

The County Record

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C. W. WOLFE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1900.

The Congressional Race in Charleston.

Commenting on the political situation in Charleston, Mr. Hartwell M. Ayer, one of the brightest newspaper men in the State, writes from that city to his paper, the Florence Daily Times as follows:

"The congressional race is going ahead like a big ship under full sail on a smooth sea. Mr. Barnwell has the support of Charleston, unless it be that those who are to oppose him are lying low and saying nothing."

This, from a disinterested party, pretty well sizes up the situation in the City by the Sea, which polls a majority of the votes of the 1st congressional district.

fooling with a Gun.

Editor Carey, of the Seashore Review, while fooling with an old pistol on Sunday afternoon of last week, had the misfortune to shoot himself through the body. The last issue of his paper states that he is doing well and is in a fair way toward recovery. The Review is issued from Moultrieville, on Sullivan's Island, and of late has been waging war upon the gamblers and corrupt politicians of Charleston. His strictures upon these have been quite severe, and, supported by the charges of Evangelist Crane, have given rise to much discussion.

POSSUM FORK REFLECTIONS.

An Interesting and Timely Article from Our Correspondent There.

[For The County Record.]

In Possum Fork on the evening of the 24th instant, at the home of the bridegroom's parents, by Notary Public H. E. Eaddy, Miss Emmaline, daughter of Mr. Daniel Eaddy, of the Muddy Creek neighborhood, and Mr. John Thomas Prosser, of Possum Fork, were united in the holy estate of matrimony, making a fine looking couple.

The fever was holding Mr. Prosser in his bed with high authority; but Mr. Prosser, knowing his faithful girl would arrive on time, battled against the fever with dovers powders, coffees and teas so vigorously that then the hour arrived to tie the Gordian knot he was up and dressed in his Sunday suit and was as happy as a king. Long live the bride! congratulations to the bridegroom!

Well, Mr. Editor, what's the matter with Possum Fork these days? So much grippe, so much fever, so much debility—yes, and Williamsburg county, too—sick-

ness everywhere. What's the matter? It did not use to be so. Not many years ago I said our place was healthier than the mountains. Conditions seem changed. I have been wondering over it: as Bill Arp says, "I have been ruminating it." Not many years ago the woods were burned every year; the undergrowth did not obstruct the view; you could see a cow half a mile in the grassy, pipey meadows; the wild broom grass made the cattle fat; the wild flowers beautified and sweetened the cattive range; no thought of feeding a cow in summer, and the yellow May butter was the pride of August and September. Every late afternoon to roam the sweet-scented woods and bring up the cows was the boys' delight, when mush and milk for supper was so good, as the old negro says, "you can't get 'nough." People were kearty, worked hard all day and slept at night, happy.

But since turpentine required people to keep fire out of the woods the short straw pines and other undergrowth have covered the woods so densely in many places that you can scarcely see a cow ten steps; the wild flowers and grasses are drowned out with straw and litter; the sun never sees the ground, and the piney woods are almost turned to swamps; damp, noxious gases poison the air, malaria marks her victims with sallow hands, la grippe and fever attack the strong, enfeeble the old and shorten the halting steps to the better land.

Again, the situation affords a noisome harbor for destructive insects around the farm that it is a nightmare to make a provision crop; and besides all this your very existence is in danger, for if fire should get in some woods on a dry, stormy day to fight it would be hopeless.

Then, what is the remedy? None immediately available. Burn by littles in a half dry time; don't kill the undergrowth at once; it might be worse than ever.

But ha! Mr. Editor, I am not a doctor; don't let us break up their business. Dr. Chapman did me lots of good when I had fever the other day, and I hope he will soon cure the rest of us in Possum Fork.

Benson Briefs.

Miss Ida Chandler, who has been attending school in New York city, returned last Saturday. She was delighted with city life, and doubtless will feel at a loss for several days, having become accustomed to the hurry and bustle of the great metropolis.

Rev. W. S. Martin filled his appointment at this place last Sunday afternoon.

The Benson Medicine Company is on the go every week, selling the all-healing remedies. Perhaps they have struck luck in their sales, as the country is having an epidemic of the all powerful grip. Every family is affected more or less with this disease, and the worst part is that it does not seem inclined to let go. It requires a good deal of patience and perseverance to pull through a case proper of grip. We have just come through the ordeal the past week and know whereof we speak.

We notice the candidates are coming out in force. The News and Courier correspondent from Columbia, in speaking of the progress in several counties in our State along the lines of cotton mills and other enterprises, could not leave out Williamsburg; but the leading thing in our county was not cotton mills or anything

of that sort, but ours was put down as the leading county in the State so far as candidates are concerned. It is well, indeed, that our county can keep ahead in some respects.

Most of our farmers are through planting corn. This work would have been entirely finished had it not been for so much wet weather during March.

Oats in some places are almost entirely killed. This is the first time we can call to mind a winter too cold for small grain.

The peach crop may be a certainty this year, as the blooms are later than ever before.

We have to congratulate the COUNTY RECORD on its neat appearance last week, and hope it may be a blessing to its many readers.

W. S. G.

Lambert Letter.

Your correspondent has been sick of the grip for the past two weeks and therefore has not been able to send you anything from this section.

Mr. W. B. Haselden, and his wife and several children have been critically ill with the grip for the past two weeks. Also Messrs J. P. Haselden, J. E. Hemmingway and quite a number of others have been battling with the same malady.

A very sad accident occurred near Ties Lake on Sunday night, March 18. Mrs. Julia, wife of F. E. Hanna, was lying on a mattress near the fire-place when a spark ignited the mattress and almost instantaneously Mrs. Hanna's clothes caught. Before the fire was put out she was burned from her waist to her feet. On Monday Dr. Chapman, the attending physician informed this writer that it was very doubtful whether she would recover. Mrs. Hanna is a daughter of the late Thomas R. Grier.

Another victim to the dread ravager, la grippe, is Irvin, only son of Mr. J. M. Foxworth. After a week or more struggling with the disease, he recovered sufficiently to attempt to plough and becoming overheated, suffered a relapse. He has been very sick ever since.

Died—on March 17, 1900—Mrs. Winfield Scott. Mrs. Scott was about the oldest woman in this section, and has been in declining health for a long time.

Mr. James Huggins began the operation of his corn mill Saturday. We can now hear the blasts of three steam whistles within a radius of three miles.

If the foolhardy man was only foolish, it wouldn't matter so much; but he is always hardy and lives to a ripe old age.

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Editor County Record

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