

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE.

LYNCHBURG.

Lynchburg, Sept. 2.—Now that the record-breaking and never to be forgotten freshet has subsided, and things reaching a normal state, we can view, without further dread or liability to exaggerate, its path of devastation and ruin, with a feeling that nothing is impossible and that it is the unexpected that oftentimes happens. The greatest freshet in Lynch's creek, up to this one, ever heard of, was in 1855, and the present one was four or five feet higher than that, as the writer remembers it distinctly.

On last Friday morning, about sunrise, the report spread rapidly that the water was running over the railroad in the "back swamp," and soon the road was almost darkened with people—old, young, big and little, of all colors, many of whom hurried to the swamp (?), no, it resembles a swampy sea. The water was running over the railroad for nearly a mile and on back, with a deafening noise. At the first little trestle, some 15 or 20 feet in width, and about 800 yards from the station, so great was the volume of water, that it gave a body a faint idea of the noise of the Niagara Falls. Get away from the noise and the alarm of distress could be distinctly heard from any direction in the flooded districts, which produced a strange sensation—horns blowing, bells ringing, rattling, cries for help, dogs barking, cows lowing, and such a conglomeration of sounds all at the same time, the cause of which if not understood, would send consternation to a body's very soul. But be it said to the credit of numbers of white people, among whom were S. W. Johnson, Hayne Frierson, John and Edwin DeRaut and several others, that they worked like heroes in rescuing a number of poor helpless negroes, some of whom would certainly have perished. The rescuing force was augmented, of course, by a few of the braver negroes. This laborious work was done with a great deal of skill and life.

During the time several boats and rafts were hurriedly made and used to great advantage. One old darkey was, by his stout cries, found in the swamp in a tree, where he had been for four or five hours—almost chilled through. He was with great difficulty brought out on a raft made of logs and poles, but he, at first, refused to come down the tree, until threats to cut the tree down were made.

Messrs. Griffin, Dennis and S. W. Johnson, lost heavily. Nearly all the hogs, cattle and even chickens in the low lands were drowned. Some hogs were found in an old syrup evaporator, up about three or four feet above the ground. In some places both hogs and cattle took refuge in the shanty houses, without any invitation.

The river bridge near South Lynchburg is a complete wreck, causing much inconvenience. In some places the negroes refuse to occupy their houses. They have a suspicion that something worse will befall them if they return.

DAKE CORNER.

Dake Corner, Sept. 5.—Cotton picking is the order hereabouts at this time as all early corn fodder has been gathered. Some few farmers are gathering their May planting. Cotton is passing out bad. There will be a short crop in this neighborhood this year. That and the low prices make the farmers feel rather blue about this time. But we will have to trust to luck, and stare fate in the face, and our hearts will be easy if they are in the right place.

Mrs. Kohl, of the Sycamores, is no better at last accounts.

Mr. Jim Ardis is and has been quite sick for two or three weeks.

Miss Belle Johnston has been moved to her brother-in-law's, Mr. Joe Geddings, near Pinewood.

Several from near here went down to Paxville last Sunday to attend the burial of little Freddie, eight or ten years old, youngest son of Mrs. Laura A. Ardis.

Messrs. J. A. Hodge, J. F. Ingram, J. D. Jenkins and G. W. Geddings called on W. J. Ardis last Monday evening.

W. J. Ardis and Gus Weeks visited Mr. L. S. Barwick at Paxville last Sunday.

R. P. Weeks and son, Gus, visited at Cape Savannah on the 28th ult.

Well, Mr. Editor, the first primary is over, and some are safely landed; some left in the surging political stream to buffet with the strong, restless current, while others are left just where they started from, but if all feel just like I do they are glad to be left, for I never wanted any office yet bad enough to ask a man to vote for me; so I am still calm and serene.

Wash Scott, of Cape Savannah, killed 34 rattlesnakes one day last week, one old and 33 small ones. I don't know if it was a good day for snakes or not, but I think Wash did pretty well.

Well, there is more I could write about, but as my hand hurts me I will ring off.

Mr. Editor, please allow me to thank all of those who voted for me

on the 25th ultimo. Their votes were surely appreciated by

W. J. Ardis.

MAX.

Max, Sept. 7.—Mr. E. M. Truluck was hurt last Friday while moving some lumber and has been sick since. Policeman Welsh, of Olanta, has been very ill for several days.

Saturday evening was spent by a crowd of young people at Mr. A. J. Goodman's in social games and pinder boiling and eating.

Leon, son of Mr. W. G. Moore, has been suffering with a broken arm.

Miss Mozelle Truluck spent last week at Mr. A. J. Goodman's.

Bethel folks were glad to see and hear Rev. B. K. Truluck last Sunday, after his sojourn in the mountains, and his perplexing journey home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hinds left today for their home in Littleton, Ala.

Miss Pearl Truluck went to Lake City last Friday.

Rev. E. M. Hicks was a heavy loser by the flood. Others who owned less property lost very near all they owned.

The many wagons loaded with tobacco seen on the way to Timmons-ville is evidence that much more tobacco has been raised this year than for several years past.

Mr. Zack McElveen said if his mule which died recently, had lived two hours longer she would have been in his possession exactly thirteen years.

Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Kirby and little Miss Katherine Newman, of Columbia, are visiting at Mr. J. A. M. Carraway's.

TINDAL.

Tindal, Sept. 8.—Fine rains fell in this neighborhood on Saturday night. Cotton is opening very fast and hands are plentiful. Some are ginning and selling regardless of the low prices.

Mr. J. F. Broadway, of Davis Station, is spending today in the neighborhood.

Mr. John Brunson, of Florence, is spending a few days with Mr. B. R. Hodge.

Messrs. O. C. Scarborough, of Summerton, and J. B. McLauchlin, of Bishopville, spent Monday in the neighborhood.

The Woman's Missionary Society of Providence church will have an ice cream and oyster supper at the school house on Friday night, Sept. 18th.

REMBERT.

Rembert, Sept. 8.—The Rafting Creek High School opened yesterday under very flattering circumstances. Prof. W. C. Borden, of Trinity College, as principal and Miss Annie Keels, of Winthrop, as assistant, and Miss Annie Kate Alford, of Camden, music teacher. The enrollment for the first day far surpassed the expectations of the trustees, and there will be as many as twenty-five high school scholars this term. The intention of establishing this high school here was to consolidate the small schools in this township and make this the educational center, however there seemed to be some opposition to this move, so the trustees decided to give the other small schools a teacher, hoping all the high school scholars would attend here, and with the advantage of experienced educators such as we now have here, children could be prepared for college and at the same time have home influences and parental training which would mould their lives and characters to take them thro' life. The music department which has been added to the school this year will draw many scholars which could not have had the advantages of music unless going to town. I know of one family now here that sent their children fifteen miles to take music lessons and our citizens of this township ought to feel proud of the high school and your correspondent urges every father and mother in the township to make every sacrifice possible and patronize this high school.

The Misses Felder and Miss Seen of Summerton, S. C., are visiting Miss Adele McLeod.

Marion Reams left this morning for Clemson College.

Sharp Dealing.

For once the American had discovered something British that was better than anything that could be produced "across the pond." His discovery was a fine collie dog, and he at once tried to induce its owner, an old shepherd, to sell it.

"Wad ye be takin' him to America?" inquired the old Scot.

"Yes, I guess so," said the Yankee.

"I thought as muckle," said the shepherd. "I couldna part wi' Jock."

But while they sat and chatted an English tourist came up, and to him the shepherd sold the collie for much less than the American had offered.

"You told me you wouldn't sell him," said the Yankee, when the purchaser had departed.

"Na," replied the Scot; "I said I couldna part wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or so, but he couldn't swim the Atlantic."—Detroit Free Press.

Mark Twain's Way of Putting It.

When one comes across an item of real worth to the public, he should at once make a note of it. For a day or two past, I have been journeying through Germany with Mark Twain in his "Tripp Abroad." He declares, the pleasure in walking depends largely upon the company in which one walks, and the conversation indulged in, and then outlines the topics discussed by him and his friend Harris on their way to Oppenau. He says: "We discussed everything we knew, during the first fifteen or twenty minutes that morning, and then branched out into the glad, free, boundless realm of things we were not certain about. Harris said that if the best writer in the world once got into the slovenly habit of doubling up his 'have's,' he could never get rid of it while he lived, that is to say, if a man gets the habit of saying 'I should have liked to have known more about it,' instead of saying simply and sensibly, 'I should have liked to know more about it,' that man's disease is incurable. Harris said that this sort of lapse is to be found in every copy of every newspaper that has ever been printed in English, and in almost all of our books. He said he had observed in Kichham's Grammar and in Macaulay."

What Harris remarks is true. There are few errors of written speech more common. It is found in the productions of some of our most entertaining and best educated writers, and is generally the result of thoughtlessness and not always of ignorance. In the sentence, "I should have liked to have known more about it," the time of the transaction is fixed by "should have killed" as belonging to the past; why make a second attempt to fix it, or to fix it more securely, by adding "to have known," when "to know" is all one needs to make the sentence grammatical and the sense complete and perspicuous?

I am still slowly jogging along with Mark, and we have come now to Lucerne in our travels. It is the second day of September, the first of the fall months. There is a tinge of coolness in the wind that characterizes fall and not summer. The summer birds are now flying homeward from every section of the country, from mountains and seashores—all coming home gladly, and declaring that one can be more comfortable at home than elsewhere. What they say is true, but we must go away from home now and then in order to get hold of this truth. We learn some lessons with difficulty, and these lessons are not worth much which cost nothing. There are some good folks in Sumter sitting now with their legs spread out beneath their own tables, grumbling at every dish set before them; and the cure for this is to spend a month at a boarding house. This experience will put a quietus upon all complaints for a long time, be the boarding house good, bad or indifferent. Even though the husband may not need it, I have an idea he should be sent away from home for a month during the summer time because of the good that would result therefrom to his wife. On his return home, his wife would think him a new man, or that the growling old fellow had undergone an experience of genuine and permanent religion. His contented and uncomplaining manner, his spirit of general satisfaction would make it easy to live in the same house with him, and all would result from his having spent a month in a boarding house, where decency required him to eat in silence what was set before him, and where a row with cook or housekeeper, in which he would vent his spleen, was an impossible thing. There is no longer any doubt of the thing, that a summer vacation is highly beneficial to some persons, and there are others who never take a rest who surely need it—if not for their own sake, then for the wife's. As a cure-all for the average male growler, my advice is that the wife try to lay up enough funds during the year to send him away from home for a month during the summer. At the summer boarding house he will imbibe lessons so salutary and helpful, that for months after his return home, his shut-mouth and contented spirit will bring in the reign of a delightful domestic calm. I make no charge for this prescription. Many a woman will send me a free-will offering if the good advice is adopted and followed.

I hope to come home in a few days, and to be in my pulpit on the second Sunday in September. It charmed my eyes to read the cheerful notice sent out by my clerical partner, W. B. Duncan, telling of his ventures and of his safe arrival at home. I tried to induce him to follow me, but he declined. If he had been drowned in one of those up-country rivers, he would greatly have regretted not being in my company. This last sentence reads somewhat like an awkward hibernicism; but the breakfast bell is ringing, and I cannot now revise my copy. Let it stand as it is. Duncan has interpreted some very obscure statements made by me in my best and most pellucid style of composition, and he will not stumble over this one. If others fall to see into it, so much the worse for them. The man who spends his life explaining things will

find but little clear profit at the farther end.

I trust the item will convey my best regards to everybody, whether they be in this or in other lands.

C. C. Brown.

Beaufort, S. C.

NOISELESS GUN AWES.

Official Tests Show Fearful Possibilities—Inaudible at 150 Feet.

Springfield, Mass., Aug. 29.—In the presence of a committee of United States army officials, Hiram Percy Maxim, the veteran inventor, today demonstrated beyond all doubt that the noiseless gun which he has contrived is a success. He proved during the tests held today in the armory and in the fields near North Wilbraham that his new gun can be fired within 150 feet of a person without detection by him.

To make clear to the minds of the officers the tremendous revolution which this gun would cause in warfare, Maxim utilized a little cricket which was found in a bush. The officers could hear the cricket chirp at a distance of fifty yards. And they heard it chirp even when the Maxim gun was fired.

Those present at the test, which was the official government one, was Mr. Maxim, Major Morton, Capt. Allen, Lieutenant Meals, Henry Southey, city engineer of Hartford, Conn., and six enlisted men.

The party went to the armory, where tests for penetration, noiselessness and accuracy were conducted. One of the soldiers, a crack-shot with the rifle, fired the regular army gun several times, the explosions ringing out above the noises of the factory where Uncle Sam makes small arms. Then Maxim adjusted his "noise-killer" to the weapon.

The sharpshooter took aim at a target far down the yard and pulled the trigger. From the white plate, more than a hundred yards away, there came a sharp metallic ring. The bullet had ploughed into the steel—but not a sound excepting a soft one, as of fingers snapping, came from the gun.

Then, showing a slight hissing, so slight as to be hardly audible was heard, and the officers looked at one another in bewilderment. The soldier who did the firing looked at the weapon in his hands and held it from him an instant, then laughed in a childish way.

The party adjourned to the fields. Forty regulation cartridges were given to the marksman. The officers posted themselves 2,000 yards from where the sharpshooter stood, and he was given the word to fire. Methodically he sped bullet after bullet into a distant target, each time the service gun emitting a roar that was audible 6,000 feet away, in the village.

After Maxim adjusted the "noise killer," the soldier fired again and eight times he hit the target. All the time the officers were coming closer to him. They could hear the steel projectile smash against the target but nothing else. Finally, when within 150 feet of the soldier, they heard a faint sound. It was the hammer of the gun striking the cartridge. But they heard nothing more, nor did they see either smoke or fire coming from the weapon.

Not contented, Maxim invited the experts to the lake near North Wilbraham. One of the soldiers was posted across the water five hundred yards distant. A target was erected near a little booth he occupied. Eight times he heard the steel jacketed bullet plunge into and flatten on the disc but he heard no other sound although the place is a wilderness and even the low murmurs of the town do not penetrate it.

The officers made calculations and agree that the gun is 74 per cent. noiseless. It was a moody, cogitating group that returned to the armory late in the evening. The men bore no air of triumph. Each probably was thinking of the dreadful possibilities shut up in that little secret device which had been adjusted to the ordinary service guns.

An idea of the severity of the tests may be gained from the fact that 40 grains of smokeless powder were used in each cartridge, a charge capable of hurling a bullet more than 1,500 yards with fatal results.

He Guessed Right.

A one-armed man entered a restaurant and seated himself next to a dapper little other-people's-business man. The latter noticed his neighbor's left sleeve hanging loose and kept eyeing it in a new did-it-happen sort of way. Finally the inquisitive one would stand it no longer. He changed his position a little, cleared his throat and said:

"I beg pardon, sir, but I see you have lost an arm."

The one-armed man picked up his sleeve with his right hand and peered anxiously into it. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, looking up with great surprise. "I do believe you're right!"

—Everybody's.

Fair in the interior; showers on the coast tonight or Wednesday.

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SOUTH CAROLINA IS PARADISE.

Compared to Springfield, Says a Negro Who is Coming Back.

At the Union depot Sunday afternoon, waiting for a train to Augusta, was a negro woman who was on her way to some point in South Carolina.

While in the waiting room she fell to talking to some of the negroes in the room with her, and from the conversation it was learned that she was from Springfield, and was returning to her old South Carolina home.

She said that seven years ago her people went to Springfield, because they had been assured that the negro was more respected in that section of the country, and had every right that white people had. The children went to the same schools, they ate in the same restaurants, and there were no Jim Crow cars, and that there was no distinction in anything on account of color. She says that to some extent they found this to be true, especially as to the mixed schools, but there was no real mixing of the races otherwise, and they kept to themselves. They found that while it might be understood that there was no distinction, and that the white women called a negro woman Mrs. So-and-So, there was no such thing as calling socially, and but for the fact that they were there and could not get away, they would have returned.

In the recent troubles at Springfield the negroes were treated worse by the whites than they ever were in the South and every negro who could sell out and move was leaving. This woman was threatened with whipping and her own family were compelled to leave. She does not know where they went, because in the confusion there was no stopping to hunt for kinfolks. She only knows that before the separation they all wanted to go back to South Carolina, and she was going there, knowing that if alive they will sooner or later meet her there.

She said that down South, in South Carolina, or elsewhere, the mob went after the one negro. In Springfield, they went after the whole bunch. In the South, she said, the negro had a good chance to live in safety and peace as anybody, so long as he behaved himself. In Springfield not only were they after the bad ones, but the good ones. No negro was safe, and she had noticed that this feeling against the negro was growing stronger and stronger every year. She predicts that in a very few years there will be separate schools for whites and negroes all over the West and North.

South Carolina was a paradise to the West for the negro, she said, but the fool negro didn't know it until he spent all his money getting away, as he couldn't get back.

One old negro woman sitting in the waiting room, who had been listening to the talk in silence, threw up her hands and rolled her eyes upward, and exclaimed: "Ain't dat the trufe."

Macon Telegraph.

WILL CONQUER TUBERCULOSIS.

Dr. Flick Says It Will Not Exist in Philadelphia After 15 Years.

Philadelphia, Sept. 4.—The program of the International Conference on Tuberculosis, which will be held in this city September 23-26, was made public today by Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, head of the Phipps Institute for poor consumptives and chairman of the conference. The International Congress on Tuberculosis, to be held in Washington this month, will also be under the direction of Dr. Flick.

The conference is an organization of representatives of national associations from all parts of the world for the study of tuberculosis. The society was formed in 1902, when the first coincident met in Berlin. Since then the conference has met in Paris, Copenhagen, The Hague and Vienna.

"Each year since its inception," said Dr. Flick, "the members of the conference have had a story to tell of great strides made toward the eventual conquering of consumption, and the conference this year will be remarkable for the telling of a progress twice as great as has been made in any year before."

"In Philadelphia alone a reduction of 300 has been made in the death rate of the last six months from the same six months of 1907. The total number of deaths from consumption last year in the city was 36,000, and if the same rate of progress is kept up for six years to come consumption will be stamped out here."

Asked if, in his opinion, this result would ever be brought about, Dr. Flick said:

"I am sure that in 15 years or less tuberculosis will be wiped out. All that is needed is a wider knowledge of how to prevent its spread. If we could teach everyone the simple method of preventing contagion we could immediately stop all further progress of the disease, and in a few years it would be gone. Their wide educational value is the reason for holding the national conferences. This year we intend to reach as many people as we can through the papers, exhibits and popular lectures."

Among the countries to be represented by from 1 to 15 delegates will be Belgium, Denmark, Germany, England, France, Italy, Greece, the Netherlands, Norway, Austria, Roumania, Russia, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain and Hungary.

Plenty of Meat.

We broke the meat famine on Saturday by the receipt of an assorted car of Butts, Plates and Ribs, which we are selling for much less than the prices prevailing during the flood.

O'Donnell & Co.

The chief of police of Chester, Pa., is attempting to cool off periodical drunkards by making them whitewash the city prison.