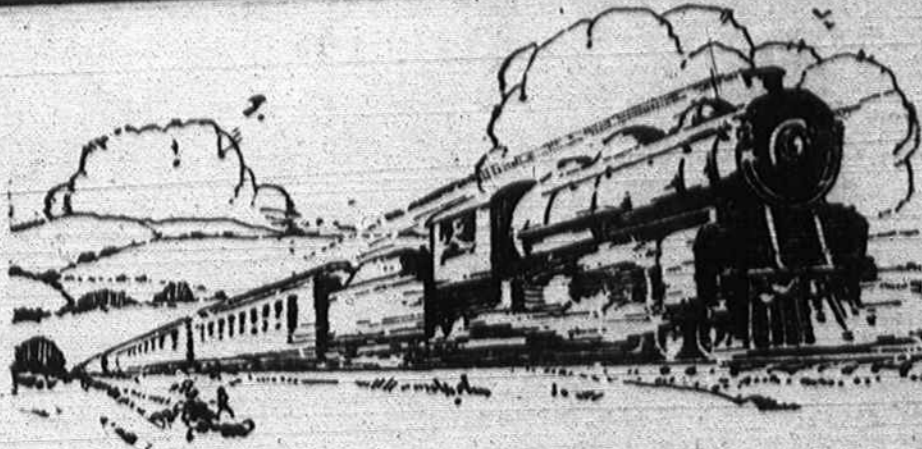


**Catawba Frozen Over.**  
Catawba river was frozen over last Monday morning, according to passengers arriving in Lancaster by rail. This is the second time in the last three years the river has been frozen over, the last time being in January 1917.—Lancaster News.

**DR. R. E. STEVENSON**  
DENTIST  
Crocker Building  
Camden, S. C.

A record probably without parallel is that of Simon Gratz, who for 50 years has served on the board of education of Philadelphia.



Out of accumulated capital have arisen all the successes of industry and applied science, all the comforts and ameliorations of the common lot. Upon it the world must depend for the process of reconstruction in which all have to share.—JAMES J. HILL.

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SOUTH CAROLINA

# Motoring in Kerry



Looking Toward Coppal Lake.

ONE would not, of course, describe the Kerry roads as "good." There still exist motorists who visit a district not for the sake of rushing through it as fast as possible—they do not welcome positively bad roads, but, given roads which can be driven over, they are less keen on the goodness of the roads than the goodness of the views seen therefrom. Such, at all events, was the temperament of our party, says a writer in Country Life. Some one had said: "If you don't do the coast route from Killorglin through Cahirciveen and Waterville to Parknasilla you will miss the finest thing in Ireland—perhaps in the British Isles!" so we turned aside at this tempting prospect. And we did not regret our detour.

Soon after leaving Killorglin, where the Caragh lake lies, still and black in its opening in the hills, we began to have some foretaste of the glories before us. The road mounted into barren wildernesses, and on our right suddenly the vast blue expanse of Dingle bay was outspread, a dream in the sunshine. Grand and grander grew the vistas across that splendid inlet of the Atlantic, wilder and wilder the ranges on our left. At Mountain Stage, where there is a little railway station (though heaven alone knows what the traffic can be), the scenery was as noble as anything I have witnessed in Great Britain.

A railway accompanies the road at intervals during this part of the journey; but it is a very unobtrusive railway, and appears to boast about a couple of trains per diem in each direction. Its final objective, of course, is the ferry for Valencia Island. And it is for Valencia that another of our companions was bound—the telegraph line. For Valencia is one of the cable stations; and those ordinary looking wires, nine of them only, which pass from pole to pole along the hedge side, are throbbing, maybe, with messages for New York. A curious thought, in this solitude! But Kerry is sophisticated, in spots as it were. It contains three cable stations—the Valencia island one, the one at Ballinskelligs, and the one at Waterville. The result is that you suddenly come on queer cases of civilization: neat rows of villas, spick and span gardens, and evidences—I will not say of wealth, but at any rate of more comfort than is discernible in the thatched-roofed and generally poverty-stricken farms. A cable terminal, you learn with surprise, employs a hundred or more persons—skilled persons, too; the kind of persons who have to be paid a salary which sounds like untold wealth in this neighborhood.

**Happy Valencia Island.**  
It was interesting to come to the Valencia island ferry and look across at a little town as neat as some nice French coast resort. But Valencia island, as we found, is by way of being both rich and happy; and even if its cable station did not bring unusual comforts, the Knight of Kerry is one of those landlords who see to it that their property, and the tenants thereon, are seemly to behold. Valencia we all liked; it was, to be candid, rather a contrast to the nearby Cahirciveen—of which a small pupil had written (in one of the schools which we visited) in her essay: "Cahirciveen is a town with a great many houses, and most of them are public houses."

For all that, Cahirciveen is very characteristic and picturesque. Beyond it the road was, alas, pretty rough; army lorries, we were told, had ploughed it up, and there had been no time, as yet, to put it under proper repair. An easy pace was not undestorable, all the same, for there was plenty to look at. On either hand the hedges, we saw with delight, were fuchsia—a testimony to the climate's softness. Everywhere we went in this part of Kerry we were astonished at the vegetation. Fuchsias grew astonishingly. On Valencia island there is one colossal tree of fuchsia, and here also we saw glorious pink geraniums positively smothering a cottage wall. Arum lilies flourished like weeds in the poorest garden. Along the bog sides, and right down to the seashore, there were often rows of yellow irises.

But the bogs, to the eyes of a stranger, looked bleak, one must confess. Every mile of the way beyond Killorglin we had not been out of sight of those sombre brown scars which mark where the apparently exhaustless peat is being cut; and now, between Cahirciveen and Waterville these peat excavations were almost continuous. Behind the bogs rose long, empty hills, grey with bowlders or tinted here and there with the purple of bell heather. For some miles now we had been out of sight of the sea; but, descending a slope we came in view of it again, and of the jolly little town of Waterville, situated so sweetly on Ballinskelligs bay, with the famous freshwater Lough Currane lying a mere 200 yards or 800 yards inland. Waterville has its terrace of pink villas, housing the cable staff; but it also owns a few hotels, and at one of these we were excellently housed, Irish hotels not being all they might be, one is glad to find a really satisfactory one, and moderate withal. Some of our party who paused to patronize the salmon and sea-trout fishing on Lough Currane were enthusiastic in their unanimous decision to return and make a longer sojourn. The lough, certainly is one of the most beautiful I have ever had the fortune to behold. Our car, on the good advice of the hotel proprietor, turned aside and explored the valley in which the lough lies, going as far as that dreamy tarn known as Coppal lake. Fishers who ply their craft in such scenery are indeed to be envied.

**Some Glorious Scenery.**  
But the best was yet in store for us. Returning to the main road and leaving pleasant Waterville in our rear, we began the ascent of the Coomakista pass. Now, the Coomakista pass, I hereby announce to those who have not heard of it before, is one of the most glorious stretches of sea and mountain scenery in Europe. I know the Corniche on the Riviera, I have motored the new Italian roads above the Venetian plain, and also between Valona and Santi Quaranta in Albania, and I can seriously assert that the view which abruptly unfolded before us at the summit of Coomakista, though slightly smaller in size than the celebrated ones I have mentioned, beats them all for sheer loveliness and in the subtlety of what artists would call its composition.

Before us lay Darrynane bay, with its complicated contours, its endless islands round which the Atlantic rollers were creaming, its delicious coves of yellow sands, its huge woods, its grand encircling rocks and broken skyline. The car drew up without any order being given to our chauffeur. It was as though he felt that this tribute must be made to the extraordinary vision which had burst on us in this dramatic fashion. We stayed silent, by the stone dike which fenced us from the deep declivity, and gazed and gazed. It all seemed too exquisite to be true. And Darrynane, when at last we came to it—for we all agreed, now, that we must leave the main high road and look more closely at this wonderful Darrynane—was like a place in a fairy story. Just one small inn—embowered in flowers (for the slope is southerly, and we are on the Gulf stream)—and no other houses except one, that of the Liberator O'Connell's family; and, spread out, as smooth as velvet, sheltered sands for bathers (if any should come); and rocks with pools of waving seaweed and anemones; and deep coves in which bass and pollock could be caught in scores by the merest tyro; and, to crown all, a magnificent lobster tea at the inn aforementioned. Well, well! To think that Darrynane, sleepy and bewitching, exists on the same planet as Paddington!

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Second Married Man—An item about a California man's securing a divorce because his wife went through his pockets.  
First Married Man—What are you going to do with it?  
Second Married Man—Put it in my pocket.

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