

THE COUNTY RECORD.

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LOUIS J. BRISTOW, Editor and Proprietor.

The membership of Baptist churches in Massachusetts is said to average one hundred and seventy to each church.

One of the stimulating effects of the war already appears in the increasing activity in American shipbuilding.

Says the Philadelphia Times: "It is nearly sixty-seven years since the death of Stephen Girard.

Ensign Rowland Curtin, of the converted yacht Wasp, who with a boat's crew captured the city of Ponce, Porto Rico, is a grandson of Andrew Curtin.

According to the last census the value of the agricultural products of the United States for the census year was \$2,460,107,454.

A good shark story comes from the West Indies. "A large steamer," the diver relates, "had struck on a reef and then slipped off into deep water."

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Terrible Experience in a Cuban Forest.—In the Coils of a Huge Constrictor—Saved by a Boyish Habit—Hair Turned Gray in a Single Night.

Five years ago James F. Burns was working as a plumber in Colorado Springs, and thanking his stars that he was able to earn \$22.50 a week.

Twice before he was a rich man, and twice he lost all he had. His third fortune, he says, nothing can wrest from him.

It was in Cuba that he had a terrible experience, and if you hear him tell of it, see the beads of perspiration that form on his brow.

It occurred in Cuba, about fifteen miles from Cienfuegos, where the foliage and underbrush are denser than on any other part of the island.

"I felt that I was in the basement of a building twenty stories high, and that it was gradually sinking upon me.

"The stone floor above me seemed to sink an eighth of an inch at a time. Nearer and nearer it came until I could touch it above me.

"I could no longer stand erect. I lay on the ground and waited, now and then shrieking in terror.

"The building seemed to settle more swiftly. I stretched myself prone upon the floor. I could feel the weight upon my head and chest.

"The awakening was more frightful than the dream. I found myself in the coils of a huge boa constrictor.

"I tried to raise my voice. The pressure about my lungs made my voice as weak as a babe's.

"A boyish habit of curling my left arm under my head for a rest while I slept saved my life.

"When I went to sleep that night there was not a gray hair in my head. That morning it was as white as you see it now."

Burns left Cuba soon after that experience. As he expresses it, he found that luck was against him and the extortion of the Spaniards was more than he could stand.

Some Shark Stories.

A good shark story comes from the West Indies. "A large steamer," the diver relates, "had struck on a reef and then slipped off into deep water,

But encounters with sharks don't always end so. Some years ago an English diver, who was at work on a sunken wreck off the island of Diego Garcia, had a visit from the same shark every day for a week.

the looped around its body and sent it up to the surface. A cool head should certainly be included in the equipment of a man who seeks to earn his bread in the sea.

The story is told of a diver who saw two ghosts, "full fathom five" under the surface. He had gone down to the wreck of a large steamer, and was crossing the main saloon when two gray sharks of enormous size came shambling towards him.

Lost in the Desert.

In "The New Africa" Doctor Schulz describes the horrors of thirst in the case of his companion, Hammar, who became separated from the party and wandered all day without water over the dry, hot sand belt of the South African desert.

We had been expecting to overtake him all day, and as night drew on we became much disturbed at his absence.

The boys were gloomy. They said that men lost in the desert were subjected to a kind of panic, and once overtaken by this feeling, never halted till exhaustion compelled them.

In half an hour the gun was again discharged, and so on at each half-hour till half past ten.

Grasping my gun and singling out to Chiki to bring a big calabash of water along, I rushed off in the direction of the shots, and soon was delighted to see a fire blazing in the distance, to which I hurried as fast as my legs could go.

There lay Hammar by the fire, prostrate from exhaustion, so utterly done that he could not put one foot before the other, but still alive. His face looked like a piece of wood, and was so pinched and dried up that he would not have been recognized by a casual acquaintance, and it was days before he regained his usual appearance.

He had sat down to rest beneath a tree at dusk, and had loosened his cartridge belt. When he heard our first signal-gun faintly, he found with dismay that his belt was missing.

Luckily he found it, and the cartridge belt lying where he had dropped it. Then he retracted his steps, waiting for the signal-shots, which kept him in the right direction.

Falling over tree-trunks and into holes, he finally became so exhausted that he fell over a log and lay still, wishing that something would happen to end his torturing thirst.

He would have fired, but feared his shot would not reach us. At eleven o'clock he fell, unable to move farther. During the last half-hour his thirst had gone and he only wanted peace—a sure symptom that he was near a crisis.

Hammar had been on his feet sixteen hours, and as we reckoned it, had covered between sixty and seventy miles without touching a drop of water.

Two Men's Courage.

There are no physical limits to heroism. The man who seems, through natural disabilities, least capable of acting the part of a hero, may show himself the man for a dangerous position. Such a man has deservedly found a place in a list of recent heroes.

August Ahrens did not think so. True, his eyesight was gone, but his manly care for others had not gone with it.

He groped his way to the fire-alarm and turned it on, and then set about waking the sleeping men and women.

A young ensign on the Montgomery had no such physical disabilities to contend with when he lately saved the life of a sailor, but he had some serious disabilities of costume, for he was in full uniform. The sailor had fallen overboard, and could not swim.

The young officer may show much future heroism in destroying the lives of his country's enemies, but the fight in which he won by saving a life instead of taking one, required as much courage as any he will probably ever attempt.

Fifty years ago the population of Europe was about 250,000,000; it is today considerably more.



A Cure For Brittle Nails.

An excellent cure for brittle nails is to soak them daily for a few minutes in blood-warm sweet oil.

Miss Nannie Sampson.

Miss Nannie Sampson, the third daughter of Admiral Sampson, who lives at the family home in Glen Ridge, N. J., is, in appearance and in truth, a typical American girl.

The First War Nurse.

A short time ago Miss Florence Nightingale, most famous of army nurses, celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday, and a memorial address of congratiation was presented to her by Americans in London and American nurses, grateful for the interest she has shown in their volunteer movement in our war with Spain.

The Smart Wives of Farmers.

One of the sights that show plainly the place of the American woman is familiar to persons who have passed their vacations in the country.

Gleanings From the Store.

- New felt walking hat. Corsets of broche coutil. Wrappers of printed lawn. Wool buttoning in dark colors. Ladies' tan linen outing suits.

The Country Toilet.

Among the prettinesses of the country toilet is the floral parasol, that is as perishable and attractive as the flowers it represents.

son at chateau parties in France, and from the same source comes the commendable fashion of trimming rough green, brown and yellow straw hats with foliage and fruit.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Pure Blood Good Digestion. These are the essentials of health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier and stomach tonic. It promptly expels the impurities which cause pimples, sores and eruptions and by giving healthy action to the stomach and digestive organs it keeps the system in perfect order.

A Chinese Typewriter. A missionary at Tung Chow has invented a Chinese typewriting machine. The characters number about four thousand, and are on the edge of wheels about a foot in diameter.

SINGULAR STATEMENT.

From Mrs. Rank to Mrs. Pinkham. The following letter to Mrs. Pinkham from Mrs. M. RANK, No. 2,354 East Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., is a remarkable statement of relief from utter discouragement.

"I never can find words with which to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. Some years ago I had womb trouble and doctored for a long time, not seeing any improvement.

The United States have about 900,000 telephones in use; Germany, 140,000; England, 75,000; France, 35,000; Switzerland, 30,000.

DID YOU KNOW THIS? At Rock Hill, S. C., there is a buggy factory overloading FIVE ACRES of ground, and making more buggies than any three factories in the South.

For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life.