

## You Want Good Hardware!

The hardware is but a small item in the whole cost of building, but there's a whole lot of difference between buying the best builders' hardware for your home and some cheaper kind.

The difference in cost between good and bad locks, for instance, is very small, but there's a great difference in satisfaction. Cheap goods are a continual source of worry and annoyance, and it will pay you when figuring on that home to come here and get the best.

We are on the job and prepared to furnish the very best in builders' hardware at prices you will find entirely satisfactory.

REMEMBER: THE HOME OF GOOD GOODS.

### KINGSTREE HARDWARE COMPANY

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

We Lead--Others Follow.

Coffins and Caskets.

## THINGS TO BE SEEN IN NEW YORK CITY.

PEN PICTURES OF SOME PLACES VISITED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT.

Editor, County Record:—

I must now go on and tell about the "Eden Musee" in which are exhibited life-size wax figures of some of the most prominent people. At the door as you enter stands a policeman, and he is so life-like that you imagine for a moment that the eye of the guardian of the law is upon you. Go further on and there sits the "guard off duty," snoring so naturally that it startles you. Below in the basement, the "Chamber of Horrors" is seen—the electrocution of the murderer of President Garfield, the Christian martyrs being tortured during the Spanish Inquisition in the dark ages, the coronation scene of King George and Queen Mary, and among the rest too numerous to mention, sits General Lee when he is about to resign, with such a sad expression on his face.

We saw in the morning "Times" that a Chinese war vessel had arrived and that the marines would land at a dock on the Hudson river; so bright and early we took a surface car and got there just in time to see three hundred or more pouring out of the small boats, making their way to Broadway to take in the sights. We looked for their long pig-tails, but their hair was closely clipped. The Chinese war vessel was quite a curiosity, flying its yellow flag with a red dragon on it. While we were up in that part of the city we thought we would take a view of Grant's tomb, in which Grant and his wife lie side by side. As the gentlemen visitors enter, a policeman at the door requests them to remove their hats. It is a beautiful edifice of white marble.

Cleopatra's Needle is an object of interest and curiosity, when one remembers the distance from which it came, and being the largest of the obelisks on the Nile.

The parks of New York are not only ornamental but useful, especially to the poor. The tenement houses, in which so many thousands live, are crowded to overflowing, and many an evening we have seen old grandmothers too old to go to the parks trying to get a breath of air on the fire-escapes, with their little grandchildren in their arms. Men too old to work stay in the parks day and night. The city helps them to live. At one o'clock at night any one who chooses to join the bread line and wait till his time comes will be given a slice of yesterday's bread from yesterday's bakery, and in the winter a cup of hot coffee is added. The bread line is sometimes a mile long. Of course in winter the weather is so severe for any one to stay out at night, so these old men go to the guard-houses and ask to be locked up till morning.

We took a trip to the Bronx Park one morning, and as we knew it would be an all-day jaunt we provided ourselves with luncheon. It was quite a distance from our board-

ing-house and took us over an hour to get there, flying along on the elevated express. It seemed so strange to see people in the top part of the houses, some, just eating breakfast, some, dentists working on their patients' teeth, and all kinds of employments going on. As soon as we reached the Bronx we went to see the flowers; from there we went to look at the animals. The monkeys, of which there is a great variety, were very interesting. They look at you so cunningly and make so many funny gestures. The animals' cages are kept as near like their native haunts as possible. The lions have great holes in the rocks in which they can come in and out. The white polar bears have the floors of their cages of ice, and the snakes from Africa and India have their places artificially heated. We were told that animals are boarded in the Bronx by different circuses during the winter.

When we got through taking in most sights of interest, we were glad to get back to our boarding place, as we were thoroughly tired and glad to rest.

John Wanamaker, Macey and Siegel-Cooper are among the largest department stores. Wanamaker employs fifteen hundred clerks, so you may form some idea of what a large establishment he has. When you get tired walking about, just go into the beautiful parlors, take a seat at one of the desks and write on their stationery to your friends. We went into Tiffany's grand jewelry store and looked at the Tiffany diamond, which they keep to exhibit. The Hippodrome is said to be the largest place of its kind in the world; it is between a circus and a theatre, and has a seating capacity of five thousand. The day we were there it was crowded.

One thing that pleased us in New York was the humane manner in which their animals are treated, especially the horses.

We were anxious to walk over Brooklyn bridge, but were advised not to do so at that time, as there was a strike among the employees and it may not have been safe, there being a good deal of fighting among them. We would have liked to visit the "City of Churches," made famous by Henry Ward Beecher, but it took up all of our two months to see New York city, and the other will have to be deferred till next time.

It was quite amusing to see in the papers the letters written to Mr Green, son of Hetty Green, the richest woman in America. It seems

that the old lady made her son promise not to marry until after her death, which occurred some time ago. He was literally besieged by love letters from all over the country, and even from across the water. He has been making his home at the Waldorf-Astoria, and is about forty years old.

Our time was too short to take in New York properly, as it would take six months to go to all the places of interest.

I advise any one traveling to prepare for tips. We were besieged with waiters, bell boys and stewards, as we were nearing our journey's end and we find that that has always to be reckoned with in calculating our expenses. We were sea-sick nearly all the time, and scarcely ever went to the table, yet the men who stood behind our empty chairs were quite persistent about their tips. Fruit was the only thing we could eat, especially oranges.

On the trip we passed a light ship which is stationed at that spot in the ocean. It did seem so lonely all by itself, but it is necessary for the safety of vessels passing that way. Those who live on this Government light ship are relieved, we are told, at the end of six months by another family. Sometimes we passed a buoy, which is placed to warn the passing vessels. The bells in them, rung by the motion of the waves, sounded so sweet and wierd.

One of the officers on board talked very interestingly to us about everything relating to the sea; he told us that not one person in a hundred, in case of a panic, would know how to strap on a life preserver, of which every room has two, but the main dependence is the life boats, which cannot sink in the roughest waves. In case the person understands the life preserver, it will hold you up unless a shark gets hold of you, of which there are always a great many following a ship, especially if there is a dead body on board. The fog-horn blew nearly the whole night, and we were told that fog causes a great many disasters at sea. Sometimes it is so dense that vessels crush into one another without knowing there is another vessel near.

VISITOR.  
Kingstree, November 10.

The boy's appetite is often the source of amazement. If you would have such an appetite take Chamberlain's Tablets. They not only create a healthy appetite, but strengthen the stomach and enable it to do its work naturally. For Sale by All Dealers.

## TIME TURNS BACKWARD IN ITS FLIGHT.

"POOR CONRAD" TELLS ABOUT OLD MEN OF WILLIAMSBURG AND NEIGHBOR COUNTIES.

Editor County Record:—

I wish to write about more of the old men of Clarendon and Williamsburg counties and also of those of Sumter. There are not many people living now who knew old "Uncle" John Harrington, who lived in what is called "The Corner," where Black river and Pocatigo fork. Pocatigo turns to the left up through the western part of Clarendon and Sumter counties and Black river turns to north-east, making a deep elbow called "The Corner," once a fine place for deer and wild turkeys. Uncle John and his wife, Aunt Sally, lived there and in their yard stood a giant water-oak. One summer night not long after Uncle John and Aunt Sally were married an owl lit in the oak with his hoo-hoo-hoo. Uncle John said: "Sallie, you understand what the owl said?" "No, John." "Young gal sweet like shoo goo." Uncle John wore no socks and the coldest nights slept with bare feet uncovered and often through the night he could be heard rubbing his feet together. He was a kind-hearted man; in conversation a common word with him was "by blood." He had several sons: Zack, Ned and John. Once he had a dispute with John which made him very angry and, with the words, "by blood," he gave Zack a punch that broke two of his ribs. He was a powerful man. I spent one night with these old people when I was a boy.

Old Mr Josiah Fleming, whom I have mentioned before in one of my letters, also lived down in "The Corner." He wrote my epitaph 57 years ago. Mr Fleming and his sons made it their rule to go fishing every Monday. Once upon a time going up the river (I suppose he had taken a dram and was feeling good) where it was common to pass under a tree that had fallen across the river, he said, "Watch how active I am; I will jump over that log and land in the boat." I do not remember who was paddling the boat, but as Mr Fleming's weight left the boat it bobbed up and struck the log and Mr Fleming went out of sight under the water; he could not swim and although a tall man would have drowned if

the other man with the boat had not caught him.

Mr Fleming somehow thought that the spirits of men after death passed from men into animals and from animals into men again. He said he had a faint recollection of once being an old gray mule.

Mr David Epps, father of Mr D J Epps of Kingstree, was not so old as some of those I have mentioned; he was a jolly, fat man and had four brothers: Ned, Jim, John and Bob. David was a member of the Legislature once, as was James. Some one remarked on seeing what a big fat man David was that he must be the "butt cut" of the family, weighing 335 pounds. Not so, John was much the heaviest; all five brothers were of aldermanic proportions. David, Robert and one sister lived at the old homestead together; they had many slaves and "Poor Conrad" spent many pleasant days and nights with them. Well does he remember the big open fire-place in the hall where in the winter days "Aunt Jane" would have a large heap of baked sweet potatoes in one corner of the broad hearth, with the sweet, sugary juice trickling down on the hearth, and Conrad had an eye on them, too. During the warm weather all of the little negroes that were not old enough to do field work were kept in the yard in sight of the house. I suppose there would be 40 or 50 suckling babes and their nurses and many between those ages. They were all fed from the kitchen, the happiest set of beings under the sun, and they could sing, too; while waiting for their meals they would be chanting their songs and it was melodious to hear them carry all the different parts. Their words were, while expecting to see the trays and bowls with the hot victuals coming out of the kitchen door: "Bread, come on, bread, come on," and reverse: "On come, bread; on come,

bread," growing louder and louder. Mr David Epps would come out on the piazza and shout at the top of his voice, "Shut up there, you d—hellions!" The voices would die down, as Major Jones would say, like the voice of a sick kitten and would soon begin to rise higher and higher.

That old homestead was one of the places. After Mr David and his sister Jane were married, Robert remained at the old place. Going to "Uncle Robert's" was a joyful say with many young folk. A more wholesome man never lived. Gone but not forgotten, his good deeds live after him; his dear wife, "Aunt Pattie," is still alive and living with her son, Joe, and the same kind hearts are under that old roof still. "Poor Conrad" is going there before long, God willing, and no doubt some of the same kind of sweet potatoes will be waiting for him in that same old chimney corner.

Yours as ever,  
POOR CONRAD.

### A Father's Vengeance

would have fallen on any one who attacked the son of Peter Bondy, of South Rockwood, Mich., but he was powerless before attacks of Kidney trouble. "Doctors could not help him," he wrote, "so at last we gave him Electric Bitters and he improved wonderfully from taking six bottles. It's the best Kidney medicine I ever saw." Backache, Tired feeling, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, warn of Kidney trouble that may end in dropsy, diabetes or Bright's disease. Beware: Take Electric Bitters and be safe. Every bottle guaranteed. 50c at M L Allen's.

Few men know what is good for them until some wise woman has told them.

"It is a pleasure to tell you that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best cough medicine I have ever used," writes Mrs Hugh Campbell, of Lavonia, Ga. "I have used it with all my children and the results have been highly satisfactory." For Sale by All Dealers.

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If you want good and up-to-date goods at bargain prices trade at S. S. Aronson's Stores, Lanes and Gourdins, S. C., where your trade is always appreciated.

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S. S. ARONSON, Lanes, S. C.