

# THE COUNTY RECORD.

Published Every Thursday

KINGSTREE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

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It is barely possible that the dynamite cruiser of the Vesuvius class will supplant both the torpedo boat and the monitor in future naval armament, thinks the Chicago Times-Herald.

American lumber exports are on the increase as shown by returns for the last two years. During 1895 the value of lumber exports was \$30,000,000, during 1896 \$33,000,000, and for 1897 there was an increase of 20 per cent., bringing the total up to \$10,000,000.

Kaiser Wilhelm is inventing a new mitrailleur to knock over a whole regiment at one fire whenever it comes within range. After he has invented a new bicycle saddle he can sit down like Alexander and weep that, in the fields of ingenuity, at any rate, there are no more worlds left for him to conquer.

The first railroad in Sweden was opened in 1855, and the country has now in proportion to its population, more railways than any other country in Europe. They are owned partly by the state and partly by private corporations. Sweden has the only railway in the world which passes the polar circle, i. e., the state line from Lulea to Gellivare, in the Lapland district.

The progress of English toward universal use was shown when Doctor Nansen recently addressed the Russian Geographical society on the theme of his Arctic adventures. He spoke in English, saying he knew no Russian, was not sure of German, and could not use French with any degree of ease; but not one of his audience complained of not being able to understand English.

It would appear from all accounts that M. Chacot's enterprise of the manufacture of spiders' web silk is to be pursued on a large scale, a factory in Paris having been taken for the purpose. Here the spiders will be kept and worked at regular hours, and when one of them is used up, he will be fed and helped back to condition again, while another will take his place on the bobbin. An expert, fully acquainted with the habits of the insect, will be in control of the spider department of the factory, the care of them, feeding, housing, etc. In obtaining the requisite supply, if the latter exceeds what is necessary for the industry, experiments will be made with a view to ascertaining which of the different varieties produces the finest quality of silk, and in this way those not favored with a fine web will be weeded out. Trials will likewise be made with different diets, in order to determine whether or not it is possible to train the spider to give forth a web that is an improvement on the ordinary product—the expectation being that perseverance in this respect will result in securing a quality of silk hitherto unsurpassed.

We do not have to search long for the explanation of the tremendous spread of the English language during the last one hundred years, says the Atlanta Constitution. There is something in the temperament of both Britons and Americans which makes them superior to any other race of people on the globe in wide awake progressiveness. While Great Britain on the one hand has been engaged in planting colonies in all parts of the globe, the United States on the other hand has been engaged in subduing the vast domain of the North American continent. While Great Britain has carried the English language into foreign quarters, placing it upon the lips of millions, the United States with the proffer of splendid opportunities held out to the discontented spirits of the old world has succeeded in attracting millions into her ample borders, endowing them with her language as well as with the fruits of liberty. In spite of the decline which other nations have experienced, the two great English-speaking nations have forged their way to the front, causing every obstacle to succumb to their invincible progress. At the present time they carry on the great bulk of the world's commerce, and represent the major portion of its wealth and enterprise. Such being true, there seems to be abundant warrant for the statement that the world's destiny, in a large measure lies within the keeping of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race.

## SHIPS AT SEA.

Oh, many ships have I at sea  
That sailed away long years ago,  
Some day they're coming back to me,  
But when and how I cannot know.

Sometimes I wander on the shore,  
And watch the far horizon dim,  
Where vanished in those days of yore  
My arcosies so fleet and trim.

I seem with eager eyes the waves  
That dance and sparkle in the light;  
A vision fair my fond heart craves,  
Alas! no sail is yet in sight.

Offtimes I find upon the sand  
A broken plank, a shattered spar,  
A bent and rusty iron band—  
Oh, voiceless tale of wrecks afar.

Then anxious fears crowd in my breast,  
And veil the sunshine in the sky,  
Shall thus my good ships end their quest?  
Shall this their fate be by-and-by?

O friends with ships far out at sea,  
That sailed away so long ago,  
Some day they're coming back to thee,  
But when and how we may not know.

Perchance with sails all rent and soiled,  
Battered and bruised thy ships may be,  
Of beauty and grace they may be spoiled,  
Heavy and slow they may come to thee.

But come they morning, noon or night,  
With flying colors or broken mast,  
Our hearts will cry with a thrill of delight,  
"Thank God our ships have come in at last!"

—Clara W. Williams, in Boston Transcript.

## JOHN SHAD, QUAKER.

In early life John Shad had no connection with the people called Quakers. At the time when he attained to manhood he had no "religion," but this was owing rather to his shyness in attaching himself to any particular sect than to lack of spirituality of mind. Hitherto his hungry heart had gone out to the mysterious workings of nature, and he had worshipped the sun and the stars and the clouds, the flowers and the birds. The night winds on his face, the cries of migratory wild fowl crossing the darkening sky—these were the things that created a great yearning within him. In short, he was Pantheist without knowing it.

These thoughts held him until Dinah Bebb came that way as a pioneer of the Primitive Methodists—the first woman preacher that had appeared on the countryside. She was a demure-looking maiden, with a good deal of decision about her well-set mouth, and her bearing had a quiet dignity that comported well with her features.

Her advent to the countryside was the signal for a solemn warning against her and her preaching; and it was hinted that she was a heretic, if she was not set down in as many words. Dissent had never before raised its head in Hattock, and now it appeared in a specially heretical form. And so Dinah Bebb was denounced.

Hattock was surrounded by a great belt of woodlands, and its sprinkled population consisted of small farmers and charcoal burners. Its backslidings on the surface were poaching and smuggling, the rest of the deadly sins being kept well under. Poaching was the unpardonable sin to the squire, the non-payment of church dues to the "priest." The poachers knew that if they were caught they would be "everlastingly damned," and those who neglected to pay church "dues" were condemned to the same state—not outwardly, but by inference. This last was the fate of a small knot of Quakers who had a meeting house behind the Pit Farm, and whose goods were regularly distrained upon in consequence. These queer people had, it seemed, inconvenient notions as to the payment of tithes, and so their produce was forcibly, and sometimes roughly, appropriated.

Finding Dinah Bebb alone, and learning the nature of her mission, it was one of those who took her in, when she had failed to find a lodging among the dwellers on the fell-side.

Selecting a time when there was no meeting elsewhere, Dinah Bebb had given out that she would be on the Common on the first Sunday afternoon, and that she would then speak to the people. As the time arrived the woodlanders were there, but they mostly stood afar off. Within the circle, immediately in front, were a few of the Quakers—among them some women—and behind, John Shad, with no "religion" at all. These were the respectful listeners. The rest were further away, and either gaped or giggled as they watched the scene.

Dinah Bebb stood beneath a tree with a book in her hand, waiting. And then, although stragglers were still coming up, punctual to the appointed time the preacher came forward, and standing upon a point of rock, commenced her address.

"What shall it profit a man," she asked, "if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" then paused. There seemed something startlingly new in the question, and a great silence fell upon the crowd.

She spoke quietly and impressively, in a low, sweet voice; then, as she caught her listeners, with more emotion; and finally, bringing up a force and fire her slight frame seemed incapable of, she ended by an agonizing appeal that was so full of an infinite tenderness as to sway every listener.

She had stopped. But before the people could recover themselves she had dropped on her knees and was praying.

Her pale, thin face was turned to the illimitable sky, and, with arms outstretched, her appeal was toward the setting sun which, with its last rays, just at that moment wrapped her in a purple effulgence.

The woodlanders were impressed—shaken as they had never been before, and they left the Common with an uneasy feeling that, somehow, they had been set against themselves.

Since her coming to Hattock Dinah

Bebb made the most of her time. She had found out something of the woodlanders, of their homes and of what was their condition. That night she visited the wife of a charcoal burner in one of the huts, and as she returned along one of the rides of the forest she was stopped by a man. He had followed her at a respectful distance, and was now awaiting her. It was John Shad.

They drew aside into one of the clearings, and sat down on a felled oak. It was late when they left the woods, and that night John Shad commenced his conversion.

The Quakers' meeting house stood on the edge of the clearing, its "up-keep" being represented by the rent of the Pit Farm. It was a small, white-washed building, with plain unvarnished benches. An oak gallery ran along one end, and on this was a mat of plaited straw. About a dozen "Friends" habitually attended, a man and woman friend coming on a pillion from one of the upland farms. The Quakers ministered among themselves, and as an "attender," and sitting just within the door, John Shad had sat for a number of years. This quiet, self-contained man who lived in the woods was welcome among the little community.

As time went on, and he never broached the subject of "applying for membership," some of the Friends suggested that, did he make application, they had no doubt it would be acceptable, especially if he were found to be at one with them on the main point of doctrine. After pondering the matter for a time Shad saw no reason why he should remain outside, and accordingly made application. In this way he might share the larger responsibilities and partake of the fuller privileges that attached to membership. The outcome of his application was the appointment of two aged Friends to visit him. If the conference was satisfactory, they would recommend his admission to the Society.

But the recommendation never came, and it was in this wise: To pursue his nature studies John Shad had but few other aids than his gun—and his gun was an un-Friendly possession. Then, again, his leather jacket was adorned with brass buttons depicting sporting subjects—buttons much worn through transference from one garment to another. These were an heirloom, and not lightly to be parted with, although they were hardly less subjects of offence than his fowling piece.

Forego his gun, his nets and snares and all his rustic appliances? No; if Quakerism could not embrace him with the love of nature and sport upon him he must bide outside.

The woods were wide. The seasons would come and go, the winds and the tides. He was content. How much the nature hunger had entered into his soul no one knew. Keenly as he loved the woodland creatures alive, his gun brought them within his grasp. His knowledge and collection of birds would have been all incomplete without it. Nature was his life-study; it had got into his brain and blood. He had the forest fauna by heart, and when he was not charcoal burning or peeling oak-bark, he made excursions to widen the scope of his observations. When learned entomologists came collecting to the woods, he was consulted as to the spots affected by the rarer species of butterflies and moths, and in this way some of his observations had found their way into print—into quite learned treatises.

How Dinah Bebb became Dinah Shad; how the hut in the clearing was enlarged, and how John Shad continued in his quiet mind and still attended the old meeting house need not be told. But these things were and so they continued for years.

No doubt the meeting was ashamed of having rejected Shad, but it seemed to have been the mutual misfortune that he had been interviewed by two of the most conservative elders among the sect.

But then, did not the Society's Book of Christian Discipline and Practice set itself against all sports—sports which were demoralizing, and interfered with growth in grace.

The Quakers were a reminiscence in Hattock. Only the name remained. Sixty years ago they had been more than a name. Traces of them were common—of their doings, their sayings, of the stand they had made against what they deemed oppression. There was their "Book of Sufferings," a pretty piece of reading in itself. Turning its yellow-stained pages one laughed and wept with these dead Quakers in turn—but always admired them. It was a curious patchwork of

comedy and tragedy, this "book of sufferings." A "stiff-necked generation," the "priest" had called them (having an eye on his title), and well he might! But they are gone, all gone!

True, the little meeting house remains—still lovingly tended and cared for by the rejected of the elders, John Shad—the sole survival of Quakerism. Sixty years ago the quiet spirit of the little community had entered into his soul, and he lived on in the Faith. But he could never be induced to renew his application. And only once, with a quiet smile, he gave the reason. He still wore the brass buttons of his leather shooting jacket—and were not they anathema?

With his eighty years upon him, what a man was John Shad, beautiful with age! His soul looked out of his face. Tanned was his face, his fine square head covered with a profusion of silvery hair. With all his [years], he stood as straight as an ash-sapling—a perfect woodlander! In his age as in his youth, he lived face to face with Nature. Never was such a poor, rich man. Nature, his mistress, he would say, dowered him with riches—showered her bounties before him. Where the clearings had been he built gardens and orchards. Hanging gardens he made among the rocks and scars—spots in which it was impossible to tell where Nature ended and art began. He grew the precious herbs and knew the lore of all the flowers. His patches of corn were among the rocks, and everywhere about him the desert blossomed as the rose.

But over and above all, the meeting house was his chiefest care. How he tended it! Nothing was ever allowed to desecrate it—nothing except the pair of swallows that came year by year to nest among the rafters. How the birds of return were waited and watched for, and what a joyous day was that of their coming!

For many years Dinah Shad had lain in the little burial ground.

In the meeting house itself John Shad worshipped on alone. Each first-day found him here, the silence of the place was made audible by his presence. Sometimes when his heartfelt thankfulness became too much for him he stood up and spoke aloud. And what sermons were those, if only they could have been taken down!

And so he sat on, week after week, year after year.

Beloved by the woodlanders as man was rarely loved, he was left undisturbed. A strange reverence grew up about him. His silent testimony was more powerful than the spoken word. The lawless countryside became more law-abiding as his years went on. But still he worshipped alone. It is told how a violent wayfarer, hearing of his lonely life, had intended to break in and despoil his house. But, previously lurking about the premises, he had caught sight of the old man at worship. He saw him, sitting silent and still, with head thrown up, as was his wont, and, as he described, with a bar of sunlight across his white hair. The man watched him for a time, then slunk silently away and disappeared in the woods, leaving the weapon with which he intended to break the house in his sight.

And as this man had seen him so I found him one Monday at noon—a day after he had failed to make his wonted appearance. He still sat on the seat, only a little more rigidly than usual. There was but little change, except that the mouth, slightly drawn, added a hardness to the face that was not there in life. Curiously enough his will was in his pocket—I afterward learned that he always carried it in his "first-day" coat. Subsequently the duty fell upon me to read this quaint document, but I must not disclose its contents.

Suffice it, they were characteristic of the man—especially the direction that his body was to be laid in the woods, not in the little burial-ground. And so John Shad, the very incarnation of Quakerism, died, but still outside of the pale of the sect—the last of the Quakers of Hattock.

Even with the dead man lying before me, I remember smiling at the incongruity of the sporting brass buttons as they stared me in the face from the high-cut, snuff-colored coat—the self-same anathema of sixty years ago.—Boston (England) Guardian.

### Mule Steak Tasty.

"A party of Idaho cowboys, who were out on the range hunting horses not long since, got desperately hungry, and, rather than kill a beef steer, which is worth big money just now, they despatched a young mule, whose flesh they proceeded to eat with the greatest relish," said Mr. Albert C. Blocker, of that State, at the Ebbitt.

"One of the company told me that the steak cut from the mule was as good as any he ever ate, but his sharp appetite may have been a factor in the case. It was the first time I ever heard of a mule being sacrificed in such a cause, but as horse meat is growing in favor in European countries, I don't see why his long-eared relative should not answer the same purpose."—Washington Post.

### The Philippines in Gold.

Canovas del Castillo's widow has received a magnificent present from admirers of her husband in the Philippines. It is a large map in relief of the Philippines made of beaten gold, the towns marked by rubies, the names written in sapphires, and the dedication in diamonds. The map is set in a frame of gold and jewels with a gold bust of Canovas on top, and this is inclosed in a box of precious woods artistically carved. The gift is valued at \$30,000. The Duchess of Canovas will soon be the sole Spanish possessor of the Philippines.—New York Sun.

## FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

### THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

#### A Pennsylvanian Tells of His Experience in the Chilkoot Avalanche—A Miraculous Escape From Death—An Englishman's Nerve Ride Out of Russia.

Milton Black, who lives near Pankusutawney, Penn., returned home recently from a journey to the gold fields of Alaska. He was caught, with 200 others, in the great snow slide in Chilkoot Pass April 3, in which Mrs. Maxson, of the same town, lost her life, and had a thrilling experience and an almost miraculous escape from death. He was buried under twenty-five feet of snow for eight hours, and was finally dug out alive, but so much the worse for the accident that he found it impossible to proceed on his journey, the long interment under the snow having so injured his lungs as to produce violent hemorrhages.

It is interesting to hear Mr. Black tell of his experience, and of the wickedness of the average Klondiker. "As soon as you get on the trail," he says, "Sunday-school is out. There's no further use for hymn books, and prayer meetings are not in it."

There were about two hundred people in the party with whom Mr. Black entered the Chilkoot Pass. They had pitched their tents to rest and recuperate when a snow slide came down upon them, covering their tents. After considerable labor they all managed to get out. They concluded to get through the pass as quickly as possible, and for that purpose all took hold of a long rope, with the guide in front. Mrs. Maxson, who had been covered up with snow once, was discouraged and hysterical. She said she would go no further. She would lie right down there and die rather than attempt to go through the pass. She was urged to take hold of the rope, but would not. Two or three stalwart men offered to carry her, saying that they would not go on and leave a woman to die. She would not be carried. While they parleyed for ten minutes the second slide came, which they would have escaped had there been no delay. About a hundred of them were covered beneath twenty-five and thirty feet of snow.

Those who were not caught by the slide went to work at once to dig the others out. It was a slow and arduous task, and out of ninety-one persons thus buried, only seven were taken out alive. One of these was Milton Black.

The slide occurred at 9 o'clock in the morning, and he remained buried until 5 o'clock in the evening. One peculiarity of the situation when covered up with the snow, Mr. Black says, was that he could hear just as well as though he had been in the open air. The groans, prayers, lamentations, and curses of those beneath the avalanche were plainly audible. Some prayed fervently, bade good-by to their near friends, and gave up. Others cursed their fate, and used their last breath to utter profanity.

"I made up my mind," says Black, "that I would die as I had lived, and that it was no use to pray at that stage of the game. It seemed to me that I got a breath about every five minutes. I had little hope of escape, but resolved to live as long as I could. The snow was packed so tightly about me that I could not move a fraction of an inch. I thought every time I got a breath of air that that was my last one, but I never became unconscious, and it seemed to me that I had been there at least a week when a shovel struck my shoulder and I heard a voice saying:

"I have struck a man."  
"Is he dead or alive?" said another voice.

"I don't know," answered the man with the shovel, and he soon had my head uncovered. When I got a good breath of air I felt that I was all right, and I said: "There is a woman right in front of me. Dig her out. I have air now and can wait. They then proceeded to uncover Mrs. Maxson. But she was dead. You can form some idea of how solidly the snow was packed," continued Mr. Black, "when I tell you that when they had me all uncovered but one leg up to the shin I could not get it out until the snow was all shoveled away from it. I would not go through that experience again for all the gold on the Klondike."

### "Ride For Your Life."

Tsar Paul was strangled because he was thought to be a madman whose manias were too dangerous to be borne. Bonaparte, who had entered into an agreement with the tsar, whereby the two rulers should simultaneously invade British India, had the meanness to declare in the Monitor, the official journal of France, that the assassination had been planned by the English. A thrilling story, associated with the assassination and Bonaparte's declaration, was told by the poet Tennyson.

The poet's father, when a young man, visited St. Petersburg not long after the assassination, and dined one day with Lord St. Helens, the British minister. At the dinner-table the young man, having in mind Bonaparte's attempt to make the English Government responsible for the assassination, said to Lord St. Helens, speaking across a Russian guest: "It is perfectly well known in England who murdered the Emperor Paul; it was Count So-and-so."

A dead silence fell on the company. After dinner Lord St. Helens called young Tennyson aside and said: "Ride for your life from the city! The man across whom you spoke to me is the Count So-and-so, whom you accused of murdering the Emperor Paul."

The young Englishman took horse and rode for weeks through Russia, till he came to the Crimea, where he

fell ill. He became delirious, and remembered the wild people dancing round his bed with magical incantations. Once in every three months an English courier passed through the village, and as he passed he blew a horn. It all depended on the young man's hearing the horn whether he could escape from Russia, for he had no money. In his delirium he would start up agonized lest he had missed it.

At last the courier came, the horn was heard, and the courier agreed to take the young Englishman with him. He was a drunken fellow, and dropped all his despatches on the road. His companion picked them up, but did not tell the courier, until the man, having become sober, was in despair. Then young Tennyson gave the despatches to the courier, with a warning not to get drunk again.

At a frontier town they found the gates closed and barred, because it was late in the night. "The Duke of York!" shouted the courier. Immediately the gates were thrown open, and the sentinel sprang to attention and saluted the young Britisher, who, after many adventures, managed to reach England.

### Riding With a Bull Snake.

Members of the Spokane (Wash.) Athletic Club are telling a remarkable snake story in which Professor Freeman, the musician, figures as the leading character.

Professor Freeman and three members of the club started last Sunday on a bicycle run to the Little Spokane. While en route home north of town, one of the party noticed a big bull snake coiled up in the road. The professor dismounted to kill the reptile. He struck the snake a violent blow over the base of the head with a stone. The reptile squirmed a minute or two, and then all movement ceased.

The nervous musician decided to bring the descendant of Mother Eve's enemy into town as a trophy. He took a short piece of twine and tied the snake to the handlebars, wrapping its body around the steering head. The trip was again resumed until coming down a long hill en route to town, when the professor, who was setting the pace, began racing as if the warm end of a Spanish gun was pointed in his direction. So exhilarating was the sport, in fact, that the snake revived.

The professor was made aware of the revival by a hissing sound. He looked down, and the reptile was making savage plunges at his hands, first one and then the other.

Things suddenly became more than interesting. The wheel was going down hill as if a lot of fiends were after it. The snake was in front, and a terribly hard roadbed kept jumping up underneath. The professor's hair needed no combing to stand pompadour. The snake to all appearances was wriggling its head loose and its teeth were just missing the rider's hands at every attack it made.

Finally matters were brought to an abrupt termination by the wheel slowing up at the bottom of the decline. The snake was readjusted, and the trip resumed into town. The reptile is now on exhibition in a cage at the professor's apartments, where he is perfectly willing to tell his friends all about it. The reptile is three or four feet long and a lovely specimen of a snake.

### Brave Acts.

On Jubilee day, which commemorated the discovery of gold in California in 1849, a squad of Battery I, of the regular army, was firing a salute at Lime Point Fort, near San Francisco. One load—the charge was fifty pounds of powder enclosed in a woollen bag—did not go off, and the officer in command ordered it to be pulled out of the cannon.

The charge was withdrawn and, as it dropped to the ground, it was seen that one corner of the woollen rag was on fire. In an instant the powder would have caught and the seven men with their officer would have been killed. Private John M. Jones jumped toward the smouldering bag, rolled it in the mud, and with his bare hands plastered the singed edges with damp earth.

It was a quick, brave deed, and had the hero been a British soldier, it would have brought him a Victoria Cross to wear on his breast.

During the Sepoy War, a young captain of artillery saw an ignited shell fall near his battery. Instantly he lifted it up, carried it to a distance, and flung it away. Just then it burst, shattering his left fore-arm. In the Crimean War Captain Peel of the Royal Navy and son of the former Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, commanded a naval battery in front of Sebastopol. One day a large shell, its fuse burning, fell into the battery, near where Pitt was standing. Picking it up, he carried it to the rampart and tossed it over. It exploded before it reached the ground.

### School Ma'am's Battle With a Wild Cat.

Miss Harrington, school-teacher in Kansas, had a terrible battle with a wild cat on the Smoky River. She observed the ferocious beast attacking a young calf in her father's herd, but when she approached the wild cat sought protection in a hole in the bluff. The heroic young woman gathered grass and sticks and built a fire in the entrance to the animal's den, and armed with a club stood in front of the hole, ready to do battle. Soon the smoke drove out the wild cat. The mad animal sprang upon Miss Harrington and a terrific battle ensued. Although bleeding from wounds received she finally, with the club she wielded, killed the wild cat.

The cornerstone of the new Grace Lutheran Church at Macungie, Penn., was brought from Jerusalem in 1896 by the pastor of the church.