

Our Job Motto:
"WE STUDY
TO PLEASE."
LET US PLEASE
YOU.
NOTE, LETTER AND
BILL HEADINGS.
PAMPHLET WORK.

KEOWEE



COURIER

LET US
MAKE A CUT
OF YOUR BUILDING.
PROVE REASONABLE
Give Us Your Work
and Be Pleas'd
Satisfaction Guaranteed
CALL ON US.

TO THINK OWN SELF BE TRUE AND IT MUST FOLLOW AS THE NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN.

BY JAYNES, SHELOR, SMITH & STECK.

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA, JUNE 8, 1899.

NEW SERIES, NO. 02.—VOLUME I.—NO. 28.

REVOLUTIONARY DEWEYS.

STORIES OF ADMIRAL DEWEY'S GREEN MOUNTAIN ANCESTORS.

THEY WERE TERRIBLE FIGHTERS.

Their Daugtry Friend, Ethan Allen—All of Them Were Brave and Loyal Men.

[From the New York Voice.]

The achievements of the hero of Manila during the last year, his persistence of purpose, the daring with which he executed his plans and the sanity of his public utterances, have their counterpart in the performances of his Green Mountain ancestors in the early hours of revolutionary history. The Rev. Jedediah Dewey, the "fighting parson" of Bennington, and Col. Ethan Allen were the backbone of those wild days. Both lived in Bennington, and a quaint pair they were. Their homes were but a stone's throw apart, and between the two buildings was the parson's church.

Parson Dewey was a rugged New England character. When his salary was not forthcoming he resorted to his trade of carpentering to keep the wolf from the door. When Aaron L. Hubbell had his "raising bee," the parson was present to superintend the job. Joe Rudd and his betrothed, Sarah Wichwire, were also present at the function.

"Joe, if you will lead Sarah over here I will marry you for nothing," remarked the parson as the men sat on the timbers at lunch.

"It's a bargain," said Joe, and forthwith he went after the blushing girl. Some planks were arranged for a platform, under the parson's direction, and the ceremony was performed.

It was during the famous New Hampshire grant troubles that the friendship of Dewey and Ethan Allen first developed. The Bennington district was claimed by the New Hampshire and New York; in fact, the place was owned by both, because the royal grants overlapped. In the conflict of authority that followed the Green Mountain boys were driven to take care of themselves, and to defy the powers of both New York and New Hampshire, being squatters by right of conquest and possession. The interest in those stormy times was divided between the old Catamount tavern near by, kept by Dave Fay, and Dewey's church. The committees of safety would meet at the tavern, headed by Allen and Dewey, and on Sundays the parson's war sermons would fling defiance to the authorities at Albany under Governor Tryon.

In January, 1770, the grand jury at Albany returned indictments against both Allen and Parson Dewey. Allen went to Albany to contest the case, but he was in the enemy's country, and had no success. The attorney-general advised him to "go home and be good," declaring that "might often prevails against right." "The gods of the valleys are not the gods of the hills," retorted Allen. The official asked what he meant by such a parable. "If you will come back to Bennington with me you will find out what it means," was the response.

Then the angry governor issued a proclamation offering a reward of £20 for the capture of Allen, Dewey, and seven others. He offered a reward of £100 for the apprehension of Allen, and £50 for each of five others, including Seth Warner, Remember Baker, and Parson Dewey. Allen retorted by offering a reward of £5 for the capture of the attorney-general.

The New York assembly thereupon outlawed Allen, Baker, Warner and others, and another reward was offered for their lives. The "outlaws" promptly issued a counter-proclamation, in which they declared: "Printed sentences of death will not kill us, and if the executioners approach us, they will as likely fall victims to death as we."

In spite of this hostile feeling, these same "outlaws" were among the first to seize their muskets for the common defense when the echo of the Bunker Hill cannon reached their ears. While Dave Fay was running his Catamount tavern, Elijah Dewey, the parson's son, had opened the old Dewey Inn just across the street. Inspired by another "war sermon" of Parson Dewey's, the famous expedition against Ticonderoga was there planned. Neighbor Allen led the expedition, and the parson's son, Elijah, went along as right-hand man. These "outlaws" captured the

place "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The parson held a thanksgiving service in honor of the triumph, and opened the services with a prayer of great length, in which he recounted the exploits of the boys among whom was his son Elijah. It began to look as though Allen was not going to be mentioned by name; so he arose in his seat. "Parson Dewey! Parson Dewey! Parson Dewey!" he shouted. As the good man slightly opened his eyes Allen exclaimed: "Please mention to the Lord that I was there, won't you?" The parson continued his prayer without noticing the interruption.

The next Sunday the sermon was on the subject of Jehovah's character and attributes. While the preacher was expounding the qualities of the Almighty, Allen arose in his seat and exclaimed, "That's not so!" "Sit down, thou bold blasphemer, and listen to the word of God!" shouted the preacher, pointing his long finger straight at neighbor Allen.

After the success at "Port Tip" Allen wrote to the Continental Congress, asking for "1,500 men and some pork" with which to capture Canada. Receiving no satisfaction, he went to New York with Seth Warner to lay the matter before that body. Their arrival provoked a violent debate as to the propriety of permitting these two "outlaws" to be heard. Exasperated by the delay, Allen started off practically alone on his famous expedition to "capture Canada," which ended in his own capture near Montreal. After his capture ten of his men were ordered to be bayoneted at once. "As the terrified Canadians began to say their prayers, Allen tore his shirtfront away and presented his bare breast to General Prescott, crying out: "Run me through instead of these men! I was the sole cause of their taking up arms, and am alone to blame!" The astonished guards looked at their general, and the order was withdrawn.

In the meantime Parson Dewey's war sermons had stirred up the Vermonters, who rallied under General Stark, and the battle of Bennington was the result. Elijah Dewey led a company, and his good wife cooked dinner for the soldiers at the tavern. The spirit of the good dame was shown when Isaac Tichenor came along and asked for something to eat.

"I have nothing for you," replied Mrs. Dewey.

"But look there," said Tichenor, pointing to a long row of pots steaming on the big stove.

"Well, you just get out of here! That is for the soldiers who are out fighting the Britishers, where you ought to be," savagely retorted the parson, making a hostile demonstration. Tichenor hastily explained that he was acting as commissary agent for the boys, and had been out foraging all night without stopping to eat himself. He got his dinner.

After the battle Captain Dewey's company stopped at Fay's Catamount tavern for a drink and happened to see an old heirloom punch-bowl on which was inscribed the legend: "Success to British arms." They thought that Dave had surely turned traitor, and Captain Dewey had his hands full to prevent the mountaineers from demolishing both bowl and landlord.

After being kept in chains for several years, and enduring untold sufferings, Colonel Allen was exchanged, and at once started on foot for Valley Forge, apparently looking for more sacrifices to endure for his country, which had formally declared him to be an "outlaw" and had set a price on his head. This exhibition was so impressive that the New York legislature annulled the law declaring him an outlaw, and General Washington wrote a letter to Congress concerning Allen in which he said:

"His fortitude and firmness seem to have placed him outside the reach of misfortune. There is an original something about him that commands admiration, and his long captivity and sufferings have only served to increase, if possible, his enthusiastic zeal."

of this House, to desire him to pray with the assembly at their opening in the morning for this session."

The members of this legislature mostly stopped at the tavern kept by Mrs. Dewey while her husband was away in the war. They were so delighted with the table that they voted the captain a "gore of land" in recognition of his wife's cookery. Matron Dewey was famed far and wide for her neatness; she prided herself on this fact, and had no mercy for untidy people.

After Yorktown old land troubles broke out at Guilford, a neighboring town, where the people refused to recognize the authority of Vermont. Dr. Benjamin Hall describes the situation there at this time:

"The physician could not visit his patient in safety unless protected by a pass. The minister of the Gospel failed to enforce the doctrine of Christian charity on the hearts of men who knew none for one another."

General Allen was directed to call out the militia and enforce the laws of Vermont. This he did in characteristic fashion. At the head of his old Green Mountain boys, he entered Guilford and posted his proclamation:

"I, Ethan Allen, declare that unless the people of Guilford peaceably submit to the authority of Vermont the town shall be made as desolate as were the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah."

The war had left General Allen's financial affairs in an inextricable tangle. The rugged honesty of the man is reflected in one of his various lawsuits. Silas Goodrich sued the general on a £60 note, and Allen employed a lawyer to secure a continuance, with the idea of being able to pay it before it should come up for trial. The lawyer began his plea by denying the validity of the note.

Allen, who was in the rear of the room at the time, strode haughtily through the crowd at hearing this and angrily upbraided his attorney in open court. "I did not hire you to come up here and lie," he declared. "That note is a true note; I signed it; I'll swear to it, and I'll pay it. I want no shuffling, but I want time. What I employed you for was to get this business put over into the next court and not come here and lie and juggle about it."

Allen got his continuance, but he was never able to pay the note. Judgment was taken and given to David Robinson to collect. In order to arrange for a "turn," Allen gave Robinson a note endorsed by Dave Fay, which was deposited with Captain Dewey, as the full document explains:

"I promise for Value Recd. to pay David Robinson Sixty pounds L. M. with interest. Witness my hand this 17th day of February, 1786."

"DAVID FAY. ETHAN ALLEN."

"The above note is left with Capt. Dewey to be delivered back to General Allen in case that Silas Goodrich shall make a turn of an Execution David Robinson has to Collect of the General in favor of that Silas with his brother William Goodrich on that Robinson has to save—otherwise the note is to be given back to that David Robinson or if that David Robinson is harmed in the affair, he is to be saved harmless by that note."

This ancient note was returned to Robinson by Dewey, according to the agreement, and is still treasured by the Robinson family at Bennington.

the little ones were returned to their parents.

Allen's courtship of his second wife was as blunt and as unique as the man himself. His first wife had died during the dark days of the Revolution, when he was in the army. During a session of the court at Westminster Allen put in his appearance. Chief Justice Robinson was there, as was Stephen R. Bradley, who invited the general to take breakfast with them. He had had his breakfast, and while the others were eating, he called on Mrs. Buchanan, a handsome widow who lived in another part of the house. "Well, Fanny, we are to be married, let's be about it," said he as he greeted her. "Very well, just give me time to fix up," she replied cheerfully, and in 15 minutes she announced that she was ready. Judge Robinson, who had just finished breakfast, was informed of the situation and performed the ceremony on the spot.

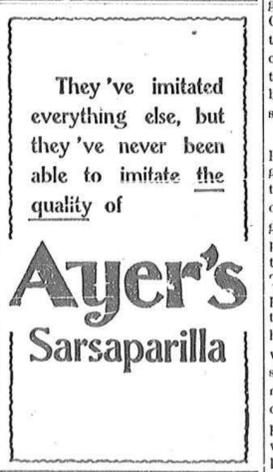
During summer we are liable to stomach and bowel troubles, such as diarrhoea, colic, cramps, etc., for which Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine is highly recommended. For sale by Dr. J. W. Bell, Walhalla.

Rev. Thomas Dawson.

A correspondent of the Charleston News and Courier gives the following interesting story concerning a Baptist preacher personally known to many of the older readers of this paper:

"The following story was gleaned a few days since concerning the Rev. Thomas Dawson, now deceased, but who will be remembered by many persons in Barnwell county, and on Edisto Island and near Pendleton, S. C. His father was the Rev. Joseph Dawson, pastor of a Baptist congregation in London for many years. He was a Devonshire man. His son Thomas was employed as a porter in the Rothschild Bank. Rothschild took a fancy to him and procured for him, on his expressing a desire to join the army, a lieutenant's commission. After serving in the West Indies he was recalled in time to take part in the battle of Waterloo. Afterwards he was sent as Consul to Washington. He was pleased with America and never returned to England. He was made an agent or commissioner of the Cherokee Reservation, near where Gainesville now stands, and for seven years never saw a white man. He then grew tired of the job and moved over to Pendleton, S. C., and preached a number of years in Barnwell county, and on Edisto Island, and then returned to Pendleton and died there in 1884, at the age of 91. A few years before his death he received a letter from an officer of the British army, who had discovered that Dawson's commission as lieutenant had never been cancelled or transferred, offering him \$5,000 for it. He wrote, accepting the offer, but the next mail that came after accepting brought him a second offer, which was for \$10,000. He refused this on the ground that he had accepted the other offer. The money came in due time, and the old commission raised the captain who bought it to the grade of a brigadier general."

They've imitated everything else, but they've never been able to imitate the quality of Ayer's Sarsaparilla



In speaking of the fact that last Tuesday, 23rd ultimo, was the anniversary of the battle of J. C. Ford, fought in 1841, the Asheville Mediam tells this incident of Col. J. N. Brown: In the battle, Col. J. N. Brown, now of Anderson, got off his horse to get a Yankee cap for his servant Bob, and was captured, but got away in the confusion, and came very near being shot for a Yankee by Henry Clump, of Co. B. Orr's Rifles. Col. G. M. Miller happened along just in time to identify Col. Brown.

English capitalists are planning to buy all the large Portland cement factories in the United States.

A SLAVE THE STAKE.

TWO MEN SHOVE THE PASTE BOARDS— TRYING TO WIN A SLAVE.

MISSISSIPPI THE SCENE OF ACTION.

Captain Joseph Brown's Recollections of a Thrilling Incident on the River.

"The events which I am about to relate," remarked Captain Joseph Brown, formerly mayor of St. Louis, "occurred long before the war. I was a passenger on the boat and witnessed the whole affair. A principal actor in the scenes that led up to the tragedy, for so it proved, to be, was Andrew Butler. Mr. Butler lived in Hannibal, Mo., and was a slave dealer. Those purchased by Mr. Butler in this section were usually transferred, before sending them south, to Lynch's slave pen, located on Fifth street (now Broadway), between Elm and Poplar streets, where they were held until after a sufficient number had been collected to make a shipment desirable, when they were taken to New Orleans and sold from the block, if they had not before been disposed of by private sale.

"At that time there was a family living in Kalls county, near Hannibal, who were wealthy and had rather a gay young son who spent much of his time in Hannibal and on the river, and who contracted fast habits, including a penchant for gambling. He, however, afterwards married and seemed to settle down.

"The father of the family had a plantation, and among the household was Dina, a mulatto, who had a number of very bright children, and, as was often the case, little Sallie and Jim were always considered as belonging to young 'Mars' George Taylor and his wife. Jim was George's body servant while Sallie took care of young Misses and the little Taylors that were coming on. Jim was given a good deal of liberty, to the extent of going into Hannibal on odd occasions and hiring himself to the landlord of the hotel (at that time Mr. Campbell) to wait on the table.

"It so happened that Andrew J. Butler was a guest at the house on a public occasion when Jim, either by accident or design (for all the blacks hated a slave trader) spilled a plate of soup over the dress suit of Butler, which so incensed him that he demanded that the 'Negro Jim' should be whipped; but Mr. Campbell not owning the Negro, refused to have it done. The result was that Butler swore vengeance on the Negro and said he would yet own him and would give him a hundred lashes and then sell him for plantation work in the south, which was the horror of a family Negro in Missouri; and when a Negro child disobeyed, the threat was often used to frighten him into obedience.

"The following fall, George Taylor and his beautiful wife, together with their servants, Jim and Sallie were passengers on the 'Rosalie,' Captain Cameron, on their way to New Orleans, and the St. Charles hotel. At St. Louis it so transpired that they took passage on the splendid passenger steamer 'Autocrat,' Captain Jim Goslee and Clerk Hamilton Hawley, the first of Louisville and the latter of Memphis, and it also occurred that Andrew J. Butler, with a number of slaves, was a passenger on the same boat for New Orleans.

"The first night out Butler approached Taylor and proposed a game of poker. Taylor consented to sit down in the social hall in front of the bar and play a four-handed game to pass the time. The four played for a couple of hours, when two of them quit, leaving Butler and Taylor to continue the game. They played on with varied success until the next morning, every little while having their glasses filled at the bar with mint juleps or something stronger, until at length both became more or less intoxicated, and \$2,000 of Taylor's money, all he had, had passed into Butler's hands. Butler was not willing to play unless Taylor had money to 'ante-up' or something in its stead. The result was that Taylor in his drunken frenzy, put up his watch and lost it. After the watch had been passed over, before a crowd of excited passengers, who, however, dared not interfere, Butler triumphantly said, 'What else have you got to put up?' 'I answered, 'I have nothing but this ring,' which was a large cluster of diamonds. Butler said, 'I do not want any more of your jewelry; but I will play you \$1,200 against 'Jim.' Jim, who had been hovering around his master during the night to see to

his personal safety, now stepped up and said, 'Mars' George, don't do that. That man has almost ruined me now, and he wants to get me so he can kill me, 'cause he hates me on an old grudge.' Taylor, who, by this time, was frenzied with his losses and liquor, merely said, 'Go away, Jim, and let me alone. I am bound to get even with him yet; but I won't put you up for no \$1,200.' 'Send that nigger away,' retorted Butler; 'I am playing this game, and he fairly glared at George through his blood shot eyes as he said, 'Name your price that you will put up that nigger for and I'll put up the stake.' 'I'll put him up for \$2,000 and nothing less,' said Taylor. 'Agreed,' said Butler, and he produced the amount, which was only a part of the money he had won from Taylor.

"'Who else deal is it?' said Butler. 'It's my deal,' said Taylor. Meanwhile Sallie, Jim's sister, who had been looking on while holding one of the children in her arms, ran back into the ladies' cabin to Mrs. Taylor, and said, 'Lor, Missus Mars' George is playing off Jim with that gambler Butler, an' if you don't hurry we'll lose him.' Mrs. Taylor started down the cabin to where they were playing, and on reaching the table said, 'George, don't play for Jim; he's like one of the family, and we can't do without him and Sallie.' 'Jim's up,' said Butler, and he's got to be played for.' Mrs. Taylor then despondently said, 'If you win him will you let us redeem him at New Orleans?' 'I make no promises,' said Butler, with his soft hat pressed down over his forehead. 'Give me two cards, he said in a mauldin tone of voice. Taylor laid down two cards, and dealt himself two more, when he asked Butler what he had. Butler threw down a pair of aces, a pair of kings and a jack. Taylor gasped and fell back in his chair, at the same time dropping on the table a pair of queens and a pair of tens. Butler put up his roll of bills, took from his pocket a pair of handcuffs, and, looking over at Jim, who was holding on his master's chair, said, 'Come here, Jim, I want you. Bring your bundle down with me on deck.' Jim falteringly said, 'Let me go back in the cabin a moment and bid missus good-by.' Butler said, 'Go ahead, and be quick about it.' Jim accompanied Mrs. Taylor and Sallie back to the ladies' cabin, and after bidding his mistress, the children and his sister good-by, said, 'I hope we shall all meet in that world you have so often told me about.' Then with one bound he cleared the rail and landed in the waves back of the wheel. He tossed up and down for a few seconds with his arms up over his head and then disappeared.

"Man overboard" rang out from the lower deck. The boat was stopped, the yawl lowered and manned, but no sight of poor Jim. Nothing but his hat floating on the waves of the wheel. After a few minutes the yawl came back with the hat, the only remnant of Jim."

—The United States Department of Agriculture, in Farmers' Bulletin No. 80, describes thirty poisonous plants of the United States, named as follows: Fly amanita, death cap, American false hellebore, pokeweed, corn cockle, dwarf larkspur, Wyoming larkspur, purple larkspur, black cherry, woolly blue weed, rattlesnake, caper spurge, snow on the mountains, poison ivy, poison oak, poison sumac, red buckeye, water hemlock, poison hemlock, Oregon water hemlock, poison hemlock, broadleaf hemlock, narrow leaf laurel, great laurel, staggerbush, branch ivy, jimson weed, black nightshade, bitterweed, sneezeweed. There are also other kinds of poisonous weeds and bushes in the United States. A number of the above can be found in South Carolina.

W. T. Davis, Ruby, S. C., writes: Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine cures pains in back, and that "out of sorts" tired feeling. I think it four times as strong as Zeilin's and Black Draught. For sale by Dr. J. W. Bell.

Since May last the Southern Railway has ordered 23 locomotives, 1,000 box-cars, 17 passenger coaches and 1,500 tons of steel rails weighing 80 pounds to the yard and over \$100,000 worth of steel bridges. This is an evidence of prosperity such as few roads can equal.

There have been 151 cases of small-pox among the American soldiers in the Philippines with 71 deaths; 77 cases of varioloid, with no deaths. All the men had been vaccinated repeatedly.

Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine creates a good appetite, tones and strengthens the stomach and builds up the health. For sale by Dr. J. W. Bell.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

Old Pickens on the Keowee. The State Press Association.

PICKENS, May 31.—Old Pickens, on the Keowee, is a deserted village of the up-country, but the fond memories which cluster around it are sufficiently active to cause the organization of the Survivors' Association, the members of which are the descendants of residents of Old Pickens and their friends. Nothing remains of the village now except the Presbyterian Church and the memories that cluster around the hills and dales adjacent.

The Association has been meeting now for about seven years, and usually meets in the months of May. The meeting for 1899 was on Friday, the 28th of May. The following persons were present from Seneca: G. W. Gignilliat and wife, Sue Gignilliat, Norma Gignilliat, Warren Gignilliat, H. J. Gignilliat and wife, Lois Gignilliat, Mrs. L. W. Carey, Ellie Carey, Miss Bessie Wilson, Miss Christine Dixon, Miss Dana Moore, Miss Lucia Lewis, Dr. W. R. Doyle, E. R. Lewis, Butler Holmes, W. W. Bowen, J. M. Sittion, D. H. Henry.

The following were from Pendleton: Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Miles N. Hunter, Bessie Hunter, Gaillard Hunter, Ralph Hunter, Sallie Hunter, James Hunter, and Pauline Hunter; Mrs. J. C. Strubling, Lida Strubling, Lees Strubling and Alice Strubling; Miss Sue Crawford, L. A. Turpiseed, the Rev. B. P. Reed, E. L. C. Terrie, Edwin Terrie, James Terrie, Nettie Terrie, Mrs. Pearce.

From Walhalla: Miss Sue Dendy, Miss Inez Schroeder, Miss E. C. Merriek and Mr. Will Schroeder. From Easley: Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hagood, Misses Lidie and Gertrude Hagood, Hal Hagood, Bruce Hagood, Will Hagood, Essie Hagood, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hagood, Jr., Misses Lucia and Marie Folger and Viola Runion.

From Pickens: Mr. and Mrs. J. McD. Bruce, Hagood Bruce, Sidney Bruce, Francis Elizabeth Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Boggs, Lerio Boggs, Bruce Boggs, Helen Boggs, Julius E. Boggs, Miss Corrie Bruce, Capt. Ivy M. Mauldin, L. C. Thornley, Ernest Folger, Claud H. Alexander and Eugene P. Alexander.

From Greenville: Miss Nettie A. Simms and Miss Leccena Simms. The party met about 10 o'clock at the Presbyterian church and at 1 o'clock a sumptuous dinner was spread on an improvised table in the church, and for one hour or more prandial pleasures ran high.

At the conclusion of the dinner, while all were feeling well, the Rev. B. P. Reed, who has an eye single to the advancement of the church's interest, proposed a contribution to repair the church. Forty dollars was raised and a bill of particulars prepared and the church will soon be as good as new. The amount is ample to purchase new sashes and blinds and make all other needed repairs.

After a day of genuine pleasure the party broke up at 5 P. M., and resolved to meet again at the same place on the fourth Friday in May, 1900. The attendance at each meeting is larger than at the one previous, so, according to that rule the church will soon be more than the church will hold.

The home mission committee of the South Carolina Presbytery has ordered preaching at this old church, and will supply it as often perhaps as once a month. On the third Sabbath, Dr. J. R. Riley, D. D., preached there to a large congregation.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. E. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known E. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnam & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best. The number of immigrants to the United States average 2,000 a day.

The twenty-fifth annual session of the South Carolina State Press Association will be held at Harris Ithia Springs, July 25-28, inclusive. The executive committee has arranged the following program for the occasion: A Symposium—The Newspaper—How to Buy the Stock, J. L. Sims, Times and Democrat; How to Print It, George E. Grist, Enquirer; How to Get the News, A. Kohn, News and Courier; How to Make it Readable, E. H. Aull, Herald and News; How to Circulate It, J. C. Garlington, Herald. Scraps of History of Journalism in South Carolina, continued from the session of two years ago—Yates Snowden, News and Courier. Advantages and Disadvantages of a Semi-Weekly—J. T. Bigham, Lantern. The Relation of the Newspaper to Public men—J. C. Hemphill, News and Courier. For What Am I Running a Newspaper?—E. W. Nolley, Herald, Conway. The Future of the Southern Women in Journalism—Mrs. Virginia D. Young, Enterprise, Fairfax. The Editor as a Judge of the Good Things of Life—James T. Bacon, Chronicle, Edgefield. The Relation of the Daily to the Country Weekly—N. G. Gonzales, The State, Columbia. Newspaper Fakes and Fates—C. W. Wolfe, Record, Kingstree. The Importance of an Ideal in Journalism—Rev. W. M. Grier, D. D., A. R. Presbyterian, Due West. "Personal Reminiscences of South Carolina Journalism," to be opened by Col. J. A. Hoyt, Mountaineer, Greenville, and followed by Col. T. B. Crews, Herald, Laurens; L. M. Grist, Enquirer, Yorkville; Chas. Pettit, Spartan, Spartanburg; F. Melchers, Zeitung, Charleston; Rev. Sidi H. Browne, Christian Neighbor, Columbia; Gen. R. R. Hemphill, Medium, Abbeville; M. B. McSweeney, Guardian, Hampton; W. P. Housell, Observer, Newberry. The annual address before the Association will be delivered by Col. Pleasant A. Stovall, editor of The Press, Savannah, Ga. At the conclusion of Col. Stovall's address, a banquet will be tendered the Association by Mr. Harris. It was decided not to take a summer trip, but to spend a week or longer at the Springs in rest and recreation, and to arrange while there for a trip to Cuba later in the year when the weather will be suitable for a Southern trip. It is the purpose to make this meeting largely an experience meeting and a social gathering, where members can exchange and interchange their views and experiences and thus be helpful to each other. Pure blood is full of life and vitality, and carries vigor to the organs of the body. Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine creates rich, pure blood. For sale by Dr. J. W. Bell. The South a Good Place for Investment. The street railways and gas and electric properties of Charleston, S. C., Knoxville and Nashville, Tennessee, are controlled by a syndicate, composed of the Baltimore Trust and Guarantee Company, Hamilton & Co., of Baltimore, and Kountze & Co., of New York, whose stock and bond operations during the past year involved over \$17,000,000. The latest deal accomplished by the syndicate was the purchase of the street railways and electric light company of Nashville. Mr. Frank S. Hamilton has returned to his home in Baltimore during the past week, and has spoken in the most encouraging and hopeful way about the outlook in the South, saying among other things: "Hostility to corporations, which in the past retarded the development of the South, no longer exists in the section I visited. Capital is welcomed and it is taking advantage of the possibilities offered in the South, which I regard as the most promising section of the country for safe and profitable investments. In my opinion, more money will be invested in new business enterprises there during the next twelve months than in any other year in its history."