake Waccamaw a monument to his memory. While the name and deeds of that great Indian will ever survive, it is due to our country that the place of his birth—the placid and beautiful sheets of water upon which his ancestors lived for generations, and upon the banks of which Osceola played as a child—should be marked for the benefit of posterity.

But to return to that Seminole war. The massacre of Major Dade and his command aroused the whole country, and to suppress Osceola and his little band of warriors, compared with the wealth and population of our republic, at that time, more energy and money were expended, and more than a hundred times as much blood shed, as during the recent war with Spain; and it was then only by the basest act of treachery that Osceola was at last captured and his band of Indians dispersed. Troops were sent to Florida from nearly all the states, but they could not suppress the Seminole uprising. The Indians retreated into that impenetrable fortress the Everglades—being familar with its every path and dry island—and the whites could not follow them.

Osceola proved himself not only a courageous soldier but a skillful leader. He surprised and defeated the United States troops at every opportunity, and victory even perched upon his banners.

To send soldiers to Florida was to send them to defeat and death. Finally Col. Jessup was placed in command, with instructions to kill or capture Osceola and disperse his band at any cost. But he met with the same tactics and defeats as did his predecessors.

Victim of Treachery.

At last that gallant officer was guilty of an act of the basest treachery that will ever tarnish his good name, and remains a blur upon our great nation.

Colonel Jessup, chafing under his unsuccessful campaign, and realizing that Osceola was the soul and head of that Seminole uprising, sent word by a captive Indian to Osceola asking that he meet him in friendly conference with a view of making a treaty of peace.

Put the wily half-breed was suspicious of the good faith of the whites, and refused to put himself within the power of his enemies without first having sent to him an outline of the terms of the proposed treaty, to see if they would be acceptable to his people, and a safeguard for Osceola and the warriors who might accompany him, pledging that they could return unmolested to their camp should negotiations for peace fail.

While apologists for Col. Jessup have endeavored to palliate and explain away this act of treachery, and but brief mention was at that time made of it in the history of the war—it was an act of which the ruling powers at that time were heartily ashamed—there is no denying the fact that Osceola's demands were complied with and the safe conduct, over the signature of the commander of the United States forces, sent this Indian.

It is said that even after receiving this guarantee, Osceola expressed hesitancy, fearing treachery, but was at last persuaded to accept.

So gathering around him his chosen leaders, Osceola went into the camp of his embittered enemies. But when there he showed neither doubt nor timidity and one reason assigned for violating that safe conduct was the brazen and defiant bearing of that bloody-handed and savage warrior. Osceola doubtless wanted to show his enemies that he was a supplicant for peace but intended to dictate terms.

Put his arrest had been decided on when that message was sent. Without preliminaries Osceola and the Indians who accompanied on that mission of peace, as soon as they appeared in the white camp, unarmed and at the mercy of their enemies, were surounded by the troops and taken prisoners.

A Broken Heart.

Osceola was confined in irons, and sent a prisoner to Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, at the entrance of the harbor to Charleston, S. C. There he was kept closely confined in one of the dungeons to the fort. It is said that Osceola uttered no protest against the treachery that lead to his capture. He refused to talk, and only replied, when necessity demanded, in gutteral monosyllables. The short time he was a prisoner in the fort, he was neither defiant nor manifested any resentment whatever. But his dignified, yea, noble bearing won respect from all with whom he came in contact. He ate but sparingly and at long intervals. While holding his head aloft in the presence of his guard, when alone in that cell, he sat with drooping head and in the deepest gloom and despondency; but at the sound of footsteps showing approaching visitors, Osceola was on his feet in a flash, and as erect and straight as an arrow. It is said his eye was keenly penetrating, and he would look square in your eye without winking. Few cared to encounter that gaze a second time, for it carried that unuttered reproach that Osceola must have felt toward the white race.

Put it soon became apparent that the iron of humiliation had entered the soul of this great Indian chieftain and warrior and that he was slowly dying from a broken heart. He refused to accept medical attention, but day by day, grew weaker; slowly pining away. His thoughts were doubtless with his betrayed and vanquished people, but he never deigned to ask about the war. All of his life roving the woods a freeman; he must have chafed at having his liberty contracted to the four walls of that prison and guarded by men he despised and had so often conquered.

After being held a prisoner for several months, one day the tidings were given out around Fort Moultrie that Osceola was dying. His end was characteristic of his life. He gave no sign that he noted those gathered around the blankets upon which he reposed, if he suffered pain he did not show it by word, look or movement of even the eye. His spirit took its flight to the great hunting grounds believed in by the red man as the snuffing of a candle.

It is an accepted fact that Osceola died from a broken heart.

No honors were paid this dead warrior. A grave was excavated in the sand within the ramparts of the fort, and there the body interred. A plain marble slab with only the name, "Osceola," chiseled thereon, today marks his last resting place. When living in Charleston we never visited Sullivan's Island without stopping at the fort and looking upon this grave.

Our Greatest Shame.

Fort Moultrie witnessed our nation's greatest glory and greatest shame. It was there that Sergeant Jasper, amid shot and shell from the British fleet, replaced the stars and bars on its staff and there was imprisoned and died a heroic enemy, who was captured through the basest treachery and deception.

The arrest of Osceola, ended the Seminole war. His band was disheartened, and were soon driven by hunger into surrendering and the tribe was transported to their new home in the then far west, where the remnant of this once powerful Indian tribe today lives. But the Seminoles originally came from the shores of Lake Waccamaw in Columbus county, and the plowshare continues to turn up fragments of their pottery and rude stone weapons of warfare and the chase.

Mr. K. B. Council is well posted as to the different Indian tribes that once peopled this section and some time the coming summer we intend to gather all the data practicable and write them up for the benefit of our readers and especially the school children.

When a youth I remember seeing an old soldier who was through the Seminole war and was present at the seizure of Osceola. He said he never looked upon a finer specimen of manhood. He was tall, erect and with commanding presence. Osceola was in the flush of young manhood, being apparently about 25 years of age. When the soldiers surrounded him and his followers he uttered not a word, but with a look of scorn submitted to the shackles being fastened upon his limbs.

A Personal Sketch.

Mr. Council wrote us the following sketch, and which he says is absolutely correct and can be authenticated:

"Osceola was a half-breed, his father being a Welch trapper, who lived in what is now Columbus county, N. C. His portrait, painted by Catlin, the famous English artist, who visited this country for that purpose, shows a strong, resolute face, strikingly handsome, with scarcely a trace of the Indian character, and bears a striking resemblance to a prominent Columbus county family, who are descendants from the accepted father of this famous warrior.

"The location of Osceola's birthplace will probably never be settled, but it is certain he was born on Waggamaw lake (now known as Waccamaw,) or shortly after his mother's people were sent to the Savannah river, Georgia. They were afterwards removed to Florida.

"Osceola waged a sanquinary war in that state, was captured by treachery, and died a young man in Fort Moultrie, S. C., of a broken heart.

Savannah, Ga., has raised a monument in his memory and Florida has a county named in his honor. But probably the greatest tribute paid to him was by Jefferson in writing the Seminole reply to the American government's overture for peace, which has been declaimed by half the school boys in the land. The last verse is something like this:

"I ne'er will give you quarter,
I ne'er will be your slave,
But will swim the sea of slaughter
Till I sink beneath the wave."

ORIGIN OF THE BLACK HAND.

It Started In Calabria After the Earthquake of 1894.

Prof. Vincenzo La Marca explains in a letter addressed to the Giornale d'Italia of Rome how the Black Hand, originally an Italian institution, now flourishes in Calabria and Sicily, as well as in America. In 1894 Calabria was visited by a great earthquake, and the unfortunate inhabitants sought in emigration a remedy against the general destruction that followed. The exodus toward America then started, and Calabria was gradually depopulated, agriculture and cattle raising were neglected, the cost of living became high, and idleness was encouraged as the returned emigrants refused to work but lived on the money saved in America.

Old customs were abolished, the character and temperament of the inhabitants were changed, humility and respect to authority were lost and the criminal instincts and passions of the people were given full vent. The returned emigrants brought back with them new ideas of democracy and equality; they considered themselves superiors to their fellow-countrymen and entirely independent because enriched in the land of plenty.

In 1895 the old criminal association, known as "Famiglia delle Vampe," or Family of Flames (or fire) which had been transplanted to America, where it assumed the name of Black Hand, was revived in Calabria and Sicily. At present, according to Professor La Marca, it is thoroughly organized and naturally its members are in close connection with their American comrades. The Family of Fire has its chief, whose power is absolute, and each province and district has special "sections" or groups linked together by the common bond of crime. The members of the gang use a special language, which is understood only by the initiated. All the members are armed and must carry either "mirrors" (razors) or else the "tufa" (revolver.) They must always be on the lookout for "monks" (policemen) and must defend and protect each other. The chief of every section or group attends to the ordinary administration of the gang; he collects the fees paid by each member, convokes secret meetings, generally in the open air and at night, organizes the work and presides over the tribunal when an execution is decreed.

The Family of Fire has numerous members both in Calabria and in Sicily and its ranks are increased daily. In fact, one of the chief duties of each member is to persuade his friends to join the gang, and often when persuasion is useless threats and intimidation are adopted. A special formula is generally used to press new recruits into service of the society. A member of the gang goes up to a young man of promise and asks him: "Do I speak with a fool or with an evil-disposed person?" If the young man is willing to join the society, he replies: "You speak to a man." The member of the society then says that he, too, is a man of honor, meaning that he occupies a high rank in the gang, and he then adds that the society needs the young man's service and requests him to pay a "flower"—that is, a contribution or fee. When this fee is paid the young man becomes a member and he is said to walk under the name of the old member who persuaded him to join.

In case a young man refuses to join the society, after some time he is told to leave the place or to pay a fine, but he usually does both or else disappears mysteriously. The Family of Fire has a special code of honor, which consists of many rules divided under two headings—"Dirty Policy," which relates to discipline and "False Policy," which deals with the work of the society. The code also fixes the procedure to be adopted in executions, and these are grouped under the single heading of "Convictions."

The members of the society are divided into different classes. They usually begin their career as "young men of honor," later they take the name of "dealers," and "chief dealers" when they may still be promoted to "ricottari." The Family of Fire has become so powerful and rich, mainly owing to the considerable financial contributions of its members in America who belong to the Black Hand, and it has extended so widely all over southern Italy and Sicily, that its members enjoy the utmost immunity. Mysterious murders are becoming very frequent and yet the police hardly ever succeed in arresting the murderers. The Family of Fire is indirectly aided by the inhabitants whose passive attitude and reticence impede the course of justice and who know too well that to give information to the police about a crime or give evidence against a prisoner invariably leads to vengeance.

Professor La Marca deplores that the government authorities make absolutely no effort to combat criminal associations and that no surveillance is exercised over returned emigrants, who often come back to Italy with large sums of money which do not always represent their honest savings. The police allow full freedom to suspicious characters, who are in the habit of going to America once or twice every year.—Chicago News.

"No man can be bigger than his party," said the experienced campaigner. "I suppose that must be true," replied the young man who is learning politics. "But it is also impossible for a party to be as big as a man occasionally feels."—Washington Star.

First Passenger—That is Conductor Punchem. He is one of the most experienced men on the road. Second Passenger—I knew it before you told me. First Passenger—How so? Second Passenger—Because he slams the door at the precise instant that he calls the station's name.—Judge.

ORIGIN OF POLITICAL SLANG.

"Copperheads," Nephews of His Uncle," Carperbaggers," and Others.

Major Ben C. Truman, who was private secretary to President Johnson during the latter's occupancy of the White House, was afforded many opportunities for observation of political doings in those stirring times, and thus speaks with authority on the origin of many expressions still in use in current political life. Major Truman declares that while many of the slang expressions used in the United States are called "Americanisms," most of the latter have been bequeathed us from early English literature, and away down that line from Shakespeare to Dickens; and some of our most common applications have been adapted from the Bible itself. Put an exception may be made regarding our political slang, nearly all of which is strictly original; and few or none of our presidential campaigns have been carried through without the production of some new political slang terms of more or less effectiveness. Indeed, to go back only a few presidential terms, no future treasure house of American-English words will be complete without the "mugwump" of 1884. It seemed expressionless and far-fetched, as first applied—by some one never strictly traceable—to those Republican goody-goodys who broke away from Blaine and helped elect Cleveland, and no satisfactory conclusion was ever arrived at concerning its prosody or etymology.

In 1834, the nickname of "locofocos" was given to the adherents of the Democratic party throughout the United States, who followed the course of a majority of the members of Tammany Hall, who, when the lights were turned out on them during a tumultuous meeting, kept right on with their proceedings by flickerings from locofoco matches until candles were procured. About the same time the members of the more radical wing of the New York Democracy received the derisive name of "barn-burners," classing them with a lot of lawless incendiaries, who for many months vented their spite on the owners of large grain and corn lands in the Mohawk and Oswego valleys by burning their barns.

Along in the forties came the terms "abolitionists" and "freesoilers," as applied to the growing anti-slavery element in the north; and about the same time the nickname of "doughfaces," as applied to pro-slavery men of both parties in the north, and that of "fire-eaters," applicable to extreme pro-slavery orators and newspaper editors of the south. Regarding the term "doughfaces" there has always been some difference of opinion as to its orthography and meaning, but Hon. George Bradburn once said in a political speech that "John Randolph, in referring to these northern demagogues, from his seat in congress, branded them as 'doe-faces.' Randolph spelled the word d-o-e-face in allusion to the timid, startled look of that animal, which is said to shrink from the reflection of its own face in the water.

During the Civil War the pro-slavery Democrats and other rebel sympathizers in the north were termed "copperheads," after one of the meanest and most venomous of snakes. It was Mr. Lincoln who said that "not all Democrats were copperheads, but all copperheads were Democrats." Immediately after the war, those Republicans who went south and were elected to office were called "carpetbaggers," and all natives who affiliated with Republicans were derided by the southern people generally as "scalawags."

Probably more political slang grew out of the campaign of 1870 than of all the others that preceded it, and the "bar'l of money," "bulldozing," "visiting statesmen," "solid south," "stalwarts," "shot-gun policy," nineteen rebel brigadiers," "counting out," "returning boards," "nephew of his uncle" and some others belong to that momentous year.

A few years afterward Congressman Flanagan of Texas, contributed to our political Americanisms "What are we here for?" and Cobb of Georgia, asked "Where am I at?" But Senator Quay of Pennsylvania, added a phrase to political literature that will reach a good old age when he wrote to a friend: "You do your part and I will shake the plum tree."

It was in 1876 that we first heard of the "dark horse," Mr. Hayes having been trotted out as that equine individual. There have been many attempts to hunt up the pedigree of the dark horse in politics, and the following has been generally the most satisfying: A few years "befo' do wah" there lived in Tennessee a trading jockey who had a coal black stallion, almost a thoroughbred. He entered this horse in a country race meeting where he was not known and where the natives heavily backed two or three favorites against him. Old judge McMinamee, the turf oracle of that part of the state, was one of the judges of the meeting, and when he was told how the stranger was foolishly betting on his horse, he looked at the stallion and said: "Gentlemen, there's a dark horse in this race that will make some of you suffer before supper."

That imaginary stream called "Salt River," up which defeated candidates are supposed to be rowed, is one of the most felicitous of all our political Americanisms," although its authorship is unknown. The term "caucus" was first used in 1828. Elbridge Gerry, a Democratic Massachusetts politician of the latter part of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century, was accused of having instigated the first division of states into congressional districts without regard to the natural order and conditions in order that his party might succeed; thus, "gerrymander."

Probably the greatest excitement, next to the Civil war, our country has ever known, was that in 1855-6-7, between the abolitionists of the north and the slaveholders of the south, for the possession of Kansas, then opening to the advance of immigration, and out of which the terms "Bleeding Kansas," "Border Ruffians" and "Squatter Sovereignty" are undoubtedly defined in all text and phrase books.

The word "Boss" was first applied by Henry J. Raymond in the New York Times in 1856 to Isaiah Rynders, who was at the head of the Democratic marching clubs of that year. The word is derived from the Dutch settlers who first colonized New Amsterdam. Baas in the Dutch language signifies a master or the foreman of a workshop.

Regarding the word "machine," as derisively applied to politics in various parts of the United States during the past 50 years, it has been generally believed that it originated in New York, where, up to 1860, the fire engines were called machines, the firemen were volunteers and all of them politicians of some degree. But the application was borrowed from the English, for as long ago as 1845 the Duke of Wellington wrote to a friend as follows. "Such is the operation of the machine as now established that no individual can have any personal influence." The word "floater," too, as applied to the purchasable voter, is filched from the English.

The terms "jingo and "jingoism" were voluminously applied to Secretary Blaine and to President Cleveland and to their brilliant and patriotic attitudes as Americans by foreign newspapers in their attempt to show that the Americans were spoiling for a fight. The words evidently come from the Amazonian Empress of China, named "Jingo," who made a furious oral onslaught on Korea in 204 A. D.—Kansas City Star.

Curious Ways of Smuggling.—A curious incident led to the discovery the other day of an ingenious smuggler's trick on board a French vessel which was unloading a mixed cargo in Genoa harbor. A customs house officer had just inspected the goods, among which were a number of barrels of potatoes, and was about to hand the captain his papers when one of the barrels burst and the potatoes rolled over the deck. The deck hands soon jumped them back again with the exception of half a dozen that were lying in the hot midday sun. To the amazement of the customs man these potatoes presently, began to sweat and finally to dissolve. They turned out to be excellent imitations in wax and contained pearls and diamonds.—New York Sun.

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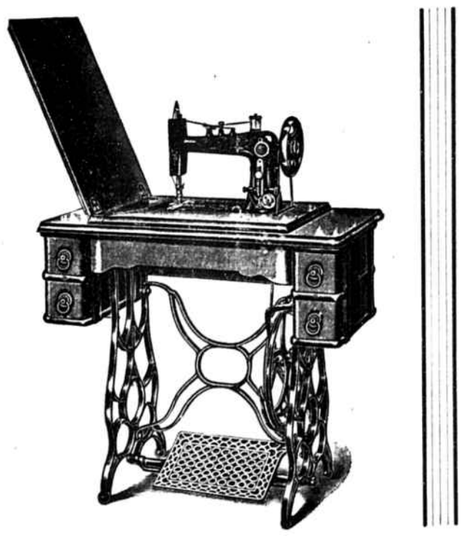
OUR PROPOSITIONS.

To the Clubmaker who returns and pays for the **largest number of names** before **SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1911, at 6 o'clock p. m.**, we will give **One Quarter Leather Top Rock Hill Buggy (Carolina Grade)**, valued at **Ninety Dollars.** To the Clubmaker who returns the **second largest club** under the same conditions by the date mentioned, we will give a **Two Horse Piedmont Wagon**, valued at $67.50.

The contests for these two premiums is open to all comers, regardless of place or residence. In addition to these two leading premiums, however, we will award **Sixteen High Grade Sewing Machines**, of two styles, one retailing at **$40** and the other retailing at **$30**, two Machines to go to each township, excepting to the townships in which the Buggy and Wagon may be awarded.



After the Buggy and Wagon have been awarded, the Sewing Machines will be awarded in the remaining townships to the Clubmakers making the largest and second largest clubs, and the awards will be made regardless of the number of names in the two leading clubs. That is if the Buggy or Wagon goes to one township Clubmaker for a hundred names, more or less, and the second largest Clubmaker in that township has only two names, he or she will be entitled to a Sewing Machine. In each township where neither the Buggy nor Wagon shall be awarded, there will be awards of two Sewing Machines made to the Clubmakers having the largest and second largest clubs.

PREMIUMS.

All of our readers know what the Rock Hill Buggy is. They have been running throughout this section for years, and they have never been known to fail to give satisfaction. The buggy we are offering has been purchased from **Messrs. Carroll Bros.**, of Yorkville, the Local Agents, and is subject to all of the guarantees of the Rock Hill Buggy Company.

The Wagon is of the well known and time tested Piedmont make, and may also be seen at the store of Messrs. Carroll Bros. It has 3-inch skein and 2-inch tires and is guaranteed for a year as to material and workmanship. Messrs. Carroll Bros. stand by the guarantee. The price $67.50.

The best grade Sewing Machine offered, has high arm, drop head, hand lift, five drawers and is ball bearing. The retail price ranges as high as $40.00 and it seldom sells for less.

The second grade Sewing Machine is almost as good. It is also of the drop head description, has five drawers and is practically the same as the other with the exception that it is not fitted with ball bearings.

WHAT A CLUB IS

Two or more names returned by a single Clubmaker will be regarded as a Club, and whoever desires to enter the contest will not only be regarded as a Clubmaker, but is assured that whether he or she is successful in carrying off one of the competitive premiums will receive full compensation for all the work that will be involved. The price of a single subscription is $2.00 a year or $1.00 for six months. In Clubs the price for six months remains the same, but for a year it is only $1.75.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

All persons who have not been on our list subsequent to January 1, 1910, will be regarded as new subscribers, and Clubmakers may send them the paper from the time their names are entered until January 1, 1912 for the price of a year's subscription—$1.75.

OTHER PREMIUMS.

Besides the Buggy, Wagon and Sewing Machine premiums, which are to go as full and complete rewards to the Clubmakers making and paying for the largest clubs in the county and the respective townships, we are offering SPECIAL PREMIUMS for all smaller Clubs, from three names up.

FOR THREE NAMES.—A year's subscription to the Progressive Farmer, the best agricultural weekly in the South.

FOR FOUR NAMES.—A Stylographic Fountain Pen; a handsome Three-Bladed Pocket Knife with name and address on handle; or one of the late new Novels that retail for $1.00.

FOR FIVE NAMES.—A "Bannatyne" Stem Winding Watch, a gold pointed Fountain Pen or a Four-Bladed Pocket Knife.

FOR SIX NAMES.—An "Eclipse" Stem Winding Watch, Hamilton Model 15, 22-calibre Rifle, a year's subscription to the Christian Herald, Saturday Evening Post, a 22-String Zithern or any one of the new popular $1.50 Novels.

FOR EIGHT NAMES.—An Ingersoll "Triumph" Watch, Daisy Repeating Air Rifle—works like a Winchester—a fine Razor or a Pocket Knife, a Rapid Writer Fountain Pen—plain case; or a Hopf Model Violin or an 8-inch Banjo.

FOR TEN NAMES.—One year's subscription to THE ENQUIRER, a No. 2 Hamilton, 22-Cal. Rifle—model 11; any one of the $1.75 or $2.00 publications one year, or a Gold Mounted Fountain Pen, a good Banjo, Guitar or Violin.

FOR TWENTY NAMES.—Crack-Shot Stevens Rifle, a 10-oz. Canvas Hunting Coat, a No. 1 Ejector Single-Barrel Breech-Loading Shot Gun, or any one of the $4.00 Magazines for one year.

FOR THIRTY NAMES.—Either of the following: A Single-Barrel Hammerless Shot Gun, a fine Toilet or Washstand Set, or a Hopkins & Allen, Jr., 22-Cal. Rifle.

FOR FORTY NAMES.—A fine Mandolin, Guitar or Banjo, a New York Standard Open Face Watch, a W. Richards Double-Barrel Breech-Loading Shot Gun.

ANYTHING DESIRED.—We will arrange to furnish any special article desired by a Clubmaker for a given number of names on application at this office.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

THE CONTEST BEGINS NOW and will come to a close on **SATURDAY, MARCH 18, at 6 o'clock p. m., sharp.**

Each Clubmaker will be held individually responsible for the payment of the amount due on all names returned by him or her. Where it is desired to stop a subscription before the close of the Club contest, the Clubmaker may do so by paying the amount due at the time of such stoppage. **Where a subscription has been paid in full, it cannot be discontinued.** The Clubmaker, however, may, if he sees proper, transfer the unfulfilled portion of the subscription to another subscriber, provided the person to whom the transfer is to be made was not a subscriber at the time the original name was entered on our books.

No name will be counted in competition for a premium until the subscription price has been paid, nor will any premium be delivered until the Clubmaker has either paid or made satisfactory settlement for all the names on the Club.

In cases of contention by two or more Clubmakers over the right to a name, preference will be given to the one who pays for the name FIRST; but where both pay, **we shall not attempt to decide the matter except by crediting the name for one year for each such payment.**

After a name has been entered on our books, **no transfer will be permitted.** This is positive and emphatic, and where Clubmakers attempt to make such transfers, they must concede our right to take such steps as may seem necessary to protect the fairness of this provision. The Clubmaker who returns names must pay for them. Clubmakers who try to return and pay for names already regularly returned by others will be called down, especially if there is evidence of an understanding between the Clubmakers. This is not for the protection of the publishers; but as a guarantee of the fairness of the competition.

Any and all Clubmakers will have the right to **Get Subscribers Wherever They Can.** It is not necessary that all the names shall go to the same address. The fact that a name was returned on a certain club last year does not give that Clubmaker a right to return it this year.

All subscriptions must be forwarded to us at the expense of those sending them, and we will be responsible for the safe transmission of money only when it is sent by Draft, Registered Letter, Express or Postoffice Money Order.

In sending the names, **Always give correct names or initials, and present postoffice** address, and if possible say whether the subscribers are NOW taking the paper. Careful observance of this will be the means of avoiding much trouble and confusion.

In case of a tie for either the Buggy or Township Sewing Machine Premiums, TWO WEEKS will be allowed for the working off of the tie.

After the close of the contest on **SATURDAY, MARCH 18, at 6 p. m.**, the price of a year's subscription will be **$2.00**, unless New Clubs are formed.

...L. M. GRIST'S SONS, Publishers...

Yorkville, South Carolina