

THE TOWN OF UNION HAS  
Three Cotton Mills, one the largest in the South. Four Furniture and Wood Manufacturing Concerns. One Female Seminary. Water Works and Electric Lights.

# THE UNION TIMES.

THE TOWN OF UNION HAS  
The largest Knitting Mill and Dye Plant in the State. An Oil and Manufacturing Co. that makes an unexcelled Guano. Three Graded Schools. Artesian Water. Population 6,500.

VOL. LI. NO. 47

UNION, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1901.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

**F. M. FARR, President.**      **A. H. FOSTER, Vice President.**  
**GEO. MUNKO, Cashier.**      **J. D. ARTHUR, Assistant Cashier.**

**Merchants' and Planters' National Bank**  
**OF UNION, S. C.**

Capital Stock.....	\$60,000
Surplus.....	50,000
Stockholders' Liabilities.....	60,000
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$170,000</b>

DIRECTORS—J. A. Fant, W. H. Wallace, Wm. Jeffries, T. C. Duncan, J. T. Douglass, E. P. McKisick, A. H. Foster, Wm. Coleman.

**We Solicit Your Business.**

I have ever seen, and a long trough where they said the convicts bathed their faces.

It was getting late when we started back to the city and when the State House was reached it was nearly dark. An hour or more was spent looking at old relics, all of which were very interesting. In the Secretary of State's office was a clock which cost \$600. It was a common looking clock but it was bought in reconstruction times and that accounts for its costliness. The State House is a magnificent structure and any South Carolinian who isn't proud of it should be lectured, that's all.

The train tearing up the track and throwing the rails into a mill pond in order to make the escape of the train impossible.

The scouts would frequently get in rear of the Federal lines and take horses, men and wagons as they could get them. On one occasion near Deep Bottom two of them were waiting for an opportunity when they saw a body of cavalry coming that had been out guarding a wagon that had gone for some plank of an old house they had torn down to build winter quarters. While the scouts were waiting the cavalry came along and after watering their horses at the creek in sight of their camp, marched on thinking the wagon all right. Just as the team went into the creek and began to drink the scouts boarded the wagon and disarmed the men on it and ordered the driver to turn round which he did without questioning their authority. As soon as the team was straightened out in the road they ordered the driver to strike the trot and the prisoners to throw the plank off. As the load was lightened the team increased its speed until it was in a full gallop, turning through the woods and thickets the scouts conducted it to our improvised fund where all was taken out safely and by the time the disappointed guards would have gone back to hunt up their wagon, team and lumber the team, wagon and three prisoners were safely within the Confederate lines.

**Wm. A. NICHOLSON & SON,**  
**BANKERS,**

Transact a Regular Banking Business in all its Branches and Insure Against Fire, Tornado, Boiler, Liability and Accidents, and Issue Bonds of Indemnity for Officials of Corporations, and Individuals as Administrators, Etc., Etc.

**YOUR BUSINESS IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.**

After reaching the State office I was separated from the party to join them again at Hyatt's Park, but wasn't able to see them again until we met at the train. Hyatt Park is three miles from Columbia and one of the grandest places around. I could have spent several hours here but on account of limited time it was hurriedly viewed, therefore I will leave it to those who saw it better to give a description.

We left Columbia Thursday evening at 8:50 o'clock and brought back the recollection of one of the most pleasant days ever spent, of the kindness of Col. Holloway and other officers and of the Union county girls chance of kissing a pleasant old gentleman which they didn't take advantage of. Last but not least, we came back home wearing the blue ribbon. Everybody knows what that means.

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There is very little dependence to be put in a tomcat to help rid a place of rats. A whole team will loaf around and let rats eat up everything. As James Whitcomb Riley said about hogs: "They are mighty like (some) men."

Rabbits are ripe and what a toothsome dish a good cook can make of them. When back bones comes in, with them and rabbits, a good old farm dish, it is not hard to scare up a good appetite.

Geese and ducks are on the river in goodly numbers but rather shy to get at. The geese leave the shoals early every morning and go away somewhere to the feeding grounds.

There is considerable fishing at baited holes in Broad river by colored fishermen and they say the catch of carp has been fair and a few red horse have been caught. The red horse are the first caught up here in eight years. But the river is too clear for much catching.

I guess there are many poor negroes and their children who wanted a piece of meat for breakfast last Sunday morning but alas and alack the circus folks had the old folk's money. But many went to see the "street surrade."

There has been a "nigger in a woodpile." My woodpile. Perhaps some thought I was philanthropic enough last spring to cut and split wood in exact "fire lengths" for them to burn when the cold wind got to clipping at them. If I had "loaded" a few sticks and thereby cleaned out the ashes from the fireplace they would have thought I was "blowing" another tune. I hauled it off while they were at the show and if they had fires on Sunday I know they had to cut the wood. The lazy varmints.

I have just received a copy of the *Scranton News* and like it very much. I read all the editorials which made me feel somewhat like I was talking to an old friend face to face. Many thanks to the Editor Mr. W. Eugene Cook. Long may he and his paper flourish.

Some went to a house at one o'clock at night and awoke the family trying to borrow a wagon to go. It was cold that night but they didn't feel it, they were slow bent.

I do not wish anyone to doubt my veracity and I am thinking of redeeming myself by fulfilling the promise I made Homo at the Association. No, not redeem, but just fulfill it. Look out for me sometime. Oh yes, brother, "he laughs best who laughs last," you needn't be surprised at me "getting lost" from THE TIMES party, for if I was lost from the main portion I was with one of the girls. I was sharp enough not to get lost until one of them got lost too. I am not bragging on sharpness.

HEY DENVER.

## OUR GIRLS AT THE FAIR.

Two More of Our Beauties Write of the Trip to the State Fair—Had a very Pleasant Time and Hope We Will All Meet Again.

When admitted on the Fair Ground our kind Editor, Mr. Mathis, took us around to meet Hon. W. D. Evans, president of the Fair, and Mr. Thos. W. Holloway, Secretary. The President and Secretary both made us an address of welcome which was much enjoyed by us all.

We went then through the main building from the ground floor to the art gallery where I saw ever so many pretty things. The loveliest sight was the beautiful flowers. They were the prettiest flowers I ever saw. All I regret was that I didn't have some of them at home. Mr. Editor I saw so many things at Columbia that really I hardly know how or where to begin writing about them, but the incident that was the death bed scene of President McKinley showing his breathing and the opening and closing of his eyes as life was passing away. The red cross nurse sat beside his bed while a table in the corner contained medicine, bottles, glasses, etc.

We enjoyed the horse races very much, saw several fine horses and the way they could run was a caution.

Our next point was the penitentiary and we took a long ride in that direction on the street car. We went all through and viewed every place of interest. I think they might give them but food in the pepper I saw hanging on the front of one of the houses. I was greatly amused when we went in the kitchen at the manner of preparing meals, the great stack of bread, the big pot of hominy cooked for the next morning's meal.

From there we went to the State House. This was about the most interesting place in the city that we visited.

of a crowd the moment we set foot in Columbia. Going over to the Fair Grounds we were packed in the street car like sardines in a can and on the grounds it was no better. One had to undergo some exercise to keep with the party; two or three times I would lose sight of our leader and would see him about twelve yards in front with one or more girls. Without the least consideration of people's feelings I would catch up and in a very short while this was gone over again, so it was until we left the grounds.

The very first thing I saw on entering the main building was the floral display, the prettiest thing to be seen. There were flowers from the lovely conservatory plants down to the violet but the principal one shown was the chrysanthemum—in every color and variety on record, I think. The most unique thing I saw was a large swan made of small white chrysanthemums. It looked as if it were resting on a pond.

Near the flowers and on the first floor were the pianos placed on exhibition by Chas. M. Steiff. On this same floor were about a dozen jewelry stands, the vegetables and several other exhibits. The needle work and art department was on the second floor. There were crazy quilts, dollies, center pieces, pin cushions, infant caps and dresses in use needle work exhibit and every article was splendidly finished.

Then the pictures shown were remarkable in beauty and any one of these would grace the finest parlor in South Carolina.

Here we also saw a locomotive engine made by a colored boy in Columbia. It was perfect and every part was exactly like a real engine even the engineer was standing in his cab with his oil can and the tender was filled with coal.

Stepping from this building we were in midway and remember ways that midway is the place for ome. We heard enough trumpets, trams, plows and loud voices to last a life time. Everything that had a mouth was using it to advantage.

We visited one side show and saw the last breath of President McKinley. I would much rather have seen the "Roosevelt" Washington thing because I have seen dead but never anything like this much talked of incident. Next year this will be "side showed" I know.

The next thing on the program were the races. I had never seen a horse race and of course it was especially interesting to me.

We now left all this bustle behind and went over to the penitentiary. It is situated in a lovely place and the flower garden makes it still prettier. Some of the things I noticed were the great bolts of cloth and the men making clothes for the convicts in the tailor shop, the knitting mill where several men and a few women were working. We saw two or three colored women and on white woman, Mrs. Mattie Hughes, in there.

The kitchen came next in order. It was a curious looking kitchen too. Then the dining room. It looked like a school room, and last the cell, which is a dismal place. The look of the cells is enough to make any one strive to be a lawful citizen. Passing out I saw the largest churn

## REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

BY J. L. STRAIN.

For the time being I will suspend my reminiscences of the war and give a few of the scraps of history I have gathered from different persons and places and give them as matters of interest to our readers, which will, no doubt, be appreciated. In many cases I will be excused from giving names where modesty suggests their being withheld, but which will be used by the future historian when he comes to write the matters up for his history.

A gang of Confederate scouts belonging to the army of Northern Virginia the personnel of which was made up of that class of "ruffs" which the push would style "Zephyrs" and we may call "bummers," boarded a railway train between Tusculum Station and the White House, Va., and began to levy contributions on the passengers. They were in a great hurry, because they expected the arrival of a detail that would make it too warm for them and break up their operations. On the train were a number of Jews who had slipped through our lines en route for Northern markets to lay in goods with which to run the block ade, and they generally had a good deal of money with them. The scouts were holding the train in check and going through their work to the surprise of the Hebrews more than that of the other class of passengers. Some of whom even had furlongs to go home for different lengths of time.

In the crowd was a long slab sided Vermont with his cavalry boots and spurs on looking on as one who was familiar with such scenes. Reaching out his brawny arm he grabbed the most active of the bummers by the arm and said: "Hold on Johnnie Reb." I want to tell you something. "Out with it" said the other. "I'm in a hurry, but I want to treat prisoners right and I'm going to do so if you'll allow me." "I shant detain you but a moment" said the man in blue from Vermont. "But do you see that Jew sittin over there, I seen him take his pocket book out just now and slip it under his seat and I wanted to give you the hint." Off shot the other like a ball from a cannon but the Vermont pulled him back and said: "Look here Reb, you needn't think that I am carrying favors with you because I am a prisoner but that don't change me a bit. I've fit you for three years and I'm gwine at it as soon as I'm exchanged harder'n ever, and don't you forget it, Johnnie, and will give you hell whenever I can. But for all that I don't intend to see a d—d Jew defraud a 'soldier' even if he is a Rebel."

While this was going on another crowd was a little distance ahead of

## SANTUC NEWS NOTES.

Hey Denver Scores the Lazy Negro. Good Fishing on the River. Some Weather Comparisons. Got Lost but Got There Just the Same.

"A out sat on the old back fence, His comrades all had fled; And as a natural consequence Things flew thick about his head. Chunks, bottles, bootjacks and brick, Flew near this foine sire, But he his chops did calmly lick And loudly yell Mariah!"

The days are now so short one must be up and doing early in order to do anything.

Sunday found but a small congregation at the Presbyterian church and other meetings. The cold must have come too suddenly.

This has been a good time to thin out the ranks of hogs by killing off the fattest and smallest where they have been fed long enough.

Land is mighty dry for sowing wheat. In places it is too hard to work and sowing is bound to be delayed, may make it late. Some say they intend not to sow any more oats until after Christmas as the season is getting late and land is dry—they may all get winter killed.

The cold wind is coming now and it is a bad sign to see anybody shivering over a pile of ashes and wood lying around them.

In passing a negro house a few days ago I saw the biggest pile of possum fat that I ever saw and I know that somebody had been eating possum if not 'taters.

One thing you can almost always depend on a negro doing, and that is to put a saddle blanket on hind part before and upside down.

I regretted very much to see in the State a few weeks past the death of Mr. W. H. Wofford who was killed in a boiler explosion near Glenn Springs. Mr. Wofford was a man whom I esteemed very highly as a gentleman, friend and Christian. It has been but a few weeks since I was with him at Sulphur Springs and he was enjoying himself and doing much for the good of the Sunday School Convention. His family has all the sympathy I can give.

Saturday and Sunday and this morning we had genuine winter weather. The minimum for Saturday and Sunday was 20 degrees, and this morning it was 18 degrees. The lowest for November, 1900, to this date was 28 degrees. Lowest for 1899 up to this date was 38 degrees. It has been the coldest fall up to this time than for the last eight years. The weather has been fairer for that period than for the last eight years. If the winter is to be judged by the fall preceding we are surely to have a severe winter, worse than we have had in some time, and preparations to keep stock comfortable would be in order. Whether it will be a severe winter or not the steps to aid in comfort of stock would be to go amiss. It has been a most beautiful autumn, we only await the following.

For anything that will hustle for a time try a nigger on the eve of a big circus. They will move around for work or sell almost anything to get money to go. No night is too cold for some to be out hunting conveyances or to start early, when it was to go to work on a cold frosty morning the sun would be up before they got out, and then one would have to drive them out like trying to roast an obstinate hog. Then they would get so cold that they could scarcely go to the lot and back without a fire to warm by. I know an instance where

On behalf of the citizens of Greenville an invitation is extended to the people of South Carolina to visit the city during the week beginning Monday, Dec. 16th, when the "Good Roads Special" of the Southern Railway will be there for the purpose of building sample roads and holding meetings with the view of teaching the people in practical road building. This is the only point in the Piedmont section where the train will stop to do any work, and everyone who can do so ought to take the opportunity of learning for himself what can be done in the making of roads with necessary machinery handled by men who are experts in the business.

So much has been said and written in regard to this subject of good roads that the people of the South are practically in thorough accord with the idea that good roads are an acquisition and benefit to any community. Everyone is convinced that the lack of good roads is one of the greatest drawbacks to the growth and prosperity of the South, and to supply this lack is one of the most serious problems before us today. A net-work of main roads built under scientific direction with durable and permanent material will alone meet the urgent demand of our rural districts and market towns.

How can we secure better roads in the South? This is the question to be discussed by practical men in the Good Roads convention which will be held while the road making is being demonstrated on the roads and streets.

While there is great unanimity upon the advantages of good roads, there is in reality very little practical knowledge as to the means and appliances for securing this desirable result, and hence the proposed convention ought to attract men from every walk of life, especially those who are engaged in making and executing the laws of the State. There is also an imperative requirement in providing the ways and means for constructing roads upon an equitable and just basis. This can be ascertained by discussion and demonstration, and hence the propriety of organizing Good Roads associations while giving instruction in practical road building. Both of these objects will be attained in the coming month to Greenville, and such an opportunity is rarely given any people at so moderate a cost.

The citizens of Greenville are making full preparation for the accommodation of the hundreds and thousands who are expected from every quarter of the State, and in addition to the hotels and boarding houses, the private families are asked to take boarders for the week in order to provide for any extra demand on this occasion.

Leaving the State House we visited the State office and Mr. Watson the city Editor, received us very cordially, had his mechanic turn on the power and put one of his new Mergenthaler type setting machines in operation. This was grand sight to me as I had never seen one before. Words cannot express my appreciation to our Editor and Mr. Watson for their kindness in showing us around. It will certainly be a trip long to be remembered by me. I saw many people I knew and was glad to see all. One I will mention, Rev. John W. Harris who lived in Union but now in Florence. He seemed to be enjoying the sight. He has many friends in Union county.

Well I truly hope we all will meet again and enjoy another trip together as we did this one and our Editor, Mr. John R. Mathis, be with us again. I feel that we can never repay him for the kindness that he showed us. With many thanks. I wish for you, Mr. Mathis, a long and happy life and much success with THE TIMES. I also extend my thanks to my friends who voted for me.

LULA.

[Thanks, kind friend. I hope we may all meet together again upon some future occasion and enjoy another pleasant day together.—E.]

**The Blue Ribbon Badge of the Times' Girls was an "Ouch, Sessame" at the Fair.**

If one wishes to have a good time at the Fair let them wear a big badge. This is what I believe every girl belonging to THE TIMES party would tell you. There was evidence

of a crowd the moment we set foot in Columbia. Going over to the Fair Grounds we were packed in the street car like sardines in a can and on the grounds it was no better. One had to undergo some exercise to keep with the party; two or three times I would lose sight of our leader and would see him about twelve yards in front with one or more girls. Without the least consideration of people's feelings I would catch up and in a very short while this was gone over again, so it was until we left the grounds.

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