

# The Manning Times.

VOL. III,

MANNING, CLARENDON COUNTY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1888.

NO. 21,

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PRACTICE IN COURTS OF  
CHARLESTON and CLARENDON.  
Address Communications in care of Manning Times.

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DENTIST.  
—OFFICES—  
MANNING AND KINGSTREE.  
—OFFICE DAYS—  
Kingstree, from 1st to 12th of each month.  
Manning, from 12th to 1st of each month.  
—OFFICE HOURS—  
9 A. M. to 1 P. M. and 2 to 4 P. M.

**J. BRAGDON,**  
REAL ESTATE AGENT,  
FORESTON, S. C.  
Offers for sale on Main Street, in business portion of the town, TWO STORES, with suitable lots; on Manning and R. R. streets TWO COTTAGE RESIDENCES, 4 and 6 rooms; and a number of VACANT LOTS suitable for residences, and in different localities. Terms Reasonable.

**ESTABLISHED 1852.**  
**Louis Cohen & Co.**  
224 King Street,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.  
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
Dry and Fancy Goods.

Samples and prices cheerfully sent on application. Orders entrusted to me will receive my prompt personal attention. Will be pleased to see my friends from Clarendon County.  
**ISAAC M. LORTEA,**  
With Louis Cohen & Co.,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

**Max G. Bryant, Jas. M. Leland,**  
South Carolina, New York.  
**Grand Central Hotel.**  
BRYANT & LELAND, PROPRIETORS.  
Columbia, South Carolina.

The Grand Central is the largest and best kept hotel in Columbia, located in the EX-ACT BUSINESS CENTER OF THE CITY, where all Street Car Lines pass the door, and its MENU is not excelled by any in the South.

**Notice of Application for Charter.**  
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN application will be made to the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina, for a Charter for a Rail Road, to be known as the Wilson and Summerton Rail Road, leading from a point at or near Wilson's Mill on the Central Rail Road of South Carolina, in Clarendon County, in said State, to or near to Summerton in said County, at or near the Manchester and Augusta Rail Road, at or near Antioch, in said County.

**CORONER'S NOTICE.**  
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I have made arrangements with Mr. W. K. Bell, of Manning, to promptly forward me any telegrams or other official communications. By this means I shall be able, in a few hours, to attend any inquest.  
**P. C. COCHRAN,**  
Coroner Clarendon County.

**F. VON SANTEN & SON,**  
FANCY GOODS, TOYS,  
CONFECTIONERY,  
Rubber Goods.  
HEADQUARTERS FOR  
**CRADLES.**  
Children's Carriages  
Costing from \$4.50 to \$40 each.  
283 King Street,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

**McGahan, Brown & Evans,**  
Jobbers of  
Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, and Clothing.  
Nos. 224, 225 and 228 Meeting St.  
Charleston, S. C.

**Wm. Burmester & Co.**  
HAY AND GRAIN,  
Red Rust Proof Oats, a Specialty.  
Opposite Kerr's Wharf,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

## MAN'S GREATEST EXPLOITS.

DR. TALMAGE TELLS HOW ALL MEN MAY BECOME HEROES.

They May Not be Great Generals, or Statesmen, or Inventors, but They May Save a Man or a Woman or a Child—The Terrible Perils of Friendless Girls.

The congregation that attends the Brooklyn Tabernacle turned out in large numbers Sunday to hear the sermon of the Rev. Dr. Talmage. He chose for his subject: "The three greatest things to do." His text was Daniel xi. 32: "The people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits."

Having spoken of the wars entered into in past ages by Antiochus Epiphanes against the Jews, and the stout resistance of the latter and their many great exploits, he went on to explain what an exploit was.

"An exploit," he said, "would define to be a heroic act, a brave feat, a great achievement. 'Well,' you say, 'I admire such things, but there is no chance for me; mine is a sort of humdrum life. If I had an Antiochus Epiphanes to fight, I also could do exploits.' You are right so far as great wars are concerned. There will probably be no opportunity to distinguish yourself in battle. The most of the brigadier-generals of this country would never have heard of had it not been for the war. General Grant would have remained in the useful work of tanning hides at Galena, and Stonewall Jackson would have continued a quiet college professor in Virginia. And whatever military talents you have will probably lie dormant forever. Neither will you probably become a great inventor. Nineteen hundred and ninety-nine out of every 2,000 inventions found in the Patent Office at Washington never yielded their authors enough money to pay for the expenses of securing the patent. So you will probably never be a Morse or an Edison, or a Humphrey Davy or an Eli Whitney. But there are three great exploits which man can accomplish. He can save a man, or save a woman, or save a child.

During the course of his life almost every man gets into an exigency, is caught between two fires, is ground between two millstones, sits on the edge of some precipice, or in some other way comes near demolition. It may be a financial, or a moral, or a domestic, or a social, or a political exigency. You sometimes see it in court rooms. A young man has got into bad company and he has offended the law, and he is arraigned. All blushing and confused he is in the presence of judge and jury and lawyers. He can be sent right on in the wrong direction. He is feeling disgraced, and he is almost desperate. Let the District Attorney overhurl him as though he were an old offender, let the ablest attorneys at the bar refuse to say a word for him because he cannot afford a considerable fee, let the judge give no opportunity for presenting the mitigating circumstances, hurry up the case and hustle him up to Auburn or Sing Sing. If he lives seventy years, for seventy years he will be a criminal, and each decade of his life will be blacker than its predecessor. In the interregnum of prison life he can get no work, and he is glad to break a window-glass, or blow open a safe, or play the highwayman, so as to get back again within the walls where he can get something to eat and hide himself from the cruel gaze of the world. Why don't his father come and help him? His father is dead. Why don't his mother come and help him? She is dead. Where are all the ameliorating and salutary influences of society? They do not touch him.

"Why did not some one long ago in the case understand that there was an opportunity for an exploit which would be famous in Heaven a quadrillion of years after the earth has become scattered ashes in the last whirlwind? Why did not the District Attorney take that young man into his private office and say, 'My son, I see that you are the victim of circumstances. This is your first crime. You are sorry. I will bring the person you wronged into your presence and you will apologize and make all the reparation you can, and I will give you another chance.' Or that young man is presented in the court room and he has no friends present and the judge says: 'Who is your counsel?' And he answers: 'I have none.' And the judge says: 'Who will take this young man's case?' And there is a dead hush and no one offers, and after a while the judge turns to some attorney who never had a good case in all his life, and never will, and whose advocacy would be enough to secure the condemnation of innocence itself. And the professional incompetent crawls up beside the prisoner, helpless to rescue despair, when they ought to be a struggle among all the best men of the profession as to who should have the honor of trying to help that unfortunate. How much [would such an attorney have received as his fee for such an advocacy? Nothing in dollars, but much every way in a happy consciousness that would make his own life brighter and his own dying pillow softer and his own heaven happier—the consciousness that he had saved a man. Dr. Talmage next scored unmercifully the practice of business men in seeking to grind each other out of the trade and out of existence. A little helping hand, a little kindly feeling, he said, on the part of his fellows would keep many a man and many a family from ruin and despair.

"There sometimes come exigencies in the life of a woman," said Dr. Talmage. One morning about two years ago I saw in the newspaper that there was a young woman in New York whose pocketbook contained \$87 and 33 cents; had been stolen, and had been left without a farthing at the beginning of winter in a strange city, and no work. And although she was a stranger, I did not allow the 9 o'clock mail to leave the lampost on our corner without carrying the \$87 and 33 cents; and the case was proved genuine. Now, I have read all Shakespeare's tragedies and all Victor Hugo's tragedies and all Alexander Smith's tragedies, but I never read a

tragedy more thrilling than that case. There are similar cases by the hundreds and thousands in all our large cities; young women without money and without home and without work in these great maelstroms of metropolitan life. When such a case comes under your observation, how do you treat it? 'Get out of my way; we have no room in our establishment for any more hands. I don't believe in women anyway; they are a lazy, idle, worthless set. John, please show this person out of the door.' Or do you compliment her personal appearance and say things to her which, if any man said to your sister or daughter, you would kill him on the spot? That is one way, and it is tried every day in our large cities, and many of those who advertise for female hands in factories and for governesses in families have proved themselves unfit to be in any place outside of hell.

"New York and Brooklyn ground up last year about thirty thousand young women, and would like to grind up about as many this year. Out of all that long procession of women who march on with no hope for this world or the next, battered and bruised and soiled at and flung off the precipice, not one but might have been saved for home and God and Heaven. But good men and good women are not in that kind of business. Alas for that poor thing, nothing but the thread of that sewing girl's needle held her, and that thread broke. I have heard men tell in public discourse what a man is, but what is a woman? Until some one shall give a better definition I will tell you what a woman is.

"Direct from God, a sacred and delicate gift, with affections so great that no measuring line short of that of the infinite God can tell their bound; fashion to refine and soothe and lift and radiate home and society and no one can appreciate it, unless his mother lived long enough to let him understand it, or who, in some great crisis of life, when all else failed him, had a wife to re-enforce him with a faith in God that nothing could disturb. Speak out, ye cradles, and tell of the feet that rocked you, and the anxious faces that hovered over you! Speak out, ye nurseries of all Christendom, and ye homes, whether desolate or still in full bloom with the faces of wife, mother and daughter, and help me to define what woman is! If a man during all his life accomplish nothing else except to win the love and confidence and help and companionship of a good woman, he is a garlanded victor, and ought to have the hands of all people between here and the grave stretched out to him in congratulation.

"But as geographers tell us that the depths of the sea correspond with the heights of the mountains, I have to tell you that good womanhood is not higher up than bad womanhood is deep down. The grander the palace, the more awful the configuration that destroys it. The grander the steamer Oregon, the more terrible her going down just off the coast. Now, I should not wonder if you tremble a little with a sense of responsibility when I say that there is hardly a person in this house but may have an opportunity to save a woman. It may in your case be done by good advice, or by financial help, or by trying to influence to bear some one of a thousand Christian influences. You would not have to go far. If, for instance, you know among your acquaintances a young woman who is apt to appear on the streets about the hour when men return from business, and you find her responding to the smile of entire strangers—hogs that lift their hats—then go you to her and plainly tell her that nearly all the destroyed womanhood in the world began the downward path with that very kind of behavior.

"There is another exploit that you can do, and that is to save a child. A child does not seem to amount to much. It is nearly a year old before it can walk at all. For the first year and a half it cannot speak a word. For the first ten years it would starve if it had to earn its own food. For the first fifteen years its opinion on any subject is absolutely valueless. And then there are so many of them. My! what lots of children! And some people have contempt for children. They are good for nothing but to wear out the carpets and break things and keep you awake nights crying. Well, your estimate of a child is quite different from that mother's estimate who lost her child last summer. They took to the salt air of the seashore, and to the tonic air of the mountains, but no help came, and the brief paragraph of his life is ended. Suppose that life could be restored by purchase, how much would that bereaved mother give? She would take all the jewels from her fingers and neck and breast and put them down. And if told that that was not enough she would take her house and make over the deed for it, and if that were not enough she would call in all her investments, and put down all her mortgages and bonds; and if told that were not enough she would say: 'I have made over all my property, and if I can have that child back I will now pledge that I will toil with my own hands and carry with my own shoulders in any kind of hard work, and live in a cellar and die in a garret. Only give me back that lost darling.'

"Oh, to save a child! Am I not right in putting that among the great exploits? Yes, it beats the other two, for if you save the child you save the man or you save the woman. Get the first twenty years of that boy or girl right and I guess you have got manhood or womanhood all right and there entire earthly and eternal career all right. But what are going to do with those children who are worse off than their father or mother had died the day they were born? There are tens of thousands of such. Their parents were against them. Their name is against them. Their nerves and muscles contaminated by the inheritably or disolventness of their parents. They are practically at their birth laid out on a plank in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean in an equinoctial gale, and told to make for shore. The first greeting they get from the world is to be called a brat or a ragamuffin or a wharf rat. What to do with them is the question often asked. There is another question quite as pertinent as that is, 'What are they going to wish us?' They will, ten or eleven years from now, have as many votes as the same number of well-born children, and they will hand this land

over to anarchy and political damnation just as sure as we neglect them. Suppose each one of us save a boy or a girl. You can do it. Will you? I will. Take a cake of perfumed soap and a fine-toothed comb and a New Testament, and a little candy and prayer and a piece of cake, and faith in God and common sense, and begin this afternoon.

"But how shall we get ready for one or all of these three exploits? We shall make a dead failure if in our own strength we try to save a man or woman or child. But my text suggests where we are to get equipment. 'The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits.' We must know him through Jesus Christ in our own salvation, and then we shall have His help in the salvation of others. And while you are saving strangers you may save some of your own kin. You think your brothers and sisters and children and grandchildren all safe, but they are not dead, and no one is safe till he is dead.

"On the English coast there was a wild storm and a wreck in the offing, and the cry was, 'Man the lifeboat!' But Harry, the usual leader of the sailors' crew, was not to be found, and they went without him and brought back all the shipwrecked people except one. By this time Harry, the leader of the crew, appeared and said: 'Why did you leave that one?' The answer was: 'He could not help himself at all, and we could not get him into the boat.'

"Man the life boat," shouted Harry, and we will for that one. 'No,' said his aged mother standing beside him. 'You must not go. I lost your father in a storm like this, and your brother went off six years ago, and I don't know where he is, and I don't know what has happened to him, poor Will, and I cannot let you go also, for I am old and dependent on you.' His reply was, 'Mother, I must go and save that one man, and if I am lost God will take care of you in your old days.' The lifeboat put out, and after an awful struggle with the sea they picked the poor fellow out of the rigging just in time to save his life, and started for the shore. And as they came within speaking distance, Harry, just before he fainting from the over exertion, cried out, 'We saved him, and tell mother it was brother Will.'

"Oh, yes, my friend, let us start out to save some one for time and eternity; some man, some woman, some child. And who knows but it may, directly or indirectly, be the salvation of one of our own kindred; and that will be an exploit worthy of celebration when the world itself is shipwrecked and the sun has gone out like a spark from a smitten anvil and all the stars are dead."

Why is a cat's tail like the earth? It is fur to the end.  
What kin is the doormat to a floor? A step farther.

What is a waist of time? The middle of an hour-glass.

Why is a doctor never seasick? He is used to sea sickness.

Why does an old maid wear mittens? To keep off the snaps.

Why is a door in the potential mood? It's would, or should be.

What is the board of education? The schoolmaster's shingle.

What sticketh closer than a brother? A postage stamp, by gum.

Why is a tin can tied to a dog's tail like death? It's bound to occur.

Why does a sailor look there's a man in the moon? He has been to sea.

Why is the North Pole like an illicit whisky manufactory? It is a secret still.

What is it that will give a cold, cure a cold, and pay the doctor's bill? A draught.

What does a man take when he has a mean wife? He takes an elixir (he licks her).

Why is it easy to get in an old man's house? Because his gate is broken and his locks are few.

Why is a man who makes pens very wicked? He makes people steel pens and then say they do write.

Why is a city official like a church bell? He steals from the people and the other steals from the steeple.

Why is it dangerous to go out in spring? Because the trees shoot, the flowers have pistils and the bulrush is out.

What is the difference between a dog's tail and a rich man? One keeps a wagging and the other keeps a carriage.

What is the difference between an engineer and a school teacher? One trains the mind and the other minds the train.

What is the difference between a soldier and a pretty woman? One faces the powder and the other powders the face.

Why is a sheet of writing paper like a lazy dog? A sheet of writing paper is an inclined plane and an inclined plane is a slope up.

What is the difference between an apple and a pretty girl? One you squeeze to get cider and the other you get side her to squeeze.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Sweet Girl Evens Up Old Scores.  
A young society lady of the West End, whose passion be to be up with the prevailing styles leads her at times to go to extremes, brought home a most elaborate hat from a Fourth street modiste the other night. Mamma was wrathful, sisters scolded, and the two elder brothers flew off into a rage. The young lady declared to fight it out on that line if it took all winter, and that she would wear that hat in the face of the family veto. A council of war was held between the two brothers, and with a sacrilegious hand and a sharp penknife they undid the artistic work of the milliner and left the duck of a hat shorn of its rich plumage. Amanda next morning wept, stormed, relapsed into silence and brooding thoughts, and the following morning one brother found his bicycle in sections, part of it in the cellar and part in the garret, and the other is looking for parts of his shotgun divorced from use stock. Amanda sits sweetly smiling, the picture of conscious innocence.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Drowned in a Beer Glass.  
A man in Trenton was recently drowned in a beer glass. He had been drinking and was well under alcoholic influence when he entered a saloon and ordered a glass of beer, which was brought to him. He sat down at the table and fell into a stupor, his head dropping forward into the glass before him. When the barkeeper tried to arouse him half an hour later, it was found that he was dead, his nose being immersed in the liquor in such a way that respiration was completely stopped.

## CAROLINA'S CARNIVAL.

THE ANNUAL GATHERING OF HER PEOPLE AT THE FAIR.

An Interesting Programme—Several New Features—Promise of a Splendid Time for Everybody.

The Twentieth Annual Fair of the State Agricultural and Mechanical Society of South Carolina will open on Monday the 12th of November, and close on the following Friday.

All entries should be made in person or by letter to the Secretary, Thomas W. Holloway, at Pomaria, until the 4th day of November; after that date at Columbia. Entry books will close on Friday, the 9th November.

This annual gathering of our people is an occasion for the reunion of the farmers from all parts of the State. Decided improvements have been made on the grounds of the Society for the convenience and comfort of exhibitors.

While in some sections the recent continued rains have injured the crops, especially on the large streams, yet we believe the spirit and energy displayed by our people under even more adverse circumstances, will warrant the conclusion that their slight loss will not deter them from the usual pleasant and instructive visit to our approaching Fair.

The management is determined to leave no effort untried to make the present Fair second to none in its history. The usual courtesies will be extended to exhibitors by the railroads in the transportation of their exhibits. The rates of passage will be within the reach of all and special trains will be run daily for the accommodation of visitors.

The City of Columbia, through a select committee, will furnish unusual attractions during Fair week. An intelligence office will be established, where visitors can apply for homes in private families at reasonable rates.

With cheap rates of passage, comfortable accommodations for visitors and the magnificent attractions by the City of Columbia, together with the splendid exhibit of live stock, Agricultural implements and Machinery, and a fine display of the handwork of the fair daughters of our State; with full exhibits in every department, we, therefore, cordially invite all citizens of the State and especially the farmers, to share with us the pleasures and benefits of the occasion in promoting the general Agricultural interests of the State.

**PROGRAMME FOR THE WEEK.**  
Saturday, November 10th.

Secretary Holloway's office will be open at 8 A. M., when entries will be under the rules and regulations will be assigned their proper positions.

**Monday, November 12th.**

Gates open at 9 A. M.  
From 10 to 11 an exhibition in the arena of all the cattle, under the direction of the Superintendent.

From 11 to 2 a display of all the horses, beginning with those led by the halter, and closing with saddle, single and matched harness horses, as directed by the Superintendent.

**Tuesday, November 13th.**  
Gates open at 9 o'clock A. M.  
From 10 to 11 a general display of cattle.

The forenoon will be devoted to the examination in the arena of the single harness horses and mules, as directed by the Superintendent.

**RACE PROGRAMME.**  
First race—Three-quarter mile dash—all ages. Purse \$75—\$50 to the first; \$25 to second.

Second race—Three-quarter mile heats—2 in 3 trotting race. S. C. owned. Purse \$100—\$75 to first; \$25 to second.

Third race—Three-quarter mile dash—for three-year-olds, S. C. raised and owned. Purse \$75—\$50 to the first; \$25 to second.

**Wednesday, November 14th.**  
Gates open at 9 o'clock A. M.  
From 10 to 11 a general display of stock.

From 11 to 12 a display, in the arena, of all the cattle.

From 12 to 2 the same by the single and double harness horses. At this contest the Committees will tie the ribbons.

**RACES.**  
First race—Three-quarter mile Heats—all ages. Purse \$100—\$75 to first; \$25 to second.

Second race—Mile heats—2 in 3 trotting that never made a record under 3 minutes. Purse \$100—\$75 to first; \$25 to second.

Third race—Three-quarter mile dash—two-year-olds, S. C. raised and owned. Purse \$75—\$50 to first; \$25 to second.

Fourth race—One-half mile dash—saddle horses, S. C. raised and owned. Purse \$75—\$50 to first; \$25 to second.

**Thursday, November 15th.**  
Gates open at 9 o'clock A. M.  
From 10 to 11 a general display of all the premium stock, beginning with the cattle.

From 11 to 12 o'clock an exhibition in the arena of the saddle horses; after which contest the ribbons will be tied.

**RACES.**  
First race—Seven-eighths mile dash—all ages. Purse \$75—\$50 to first; 25 to second.

Second race—Mile heats—3 in 5, trotting race. Purse \$100—\$75 to first; \$25 to second.

Third race—Mile heats—all ages. Purse \$100—\$75 to first; \$25 to second.

Fourth race—Three-quarter mile dash—all ages. Purse \$75—\$50 to first; \$25 to second.

**Friday, November 16th.**  
Gates open 9 o'clock A. M.  
From 10 to 12 o'clock display of all the premium harness horses.

All ages. Purse \$75.00—\$50.00 to first; \$25.00 to second.

Second race—half mile heats—two-year-olds. Purse \$75.00—\$50.00 to first; \$25.00 to second.

Third race—mile dash—all ages. Purse \$100.00—\$75.00 to first; \$25.00 to second.

J. B. HUMBERT, Pres.  
THOS. W. HOLLOWAY, Sec.

**ATTRACTIONS IN COLUMBIA.**  
Tuesday night—Fire works and Fire Department display, with music.

Wednesday night—Calithnmpian parade of fancy costumes.

Thursday night—Trades display with fire works. State Ball.

Friday—Balloon ascension and fire works.

**BILL ARP'S LETTER.**  
The Three Great Evils to Mankind.

War, pestilence and famine—the three great scourges of mankind. We don't know much about the last, but we do know something of war and pestilence, and in some respects they are very much alike in their horrible results. It is death in its most unfeeling pitiless form. The great difference is that war is the work of man intentionally and provoked, instead of the bad passions that come straight from the devil, while pestilence is simply an inheritance of the curse—one of the great afflictions that is for man to conquer and subdue—an affliction like thorns and weeds and poison oak and devouring worms and mad dogs and measles and toothache and pains of all kinds and cold and heat and fire and flood. All of these have their remedies. Most of them have been overcome by man's ingenuity and all will be. The power of pestilence has already been broken by preventives just as the power of pain has been broken by anesthetics.

Our generation suffered more than its share—more from toothache and earache and colic and cholera and stonements and stumped toes. If a man had to have an arm or a leg amputated or a wen cut off he wasn't put to sleep but just had to be held like he was in a vice and take the excruciation just as it came. If he went blind there was no surgeon to remove the cataract. If he had the fever not a drop of water was given him to cool his parched tongue. I helped to hold a poor fellow once as he lay stretched upon a long table. I held his feet hard and strong while the surgeon was cutting off his leg just below the knee and when he saw the blood flowing together for it made me sick before I knew it. He stood it better than I did.

The flow of human blood always makes me sick, and I never got hardened to it during the war. At the battle of Malvern Hill I saw more of the horrors of war than ever before or after. Most of the deaths were from shell and the dead were awfully torn and mangled. I recall a soldier who sat leaning against a tree, his rifle resting with rigid hands and the muzzle resting on the ground. He was sitting up just as he fell, but his head was entirely gone and the blood still oozing from his neck. I have seen the army wagons crossing the shallow trenches where the dead of the battle of Seven Pines had been buried a few days before, and as the wheels crushed down into the soft wet clay, an arm or a leg would be forced up and fall again, and sometimes a ghastly bloated face would show itself as the heavy wheels passed upon the breast. But all this is nothing compared with the silent helpless grief that comes to a household when the pestilence is there. First one loved one is stricken and then another. Despair treads close upon the heels of Hope. The house seems doomed. No cheerful voices, no happy songs; music and smiles have gone and sad whispering and sadder tears have taken their places. These scenes are heart rending and no one wishes to give them thought; but all ought to be for the sufferers are our fellow creatures, and but for our sympathy would be more pitiful still. That man who gave Mayor Hewitt twelve thousand dollars for the Jacksonville sufferers and would not give his name, did not turn away from the picture. He thought of it by day and by night, and it followed him about, and his great big heart oozed with pity. I would like to have that man's picture in my parlor.

How helpless these refugees from the awful pestilence must have felt when they realized the full force of the quarantine that was against them. A scourge behind them relentless as death, and as they fled to find refuge the doors of humanity were closed. This is right of course, in some measure, but it is awful. I saw it once in 1878 when hundreds of the poor and friendless were hurried out of Memphis. Three long trains of cars freighted with women and children. I was at Grand Junction when they came and took passage with them for Chattanooga. All night long I sat upon the platform and hugged the iron post and nodded in my sleep, and when surprise found us a few miles from our destination we met the quarantine and could go no further. There was no food and but little water. Mothers were worn out with anxiety, and the children in a piteous condition, for they had slept upon the floor and the foul air was fearful. After a long parley the humane doctors said they would go though the city and on to the mountains of East Tennessee. When and where they stopped I never learned but heard they were scattered and dropped along the line and that the kind people gave them welcome. What fearful lessons have been given to make us prudent and careful. Memphis had to be and she was purged of her filth and is now probably one of the healthiest cities in the South.

Many years ago Savannah was purged and so was Charleston, and those cities seem to be proof against the birth of pestilence. Two centuries ago London had become almost stagnant with her own corruption, and suddenly the great plague came like a simoon, and in six weeks twenty-three thousand of her people perished. That there is a remedy for such visitation the modern civilization and modern science have demonstrated, and Jacksonville will yet rise above the pestilence and defy it. Blackstone says there is no wrong without a remedy, and so the doctors say. There is no disease without an antidote. I believe in what is called the Providence of God. As He gave King Solomon knowledge of all the herbs that were

useful to man for medicine so He has hidden His wonderful storehouse remedies for plague and pestilence and the men of science must find them.

My wife, Mrs. Arp, reads the papers and the signs and sympathizes with these poor refugees and says it reminds her of the war when she and half a dozen little children were running from the Yankees and never got fairly settled down at one place before she had to get up and hunt another. Some didn't. The children were always hungry, and provisions were scarce, and Confederate money unpopular, and most everybody was in a condition to "welcome the coming and speed the parting guest" and sometimes the speed was more impressive than the welcome. The children wore out their clothes before and behind and there was no more cloth, and she had to patch and patch, and knit new socks out of the top of old ones, and make caps out of scraps, and have some shoes made out of half tanned leather, and the poor little things never got a stick of candy nor a picture book nor a few-harp nor a pocket knife for a whole year. She says she never worked so hard in her life and never kept so well and the children got along splendidly so far as health was concerned. For the doctors were all off in the army. Running from the Yankees was not so bad as running from pestilence, for there was no quarantine and nobody was afraid the Yankees were sticking to your clothes. The great trouble was that the Yankees followed you and kept you trotting, but the pestilence is kind enough to stay in one place.

May the good Lord deliver us from the Yankees in war and the pestilence in peace, for a thousand years, is my prayer.  
BILL ARP.

**SOME FORMER EPIDEMICS.**  
Awful Ravages of Yellow Fever in New Orleans and Memphis.

(From the Harper's Weekly.)  
Terrible as the present situation in Jacksonville seems and really is, the fever there is, thus far, a mild form as compared with that of other great epidemics of the same dread disease. Up to this date of writing the death rate is only about 1 in 8 of the cases reported. In New Orleans in 1853 there were 29,000 cases and 8,100 deaths, or 1 in 3.58, which was considered a low rate of mortality. The last epidemic of yellow fever that visited New York city was in 1822. It broke out on July 10 in Reector street, and ended November 5. Such was the terror inspired by it that the entire business portion of the city was deserted. Merchants, insurance companies and banks transferred their business to Greenwich Village. There all the banks occupied temporary structures on one street, which, on that account bears the name of Bank street to this day. In the city the infected streets were barricaded and no one was allowed to leave them. Owing to these harsh measures, and to ignorance of treatment of the disease, the death rate was very high—1 in 1.7, or 243 deaths out of 414 cases.