

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE.

NEWS LETTERS FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

News of Interest From all Parts of Sumter and Adjoining Counties.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mail your letters so that they will reach this office not later than Monday when intended for Wednesday's paper and not later than Thursday for Saturday's issue. This, of course, applies only to regular correspondence. In case of items of unusual news value, send in immediately by mail, telephone or telegraph. Such news stories are acceptable up to the hour of going to press. Wednesday's paper is printed Tuesday afternoon and Saturday's paper Friday afternoon.

PIGDAH.

Pigdah, May 6.—Mr. Joseph McManus died at his home here on Tuesday morning, after an illness of some time, and was buried at Pigdah church on Wednesday morning after a funeral service by the pastor, Rev. E. L. Cole, and in the presence of a large and sympathetic congregation, who testified to the respect in which he was held. At the beginning of the war he was one of the first to volunteer and fired the big guns that rained Fort Sumter in 1861. The firing of the cannons made him deaf the balance of his days. He made a fine soldier and never flinched when the bullets whistled, and the shells bursted. He was not widely known, but belonged to that hero class of soldiers that history is silent on. The tribute of his worth as a soldier and to the "Lost Cause" for which he so gallantly fought, by his pastor, was one of the finest the writer ever heard. He leaves a large family and many relatives and friends to mourn his departure. The old soldiers are rapidly leaving us to join the great commanders, Lee, Jackson and Hampton, on the other shore.

EGYPT.

Antioch, May 3.—The weather is beautiful and the farmers are taking advantage of it. Cotton is up to a very good stand. Some of our farmers are chopping. Corn is doing well. The prospects are brighter for a good crop of oats than they were a week ago.

Dr. D. N. Matthews, graduate at Charleston Medical College, returned home Saturday.

Messrs. J. R. McLeod, L. A. White, J. E. Rihnborg and W. T. McLeod, spent Saturday in Camden.

Mr. J. W. Waldon spent Saturday in Chesapeake.

Messrs. L. A. and A. B. White, J. E. Rihnborg, Charles Peebles and Wm. White, had the pleasure of attending a fish fry near the State farm last Tuesday.

Miss Eva Britton, accompanied by Miss Corrie Owens of Westville, spent Saturday and Sunday at this place.

Rev. J. E. Strickland filled his regular appointment at St. John's M. E. Church Sunday morning.

Messrs. Lawrence White and James Juchina, of Rombert, spent Sunday at this place.

Mr. Lawrence Sullivan and Misses Esselle and Bessie Stuckey, of Statesburg, spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of Dr. L. H. Peebles.

Mr. Arrie Davis spent yesterday at this place.

The health of the community is very good. The marriages few.

SALEM.

Salem, May 10.—The crop outlook at present is by no means promising. In many places late planting on stiff or bottom lands will have to be replanted. The hot sun after the cold spell of a week ago has played up young cotton. Rud worms have been worse on corn than usual. Where the land was not rotated there is little of March corn left. The past few weeks have brought many visitors to this section, of which some came from a distance.

Harry C. Niles, Esq., and his aged mother, of York, Pa., visited a friend here last week. The former remaining only two days, while the Mother in Israel remained to be taken back home by another son, Judge Alford S. Niles of the supreme bench of Baltimore, Md., who came down on the 1st of May and remained a week, after which they left for their homes on Friday morning last.

Dr. T. M. McCutchen, of Seneca, delighted his many friends by his appearance here last Sunday. It did seem a return of the good old times when our good doctor was once more in our midst, and cheer his heart to hear some of his former patients say, "Doctor, you must come and prescribe for me before you return home. Then came the gentle smile and promise that he would do so. That is characteristic of Dr. McCutchen.

Messrs. J. A. and Geo. Warren and Miss Brown, of Sumter, visited relatives here Sunday.

The Salem school that has been so successfully taught by Miss Julia Welch, of James Island, will close next Friday, 14th of May. Miss Welch

has made many friends by her genial manners, who regret to say good bye even for a short season. All join in the hope that she will return next season as principal of Salem Academy.

There was a very enjoyable stag fish fry at Shaw's Lake on Black River on Saturday. Fish were in abundance. One fellow claimed that he had eaten dinner before he arrived at the spot. But his word was all the evidence produced. The way he dined everything in sight made the others think he was preparing for a fast. The latest from him was that he could not take on supper, but held a stiff spoon at breakfast without the aid of a practitioner. He claims his chances for a speedy recovery is up to date. Should a relapse set in we will post your readers and enter more into details.

Mer Luck.

By a strange coincidence a much married woman lost three husbands in succession through fatal accidents in the mine. Naturally her case excited some interest, and she had many sympathetic callers, to all of whom she made the same reply.

"Ah, yes, it's very hard," she said, "but in the midst of my sorrow I've always had something to be thankful for. None of my husbands lived long after I'd insured 'em, as some poor souls' husbands do!"—London Graphic.

The Fiddle Shepper.

"That woman always keeps me guessing," said the grocery clerk as she went out. "I never can tell till the last minute what she is going to buy. Just now she priced the coffee. I gave her the prices—25 cents, 28, 30, 35, 40.

"Is your twenty-five cent coffee any good?" she asked me.

"Yes," said I; "bang up."

"Then," said she, "give me a pound of your forty cent, ground fine!"—New York Press.

Dubuque's Seal.

On the city seal of Dubuque, Ia., appear the words "La petite nuit," and strangers are always puzzled by them. Why should Dubuque be called "the little night"? It is explained that the place originally was settled by an old miner named Dubuque. When the Indians granted certain lands to Dubuque the document was drawn up in French in Prairie du Chien. The clerk who did the work believed that "la petite nuit" meant "the old miner," and his mistake has perpetuated, a phrase which, however pretty, has no significance in its present connection.

Hopeless.

Martha, endeavoring to instruct a would-be housekeeper in the mysteries of pudding making, was overheard. "Yer jes' takes some bread on"— "But how much bread, Martha?" "Oh, jes' what yer needs, Miss Min. On den yer puts yo' milk on it!" "And how much milk, Martha?" "Well, yer mus' use yer judgment 'bout dat, Miss Min."

"But I haven't any judgment, Martha."

"Well, de Lord he's yer, Miss Min, 'cause I can't!"—Travel Magazine.

Exclusive to the Last.

An instance of exclusiveness maintained under difficulties is reported from the ladies' cabin of an Atlantic liner. All were sick except one lady and a cat, which wandered uneasily about. The lady ventured to stroke the cat, remarking, "Poor pussy." The cat was inclined to respond and elevated its tail in token of good will, when from a neighboring berth came in choking tones the words, "Excuse me, that is a private cat!"—Argonaut.

That Family Skeleton.

Mrs. Whistler—Tell me, Mary, why it is that you always cry so when papa sends you to bed in the dark when you are naughty? There's no such things as ghosts, and the dark doesn't hurt you, does it? Little Mary—No, mamma, but I'm afraid of that skeleton Mrs. Jones says we got in our closet.—Baltimore American.

Deceitful.

"I admire patience and self control," said Uncle Eben, "but when I see a man dat kin keep on smilin' after he done bruise his thumb with a hammer I can't help bein' suspicious of his capacity for deceit!"—Washington Star.

Few things are impossible in themselves. It is not so much means as perseverance that is wanting to bring them to a successful issue.—Rochefoucauld.

Rare Indeed.

How rarely do these three things meet—a man who wants something, is fitted for it and any great number of persons who think he ought to have it!—Exchange.

Crushed.

Stonebroke—Do you think your father would object to my marrying you? Hell—No, I don't know. If he's anything like me he would.

Parents and turkeys are always treated well before Christmas.—Aitchison Globe.

Sharpening a Pocketknife.

Cutters have certain rules for sharpening razors, pocketknives, etc. "A razor," said one of the craft, "must be laid flat on the hone, because it is hollow ground and requires a fine edge. But a pocketknife requires a stiff edge, and the moment you lay it flat on a stone, so as to touch the polished side, you injure the edge. It must be held at an angle of twenty to twenty-five degrees and have an edge similar to a chisel."

The Voice of Fame.

An American author of some note was passing a summer in New Hampshire. One day he received word that a distinguished Englishman was visiting in the country town and would like to call upon the author, of whom, he added in his note requesting an audience, he had heard.

Somewhat flattered, the author wondered to himself who had spoken to the distinguished Englishman about him.

"Some Oxford dignitary doubtless," he reflected pleasantly, "or possibly some London publisher or critic," and he awaited the stranger's arrival with interest.

"So you had heard of me," he ventured after the usual greetings had been spoken. "Well, that is odd. Might I ask who?" But his visitor interrupted him.

"Oh, yes!" he said. "I heard all about you before I got here. The porter on the Pullman told me that you were the very man to come to ask about the best route to Niagara and what hotel I'd better stay at."

Paying Visits in Australia.

In Australia a month's visit to a country house would be nothing. Two months—three months—six months—as long as you like would not be considered too long, other things being equal. Nobody thinks of dates. To write and invite you from the 15th to the 30th would be rude. You are asked to stay as long as you like. Or else you ask yourself to stay as long as you like. Or even to face all the contingencies—you neither ask nor are asked. You simply go. And, having arrived, you remain, for the one unfailing commodity of an Australian country house is welcome. Everything else may give out. If you stay long enough there is sure to be a time when there are no servants, no milk, no vegetables, no meat but mutton, or even no water, but the thoughts of guests going away will never enter the minds of the host and hostess. Good nature, gaiety, informality—these are the leading notes of life in every Australian country house.—London Globe.

The Old Trade.

"H'm" ejaculated the governor as he perused the card of the newly arrived prisoner. "I see you are a commercial traveler?"

The man assented.

"That presents something of a difficulty. You know, my man, everybody here has got to work. Now, what trade will you take up? You can be a mat-maker, a tailor or a shoemaker. Perhaps you'd like to make brushes or baskets?"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted the prisoner, "but I think I'd much rather stick to my old trade."

"Well," said the grave and reverend seignior, "we always like prisoners to work at their own trades when possible. But—"

"Oh, that's simple!" interrupted the prisoner eagerly. "I should like the chance of going round selling on commission the things the other fellows make."—London Scraps.

Got the Best of Carlyle.

The Rev. Thomas Alexander, a Presbyterian minister, long resident in Chelsea and well known as a brother Scot, was most anxious to know Carlyle, but had no opportunity of getting an introduction to him. One day in the King's road he saw Carlyle coming in his direction and took advantage of the opportunity by going up to the sage and saying, "Thomas Carlyle, I believe?" Carlyle's reply was, "Tom Alexander, I know!" They became good friends, and later Mr. Alexander wrote to Carlyle for a subscription toward a school building fund, and Carlyle wrote back a refusal in doggerel, whereupon Mr. Alexander replied that if he did not send him £5 he would sell his poetry to a collector or publish it. The £5 was at once forthcoming.

Knew Them at Once.

The vicar appointed to a living in an old English village was anxious to restore his church. On either side of the porch were grotesque, not to say hideous, faces that had become almost hidden. The vicar had these ancient faces worked up until their features were made distinct. Then he took a very old lady of the parish to see them and jokingly asked if she could tell him who they were. "Why, bless my heart, sir," said she, peering at the old ornaments, "it's you and your good lady!"

Friendly Advice.

A very matter of fact Scotchwoman called to see a neighbor, an elderly woman, who had been ailing for some time.

"And how do you find yourself today, Janet?" was the greeting.

"Ah, Martha, I'm very bad. This cold, damp weather 'll be the end of me. I'll be a dead woman before very long."

"Hoots, toots, woman! You've been saying that any time these last twenty years. I've no patience with you. I'll tell you what it is. You want firmness of mind. Fix a day for your dying—and stick to it!"

Character.

There is a tremendous power in character when added to ability. A great many youths think that ability is everything; that if a man has brain power he can accomplish most anything, but he is a lightweight man, no matter how able, if he does not add character to his ability.—Success Magazine.

Not Ahead.

"They say that Shifter is ten years ahead of his time."

"Well, it's not true. I'm his landlord, and I know he's just six months behind."

Be grateful for every hour and accept whatever it brings.—Thoreau.

An Expensive Dollar.

Not long ago in this town a kind friend of the family gave one of the kids a dollar. Of course it was too much to let the kid get out and spend for candy and gum, so it was religiously put up on the sideboard or some other safe place to be kept—just for what the deponent saith not. In about a week the juvenile owner of the big round coin remarked at the breakfast table, "Papa, mamma spent my dollar yesterday." The head of the house took the hint and fished up another dollar, which, like its predecessor, was placed in a good safe place to keep.

During the next month by a carefully tabulated record which he kept on his cuff he repaid this elusive dollar just thirteen times. So at the end of the month you will not be surprised to learn that our friend sent the donor of the original dollar this curt note:

Dear Sir—Enclosed you will find a check for \$1. It's the dollar you gave our youngster. I return it simply to avoid bankruptcy. Already it has cost me somewhere between fifteen and twenty.

Lamah (Mo.) Democrat.

Her Own Doctor.

A Washington woman recently hired a negress. Going to the kitchen one day, she was amazed to find the negress sitting on the floor, with her hair standing out from her head like a black nimbus. The girl was pulling one curly lock and then another in such a way as to suggest that she had suddenly lost her reason.

"What on earth are you doing, Mary?" gasped the lady of the house.

"Nawthin', ma'am; only I has got a sore throat an' was jest tryin' to find de lock dat would juss' mah palate up an' relieve de tickle."—New York Herald.

The Source of Chalybeate Waters.

The chalybeate waters of Tunbridge Wells are said to owe their ruddy tint and queer taste to the fact that St. Dunstan flung his pinchers into them after that memorable encounter recorded in the old rhyme—

St. Dunstan, as the story goes, Once pulled the devil by the nose With redhot tongs, which made him roar That he was heard three miles or more—or that the glowing proboscis—and a long snout is one of the most marked features of the fiend in the mediaeval art—was itself plunged into the healing well when its owner had taken a flying leap out of the saint's cell at Mayfield, some nine or ten miles away.—London Queen.

Wanted the Other One.

A handsome and neatly dressed young woman was walking down the street the other day, followed by her favorite dachshund pup. It was market day, and the pavement being somewhat crowded caused the dog to get some distance behind its mistress. Fearing it would lose sight of her, she called, "Come along, sir!"

A would-be wit who was near stepped up to her and with great politeness said, "Certainly, miss."

"Ah," she exclaimed as her pet came running up, "you have made a mistake! This is the puppy I called."—London Tit-Bits.

Ballooning Among the Clouds.

It has been my lot to see in arctic regions some hundreds of thousands of icebergs close at hand, and I have always believed them to be the most beautiful objects on earth, but the clouds of the sky, close at hand, are almost as beautiful. If you mount above one of these majestic things, swiftly overtopping one by one its folds and wreaths, and if remembering how high it is you look down and see only small green patches of earth through holes in the cloud carpet below, you have a little thrill of conception of how lonely a man would feel falling away down there and not being able to see the spot where he must alight. It is a safe little thrill, however. You know that you are not going to fall. Such dizziness as some persons feel in standing near great heights on the earth is almost unknown in ballooning.—Albert White Verse in Success Magazine.

Where the Audience Was.

A London actor appearing at a cheap theater in Salford found so small an audience that he sought out the manager for an explanation. "You see," the manager told him, "my people are at the Halle concert." "Oh," the actor said, surprised, "I should hardly have thought your patrons would care much for high class music." "No," the other explained; "to tell the truth, they go to pick pockets."

Trouble For Nothing.

To smuggle a human skeleton into Canada from Detroit a medical student dressed it in female attire and seating it by his side in a buggy, crossed over the boundary line. After he got safely into his house he learned that there is no custom duty on skeletons.

Clipping Their Wings.

The costume of the P'u Yan Pen-lee women in the Shan states is very striking, consisting of a cloth hood, an open jacket and a pair of short white trousers reaching barely to the knee. But the most important though the least noticeable part of their costume is their colored cloth garters. These the women are obliged to wear, as without them it is believed they would be able to fly away, leaving their husbands and sweethearts sorrowful.

Venice Too Wet For Her.

A woman who recently returned from a trip to Europe says wet weather hasn't bothered this country at all in comparison with what she saw abroad. She says that they ran into a town named Venice where the water covered every street, and you couldn't get anywhere except in boats. She added: "You bet we only stayed one day in that slosh."—Kansas City Star.

Three Kinds of Lightning.

The Etruscans of old believed that there were three kinds of lightning—one incapable of doing any injury, another more mischievous in its character and consequently only to be issued with the consent of a quorum of twelve gods, and a third carrying mischief in its train and for which a regular decree was required from the highest divinities in the Etruscan skies. Curiously enough, modern scientific men agree with the view that there are three kinds of lightning, but their varieties differ from the Etruscans. The first is known as forked lightning and runs in zigzag lines, the second as sheet lightning, because it is seen in a body, and the third as globe lightning, as it sometimes runs in the shape of a ball. The latter variety is rather slow in moving.

The Word "Nice."

"Nice" is one of the exceptional words which have risen on the scale and improved with age. It is from the Latin "nescius" and originally signified ignorant. To Chaucer it regularly meant foolish—"wise and nothing nice." In Spenser's time it still meant effeminate. From general foolishness there was probably first a specialization to foolish fustiness about trifles. Then the idea of ignorance dropped out, and the word meant particular about details, accurate. It was creditable to be a "nice" observer or to show "nice" judgment. And so in the end the positively agreeable meaning of today was evolved.

Examining Wedding Gifts.

"Women viewing another woman's wedding presents say things which are likely to be misinterpreted," said the bachelor who declares he hates weddings, but always goes when invited, according to the Washington Post, "and other things which no favorable interpretation would make complimentary to the bride or to the givers. It's the way of the sex, I suppose. Now, why is it that the most common remark of the women who are inspecting the layout of silver and cut glass and other gifts more or less useful is, 'What a lot of presents she got?' They don't mean anything unkind, but the inference an uninitiated eavesdropper would draw is that they wonder why she got so many, as if by rights she shouldn't have had half so many. Of course they vary the remark, 'What a lucky girl!' says one, as if she would like to add, 'Some persons have too much luck.' And another says, 'I wonder where they all came from,' implying almost as if the bride couldn't have enough friends to make so many gifts and must have sent some of them to herself just to making a showing."

Casualties Expected.

During one of Speaker Cannon's bitter political fights in his district in Illinois the opposition resorted to desperate tactics. Among other things friends of Uncle Joe were summarily dismissed from positions they held in the public service. Some of his friends became alarmed at this, and one of them called on the speaker at his residence and said, somewhat excitedly: "Joe, Smith and Jones have just lost their positions in the postoffice. What are we going to do about it?" Uncle Joe took another puff at his cigar and then answered, with a benevolent smile: "Nothing. If you go into battle, you have got to expect to have some dead and wounded."

A Precaution.

"Young man," said her father, "I don't want you to be too attentive to my daughter."

"Why—er—really," stammered the timid young man, "I had hoped to marry her some."

"Exactly, and I'd like to have you marry her, but if you're too attentive to her you won't have money enough to do it."—Liverpool Mercury.

How They Save Lights in Stornoway.

On a sunken reef 350 feet distant from Stornoway lighthouse is a remarkable beacon which warns mariners with the help of a light which is only apparent. The beacon is a cone of cast iron plates, surmounted with a lantern containing a glass prism. The prism derives its light from refracting the rays emitted from the lighthouse, and the optical delusion is marvelous. Mariners naturally suppose that there is a lighted lamp on the beacon itself, and many of them will not believe otherwise. But the object of the beacon is attained when the navigator sees the reflected light, which indicates the perilous rock below. This beacon in the north of Scotland has been in use more than half a century, and since it was fixed in position others have been placed in other neighborhoods to make clear points of danger. It is an ingenious and very effective safeguard against perils of the coast.

Characteristic Songs.

"It may or may not be the case that a race's temperament can be judged from its folk songs," said a traveler on a transatlantic liner the other day, "but it is interesting to note the difference of subject matter in the songs of various peoples."

"The Irishman, for instance, seems to sing for the most part about his ladylove. Hardly any of his songs are not addressed to his 'Somebody Mary-ourneen!'"

"The Scot, on the other hand, sings about his country and its history, as a rule. 'Scots Wha Hae,' 'Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon,' 'Loch Lomond,' and so on, might be taken as examples. "The Englishman, it is interesting to note, sings about himself all the time. His songs are about his own glory, his ships, his men, his power. He refers occasionally to old England, but only as a place he made famous by his own prowess. Unlike the Irish and the Scot, he sings little of his women and his country's beauties."—New York Times.

Goldsmith's Actor.

Lord Nugent was one evening very eloquent to Goldsmith in praise of M. (a bad actor). "But, my lord," said Goldsmith, "you must allow he treads the stage very ill—he waddles."

"Waddles?" said Lord Nugent. "Yes, he waddles like a goose. Why, you know we call him Goose M. Well, and then, you know, when he endeavors to express strong passion he bellows."

"Bellows?" said Lord Nugent.

"To be sure he does—bellows like a bull. Why, we call him Bull M. Well, then," continued Goldsmith, pursuing his triumph, "his voice breaks, and he croaks."

"Croaks?" said Lord Nugent.

"Why, the fellow croaks like a frog. We call him Frog M."

"But M. is a good actor."

"Why, yes," said Goldsmith, "barring the goose and the bull and the frog and a few other things I could mention, and not wishing to speak ill of my neighbors, I will allow M. is a good actor."—Memoirs of the Earl of Nugent.

The Gypsy Life.

"Just as soon as my husband and I have \$500 saved up besides our fare, we are going back to England," said a woman player. "Then we are going to buy one of those gypsy wagons they have over there. They are too awfully jolly for words, don't you know. They are quite wide, have bunks, a cunning little kitchen and sitting room. You wander through the country all day; then at night you stop, cook your supper, sit under the trees and sleep out in the open or in the wagon, just as you choose. Many of my artist and theatrical friends have them and just wander from place to place. It is an ideal way to live; beats houseboats or bungalows. If you have ever slept out in the open and watched the stars over your head you feel smothered in a bedroom. I played through Australia, and we went from place to place in a big wagon, sleeping out of doors at night."—New York Times.

The Complete Alpinist.

The young millionaire had climbed the Jungfrau, Moeck and Eiger.

"It is more dangerous work than motoring," he said, "and, dear me, how the climber is loaded down. He resembles a peddler more than anything else. He carries wood to make a fire with. He carries nails for his boots. He carries a lamp. He also has an ax wherewith to cut steps for himself in perpendicular ice walls, and he has a cord wherewith to rope himself to his companions, and he has a staff to help him up and down the steep. In the sack on his back there are all sorts of things—tubes of cod-liver-oil, tea, coffee, candles, socks, extra shirts, gloves, pins, brandy, meat extract, smoked glasses. And dangling between his shoulders is a pair of snowshoes, without which in the hot August sun he would sink in the soft snow quite up to his knees at every step."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Took the Cue.

"Now," said the teacher, who had been describing the habits of bears, "what is the fiercest animal in the polar regions, Johnny?"

"Why—er—er," stammered Johnny.

"Come, don't you remember? The pol!"

"Oh, sure; the polecat!"—Philadelphia Press.

An Explanation.

Little Dot—Mamma, I was playing with your best tea set while you were away, and when you bring it out for company you'll be shocked, 'cause you'll think one of the cups has a hair in it, but it isn't a hair. Mamma—What is it? Little Dot—It's only a crack.—Pick-Me-Up.

The Sailor's Prayer Book.

"This is what you call the sailor's prayer book," a seaman said bitterly as he kicked a holystone out of the way. "Why is it called that? Well, in the first place, it is called that because in using it, in holystoning the deck, the sailor has to kneel down, and, in the second place, because all holystoning is done on Sunday. Don't you know the chantey—

"Six days shalt thou work and do all that thou art able And on the seventh holystone the decks and scrape the cable."

"The stone is called holystone because the first holystones were bits of tombs stolen from cemeteries. It's got a pious, religious sound—holystone and Sunday and all that—but it is when he is using this stone that the seaman is most profane."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Jenny's Quick Method.

Jenny's uncle, who was a school-teacher, met her on the street one beautiful May day and asked her if she was going to the Maypole dance.

"No, I ain't going."

"Oh, my little dear," said her uncle, "you must not say 'I ain't going.' You must say 'I am not going.' And he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar. "You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going. Now, can you say all that, Jenny?"

"Sure, I can," she replied, making a courtesy. "There ain't nobody going."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Substitutes For Tea.

English cottagers have to use the leaves of shrubs and herbs for tea, such as the black currant. Our Pennsylvania mountaineers use the Soldago odorata for tea, instead of the costly China tea. Soldago odorata is a variety of the familiar goldenrod. In Louisiana it is largely used by the French population of the remote districts. Checkerberry or teaberry (Gaultheria repens) is a little spicy plant also used for tea.