

SNAP SHOTS FROM SCRANTON.

PLEASANT FAMILY REUNION—DEATH OF MRS DELLA SINGLETARY—PERSONAL MENTION.

SCRANTON, August 21: On August 6th, Mr and Mrs R E McKnight had the pleasure of attending Mr David Lee's 80th birthday at his residence a few miles from town. Mr Lee is the father of Mrs McKnight. He has 7 children, 62 grand children and 23 great grand children, making a total of 92. Mr Lee looks well and in all human probability he will be with us for some time yet.

Mrs Mamie Kirby of Columbia spent several days in town recently with friends.

Miss Ozela Baker, Mrs W S Kennedy and Rev J W Truluck are confined to their beds with typhoid fever. We hope that they will soon recover.

Misses Florence Benjamin and Barbara Levy, accompanied by Mr Wilson Buie, are guests of Dr W S Lynch's family this week.

Mrs Mary Coker, who was taken to the St Xavier's Infirmary of Charleston a few weeks ago by Dr W S Lynch and operated on for appendicitis, returned last Monday night very much improved, to the delight of her many friends.

Mrs J W Truluck, who has been visiting relatives at Greenville, was called home last week on account of the illness of Mr Truluck.

Mr and Mrs Winslow Wright returned home Saturday night from New York, where they have been gone for some time.

Mr O B Carter, one of our wide awake merchants, spent Sunday of last week in Darlington.

Mrs S O Byrd is visiting friends in Darlington this week.

Messrs Ernest and Hoyt Hill spent last Sunday in Lake City with friends.

Mrs Della Singletary, aged 54 years, died at her residence Friday night after an illness of about three weeks. Mrs Singletary was the wife of Mr W R Singletary, a successful merchant of this place. She was a Christian woman and beloved by all who knew her. She was charitable on every occasion and won all hearts that came in contact with her. Besides her devoted husband she leaves several children and brothers and sisters bereaved by her death. Her remains were laid to rest Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, at the family burying ground near town.

Mr Oscar Langston and family of Idaho were guests of Mr R E McKnight's family a few days of last week. Mr Langston when quite a lad, was operator for the Atlantic Coast Line. He held down Lake City, Lanes and other points on the line. He then decided to hunt a better place and went to Salt Lake City. During his stay out West he married a handsome lady and has two fine sons. He now holds the dispatcher's office in the city of Idaho.

Miss Addie Cannon visited friends in Lake City this week.

Mr Archie McDuffie of Friendfield passed through town Sunday on his way to Savannah, Ga. M R M.

Notice.

There will be a meeting of the Cotton Association in Kingstree, Monday, September 14. Now, let's all turn out on that day, as business of importance will be considered also. I have invited President Smith to be with us on that occasion. Let no one miss hearing that speech. Every body is expected.

J. DAVIS CARTER.
Leo, S. C., August 21.

Bring us your JOB WORK.

"TAXPAYER" REPLIES TO "CITIZEN."

And Incidentally Touches Upon the Article of Mr W F Clayton.

Editor County Record: Some-how I enjoyed reading "Citizen's" article on the dispensary in your issue of August 3, because he gave us so many facts. He says: "The gospel of righteousness is the only means that will save him (man) from his sins." "Prohibition is not a practical actuality except when it is sanctioned by the awakened conscience of the individual himself." Now these facts are clear, and if "Citizen" would spend as much time in awakening our consciences on the evils of strong drink as he gives to advocating the dispensary, better results would follow. While he is so busy with the protection of the dispensary he can't find time to put into effect the command, Luke xv:16, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

His last fact urged upon us is a little vague. Thus it goes:—"If it is true that two equal opposing forces produce a neutral effect, then it logically follows that the use of the dispensary will result in an educated sentiment against the evils of intemperance, a sentiment which will eventually crush the dispensary out of existence, and which the institution itself had been indirectly instrumental in propagating. There certainly cannot be any valid objection to the dispensary placing a cudgel in the hands of its enemies to break its own head if we would destroy it."

We see the effect is perfectly neutral. Plain enough philosophy! "Citizen's" deduction is the vague part of it. Might as well talk about casting out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of devils. The fact as we see it is: the effect will be so neutral that even though the cudgel be put in the children's hands they will not have the strength nor resolve to break the head of the drink monster.

Mr Clayton is liberal in his legal advice to us poor old clodhoppers of farmers in Williamsburg county, in the issue of August 17th.

Yes, sir, we do find it difficult to dig and sweat earning a living for three-fourths of the human race who sit down and wait for us to make it for them. But since the Lord created bees to make honey and flies to eat it, we will keep on at our task. And since we have to depend on the negro to help us grub, we find it more economical to have clear-brained, unintoxicated laborers and pay 45 per cent more taxes than employ drunkens, thievish, profane nappy-heads, who can do more harm in a day than their labor will amount to in a month. In other words their direct injury to our progress will affect us more harmfully than their indirect contribution to the taxes through the dispensary will offset. We are more willing to make a clean dollar and give half of it for the public good than be entirely exempted from taxes and make less than half we would with the right sort of labor. And it is the earnest belief of this taxpayer that Mr Clayton will have plenty of miscreants to furnish his income, without sowing any more seed to the already thrifty crops of crime.

TAXPAYER.

Booker Washington Butts Into Society.

Saratoga, N Y, Aug.—Booker T Washington's appearance at dinner in the great dining room of the United States Hotel created a mild sensation among the diners. Washington was the guest of John Wanamaker, former postmaster general, and acted as escort for Mrs Barclay Warburton, Mr Wanamaker's daughter, while Mr Wanamaker walked to the table with J R E Roberts.

As they walked down the long

line every eye was directed upon the group. Comparatively few of those present recognized any of them, and there was a general buzz of comment and a craning of necks.

MR GAUSE'S REJOINER.

Challenges Mr Gordon to a Joint Debate on the Dispensary Question.

Editor County Record: Please allow me to answer Mr Gordon's question and tell him more about the evils of whiskey selling in any form. Now, Mr Gordon was mistaken in his first article, but he is worse mistaken in his second. From the tone of his letter he wants to class me as being a "Straight-out." That is a mistake. I have always voted with the Reform party; but understand me, I am no politician. I take no stock in politics, only to vote, which I think is the duty of every citizen. This is an off year in politics, but there is a great question before the people—dispensary or no dispensary—and in this matter I am a "Straight-out," that is, I want to get straight out of the whiskey business; as it now stands every loyal citizen of South Carolina is a whiskey seller.

Let us look at the whiskey seller that we may know what manner of man he is, and then ask if he deserves the pity or sympathy or respect of society or any part of it. Viewed considerably in the light of their respective motives the drunkard is an innocent and honorable man in comparison with the whiskey seller. The one yields under the impulse—it may be the torture, of appetite; the other is a cool, mercenary spectator, thriving off the vice and frailties of his neighbor. He is a man selling for gain what he knows to be worthless and pernicious, good for none, dangerous to all, and deadly to many. He has looked in the face of the sure consequences of his course, and if he can but make gain of it, is prepared to corrupt the souls, maim the lives and blast the prosperity of an indefinite number of his fellow-creatures. By the selling of his poisons he sees that with terrible certainty, along with the havoc of health, lives, homes and souls of men, he can succeed in setting afloat a certain vast amount of property, and that as it is thrown to the winds, some small share of it will float within his grasp. He knows that if men remain virtuous and thrifty, if these homes around him continue peaceful and prosperous, his craft cannot prosper. The infirm old mother, the wives and the sisters are found where whiskey is sold: orphan children throng from hut and hovel and lift their childish hands in supplication, asking at the hands of the guilty whiskey sellers for those who rocked their cradles and fed and loved them.

The murderer, now sober and crushed, lifts his manacled hands red with blood and charges his ruin on the men who crazed his brain with whiskey; the felon comes from his prison tomb, the pauper from his dark retreat, where the whiskey-seller has driven him to seek an evening's rest and a pauper's grave. Angels turn weeping away and God on His throne looks in anger and hurls a woe upon the hand which putteth a bottle to his neighbor's lips to make him drunk. To balance all this fearful array of mischief and woe, following directly from his work, the dealer in ardent spirits can bring nothing but the plea that appetite has been gratified. There are profits, to be sure. Death finds it the most liberal purveyor for his horrid banquet and hell from beneath is moved with delight at the fast-coming profits of the trade. And the seller also gets gain—death, hell, and the whiskey-seller, being in this partnership, are profited. Go and shake

their bloody hands, you who will, and the time will come when deep down in hell the miserable blood-stained wretches will pant for one drop of water and curse the day they ever sold one drop of liquor.

The experience of ages proves that the use of intoxicating agents invariably tends to engender a burning appetite for more, and he who indulges in them shall do it to the peril of acquiring a passionate and rabid thirst, which shall finally overmaster the will of his victim and drag him unresistingly to his ruin.

Now, the above is a truth that no one can deny, and I do hope Mr Gordon will look into this great matter from a Christian standpoint, for I have nothing else in view.

Mr Gordon says the legislature gave us dispensaries and he thinks it did wisely in so doing. I did myself, then; but I now see that the dispensary has been an utter failure. Now the same body has given us the right to vote it out and I say, let her go. I think I voice the sentiment of a vast majority of Mr Gordon's Reform party, and by the way, it is my party also; but I can see my people's mistakes as well as those of any one else.

Now, Mr Gordon says he can't see where there is any more liquor used and sold in this county than before the dispensary system went into effect. He must be a blind man. No, that can't be so, for he can see blind tigers. Oh, I have been informed that Mr Gordon lives away down on Santee at Lenoir, and perhaps people down there drink cat-fish soup instead of whiskey. If we had some cat-fish soup up here in the place of so much dispensary whiskey, we would be a great deal better off; for I never knew cat-fish soup to cause a man to commit crime and that dispensary whiskey will do.

Now, I want Mr Gordon to understand that I am opposed to the sale of whiskey as a beverage in any form. No, I hope Mr Gordon can see some of his mistakes, and if he is not satisfied with this, I will meet him in public debate any where on half-way ground and show him some more of his mistakes.

Hoping that this may suffice for the present, I remain,

Yours for sobriety,
W. P. GAUSE.
Cowards, S. C., August 14.

Lambert Locals.

LAMBERT, August 21: Tobacco-curing and fodder-pulling are about over in this section and cotton-picking has begun. Mr J P Haselden has already gathered one bale of the staple. Everybody seems to be in good heart at the prospect of a fair price for cotton, although the fifty dollars license on seed-cotton seems to jar the nerves of some of our would-be buyers.

Miss Emma Richardson, of the section, is on a visit to friends here.

Mr Leonard F Jacobs and Miss M C Altman were united in marriage last Sunday afternoon.

Mr J W Baxley has been quite sick for the past week but is now able to get around again.

About every week, more or less, mad dogs are being killed in this community.

For three years Mr D F Baxley has been improving a special kind of cotton-seed—discovered by himself. He has about 14 acres this year and it is certainly fine.

BAY COON.

Notice.

The "LUCKY KEY" to the Money Box is still out. Please bring in your keys at once. The money can't be gotten out till the box is unlocked.

W. T. WILKINS.

Bring us your JOB WORK.

LAKE CITY ITEMS.

A Brief Letter From Our Regular Correspondent.

LAKE CITY, August 22: Mrs L H Jennings of Bishopville visited her mother, Mrs J M Sturgeon, last week.

Mrs J A Scott of Kingstree visited in town last week.

Messrs William Epps and J A Scott, who with Mr J C McElveen constitute the special grand jury, came up Friday and inspected the chaingang. Their report will be made to the grand jury, who will report to the next term of the court of general sessions.

Our next term of court, by the way, will convene on October 9th.

Mr C E Timmons spent the closing days of last week in Rocky Mount, N C.

Messrs J A Green, D M Epps, S W Gowdy, A P Hatchell, J C McElveen, J D Hatchell, W J Godwin and R C Johnson spent Sunday at the Isle of Palms and Sullivan's Island. The five first named did not return until Tuesday night and the reason they are named first is because they did not want to come back at all.

Mr R J Severance, train dispatcher, Florence, spent Friday in town.

Mr H F Stokes, who it will be recalled, spent a year or two in Lake City in the "nineties," was married last Sunday at his home in Georgia. W L B.

APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS.

A Christian Woman's Views on The Liquor Question.

I am one of the Christian women of Williamsburg county. It seems to me that it naturally follows that I am deeply interested in the movement to vote whiskey out of the State. I cannot understand any Christian, whether man or woman, who could be otherwise.

I have read and listened to discussions of this question for many years and am clearly convinced that a Christian can do but one of two things in connection with whiskey selling. He must leave the matter entirely alone or he must forbid it altogether. He cannot legalize wrong.

To my mind the dispensary system and high license are much the same in principle, which principle is wrong. Both declare: "You may do this wrong if you pay the State so much money."

I suppose there is not a man or woman in the State who does not know whiskey selling to be a bad business. Dangerous to the man who sells it and dangerous to the public at large. Will it make that danger less great or the wrong right, if the State be paid a bribe to leave it alone? Could a Christian man vote for such a law?

It is all foolishness for men to say: "There is no use in making a law that will be broken." Was there ever a law made that has not been broken?

God knew when He made the ten commandments that they would be broken. Did He do wrong to make them? The responsibility of the law-maker is to make the law right. The man who breaks the law is responsible for his own act and should be punished. I wonder if the men of South Carolina would allow the State to be filled with rattle-snakes if some one would pay so much for every snake turned loose? Many a man would be bitten and killed by those snakes, but it would be the body alone that would die from their bite; while the bite of the snakes in every bottle of whiskey, whether dispensary whiskey or not, is destroying not only the bodies, but the souls of men and women all over this country. Do you want the money that comes from such a traffic, oh, Christian man? Do you want your children educated in any such way? Do you want your towns and public highways built on such a foundation? If you do, may God have mercy upon you and open your blinded eyes for your sakes and the good of the country at large. When the dispensary was given to the people, its framers claimed that it was

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only a step toward prohibition. It is high time the next step be taken.

I do not address myself to any except those who profess to be Christians. I do not so much wonder at others. I have never so much wondered at Senator Tillman, for so far as I know, he has never made any profession of Christianity. In consequence he has used his splendid, God-given intellect in many ways, which has made me glad that so far in his career, B R Tillman has never professed to be a follower of Christ. I have been filled with wonder and sadness, however, in hearing this whiskey question discussed by men and even women to whom the world looks for a good example, and to find how indifferent many are, and how prejudiced others have allowed themselves to become by politics or some one's mistaken opinions.

It is hard for me to put my pen down. Forgive me, friends, "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." A WOMAN.

TERPSICHORE AT INDIANTOWN.

Fair Women and Brave Men Trip the Light Fantastic.

DOCK, August 21: The writer, accompanied by two of Dock's fair maidens, attended a dance given by the Indiantown Social club at the McCutchen store Friday night. This entertainment was largely attended and much enjoyed. At an early hour the whirl of wheels announced the approaching pleasure-seekers, who poured in from every direction. Soon the dancing hall was filled with pretty girls and gallant young men. The Indiantown folks are bound to have a big time and such was the case on the night in question. It could have been nothing else but a success, with the light of the "lady of the sky" and the bright and beautiful stars, rising ever higher and casting their mellow radiance over us, mingling their rays with the smiles of so many sweet girls who looked like white-clad fairies, as they skipped the light fantastic to delightful music.

Following were the ladies present: Misses Anna Wilson, Annie Ervin, Jane Ervin, Lillie Cunningham, Genie Cunningham, Lucile Cunningham, Hattie Graham, Hallie Graham, Jessie Nesmith, Cressie Nesmith, Lillie Sadler, Sallie Saunders, Bessie Orvin, Lula Jones, Lessie Gardner, Rosa Tallevast and Essie Gamble. The gentlemen were too many to name. Every one present seemed to enjoy the occasion hugely and the hours sped by as swiftly as a midsummer night's dream. The dancing was kept up until the night had waned far into the "wee sma' hours" and an old rooster perched upon a roost near by stretched himself and set up a crowing, which made the crowd think daylight was not far off. So we bade goodbye

to our friends and dispersed to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home." WHIPPOORWILL.

Orangeburg Collegiate Institute.

Parents who expect to patronize boarding schools the next session are now deciding where to send their sons and daughters. Before making your decision, you should write for a catalogue of The Orangeburg Collegiate Institute. It is one of the best equipped schools in lower South Carolina, and has a faculty second to no other school in this section.

The school is beautifully located in one of the healthiest towns in the State. It has one of the best music departments in the State. Over one hundred students have already sent in their applications.

Write Pres. W. S. Peterson for a catalogue, terms, etc. He can certainly interest you, and if you send your boys and girls to him they will be in good hands.

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