

Temporal Mores

“Hello, Uncle Rastus!”
“Hello, Marse Henry, am dat you? I so glad fur see yunna; how yunna bin an' ware yunna lib now? Hit seam jis like miricle fur me to meet wid my ole mossa. Is you stain' in Kingstree? Tell me all 'bout your wandrines sense I see yunna las'.”

“Well, Uncle Rastus, I moved here several years ago to see how I would like the people, with a view of going into business if all things looked favorable. That is why I am here. Now, may I ask why you are here, and what you are doing or expect to do? A sight of you after these long years of separation is so unexpected, and it fills my heart with joy to know that you are still alive and looking so well. You are not looking out for a situation, too?”

“Wall, yas, sah, Marse Henry, I's lookin' out fur suppen to do, too. You see, I's gittin' mighty ole an' feeble, too, an' I can't do nutten eny mo', 'ceptin' I sot down fur do 'um, an' I's gittin' stiff in de j'int's. I bin fixin' ambrellas fur de las' two years, but I fine so menny ob dese furriners in de same biznis dat dare ain't much in 'um no mo'. So I put my t'inker to wuck to sta't suppen dat nobody else hab ebber foller befo'.”

“And how did you make out, Uncle Rastus? Did you discover anything new to make a living at?”

“Yas, Marse Henry, I bin trabble frum one town to enudda da fine suppen new fur me to foller, an' a bran' new idy strike me w'en I see so menny ob dese do-nutten trash a-settin' down fus' on one box, den on anudda, den w'en da git tiered restin' da go to anudda sto' an' set on de counter an' nail kag an' dare start a-smokin' saggyrets, an' hit bin rite here dat my idy was bawn.”

“What was that idea, Uncle Rastus?”

“Wall, you see, Marse Henry, I hab foller de tailer trade fur dese menny yeers an' I no how fur mek cloze an' patch cloze w'en dey git hole in 'um, an' fix 'um up like da be new ag'in, an' hein' as I see so menny ob dese fine gemmens a-settin' 'roun' all day a-join' nutten, t'inks I, so much settin' down blegter wear out de seat ob de britches, an' if da hab holes innum, I kin git plenty of wuck to do a-patchin' britches. Now, to fine out w'ich boy hab hole in he britches' seat was de trubbel, fur mos' ob dem hab cotes on da backs, an' I cudden see dare britches' seat. So I keep on follerin' 'um up, an' as da nebba lef' dare cote home, bimeby a new idy strike me.”

“What was that idea, Uncle Rastus?”

“Well, hit bin dis, as follers: Sense da always keep dare britches' seat kivered up wid dare cote tail, w'en da git up offen de box atter da bin a-settin' down long time, I run dare to see de place, an' see ef de place be wet frum swett, an' ef hit wuz, den I no dat feller hab hole in he britches, an' I go turrum an ax 'um 'bout um, an' dat nite he pull he britches off an' I fix 'um an' tu'n 'um back 'fore dalite next mawnin', an' dat feller cum out fur fresh sta't fur settin' down ag'in. So now, Marse Henry, I patchin' britches.”

“Uncle Rastus, what do you think of the boys and girls of today as compared with those before the war? You are now over 80 years old and I think you are a competent judge. Would you mind giving me your candid opinion?”

“Wall, Marse Henry, you no I is a nigger, an' you no hit don't tek much agervation to git linct an' hab a peck ob bullit holes sen' tru one's hide by dese bums, an' I betta be keerful how I tawk 'bout de boys ob dese times.”

“What do you call bums, Uncle Rastus? You know there are two kinds of bums; one is spelt bomb and the other is spelt bum. The first is an iron shell filled with explosives and is something that flies to pieces, and the other is a guzzler or idle vagabond.”

“Marse Henry, den I sa dese bofe; fur de fust explodes truder britches, do de fuse ma bu'n a long time, but hit sho' to tare a big hole in der britches in two or t'ree munts an' leave a wet spot, an' den de udda bum is, as you say, a goslin waggybon

bum; so da is bofe, bomb an' bum. 'cordin' to my 'sperience, fur bofe fits 'um, an', Marse Henry, dese boys am a berry feeble-minded set an' da all is members ob de Kingstree sanitaryum, as nobody kin git to be a member ob dat order 'ceptin' da hab berry strong marks of bein' feeble minded. An xscusion all de above dare be wus den dat behine 'um. Da tell me roun town dat dem britches nebba cost 'um nutten, an' dem holes cum free, fur needa hab bin pade fur in de sto's, ware da bum; no wunder, Marse Henry, da kin bomb, bum roun', an' udda marchants spoatin' um.”

“Uncle Rastus, don't you think the young folk of today ought to be allowed to enjoy themselves by having parties, dances, strawrides and so on?”

“Now, N-O-W, N-O-W, Marse Henry, may I ax yunna a questhun?”

“Certainly, Uncle Rastus.”

“Am yunna one of dese bums?”

“No, certainly not. You would not for a moment think that I had either the time or disposition to spend this short span of life, my young and best days, in idleness as a bum, wearing out the seat of my trousers on boxes, nail kegs and and store counters?”

“No, sah, Marse Henry, I jis wanster git t'ings strate an' no ware yunna stan'. I node w'at yunna useter was, but don't know how yunna is now, fur, Marse Henry, yunna bin raise up fo' de waw, w'en we hab no bums in doze days sich like de kentry bin bilin' ober wid in dese times, fur mos' ebry house yunna cum to dese daze yunna fine frum one to t'ree bums raze up in 'um, an' all de bums ain't 'mung de boys, needa, but I betta not say nutten 'bout de 'gals, fur I see t'ousands of 'um runnin' 'bout, but I reckon da jis busy huntin' jobs an' not fin'in' none. Sum people sa da run 'bout to be sean, by de britches bums (but I hardly t'ink dat is so) an' de britches bums sottin' down makin' holes in da britches seat lookin' fur de she bums to pass by an' den mek remarks.”

“Well, Uncle Rastus, will you give me your opinion about these straw rides? You are such a sensible darkey, I like to hear you talk, for your ideas run exactly with mine, so far.”

“Marse Henry, yunna ain't tryin' to lay trap fumme, is you, an' see dis po' ole nigga wid a rope roun' he neck an a half bushel bullit holes punch tru him, wid bofe ea's slash off an' bofe ise gouge out? Say, Marse Henry?”

“Why, no, Uncle Rastus, you have nothing to fear along that line; nobody will hurt you for an expression of an opinion, honestly given, for this is a free government made up of free white people and free negroes, and it is a country of free speech, so you have no reason to fear being hurt by anybody for putting your thoughts into words. Remember, you have the whole United States to protect you. Now, tell me your honest opinion about these night straw rides.”

(Uncle Rastus, being as cautious as he is honest, rises from his seat and peers around every object behind which might be hidden some eavesdropper who might be there to overhear and make note of this criticism, and being satisfied that he and Marse Henry were safe from any and all dangers of being overheard, proceeded to discharge his honest opinion of these night straw rides in a low and subdued tone of voice as follows):

“Now, Marse Henry, I gwineter sw'ar yunna to nebba gib dis po nigga 'way an' memba dem bullit holes (Rastus swears him). Marse Henry, I's heep oler den yunna an' derfore hab heard mo' in mi time den yunna hab. I no yunna heard 'bout de bottum rale gittin' on top, ain't you?”

“Wall, in sum respects dat hab sartinly cum true 'bout de bottum rale a-gittin' on top, sho'. Niggas sho' to foller an' imatate w'ite bukra w'en da t'inks dar am no trubbel ahed fur dem. Niggas am like crow, da look long time 'fore da go in watummillium patch an' da studdy long timè 'fore da foller any fashun, I mean w'ite fokes' fashuns, an' w'en niggas buy cloze an' w'ite slippus da pa de cash fur dese t'ings, an' da does it in kurius ways 'umtimes, fur

da hab banks to draw on; da hab de chicken-roost bank, de hog-pen bank, de 'tato bank, de cotton patch bank an' various udda banks, an' w'en da mek draw da nebba am turn down. So true dese wariuous banks is da able to pay cash fur w'at da b'ys. But 'tain't so wid de w'ite fokes, fur da (sum ob dem) git t'ings an' cloze an' britches on a creddick an' nebba pay fur dem. Ain't de bottum rale on top, den?”

(Concluded next week.)

CADES CHRONICLES.

Rain Helps Crops--Aged Negro Wantonly Slain--Necrological.

Cades, July 29:--Crops are looking fine since the rains. Some tobacco farmers have in their last curings and 'most all expect to put in the last round next week.

Some of our folk attended the annual picnic at Olanta last Saturday.

Mrs J P Epps and daughter are spending the week at the Isle of Palms and Mt Pleasant for pleasure and a visit to relatives combined.

Mrs Furman Williamson, of the Hebron section, died Saturday and was buried Sunday near her residence. We extend sympathy. Mr Williamson lived near here until a few years ago.

Mr James Haselden was called to Lake City Sunday on account of the death of his mother.

Saturday night, July 19, a party or parties made an attack on the dwelling of John Nelson, colored, at this place. Several shots were fired, one taking effect in the body of Bill Moore, an aged negro who was stopping in out of a storm that was raging at the time, and from the effects of the wound the negro died Thursday following. Magistrate McElvey held an inquest Thursday afternoon, with Mr V G Arnette as foreman. An autopsy was made and one witness examined and the inquisition was adjourned until today, when the jury will come together at the Cades Mercantile Co's store to complete the examination and render the verdict. Meantime, two young men, sons of Mr H L Poston, are in jail.

It is hoped that the farmers' institute to be held at Mr J J M Graham's place August 11 will be largely attended by the farmers of this and other communities. Come up, Mr Editor, pro tem.

Mr N F Knight and family were called to the deathbed of Miss Nettles, Mrs Knight's sister, last Thursday. The burial took place at Bethel, in Florence county. B.

The Best Medicine in the World.

“My little girl had dysentery very bad. I thought she would die. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured her, and I can truthfully say that I think it is the best medicine in the world.” writes Mrs William Orvis, Clare, Mich. For sale by all dealers. adv

Arrival of Passenger Trains at Kingstree.

The Atlantic Coast Line railroad has promulgated the following schedule, which became effective Sunday, October 15, 1911:

Table with 3 columns: Train No, Direction, and Time. Includes North Bound (Nos 80, 46, 78) and South Bound (Nos 79, 47, 89) with times ranging from 6:10 p.m. to 7:43 a.m.

*Daily except Sunday.

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Bank of Hemingway. W. C. HEMINGWAY, President. J. A. DOYLE, Cashier. Capital \$15,000. Hemingway, S. C. FARMERS! We are in a position to assist you with your crops this year. Let us know your needs now. Come in and talk the matter over with our President, and see what we can do for you.

Tobacco Planters of Williamsburg County. DEAR SIR:--Bring your tobacco to Kingstree and get the high dollar for same, and while here make our stable your headquarters. We have a number of hitch stalls, which are yours as long as they last, and while here we will be glad to show you our line of Buggies, Surreys, Wagons, Mowers, Rakes, Harness, Robes, Whips, &c. We will swap dollars with you on anything in our line for cash or approved paper. Come to see us. YOURS TO PLEASE, Williamsburg Live Stock Company, Thos. McCutchen, Mgr. KINGSTREE, S. C.

BURNED OUT. and nearly a total loss, but the worst of all is, they carried no insurance. This could not happen to you if you were Insured against Fire in one of our reliable companies. When you learn how small a sum is required to pay the premium on a policy for one year, you surely ought never to take the chance of the troubles of this poor family. Kingstree Insurance, Real Estate & Loan Co. R. N. SPEIGNER, Manager.

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Isle of Palms is Calling You \$1.95 to Isle of Palms or Sullivan's Island, tickets on sale Sundays, limited to reach Kingstree returning Tuesday midnight following date of sale. Via the Atlantic Coast Line, "The Standard Railroad of the South" T. C. WHITE, G. P. A., Wilmington, N. C. T. E. BAGGETT, Ticket Agent, Kingstree, S. C. CHICHESTER'S PILL. THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold Metallic Boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, 60 years known as Best, Safest, Always Relieved. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.