

The County Record.

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NO. 31

DO YOU WANT YOUR HOME WELL PAINTED WITH THE BEST PAINT?

Then Think of the Following: 1st. The Surface—that it is receptive; 2nd. The Weather—that it is dry; 3rd. The Painter—that he is competent; 4th. The Paint—that is best for the work. The first three are largely your part. We can tell you something about Paint and Painting; how to paint a house, barn, implements, wire and iron fencing, floors and woodwork, screens and, in fact, everything about a house that needs paint to protect and beautify it. This information is correct and exact; years of experience have taught us. The fourth is our part. If you will use the paint we tell you to, such as Lowe Bros', "High Standard," Patton's or Masury's Paints, you will have satisfaction in workmanship, wearing quality, beauty and cost.

The Fall is the Best Time to Paint. First, because an essential to good results is a dry surface. Your house will be much dryer after the summer's heat than after the winter's dampness. Second, because dry weather is as important as a dry surface. You are sure to get the right kind of days. Third, because the house needs protection as much as beauty, and needs it more in winter than any other time. Come, talk it over with the leaders, and let us tell you many other reasons why it is to your advantage to paint now.

Coffins and Caskets.

Kingstree Hardware Co.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers

We Lead—Others Follow.

POOR CONRAD RECALLS BY-GONE DAYS.

TELLS MORE ABOUT THE OLD MEN OF WILLIAMSBURG, THEIR VIRTUES AND THEIR FAILINGS.

Editor County Record:

I want to tell something more of the old men of Williamsburg and Clarendon. I may say some things that some people would not like, but I know personally all those that I am writing about and have met them oftentimes in the friendliest manner, and if I do not tell the truth I am willing to be kicked. Nearly all of them liked a dram, but none were drunkards; some kept a little at home, but would get a little tipsy at meetings, like the "Muster Ground", when some one from the backwoods would bring about a five gallon jug, and as friends the most of them would get merry. Sometimes a small fight or two made up for fun, when some one would tell the man who had one or two drinks ahead he was a better man—that was enough. Coats were thrown off, sleeves rolled up and popping his fists, each swearing to be the best man in the county. There were no "pistol-toters" in those days, no cutting with knives, only nature's weapons, bare fists. A ring was made and the fun would begin. It was laughable to see one quite full of "booze" make a strike at the other, miss his aim and fall flat to the ground. His friends would rush up and set him on his feet, saying: "Stand your ground, Bill; go at him, Dick," but they were never allowed to hurt each other much.

The Evans old field was an old muster ground on the road to Manning. Mr Boswell Evans, a clever man and one who liked me, got a little too full at a muster one day and some of them wanted to see him fight someone. Mr Evans was a kind-hearted man and would not insult anyone, even under the influence of whisky; but some persuaded him to fight and that to fight he must take off all his clothes. He was a tall, slim, raw-boned man, not handsome, and he was a beauty in that fighting style. While they were making arrangements for the fight some mischievous fellow hid his clothes and he had to go home without them. He did not live far from the muster ground, and as he came walking towards the house the dogs began to bark and would not let him come to the house. One of the servants knew him, however, and carried him some clothing. That same old muster ground is where George Graham, his brother, Evander, Pete Epps, the writer and many others joined a company and elected John Whitworth captain, a splendid man, finely educated, and made a gallant officer.

Theodore Nelson, William Brand and a Mr Knight were made lieutenants. Capt Whitworth and Lieut Nelson, poor fellows, were killed in the Second Battle of Manassas, causing the breaking of hearts at home that were never healed.

missioner of Williamsburg county for a long time. Some were talking about raising hogs and some one asked Col Cooper what he thought of the law Moses made forbidding the Hebrew children from eating pork. The Colonel said: "Moses knew the wilderness was not a good hog range."

Passing through Kingstree when I was a boy I was riding in an old-style buggy without the cushion, when old Mr Sam P Matthews said to me, "Conrad, you find it cooler riding without the cushion?" He once had a difficulty with Mr Bob Brown. Mr Brown walked away and Mr Matthews fired his pistol, which frightened Mr Brown. Some one asked him why he fired his pistol and he said he only wanted to see him run. Mr Brown, poor fellow, was a friendly man; he was killed by a railroad train which he had in charge at Salters just after the war.

My old friend, Mr Robert Fulton, the father of the present Mr Robert Fulton of Kingstree, told me of a little difficulty he had with some man who was drunk. To get clear of the man he had a small stick and struck him over the head. The man went off and soon returned with a long-barreled rifle and, raising the gun, aimed at Mr Fulton. He said he drew himself up as small as he could, saying to himself, "He will miss me," and the bullet struck the ground just behind him as he was coming down the hill near where the railroad crosses Main street now.

I will now mention Mr John J Reardon and what old Judge Witherspoon said about him. Mr Reardon is the man who brought me from Charleston to this part of the country when a boy. Mr John Reardon wanted to marry a sister of Mr James Epps and Mr David Epps, but the old people objected. The home of the old folk is in "Pudding swamp," and quite near it, with a kind of rather blind road between the swamp and fence behind the house. So John and "Aunt Peggy," as we called her, made "up to slip away some dark night. John was a man of about 160 pounds weight, while Miss Peggy weighed three hundred but was handsome. Mr John had a large black horse called "Bob", so he rode around the hill of the swamp in the darkness and at the appointed hour took Miss Peggy up behind him on great "Bob", and was married ere the old folk found it out. Mr Witherspoon, a near neighbor to Mr Reardon, early the next morning would ask everybody he (Mr Witherspoon) met if they had heard that John Reardon had stolen 300 pounds of meat from Mr Epps last night. Some one would say: "Is it possible? I did not think Mr Reardon would steal."

I do not suppose there are many people living in the section now who knew Mr Webb Clark. His home was in Sumter, called at that time Sumterville. That was a good while before the railroad was built here. Mr Clark had a daughter who was married and living in Georgetown; he would make the trip to see her in a buggy. He was fond of a dram and would have a supply for company, as the drive was nearly one hundred miles. He knew almost ev-

erybody on the route and loved to have a little fun with them. He knew some of the people he had not seen for many years and no doubt changed their way of shaving and hair-cutting and some would not recognize him.

At first I said he was acquainted with nearly all the people on the route. He kept the hotel at Sumterville and nearly all the country people who went there to attend court or on other business would put up at Webb Clark's. On a trip from Georgetown he was by himself and to all he met whom he knew he would say they were ugly. He stopped at Mr John Kinder's (the father of Mr H H Kinder) gate. When he came up to Mr Clark to know what he wanted, not recognizing him as an old acquaintance, Mr Clark leaned forward as if he wanted to make out who Mr Kinder was and asked in a very solemn tone:

"Is that John Kinder?" Mr Kinder replied, "Yes." Mr Clark said, "D—d if you ain't the ugliest man I ever saw in my life." Mr Kinder was a man who would resent an insult and pulled off his coat, threw it on the ground and dared Mr Clark to get out of his buggy. Mr Clark said: "Why, John Kinder, you don't know Webb Clark?" Mr Clark wanted fun and after one or two drinks between them they parted on friendly terms.

I was living with Mr John Reardon at that time. Mr Clark stopped at the gate. Mr Reardon came out but did not recognize Mr Clark at first. Mr Clark said: "Is that John Reardon?" "Yes," was the answer. "Well, d—d if you are not the ugliest man I ever saw." Mr Reardon was one who loved fun and took it in good humor. I was also present and heard him tell of his fun with Mr Kinder.

When the North-Eastern Railroad was completed as far as Kingstree and the first locomotive came puffing up, a large crowd went down to see it, many of whom had never seen a railroad engine or train. A light rain began to fall about that time. Mr Isaac Nelson, father of the Nelsons in Kingstree, shouted to the wondering crowd to shut down their umbrellas: "you will scare it off the track." Most of the umbrellas went down, to the great amusement of many. I knew "Uncle" Isaac quite well; he was a fine old gentleman and never failed to shake hands with "Poor Conrad". The Nelson house still stands to his memory, and I think it must be the only house that remains as it looked when I came to this section. That was a good while ago; these old friends have long passed away and only a few old timers are left with "Poor Conrad" to tell the tale, the years have flown by so fast. It is hard for the writer to realize that he is old now.

Behold, alas, our days we spend,
How vain they be, how short they end;
Behold how short a span
To measure out the life of man.
No more at present from P. C.

The Cotton Outlook.

If the laws of supply and demand are to govern this year, as we are always assured that they must govern in the years when bumper crops are recorded, we are at a loss to see how the price of cotton can fall to advance very materially within the next few weeks. Careful estimates of the world's needs place the probable demand for American cotton at not less than 14,000,000 bales, and there are not a few who contend that there will be a call for as much as 15,000,000 bales. On the other hand, only under the most favorable conditions from this time forward will it be possible for a crop of 14,000,000 bales to be gathered.

Whether or not this can happen, say the Wall Street Journal, "will depend in large measure upon the ability of the four important States of Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina and South Carolina to approximate their performance of 1911 when they together contributed 7,299,699 bales as their share of the mammoth crop, although their average for the five years between 1905 and 1909 was 4,640,872 bales, or 41 per cent of the crop." The planted area in these States is 2,536,000 acres less than last year. The crop got a late start with scarcely any preparation, whereas in 1911 the land was more thoroughly prepared than ever before. The quantity and quality of fertilizer used were both very much reduced. It is inevitable that the crop in these States must fall far below that of 1911, even if it approximates the general average for the last seven or eight years.

The Wall Street Journal thinks that a late frost might save the situation to a degree, but it admits that none of the States named is well prepared to face this danger. There is no probability that the cotton crop now being gathered will exceed 12,000,000 bales at the outside. It is much more likely to be as low as 11,000,000 bales.—News and Courier.

Bagging and Ties for your cotton at People's Mercantile Co. 10-3-tf.

LAKE CITY LOCALS.

Boy Bitten by Mad Dog—Ladies' Book Club Entertained.

Lake City, October 8:—Miss Leila Gaskins is spending a few days with relatives and friends in Darlington.

Messrs Sam Caldwell, Robert McElveen and Justin Morris spent Sunday in town with their parents.

Mr L A Winston left Tuesday for Burlington, N C, where he will buy tobacco for the Imperial during the coming season, which is just opening up in North Carolina, Virginia and Kentucky.

Last Thursday morning considerable excitement prevailed when it was learned that a mad dog had bitten Dixie Caldwell on the hand. The dog was immediately killed and although he had but a few minutes, Dixie boarded train No 80 and took the dog's head to Columbia, where it was pronounced rabies-infected, and as a matter of precaution, the young man is taking the Pasteur treatment in Columbia, although no special danger was anticipated, as Doctor Courtney had cauterized his hand immediately after the occurrence.

Several dogs were also bitten by this rabid canine, and although they showed no symptoms of hydrophobia they have already, with one or two exceptions, been killed.

Mr J Hoyt Carter, who is employed in The First National Bank of Wilmington, N C, is at home on a short vacation.

Mrs W H Woods of Florence was in town last week visiting relatives.

Miss Lizzie McKenzie has accepted a position with the Farmers and Merchants Bank. Her many friends are glad to have her in Lake City again.

Last Thursday afternoon the Ladies' Book Club was entertained by Mrs Fred Hines at her home on West Beauregard street. Mrs G L Sauls sang a solo, Misses Williams and Green entertained with two readings, after which progressive games were played, Mrs G F Stalvey winning first prize and Mrs S D Rickenbaker the consolation prize. After this delightful programme had been carried out the guests spent a social half hour in the enjoyment of refreshments and chatting. The ladies present were: Mesdames C D Rollins, W M McElveen, A H Williams, W E Severance, D Moultrie Epps, S D Rickenbaker, G L Sauls, P H Arrow-smith, T L Truluck, G F Stalvey, W H Woods, Florence, and H S Blizzard, and Misses Eva North, Ruth Alice Williams, Sue Shaw and M E Green.

Mrs G L Sauls entertained the Ladies' Aid society at its regular meeting in her apartments at the Haleyton Hotel last Monday afternoon.

Tuesday night Spongeon Johnson, a white man of Newberry county, was shot to death by an unknown assassin while sitting in a room of his home in company with his wife, his little daughter and an aunt. Mr Johnson was shot in the head with a shot gun, through a window of the house. The murdered man is said to have been peaceable and had no enemies, and the identity of the criminal, as well as the motive of the crime, is a mystery.

If your house burns will it burn your money?
Not if it is in our Bank.

Houses burn quite frequently, through carelessness, accident and many other causes. Suppose your house should burn, WOULD IT BURN YOUR MONEY? When there is such a place in the community as a bank, whose business it is to care for and protect your money, why not put it in the bank? There it is safe from fire or from burglars, or from your own extravagance.

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