CAUSEWAY OVER PUDDING SWAMP

FILLS LONG FELT WANT-POOR CONRAD **TELLS OF CHAINGANG'S GOOD** WORK.

Editor COUNTY RECORD:had occasion to make a trip with horse and buggy to the mouth of Pudding swamp to look after a large flat boat I towed up the river some time ago, expecting to bring down a load of shingles, but failing to get a full load, I left the large flat up there securely tied and some low down villain or villains untied × and it floated down and it lodged on some strong snags, and it would have been impossible for me and several more to get it back into the water, but fortunately the road overseer kindly took the chaingang that was there building the causeway, about 16 stout fellows whose muscles equal a lion's, with two or three heaves and without any fuss, had it in the water.

I afterwards went out to the camp with Mr James, the overseer, took dinner with him and had some of the best corn bread and straight coffee also some nice fried fish. I did not ask how the fish were caught, but I supposed as the water was down quite low in the swamp, that the gang perhaps who are digging the causeway found them in a hole cut off, which would soon be dry, and it was just as well to take them out of their misery and eat them. Anyhow I did not ask any questions as fish belong to the people, so the law save.

Now Mr Editor, I want to say something about the causeway that is being built across Pudding swamp, near where it empties into Black river. Dear old Black river! My old life-long friend! Same old stand-by triend, just like the good people that live along its banks, raising cotton, tobacco, corn, sweet potatoes and chickens, always willing to share with Poor Conrad.

Mr Editor, you may think I dwell too much in praise of my friends as if no one had friends but me, but I can't help it;I speak from the heart. Yes, seed sown in the heart's deep well; the joy, the good we may do here no human tongue can tell.

Well, I must go back and sav something more about that eauseway. I never was more delighted to see a piece of work done in my life. That part of the road in the swamp has been neglected for more than 50 years. I do not think there could have been a more dreadful road in the State. I lived in that section for the first part of my life and many times I have waded that swamp in cold, freezing weather, cursing those who were to blame for the neglect. It a is thousand wonders that human beings and beasts have not been drowned in the wretched crossing, but thank God, a causeway is now being built that causes the people on both sides of the swamp to rejoice. Our supervisor is having a good piece of work done, and his efficient overseer, Mr James, is having the work done in good shape and I was surprised to see as much done in so short a time. The gang is working fine. A word is carcely spoken, no loud commands, all gentle, and the shovels of dirt falling like clock work. I had a long and severe letter written some time ago about that same road, condemning all who had been responsible for that great neglect and as I was on the way to THE RECORD office some one told me that the chaingang had gone up and had begun work, so I tore up the letter and since then I have been up here and seen the good work go ing on nobly that will be a monument to Williamsburg county. I am an old Confederate veteran and have seen some great monuments unveiled in memory of the soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy and my greatest boast is I was one of Robt E Lee's veterans from Manassas to Appomattox, but 1 don't care much for monuments .Wehave had enough of them. Let us build monuments that will do the living good and those that are to come hereafter, and no doubt when we who are here now will be gone and

others in our places will be crossing old Padding swamp on this fine causeway, little children will ask their fathers, or perhaps grand-fathers, when that causeway was built and may be told that it was built by the chaingang and the overseer was kind to the convicts and he or she heard father say his name was James and that the road supervisor was named Singletary. Then the child will say: "Why, father, it must have have taken a long time to pile up so much dirt."

Yes, if the patriotic people of the South want to do what I think noble, instead of raising money for monuments to the dead, let them give it to the poor old tottering soldiers or their poor, sad widows.

Let history tell of the valor and leeds of the Confederate soldiers.

One line in General Lee's farewell address at the surrender at Appomattox is sufficient to tell all, when he said in closing:

"With an unceasing admiration for your constancy and devotion to your country. I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Yes, let the old soldiers meet every year as long as any are living 25c. and talk of the past. They enjoy the picnics and reunions still, and I am glad to attend them myself. It seems as if the causews the swamp will soon be c .ted NTY and I see a notice in the RECORD by Mr Ned Kennedy, one of Workman's noble leaders, that a grand picnic will be given by the people of old Mouzon and Workman sections. I hope to be there on that day and rejoice with them and help them eat cake and chicken pie.

Mr Kennedy said contributions that will help the dinner wil be received by Mr Stackley in Kingstree. Yes, the merchants, and in fact all of Kingstree, would not do wrong to give something, as many a wagon with flour, bacon, hardware and dry goods has crossed that once wretched road. I know what I am talking about, for there is where I spent the best part of 60 winters and summers. Yes, loads and loads of merchandise have gone that way and Poor Conrad never failed to carry his pockets loaded with candy and often, shoes in hand, wading the ice cold water of Pudding swamp, and not much pudding for him until he reached the fire-sides of friends who have never turned their back upon or slighted him a time.



Well, Mr Editor, I will come to a close by welcoming you back from your trip to the health resort and am glad to hear that your health is much improved. Oh! Mr Editor, I have some idea of how a wife feels when the husband whom she loves and obeys and whom all her hope is centered on, is so unfortunate to be afflicted with sickness and is restored to health and returns home, to say nothing of the many friends who meet him with smiles and a warm grasp of the hand. There are the wife and dear little prattling baby to meet you at the gate-it is enough to make a-man feel that life is worth living indeed.

I have said enough for this time, and may God bless you and help you. Long wave THE COUNTY RE-CORD over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

P. C.

As to Quotations. How many persons can unhesitatingly name the source of the familiar quotations? Many a man goes through life without reading a single play of Shakespeare, but probably no English speaking man goes through life without quoting him. If he sneers at "a woman's reason," he quotes Shakespeare; if he refers to "a trick worth two of that," he quotes Shakespeare again.

Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" is not a popular work, but one line of it-"Ask me no questions, and I will tell you no lies"-is known and used by everybody.

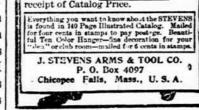
No Libertles.

"Well," said Edith's mother when the child arrived home from the tea party, "did you have a good time?"

- "Yes, thank you, marama." "And did you play nice games?"
- "Yee, mamma." "And did you have a nice tea?"

"Yes, mamma." "I hope, Edith, that you behaved yourself like a little lady. You did

not take any liberties, did you?" "No, mamma. There wasn't any on the table."



and bowels is so pronounced that I am prompted to say a word in its favor, for the benefit of those seeking relief from such afflictions. There is more health for the diges-Bitters than in any other remedy I

Foley's Honey and Tar is the best throat and lung trouble. Contain.