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SIMPLE STORY.

THE FORM OF A CHILD—THE HEART OF A HERO.

How An Ambitious Orphan Boy Rose from the Humble Station in Life to the Highest Position in the Councils of the State.

[Abbeville Press and Banner.]

Away back in the fifties a vessel puts into Charleston harbor. For days it has wrestled with the waves of the broad Atlantic, and its passengers are rejoiced to see the sunny land to which starry-eyed Hope has pointed. Two passengers, yes three, especially interest us. A young man in whose eyes burn truth and fidelity, and a young woman who holds by the hand a slender delicate boy about four years of age. It is easy to see that the three are father, mother, son. They have left their old home, hope whispering, ambition urging that in this new world, they will hew out of life's rough circumference a shining future. The little boy is the center, from and toward which their every thought revolves. To educate this boy so that he may be a blessing to them and his adopted country is their hourly prayer.

Their little home is a happy one, for peace and love and plenty abound. But God knows best—"He doth all things well." So leniently the dark days come. The noble young father is stricken down with yellow fever, and the widow and the fatherless commence the hard, cruel battle of life.

Don't be impatient, my dear reader, I am not telling you an idle story, but a truly true one, and I must needs begin at the beginning.

Well, before that delicate little boy has reached the tender age of ten, he is struggling for a livelihood. Out in the street he sells newspapers—in the biting March winds, the sultry August days—this little one, works for his daily bread! The form of a child—the heart of a hero! Now ye mothers who toil with your little boys' lessons every evening, how would it be if your little Jimmie, or Willie, or Arthur, or Johnnie were thrown out upon the world at such a tender age? I see your faces pale as you instinctively press your boy to your heart. Read this little story carefully, and your patriotism will have a fresh access of zeal. There is no other country upon the globe where your boy has such a God-given chance to hew out in the temple of fame a name for himself.

Something over a hundred years ago, Benjamin Franklin entered Boston with enough money to buy a breakfast of bread. Every school boy is familiar with his history. He was an humble printer, yet to day the entire civilized world knows his name and flashes from pole to pole messages by that power which he discovered.

THE NEWS BOY.

But return to our little newsboy. The Charleston society people swoop by—perhaps buying a paper, perhaps not. What does it matter, the success or failure of a newsboy? But ah! some day, mayhap, those same fine people's grandson may be sent to our capital city as pages in the Legislative halls of South Carolina, and lo! when the Governor's Message is read, it is written by that same little barefoot newsboy. Ah, little fellow, with the form of a child and the heart of a hero, surely since those March winds blow and those August suns beat upon your little head, you have striven manfully. "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings?" Aye, in South Carolina he shall be a king among his fellows.

THE NEWS BOY BECOMES GOVERNOR.

Now that you have already guessed who this brave little newsboy is, he shall be formally introduced to you—Miles B. McSweeney, Governor of South Carolina, by the grace of God and true Democratic votes.

There is many a clever boy whose manhood fails to come up to our expectations. Let us see about our Governor, let the "fierce white light" that ever beats about a public man envelope him. While selling papers

our hero meets with a friend and commences to work as a printer in his office. All over the world the good God has scattered just such noble men and women whose mighty hearts and tender vision cause them to be stretching forth a helping hand to the struggling soul. Perhaps it is only a cheerful word, but that glad word is a golden bridge over raging waters. He completes his apprenticeship as a job printer and a scholarship for merit is offered him in Washington and Lee University, but owing to a lack of means, he was able to attend only part of one session. So young McSweeney came back to South Carolina and began printing in Columbia. He served Columbia Typographical Union as corresponding secretary and afterwards as president. He served as secretary of the Phoenix Hook and Ladder Company for a number of years. In 1876 he was an active Democrat and did faithful work for the party in that never to be forgotten time of peril and strife. About this time Mr. McSweeney moved to Ninety-Six in our county then. He belongs to old Abbeville county after all. He came to Ninety-Six with a capital of sixty five dollars and purchased a second hand press and outfit for \$500, paying \$55 cash as first payment.

FRANKLIN AND McSWEENEY.

Like Franklin, he worked early and late. Unlike Franklin, who ate his bread on the streets, McSweeney went to bed supperless, because, when he went to Ninety-Six, he was unable to buy three meals a day. Like Franklin, success came to him, and now the boy who once was able to buy only two meals a day is well provided for, and he has no fear of becoming a charge upon his country. The people of the State of his nativity give him their heart's affection, while they bestow upon him the highest honor which any people can confer upon any man. Ambitious to win the respect of his fellow citizens, honest in the performance of every duty, courageous to defend the humblest, while able to resist the designs and the power of the great and influential, he has given to every South Carolinian a good Governor who administered the affairs of the office without fear or favor. Without yielding to the mob or clinging to the social power of any set of men, he has nobly done his duty. He is a man of the people and however much he may have been elevated his heart is true to all. He loves the honest laborer and his hand is ever stretched out to help the struggling brother to higher and better things.

August, 1879, the first issue of the Hampton Guardian appeared and it has been published ever since by Mr. McSweeney. He has taken a deep and abiding interest in the development of his town and county. He is regarded as a fine business man of wide public spirit in regard to building churches and school houses. He has served as mayor of Hampton for five terms, and as National Delegate of Democratic Convention three times.

Mr. McSweeney takes a deep interest in military matters and after his election to the legislature in 1894 he was chairman of the committee on military. He has also been a trustee of the South Carolina College and a member of the board of visitors of the Citadel, and by virtue of his office, is chairman of both boards a present.

He is a member of the Order of Knights of Honor and the Knights of Pythias and has been honored by both organizations.

In 1896 he was elected lieutenant governor by a handsome majority and re-elected in 1898 without opposition, and on the death of Gov. W. H. Ellerbe in June, 1899, he took the oath of office as governor, and has since discharged the duties of the office with dignity and fine business ability.

FAITHFUL STEWARDSHIP.

His administration of the State's affairs has been so successful that even his political enemies cannot pick a flaw in his record. He now, as an endorsement of his faithful

stewardship, asks an election to a full term as the hands of his fellow citizens. In a manner Governor McSweeney belongs to Abbeville county. She made a man of him in that Ninety-Six put him on his feet. Abbeville must stand by him in the coming election. She cannot afford to turn her back on her adopted son even if another of her sons is in the race. Governor McSweeney believes that the dispensary system that has been placed on our statute books should stand. He respects all men's opinions, but he enforces the laws of our State and not even for the endorsement of a second term, will he cringe either to true prohibitionists or bow to sham ones.

NOTHING WROSE WITH GARY.

What's the matter with Frank Gary? Nothing at all—at all! He is a good fellow, a jolly good fellow, but we can't exactly work him in as governor this time. Nothing to hinder us from doing so next time; but we South Carolinians always did stand on our manners—etiquette Mr. Gary would say. Gubernatorial etiquette in South Carolina is venerable with age and respect. It is this. Ever since the royal governor ran away in a ship it has been the custom to give a governor a second term as an endorsement of his management of the State's affairs. Some peculiar people argue that when a man succeeds to this office from that of Lieutenant Governor this custom should not be observed. This shows simply a love of arguing about nothing, or to express it more elegantly, it is the difference between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum.

LEUTENANT GOVERNORS NOT FIGURE HEADS.

Our lieutenant governors are not mere figure heads. From the very nature of the office, only men of ability can fill it. This officer must preside over the Senate, a body of able and trained public men, generally; many of whom are first class lawyers. (We Tillmanites had a lot of the rust rubbed off our political spectacles when old Ben was running for governor. We are nearly as sharp, or to use fine language, we are about as good diplomats as the antis, and there is no use whatever in trying to get us to argue about how many angels can dance upon the point of a cambric needle. We are saving wood now and will vote for McSweeney at the first, and if necessary, at the second primary, as sure as huzseed lives.)

THE GOOD OLD RULE SHOULD HOLD GOOD TODAY.

It has been the invariable custom to give the governor a second term as an endorsement of a good administration of the affairs of the State. This was so well understood that there was nothing but routine work at the former nominating convention for second term until Tillman came in, then the hounds of hate and fury, malice and all other kinds of manners were let loose, and we were entreated to relegate Tillman to obscurity—send him back to his farm, disgraced in the eyes of the world. Did we send old Ben home? Did we do what Gonzales and the gang desired us to do? I think I hear the rebel yell, "No, no; never, never." We gave him a second term, and then sent him to the U. S. Senate, where he has vindicated our faith in his ability and won a national reputation for himself.

WE OWE McSWEENEY ANOTHER TERM.

In simple justice and common decency we owe Gov. McSweeney another term. Our State cannot even then afford to lose the services of such an able man. Mr. Gary also has ability you will answer. Granting this, but why, since it has been the custom of a century to allow a second term; why should we remove the old landmarks now when our State has been more prosperous than for many years past? The phenomenal development of South Carolina in manufacturing marks an era in our industrial history that astonishes the world. We are able to state that notwithstanding the ashes and desolation of war, South Carolina steps forth second only to Massachusetts

Jamieson's Old Story Still Ever New, For it Affects Your Pocket.

A TALE OF CUT PRICES BEFORE UNHEARD OF.

This Suit Selling Safe Exceeds Anything we have ever done.

All about it is that we have determined to sell each Season's product and that is our reason for this great Cut Sale—it should be called a SACRIFICE SALE, but we do it to make room for New Fall and Winter Goods, we clean our tables and buyers save dollars. We must get ready for the Fall in Midsummer and you get seasonable suits at about half prices.

Here are Some of the Prices—we don't have to write much about them, the prices talk out loud and reach your ear through the greatest trumpet we know of—your pocket.

Elegant, stylish, well made suits at \$9.75. We sold them at \$14 to \$17 and they were worth the money.

At \$7.25 we have suits that went like hot cakes at \$11 to \$13.

We have made cuts like this in all colored spring

and summer suits. Would like to tell you all about them, but space costs money and we cannot afford to spend much in these cut price sales.

Work pants at 68 cents. Good solid pants and worth a \$1.10.

Some few pair Jean Pan's at

46 cts. Everybody knows what these are and that the price is about 1-2.

We have not forgot the little fellows and the prices of every garment a boy wears is reduced to such an extent as to make it almost a crime to not buy something for the boy.

About Shoes.

Oxfords for ladies' at 88 cts.—a good shoe—cheap at \$1.50, a better one at 1.90 and a creation in ladies' footwear at \$2.15.

About Shoes.

well be worth \$3.25. So all along the line in footwear down to those 48 and Oxfords that we talk about.

About Shoes.

Almost every kind of men's shoes and in every style, at all kinds of prices but always worth the money and in many cases much more.

COTTONADES.

We remember we called your attention to our cottonades but think we are doing you a good turn when we tell you again that we have Cottonades at 11 and 12 cents as good

and in some cases better than you have been paying 15 and 18 cents for. Those 4-4 Shirtings at 4 cts. and Sea Island 4-4 at 4 cts. are going fast—good reason—cheap.

COTTONADES.

We piled our windows full of 50 cent shirts at 25 cents. The people soon caught on and they went off like hot cakes—a few left.

Straw Hats.

All go at 1-2 price—that's all.

Straw Hats.

Straw Hats.

O. M. JAMIESON.

NEWBERRY, S. C.

in the number of her spindles. This splendid fact alone proves that the present governor has the confidence of business men at home and abroad. We have tried this plan—why take one with less experience.

NICK McCASLAN'S DILEMMA.

Mr. Gary is all right for another time, but just now he is like the little Scedder boy down on Long Canoe that "Nick" McCaslan tells about. Nick and a candidate dined with a friend and they had fried chicken. Nick declares he didn't take a second piece, but just as the candidate helped himself a second time there was a loud wail from behind the door. The gentleman of the house said, "What's the matter buddle? Buddie boo hooded some, but finally blurted out, "Them darned fools is or eating up all the fried chicken!" Buddie's company manners did not sustain him long enough; in short, he was too previous—just so with the governorship. See?

Now as to the other candidate. We don't intend to mine matters but call a spade a spade.

Prohibition is the Jack o'-lantern by whose flickering light Col. Hoyt would fain walk into the Governor's chair. Prohibition is a lovely subject on paper and would make an Eden of our earth if it would work. But when you see men who have been advocates of the open bar and who fought the dispensary bitterly,

coming out with bugle and drum and flags and cheering for Hoyt, the prohibition candidate, is not it time to stop and think and ask yourself why and wherefore this unholly alliance between darkness and light, between temperance and intemperance.

OIL AND WATER DO NOT MIX—BUT THE WHISKEY ELEMENT AND THE COLD WATER CROWD HAVE COME TOGETHER.

Doth oil and water mix? No, sir, but whiskey and water are trying to mix in the following of this ticket. Col. Hoyt's friends and his paper have advocated high license, and all signs point to the fact that if we should get prohibition it would be such a dismal failure that we would inevitably wind up with high license and open bars. All these significant things makes me think of Col. Hoyt in connection with one of John Quincy Adams' anecdotes. Once upon a time there was a man who for some reason did not wish his motherless son to ever see or love a woman. Hence he brought the boy up on a country estate where all the servants even were men. Thus surrounded by men the boy grew to manhood, his father hoping thus to render him utterly indifferent to womankind. One day the father took the son out walking beyond the park gates of his country seat. They had not gone far before they met two

very beautiful ladies. "What are those creatures, father?" the young man inquired excitedly. "Gross, my son," said the father, pulling the boy in the other direction. "Simply gross, my son." "Well, father," said the son, "if God spares my life I mean to have one of those gross." SHALL THE BARS BE OPENED IN THE NAME OF RELIGION?

We respect the opinions of convictionists, of the true, bona fide prohibitionists, but there are those calling themselves so, who are wolves in sheep's clothing, who see in this splitting the Democratic vote in our State a chance to get back into power and have open bar rooms all over the State; for they foresee distinctly that under prohibition the illicit sale of whiskey will increase, and that to avoid anarchy our people will be compelled to resort to licensed bar rooms. Then there would be five years of plenty for the bar-keepers. They would flock into the State by thousands, to say nothing of those already here. Then they would have a free and open chance to ruin that boy of yours—that boy whose education and training have been yours and his mother's daily thought and care for years—and now when his bright young mind is expanding, showing forth the promise of a glorious manhood, you are preparing to open the bars in the name of religion. How many wicked devices rum has

to entice its victims.

SAFEGUARDS OF THE DISPENSARY.

Under the dispensary law your boy cannot buy whiskey, and if you keep him off the street at night the ex, and would be bar-keepers, will not get a chance to ruin him—that boy upon whom all your hopes are centered—upon whose arm you expect to lean in your old age. Alas, for your rosy dreams, day by day. Your boy changes, it is slow, but sure for by free drinks and free cigarettes the fatal habit is fashioned upon him which changes him from a healthy lad into a spindling long-necked saw-wood.

DELUDED SOULS.

Gone is his splendid young strength—his high aspirations. His only ambition now is to wear a laundried collar and loaf. Why has this heart-breaking sorrow come to you? Because you thought it your duty as a member of the church to vote for prohibition. Why ministers urged it, Christian people urged it? Yes, and your church expressly commands you to uphold the laws of your State and country. The dispensary law has been placed upon our statute books by wise and thoughtful statesmen after trying all other plans to restrict the sale of intoxicants.

PROHIBITION DOES NOT COME BY THE WAVE OF A MAGIC HAND.

A great many voters seem to be—

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