

THE NEWBERRY OF THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST.

LETTER FROM FORMER NEWBERRIAN, NOW LIVING IN TEXAS.

Capt. Jack Caldwell, Chancellor Job Johnstone, and Other Strong Men—Memories of Happy Times Forever Gone.

Woodville, Texas.

I want

To go back to see the places I romped in when a boy.
Back to see the old pasture, with its swimming hole in the creek.
Where I used to shuck my duds off and absorb old fashioned joy.
'Till the rose's reddest petal was no redder than my cheek;
Back to ramble in the by-ways, where the wild red flowers grew,
Back to hear the blue jay quarrel, and to hear the cat bird call;
Back to push away life's sorrows, 'mongst the dear old scenes I knew,
See the smiling hills and valleys, and the arching and cloud-flecked sky.
For I'm getting old and broken, and it seems somehow to me,
That 'twould almost bring my youth back, make me laugh the old time way
Could I ramble where I rambled, see the things that used to be.
Climb the hills and see the valleys where I used to romp and play.

We closed our last with a short notice of N. A. Hunter, one of the industrial pioneers of the village. Resuming our walk, we reach the corner of Boundary and Caldwell streets (not then named), where a Yankee school "marm," Miss Clark, under Rev. S. P. Pressly, taught. All that I remember of her is that she was stern; that I deserted and never returned. Here I saw a party of Indian Chiefs, Choctaws or Cherokees, with their tykes (wives), puscus tykes (girls), and puscus knockinees (boys), all dressed out in full Indian style, feathers and brilliant tinsel, on their way to Washington. We little urchins were much afraid of them. You see no such sights now.

Some 18 miles west of here is a village of Creeks (but called Alabamas,) who were friendly to the whites during the Texas revolution. The State gave them a large tract of land. Some 25 years ago I obtained for them their first school and it has continued ever since. There is now a Presbyterian mission in the village and most of them are church members. They are remarkable for their truth, virtue and honesty, and there never has been a half breed among them.

On Boundary street, in a beautiful grove of large oaks, lived Capt. Jack Caldwell. He was an eloquent speaker and was a great power before a jury. In his discussions at the bar he was strong and forceful, and when it was known that he was to argue a case the court house was crowded. As his argument went on his voice grew deeper, his action more animated, his sentences came in a long, sonorous swell, still easy and graceful, but powerful "as the soft stretching of a tiger's paw." In denouncing a certain man whom he thought mean his sentences went on growing and rising until, reaching the climax, he hesitated a moment and with the highest type of meanness his mind could catch, in thunderous tones he exclaimed: "He's as mean, yes, as mean as Squire Billie N." This became a common sentence to express meanness. He was twice married. His second wife was Miss Abigail O'Neill, daughter of Hugh O'Neill and sister of Judge O'Neill, and was a most amiable and intelligent woman, possessed of the lovely characteristics of the Quakers. They had one graceful daughter, Lizzie. 'Tis years since I heard her ringing laugh or saw her brilliant dark eyes. Ah! then we both were young; then she was bright and vivacious and was a most graceful rider on horseback.

Where the lane to the old grave-

yard leaves the street we see a large crab apple tree. There was another near the north end of Rev. S. P. Pressly's house. I so often think of them, around them while they were in bloom, the air was sweet with the nameless perfume of spring and the mocking birds were praising from every tree the awakening of Nature.

Before reaching the apple trees, on the left, was a dwelling occupied by that eminent physician Dr. F. B. Ruff, a man of intelligence and kindness than whom there never was a more generous and noble soul. His reminiscences in the Annals are very interesting. There also at one time lived Mrs. Sarah Dunlap, an elegant lady, the widow of Robert Dunlap and daughter of Lieutenant Governor Nance. She afterwards married General Wallace, of Union. Opposite the crab apple lived Fred Ruff, a pleasant and companionable man; and afterwards James Flack lived there.

Passing on to the outskirts of the village, in a beautiful grove we see the home of F. B. Higgins and his intelligent wife. Mr. Higgins was a strong, earnest man, endowed with wisdom and probity of character. He was a fine surveyor, and as a State senator for three terms, he showed himself to be a wise legislator. He and his wife were descendants of Revolutionary heroes. Mrs. Higgins was the sister of Captain Jack Caldwell. They raised a family of four boys and three girls, all with bright intellects and pleasant manners.

We cross a vacant lot, in which stood a large persimmon tree, and where the company of brave men for the Seminole war, under that gallant soldier, Capt. S. C. Hargrove, rendezvoused under orders from Gen. J. J. Caldwell, and reach a street at the corner of Stewart's block. Going west on that street, we reach the residence of Rev. S. P. Pressly (of whom we have heretofore written). On the west across the street is the house where lived Chancellor Job Johnstone. "Clarum et venerabile nomen!" He was high-minded, fearless, incorruptible, dignified, patient, and strong. An elder in the Presbyterian church, he was a religious man, tranquil and joyous, with a steadfast faith. He was wise and just, pure in life, honest in intent, and worshipped heaven. The incident at the Daniel Baker revival, as we have heretofore written, reveals the tenderness of his soul. Over his name, in "Carwile's Reminiscences," wife has written, "particular friend." She often recalls his words, spoken to her, so lovingly of her mother, when she and Mrs. Giles Johnstone joined the Presbyterian church. Twice was he married, and each time to a most accomplished and elegant lady.

The children of the first wife are all gone save Mrs. Mary Randall so much admired for her sweetness, intelligence and loveliness. My mother was very fond of Mrs. Eliza Johnstone and had a little daughter, now lying in the Covenanter grave yard, named Eliza after her. By his second wife he was father to a remarkably vigorous and intellectual family of sons and daughters. His sons, George, Malcolm, and Alan, I well remember as sprightly, intelligent, and promising boys. His portrait by Kingsmore was truly a speaking likeness of a calm and strong man. To look on it would inspire any one to be a better man and to feel that he was gazing upon the likeness of a man of supreme good sense, sound judgment and strong virility. Ah! Chancellor Job Johnstone was a great-hearted gentleman. As a jurist, an opinion of his was an unbroken chain of logic from the beginning to the end; vigor, clearness, and precision of thought were united with a felicity of diction.

On the next block west was the

residence of Col. P. C. Caldwell, a brother of Capt. Jack Caldwell. He married Miss Frances, daughter of Lieutenant Governor Nance, who in a few years died. He was a man of cheery presence, attractive personality, and was immensely popular. His presence was as wholesome as air and as genial as the light. As partner with Gen. Jimmie J. Caldwell, they did a large and successful business as lawyers. As a legislator, State senator, and member of Congress, he discharged all his duties well and faithfully, with honor to himself and benefit to his constituents. We'll never look on a better man.

Across the street lived Phil Schoppert and his wife Dolly. I have often seen his mother, "Caty Chopper," with her snuff box, which Judge O'Neal said was synonymous with fun. Phil was a jolly soul, full of fun and frolic. His countenance always wore a quizzical, humorous, half smile. He and his wife were good Christians (Methodists), and he was a class leader. On his carpenter shop, fronting Nance street, he had painted a carpenter, with sleeves rolled up, pushing a jack plane, and under it the motto, "By industry we thrive." His sister, Elizabeth, married Joel Stevenson, whom I have cause to remember. He was a tailor, and afterwards did business as a merchant tailor in Columbia. Once near his shop I was teasing Sam, the son of the old jailor, Frank Price, when becoming enraged he knocked me down with a brick bat. Stevenson raised me up, gave me the bat, and I started for Sam, but he fled.

What an odd, pleasant, humorous, melancholy feeling it is to sit alone and quiet, thinking of those people now gone. Their dear shadows rise up around me and I live in the past again. Wherever I meet a Newberrian he turns with longing love to the dear old home.

This report of a dream expresses their feelings:

"In a dream I was in heaven, and saw a man standing heavily chained, and I asked St. Peter what it meant. St. Peter replied, "Why, if we were to turn that fellow loose, he would go straight back to Newberry."

J. M. Crosson.

EVER HAVE IT?

If You Have, the Statement of this Newberrian Man will Interest You.

Ever have a "low down" pain in the back?
In the "small" over the hips?
'That's the home of backache.
It's caused by sick kidneys.
'That's why Doan's Kidney Pills cure it.

Newberrian people endorse this. Read a case of it:
P. R. Payne, clerk of Southern Bell Telephone Co., residing on Pratt St., says: "Backache and kidney trouble has annoyed me for two years. A dull aching pain across the small of my back was so bad after sitting that I was unable to get up without support, and sometimes a sharp shooting pain would strike me as if a knife were going through me. The kidney secretions were very dark and full of sediment, and I had great difficulty to retain them, particularly at night, and my rest was disturbed half a dozen times during the night. In spite of using different remedies my condition remained the same until I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and went up to W. E. Pelhams & Son's drug store and got a box and used them according to directions. The kidney secretions cleared up, became regular, I could rest well at night, the backache disappeared and my health was better in every way after I finished using the pills."
For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.
Remember the name, Doans and take no substitute.

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When you order a sack of patent flour from your grocer, do not tell him to send you "a sack of good flour", but tell him to send you a sack of "Clifton," because "Clifton" is the best patent. Every sack is sold with this guarantee, and if it does not prove as represented, your money will be refunded. "Clifton" is an all-round flour, and is as good for cake and pastry as light rolls and biscuit.
T. J. HAYS.

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CASH.

We have placed in our window a box which contains.

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We will give a Key to this Box Free with every pair of Shoes sold at \$1.00 or over. Two (2) Keys with every pair of Shoes sold at \$2.00 or over. Three (3) Keys with every pair of Shoes sold at \$3.00 or over. Only THREE Keys will open this box. When Keys have all given out you may try your Key.

The first Key to unlock the box takes TEN DOLLARS.

The second Key to unlock the box takes SIX DOLLARS.

The third Key to unlock the box takes FOUR DOLLARS.

No Key will be tried unless the tag is attached. No employe allowed to have a key. We do not know which key opens the box. We shall advertise in this paper when all the keys are taken and set a day and hour so everybody will have an equal chance to try his Keys.

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