

THE COUNTY RECORD.

Published Every Thursday

—AT—

KINGSTREE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

LOUIS J. BRISTOW, Editor and Proprietor.

The membership of Baptist churches in Massachusetts is said to average one hundred and seventy to each church. Of the one hundred and seventy, fifty-three and three-fourths on an average are men and one hundred and sixteen and one-fourth are women. The same proportion is said to hold good in other States. One reason given for this state of things is that necessarily ministers see more of the women and children than of the men and boys, have more influence over them, and naturally preach too much to them and not enough to the men.

One of the stimulating effects of the war already appears in the increasing activity in American shipbuilding. At the various yards along the Delaware River orders have been placed within the last month for thirteen new vessels—several of them to be of the largest size engaged in the merchant service—and contracts for five or six others are under consideration. In the Maine shipyards, at Newport News and on the Pacific coast there is a growing prospect of similar prosperity, and it is not unlikely that the next year will witness an extraordinary activity in all branches of marine construction. The close of the war marks the beginning of a new and prosperous era in the American merchant marine.

Says the Philadelphia Times: "It is nearly sixty-seven years since the death of Stephen Girard. Thanks to the wise beneficence which inspired the disposition of his large fortune, the good it was designed to do grows with the lapse of years. The college he established is now educating and maintaining some sixteen hundred orphan boys; the fund he left for the improvement of the harbor is now being applied for the construction of modern wharves and a broad street along the water front, of which the city of Philadelphia will have reason to be proud, and the latest instance of public benefit from Girard's wisely bestowed bounty is the transformation of his old farm in the southwestern section of the city into a public park."

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, war Governor of Pennsylvania. When the Wasp entered the harbor of Ponce the Ensign went ashore in a boat under a flag of truce. A great crowd was gathered on the water front, and until he was assailed with cigars and pineapples he did not know whether he was meeting an enemy or a friend. He demanded that the military Governor of the place come to him at once, and declined to go to the Governor. He then sent this message to the Spanish leader: "I demand that the city of Ponce surrender within half an hour or I will bombard the place." The Spanish soldiers fled the town. Curtin is a small man hardly past his twenty-second year. The Curtins are living up to the family tradition.

According to the last census the value of the agricultural products of the United States for the census year was \$2,460,107,454, and the number reported as engaged in agricultural industry was 8,565,926. Dividing the value of the agricultural products by the number reported in the census tables of occupations as engaged in this industry, we have the average value of the product per worker as \$286.02. The value of the agricultural investment, land improvement, live stock and implements is reported as \$15,982,267,689. Computing interest on this amount at but five per cent. and allowing ten per cent. on the value of machinery and implements, for repair and renewal of the same, and deducting the amount from the product, we have remaining \$1,611,569,324 as the earnings of 8,565,926 agricultural workers, making the average earnings \$188. That the average earnings of the agricultural class was rather less than more than \$188 is shown by the investigations of the statistician of the Department of Agriculture, Mr. J. H. Dodge, who has made nine extended investigations of farm wages and discovered the average wages in 1890 to have been, with board, \$12.54 per month; without board, \$18.34. This is for men, and for pay while working, while the figures above are average annual earnings for all classes, though less than nine per cent. of the workers reported are females.

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. Today he is worth between eight and ten millions of dollars. He is the President of the Portland Mining Company, the richest concern of the kind in Colorado, perhaps in America. And he is thirty-five years old.

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, the agony in his voice, you can understand how real is the memory of it.

It occurred in Cuba, about fifteen miles from Cienfuegos, where the foliage and underbrush are denser than on any other part of the island. He and some companions were looking for a suitable place in which to start a sugar refinery. One night, when the tent was almost unbearable, he left the tent and went to a spot about a hundred yards distant, where there appeared to be a better breeze. He made his bed and fell asleep. It was just before daylight that he felt that he was awake, although he was really having a nightmare, to which he was more or less subject. You shall read his own words:

"I felt that I was in the basement of a building twenty stories high, and that it was gradually sinking upon me. Every avenue of escape was cut off. The walls appeared to be cutting into the earth like a knife. I lay there paralyzed with fear and the sense of helplessness. I could not move hand or foot.

"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 shouted. There was no noise, no creaking, nothing but a horrible silence and the sinking of the building.

"I could no longer stand erect. I lay on the ground and waited, now and then shrieking in terror. I saw the old farm. I saw my mother standing at the kitchen door.

"The building seemed to settle more swiftly. I stretched myself prone upon the floor. I could feel the weight upon my head and chest. No human being can know the awful agony of it. I felt myself plunging into the abyss of death and—then I awoke.

"The awakening was more frightful than the dream. I found myself in the coils of a huge boa constrictor. The monster snake had wound coil after coil about my body and was slowly and surely crushing the life out of me.

"I tried to raise my voice. The pressure about my lungs made my voice as weak as a babe's. I could see the slimy thing forming another coil and drawing tighter and tighter about me.

"A boyish habit of curling my left arm under my head for a rest while I slept saved my life. My left arm was free. The other was in the coil of the snake. I reached for my hunting knife, which was in my belt, forcing my hand over and around the body of the snake. It seemed hours before I could reach it. Then it was but the work of a moment to sever the constrictor's body. Even then I was not free. It was half an hour before I cut the coil from my body. I was drenched in blood.

"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, taking down with her the mails and a valuable cargo. There were some papers that were particularly wanted, and I was in the chart-room under the bridge working for them when suddenly, as I turned, I saw the wicked snout of a big shark close to me. It was a nice fix to be pinned up in the corner of a little square room with a big brute between me and the door. I went creepy all over, I can tell you. But I kept still and so did he, except that he worked a fin lazily, like a screw steamer holding on against the tide. I got the knife in my belt loose, and waited. The shark evidently did not know what to make of me, and gradually drifted over to the other side of the room. I began then to move towards the door, and had almost reached it when the shark made a second rush in the same direction—and disappeared. Which of us got the bigger fright I don't know."

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. At first he had no trouble in seeing it away; it was enough if he gave a turn to the escape-valve in his helmet and let out a little air. But at the end of the week it had become very troublesome. The diver signalled for a knife and a looped rope, and then boldly held out his bare hand as to the shark. The monster came on with a rush and was turning on its back when it was stabbed by the diver, who then passed

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. He did not wait to make notes for the Psychological Society, but gave the danger signal and was at once pulled up. Told in the cheerful light of day, it seemed rather a lame story; and another diver went down to see what he could make of it. Towards him also came the shambling gray shapes. He stood irresolute for a moment, and then going boldly forward, struck his hatchet through—a mirror! The ghosts were only a dim reflection of his own legs, much enlarged, of course, as everything is that a diver sees through the great frontal eye of his helmet.

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. We fired the gun, the signal agreed upon if either of us was lost, but there was no answer.

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. But no answer from Hammar. Then, after the eleven o'clock signal-gun, joy of joys! We heard three shots fired in rapid succession, about two miles out.

Grasping my gun and singing 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. It was dark, and he had gone a long distance from the tree. He turned about and made his way cautiously back to the tree in the greatest anxiety lest he should miss it.

Luckily he found it, and the cartridge belt lying where he had dropped it. Then he retraced 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. The nine-thirty o'clock shot boomed louder than before, and he arose and staggered on.

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. He was in a burning house in New York, and he alone, of all the inmates knew his danger. But he was blind. To save himself was surely all that could be asked of him.

August Ahrens did not think so. True, his eyesight was gone, but his manly care for others had not gone with it. More than twenty persons were asleep in the house. To save himself and leave them to perish was not his idea of even a blind man's duty.

He groped his way to the fire-alarm and turned it on, and then set about waking the sleeping men and women. He had to stumble along passages with which he could not have been familiar, but he woke every sleeper. Not till then was he free to leave the burning building.

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. He was fast being carried away from the ship, when the young ensign, regardless of the danger of the attempt, all hampered as he was, sprang in after him. It was a hard fight, but the man and the sailor were drawn up, though more dead than alive.

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. Lemon juice will remove stains and prevent ragging. For whitening the hands nothing is better than wearing gloves all night, first anointing the hands with a little sweet oil. Gloves should also be worn when engaged in any work that is likely to soil the hands.

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. Possessing in a marked degree her father's ability and cleverness, yet, unlike the reserved and dignified Admiral, her manner is at once frank and open. A round, girlish face, with a mass of brown hair rolled away from the forehead, a laughing mouth and a pair of roguish brown eyes looking from beneath long lashes, is but an indifferent pen picture of the young lady, for what a picture cannot portray is the abundant vitality and exuberant spirits which characterize the subject.

Miss Nannie Sampson views life through rose colored glasses, and, while duly appreciating the risks incurred by her brave father at the front, yet she enters into the enjoyment of her surroundings with the zest and abandon of a schoolgirl; and, indeed, she is little more, having just completed her education with a year at Wells College.

Just twenty-two, she is one of four daughters by the Admiral's first wife. The two older sisters, formerly Miss Margaret and Miss Katherine, are married into the navy, being the wives of Lieutenant Ray Smith, of the Indiana, and Ensign Richard Harrison Jackson, of the Foote. The younger sister, Miss Olive, just turned twenty, will shortly be married.

Owing to the changes incident to the life of a naval officer, Miss Sampson's education has been a varied one. She has attended the institutions of learning in the various towns in which she has lived, which in the nature of things has been intermittent.

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. "It is more eloquent to me," said a man who had passed several weeks in the hills of Connecticut, "than all the reports of debating societies, women's clubs and temperance unions that could be bound together in a year. Driving along the country roads will come a young farmer. The horse, the wagon and the man will show plainly that he is a small farmer. Probably he wears a pair of dust-covered overalls that make him look like the poorest of his hired men. But the woman who sits beside him in her smart shirt waist and trim sailor hat would not be out of place on the beach at Narragansett. Here would stand a mighty poor show there if he appeared in the clothes in which he is familiar to his neighbors.

But the young woman has learned from the summer boarders how to dress herself just as they do, and she is usually able to stand well the comparison with them. If there happens to be a baby in the wagon—and there usually is one—it will resemble the mother and not the father in dress. It will be as much done up in laces and ribbons as the city babies that are trying with their nurses to get its complexion and ruddy beauty.

"It is only Sunday that the father is likely to show that he has come at all under the influence of the city visitors in the matter of dress. He may show it then in the way his scarf is tied. But the manifestation is never more apparent than that, and seems under these circumstances to be a suggestion of his wife. But so far as she and the baby are concerned, she has learned her lesson from the influence of the summer residents, and can live up to it."—New York Sun.

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. When opened, a floral sunshade illustrates either a large peony, rose, poppy or sunflower. Huge petals of silk are cut out and artfully adjusted to a foundation of silk, and about the ferrule end puffed yellow chiffon represents the golden heart of the flower. Vivid scarlet poppy parasols are most popular, mounted on black staffs, tipped with gilt. Palpably for companionship with such sweet frivolities are the picnic hats made of all silk muslin, either shirred onto frames of wire and trimmed exclusively with bows, tufts and pompons of the same goods, or built like the parasols to represent a flower. The floral hats have wire frames, and to the net that covers the wire is made fast a clever design of petals. The petals are cut from Liberty silk and tinted. They overhang and cover the brim, while a succession of green silk calyx leaves close round the crown and crinkled inner leaves that enclose the stamens. The flower hats are copies of those worn this sea-

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. For many a long day we have all worn cherries and occasionally grapes on our headgear, but it has remained for this season to ripen our military peaches, plums, pears, apricots and currants and gooseberries, while already almost common have grown the strawberry, blackberry and raspberry hats. Usually round coarse Lombardy straw shade hats are used for this purpose, and the foliage is massed on the crown and brim with knots of fruit placed wherever a tasteful fancy dictates. No lace, ribbon or flowers are permitted by an artistic trimmer, and as the plums, pears and peaches are copied only in miniature, their effect in decoration is never heavy.

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.

Miss Nightingale has served well for more than the allotted span of life, and now the heroine of the Crimean war has come to lie all day long, and all the days, in a shaded room in her London home. It is a bedridden existence, but it is one made beautiful by the light of other days. No one forgets Florence Nightingale, nor does she forget.

Her room is always littered with new books, magazines and papers bearing especial reference to the womanly art of nursing the sick. She herself writes pamphlets on the subject still, and pencils and note paper are as abundant in that sick room as is printed matter. Health and youth have failed her, but not the old interest and zeal. Now, as ever, she shrinks from publicity. No reporter or newspaper correspondent need send up his card, but she is always accessible and at home to any one who is honestly interested in nursing or care of the sick and who seeks her aid and advice in this way. Encouragement and counsel she has for such, but never an interview has she yet granted to a journalist. So it is easy to see how deeply alive she is to all matters concerning the American nurses who have offered their services to the United States Army and are ready to serve their country in the war with Spain.

From the first the aged heroine's interest has been made manifest toward them, and hence the American colony in London have in grateful appreciation sent this memorial to the cheery sick chamber at 5 Hyde Park square, London W., for it is cheery, and a loyal spirit dwells undaunted there. She who has looked upon death with fearless eyes is not abashed at the destroyer's drawing her to him. A brave heart is the sublime test of endurance.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

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.
- White corded pique in all sizes.
- Boys' negligee waists of madras.
- Flannel nightgowns for little ones.
- Boys' footless and footed bicycle hose.
- Madras waists of bias tucks for misses.
- Eton suits of chevot serge, tailor made.
- Black moire velours for separate skirts.
- Cotton goods imitating chevot mixtures.
- Misses' linen skirts in tan, blue and white.
- Negligees of wash silk and figured dimity.
- Misses' dotted swiss frocks with lace and ribbon.
- White pique suits with colored collar for girls.
- White China silk parasols with hemstitched effects.
- Foulard frocks for little ones of six to fourteen years.
- Silk neck scarf of thin texture with applique lace ends.
- Golf and cycling skirts in heavy double-faced cloths.
- Girls' jacket and blouse suits of crash, duck and linen.
- Windsor ties for small girls to wear with cotton shirt waists.
- Homespun, crash, grass and transparent linen frocks for girls and misses.
- Girls' organdie frocks in dark blue with bright flowers, white lace and white ribbon sash.

A Family of Twins.

Mrs. Edward Harris, of Richmond, Mo., fifty-three years old, recently gave birth to twins for the seventh time. They are all living.

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.

Loves turns the crank and wealth lubricates the axle. So. 39

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Lack of cash causes more poverty than anything else.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, Druggists refund money.

It is easier to fall in love than it is to crawl out of it.

Many a puny, debilitated infant, fretting and wasting away daily, often unable to digest its food, may be rescued from an untimely grave by Dr. H. H. MOFFETT'S TEFTHIN (LAXATIVE POWDER). TEFTHIN Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels and makes teething easy.

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.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is America's Greatest Medicine. 31c; six for \$2.
Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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. Twenty or thirty wheels are required to carry all the characters, and two keys must be struck to make an impression. The first turns the wheel, and the second stops it at the required letter, which is then brought down to the paper. The machine is complicated, but the inventor (Dr. Sheffield) hopes to make it more simple. There are 18,000 characters in the Chinese language, each representing a distinct word. The 4,000 in common use have been selected for the new machine.

Efforts are being made to revive the flax industry in certain parts of England, where it has fallen into desuetude, especially in the county of Lincolnshire.

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. So says:

"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. At times I would feel well enough, and other times was miserable. So it went on until last October, I felt something terrible creeping over me, I knew not what, but kept getting worse. I can hardly explain my feelings at that time. I was so depressed in spirits that I did not wish to live, although I had everything to live for. Had hysteria, was very nervous; could not sleep and was not safe to be left alone.

"Indeed, I thought I would lose my mind. No one knows what I endured.

"I continued this way until the last of February, when I saw in a paper a testimonial of a lady whose case was similar to mine, and who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I determined to try it, and felt better after the first dose. I continued taking it, and to-day am a well woman, and can say from my heart, 'Thank God for such a medicine.'

Mrs. Pinkham invites all suffering women to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. All such letters are seen and answered by women only.

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 over a FIVE ACRES of ground, and making more buggies than any three factories in the South. "A Little Higher in Price, But—" get the high-class BUGGIES ABOVE THE WESTERN TRASH—so that good wheels, good paint, good leather, etc., can be used. See our buggy in your town or write us. We'll see that you get the best at living prices.

ROCK HILL BUGGY CO., Rock Hill, S. C.

DYSPEPSIA

"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."

DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.

CURE CONSTIPATION.
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, etc.

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to cure TOBACCO HABIT.

PISO'S CURE FOR
GOUT, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URIC ACID SYSTEM. Taste Good, Use Safe, Guaranteed to Cure.