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THE UNSEEN WORLD.

Dr. Hawthorne Preaches a Strong Sermon at First Baptist Church.

Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, the famous Baptist divine of Richmond, Va., accompanied by his wife, reached Newberry on Saturday where they will remain until Tuesday and then go to Charleston to deliver his lecture on "Air, Sunshine and Out-door Living."

On Sunday night Dr. Hawthorne preached a very strong sermon from 2 Cor. 4:18, taking for his subject, "Seeing the unseen."

We see things that are not seen, he said. The thinking man accepts it as an eternal truth. Even the visible and perishable things preach this truth. The material eye can see only the two sides of the silver coin, but the mind's eye sees vastly more. It sees purchasing power, exchangeable value, gratified desires. Dr. Hawthorne further illustrated this truth by a miniature of his mother that hangs in his study. With the physical eye he could see only the form, but his mind's eye could see the life of ministry and love.

The American flag in a sense was only a piece of bunting on which could be seen only so many stripes and stars, but in that he saw his country with its commerce, agriculture, institutions of learning, literature, works of art, military and naval power, her commanding position among the nations of the world.

This, said the speaker, is infinitely true in the religious life. We look beyond the material to the immaterial. We see beyond the visible world to the hidden power which made and moves it. Behind the perishing we see the abiding. We see beyond the grave that over which the there is something more than we see. Faith's world is infinitely larger than the world of vision.

The truth that the things which are seen are temporal and the things not seen are eternal, is written on every thing. What we see is short lived, what we do not see is immortal. As we look upon all the reminders of decay and death if we are spiritual we shall hear another voice saying, The things which are unseen are eternal, the things that preach death preach immortality, the things that tell us we must die, tell us that we shall live again, mortality shall be swallowed up of life. Radical changes are all the while going on in our physical being but there is something within that does not change. The unseen elements of our being remain with us. The fashions of the world change, the customs, the habits of the people, but the human heart, mind and soul remain forever the same. Amid the changes there is in men every where an everlasting element. "The things which are unseen are eternal."

There are varying manifestations, but the same life abides and throbs forever. There is something out of sight to which we are always stretching our unsatisfied and aching hands. The body pants for the deliverance which lies beyond, the soul cries out for the future which is still unreach- ed. God has written eternity on everything. These hungerings are not to mock us, but there is a reality answering the soul's aspirations.

Then is it difficult to decide which should receive first consideration, our best energies and time and affections? The seen is occupying the thoughts, enlisting the energies, absorbing the affections of so many. Little attention given to the soul, its preparation for service in God's kingdom here and eternal felicity and glory hereafter. The way men pursue their secular vocation indicates the value they place upon the temporal and seen. Their pleasures are temporal. Happiness is spiritual, belongs to the unseen, formed in communion with the invisible, coming from a sense of living and moving in harmony with God's will.

Dr. Hawthorne impressed his hearers that he was speaking from the heart and that he was standing on the heights from which he could get glimpses of the unseen, that to him these were the eternal realities and soon he would be beyond the things

WHITE RIBBON ECHOES.

Great prohibition parade in Chicago. Sixteen thousand people march to make Chicago "Dry." Greatest temperance demonstration ever seen in the city.

For more than two hours Saturday afternoon, Sept. 26, a steady line of enthusiastic believers in a saloonless city, marched through Chicago's principal streets, in a great temperance and law-enforcement demonstration. It is estimated that 200,000 persons watched the parade. Every marcher carried a United States' flag, and many of those who reviewed the procession, waved flags as they cheered. Press reports vary as to the number of persons taking part in the parade, but the following figures probably are not far from correct:

Number of persons in parade 16,720.

Length of parade 2 1-3 miles.

Time in passing given point, 2 hours, 13 minutes.

Number of organizations represented 87.

Number of decorated floats 64.

The parade was arranged in eight divisions, each headed by a band. Col. A. S. Frost, of Evanston, was chief marshal, and a squad of mounted police headed the procession. Hundreds of ministers marching on foot followed, among them being Bishop Samuel Fallows, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones and many others of the leading ministers of the city.

The largest representation of any one organization was the W. C. T. U. Floats representing the various departments of work, and delegates from many individual unions, Y's & L. T. L's, called forth much enthusiasm. A particularly interesting float was that of the Scientific Temperance Instruction department, in which young people in the costumes of many nations, represented the public school pupils who are taught temperance facts. An automobile carried a group of sweet faced old ladies whose banner proclaimed them "Original Crusaders." Delegations were in line from many churches, young people's societies, Sunday schools, missions, the Salvation Army, and many other organizations. There were songs and rally cries, mottoes and banners, and enthusiasm enough to convince the most skeptical that these people were in earnest in their slogan, "Chicago is going dry." Hilarity greeted the prohibition candidate for president, Mr. E. W. Chaffin, who rode in a big tally-ho with other prohibition leaders and friends from Evanston. A placard on the side of the conveyance read, "Evanston, population 25,000, Thrives Without Saloons. Cook County can do Likewise."

The concise statistics on many of the placards were doubtless new to many who read them. Other facts represented in tableaux were no less impressive. One float represented a justice court, in which a drunkard was receiving a sentence of "30 days and costs," while his wife and ragged children plead for his release. This was entitled, "The Saloon versus the Home. Result I.—'Too much Personal Liberty.'" A second float followed, in which a haggard woman was earning her living over the washboard and caring for a family of hungry children. Title, "Too Little Personal Liberty—The Innocent Suffer with the Guilty."

Numerous "water wagons" were in line with appropriate inscriptions. The various prohibition districts of Cook county were well represented, and their banners proclaimed them well pleased with their saloonless State.

A company of gray-haired G. A. R' men, led by fife and drum, marched steadily in this parade of the newer welfare. Many wagons filled with children bore the pertinent query,

that were seen and temporal in the new Heaven wherein dwelleth righteousness, where they never grow old or weary, and not a wave of trouble rolls across the peaceful breast.

It was a great sermon and made a fine impression.

"Which will you protect, the Saloon or Us?"

Altogether it was the greatest demonstration for temperance that Chicago has ever seen, and can scarcely fail to help bring to pass the overthrow of saloon domination in that city. Comments of persons standing by indicate something of the "arrest of thought" that it has already caused, and it was not a sight to be soon forgotten. The parade was organized and carried to successful completion, by a committee representing the leading temperance organizations, with Mrs. Emily Hill, president of Cook county W. C. T. U., as general chairman.

The Union Signal.

How Russia Obtains Naval Stores.

A glance at the way in which naval stores are obtained in Russia serves to show what is likely to happen in this country when the longleaf pine forests, from which our naval stores for turpentine, rosin, tar, and pitch, have been depleted.

Red pine, called by the botanists *Pinus sylvestris*, is the tree which the Russians exploit for rosin, as the longleaf pine of the Southern States is exploited in this country. In securing the rosin the Russians chip the trees much as we do, but a far smaller yield is secured.

Each year's chipping extends about three feet vertically, and all the way around the tree except for a strip of bark about two inches wide, just sufficient to keep the tree alive. After five years' chipping this strip of bark is also cut and the tree soon dies.

On account of the coldness of the climate where the red pine grows, the rosin does not flow readily, but hardens soon after it exudes from the tree. It is necessary, therefore, to expose a large surface in order to get a sufficient yield. Nor does the rosin flow far enough to be caught in liquid form in "boxes" or cups, as it does in this country. Therefore it has to be scraped off after it hardens. The whole product, which amounts to only about two ounces a year from each tree, is comparable with the "scrape" which forms only a small part of the yield obtained in warmer climates.

Spirits of turpentine and rosin are prepared from this crude resin by distillation with steam in the usual manner. The tree is utilized further than this, however. The outside slabs with scarred surfaces, to which some resin still adheres, are treated either in the old fashioned pit kiln or in closed iron retorts for the production of tar, charcoal, and wood turpentine. The rest of the tree is used for fuel and for making the barrels in which the products are shipped.

It is possible that after our southern turpentine pine becomes commercially extinct, some of the resinous trees of the colder parts of the United States may be utilized like the red pine of Russia as a source of naval stores, although the yield may be small and the process tedious.

New Device For Rifle Ranges.

One of the experts of an English rifle club has devised an ingenious instrument to aid in accurate rifle shooting, says the November Popular Mechanics. It will replace the small flags at present used on rifle ranges to indicate the direction of the wind. The vane above the clock dial is set so that when pointing towards the target it indicates that the wind is blowing from that direction. The band and figures on the dial tell how many miles an hour the wind is blowing. The article is illustrated.

The Soft Answer.

A fond mother, anxious that her two boys, aged five and seven, respectively, should not become contaminated by contact with the world, used to sit in the next room to the boys, reading, while they went to sleep. One night she overheard this: "Tommy." No reply. "Tommy?" No reply. Then a punch of a fist resounded, when she heard: "Go to hell; I'm saving my prayers!"—Practical Advertising.

TILLMAN AT HOME.

Family Reunion Held in Celebration of His Return to Trenton, After Touring Europe.

Augusta, Ga., Oct. 22.—Senator B. R. Tillman arrived at his home in Trenton, S. C., today. The day is being celebrated by a family reunion, all of the Tillman family from various parts of the State being present.

Tillman is Writing a Book.

Spartanburg Herald. Washington, Oct. 24.—Hon. John Porter Hollis, a Wofford graduate, who is well-known in Spartanburg, is in Washington for a few days, engaged in research work for Senator Tillman, in connection with his forthcoming book dealing with the race question. Dr. Hollis is well fitted for this work, having taken a special course in history and political economy at Johns Hopkins University. His thesis for his degree of Ph. D. was on the subject of "Reconstruction in South Carolina," and was printed by the university as a substantial contribution to the knowledge of that subject. Dr. Hollis is now practicing law in Rock Hill, and was elected to the legislature at the August primaries of this year.

A Rat Story.

Even conservative women now draw the hair away from their faces in huge rolls, and nobody attempts to deny the fact that she wears great quantities of false hair. It is now necessary for a woman's happiness that she wear a rat in her hair. Yet men do not admire the fashion. In a western city recently, in a penal institution for girls there was much discontent and the superintendent saw mutiny ahead. He could not divine the cause, so he summoned to his aid a young juvenile court attache—a girl who had been extraordinarily successful in her dealings with incorrigible girls. To her he told the situation and requested her to talk with the girls of the institution for a while and endeavor to learn in a roundabout way what was causing the trouble. A number of the girls were summoned to the reception room and she chatted with them amiably for a time, without mentioning the impending trouble or its possible cause. As she was about to leave, the superintendent entered and asked casually: "Miss U., what do you think of my order forbidding the girls to wear rats in their hair?"

She laughed. "I think it hasn't been obeyed," she said, "as all these girls are wearing them."

"Impossible! I have had every rat burned."

She called one of the girls to her and parting her hair, showed the astonished superintendent a home made rat—a black stocking twisted and pinned to the hair. The girls were stockingless though the weather was cold. And this in a reformatory, where no man could see them—except the superintendent and he did not approve of rats. The juvenile court lady advised him to let them wear them—they might do much worse things than to wear rats—and once again peace and quietude reigned where before an outbreak had been imminent.—Louise Cass Evans in the Bohemian Magazine for October.

Gold Brick Industry in Kansas.

New York Post.

It is conceded that there is a high measure of prosperity and that there is plenty of money to use, if needed. The crop of gold bricks harvested has been enormous. A life insurance fiscal agency, just collapsed, took in \$700,000, nearly all in Kansas, during the past three years, and all was lost. One county 200 miles west has according to a banker's estimate, sunk \$175,000 in patent rights, mining schemes, land speculations in Mexico, &c., practically all of it lost. In addition, it has purchased since May, 1907, over 100 automobiles costing at least \$90,000, and is shipping in more every week. All this accounts for some of the earnings of the prosperous Westerners, and shows why they are hesitating on ordinary trade.

The Champion Jury.

The frontier justice of peace has had so many airings that the theme is becoming encumbered with cobwebs, but I am called upon to record the conduct of the most remarkable jury which perhaps was ever impaneled.

Before his Honor Judge Jefferson Davis of Walnut Grove Precinct No. 8, in the territory of Arizona and county of Yavapai, one John Doe, whose other name I withhold because he has permanently reformed, was solemnly arraigned for stealing a certain saddle, carefully described in the complaint. After an elaborate trial the jury retired, with the written admonitions of the court to Old Abner Wade's cow barn to deliberate.

In the course of three-quarters of an hour they brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree. The court promptly admonished them that such a verdict "wouldn't go," since the man had only been charged with stealing a saddle, and sent them back to deliberate again. A few minutes later a brother of the defendant came along and presented them with a quart of bourbon and a couple of sacks of smoking tobacco, along with a new deck of cards, accompanied with the compliments of the defendant and an hour later the jury returned the following verdict: "We, the jury, with a supreme reverence for the principle of justice and profound deference for this honorable court, find that the defendant John Doe, stole the saddle in self-defense, and therefore acquit him."—Harper's Magazine.

Duly Warned.

A tourist while sojourning at a rising Scottish seaside resort was one morning almost drowned through rushing into the sea to recover his hat that had been blown off by a gale of wind. He was, however, gallantly rescued by a passerby; but, to his astonishment, he was seized by a constable as he was being dragged ashore and conveyed to the police station, where he was charged with disregarding a by-law which enacted that any one found in the water after a m. should be prosecuted as the law directs.

The presiding ballie animadverted severely on the heinousness of such a flagrant breach of the by-law, remarking:

"Eh, man, an' so ye are doin' all ye can to drive awa' trade and frighten awa' sightseers from the toon. It's a shame, after we ha'e spent so much money to mak' the toon attractive. I ha'e a great mind to mak' ye pay a heavy fine for yer thoughtless conduct."

"But, bailie," pleaded the rescued one, "I?"

"Silence! Ye cam' here an get droon'd; that gies the toon a bad name, and casts a gloom over everything, frightens awa' visitors and upsets all our arrangements for the entire season. Now awa' the noon, and remember ye maun be carefu' for the future."—Dundee Advertiser.

Dry Wit.

Youth's Companion.

Conspicuously dry is this bit of native wit quoted from Miss Katharine M. Abbott's recent book, "Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border."

One time, many years ago, some one remarked that the water in the river at North Deerfield—now Shelburne Falls—was very low.

"Yaas," drawled a bystander. "It lacks a quart of being any witer in it."

A Generous People.

Youth's Companion.

"This is a foine country, Bridget!" exclaimed Norah, who had but recently arrived in the United States. "Sure it's generous everybody is."

"I asked at the post office about sindin' money to me mither, and the young man tell me I can get a money-order for ten dollars for ten cents! Think of that now!"

A Jury In Doubt.

We are justly proud of our jury system, but the twelve "good men and true" are not always the wisest of mankind. At a recent session a prisoner was indicted for pocket picking, and to most people in court the clearest possible case was made out by the prosecution.

"Have you anything you would like to tell the jury before they retire?" said the judge.

"Well, all I want say is, I hopes as 'ow they'll give me the benefit of the doubt," replied the prisoner, despondently.

The jury considered their verdict; they were no little time over it.

"Can I assist you in any way, gentlemen?" said the judge, at last becoming impatient.

"We are almost agreed, me lud," said the foreman, "but we can't quite understand what the doubt is the prisoner wishes us to give him the benefit of."—Tit-Bits.

Job Still Open.

The proprietor of a London restaurant advertised for a cook. The first to apply for the berth appeared to be in every way suitable. But before engaging him the restaurant keeper inquired if he could give him a tip for the 2.30 rate.

The cook's eyes brightened. He whispered a "dead cert," and mentioned that he had five shillings on the horse himself. That was enough. The proprietor gave him a lecture on the evils of betting and showed him the door. As he went out he saw another man about to enter.

"Are you going to apply for the job?" he asked. "Well, if you are asked if you know anything about racing, say you can't tell a Derby winner from a coster's donkey."

The man took the advice, was engaged and commenced his duties. Presently the proprietor rushed to the speaking tube and yelled to the new cook:

"Calf's head one."

Instantly the reply came:

"Did he, by George? What was second and third?"

A Promise Given.

Representative Longworth, at a dinner party during the Republican convention in Chicago, talked about honest politics.

"Honest politics alone pay in the end," said he. "Your dishonest politician comes out like Lurgan of Cincinnati."

"Lurgan of Cincinnati was canvassing for votes. He dropped in at a grocer's."

"Good morning," he said. "I may count on your support, I hope?"

"Why, no, Mr. Lurgan," said the grocer. "I've promised my support to your rival."

"Lurgan laughed easily."

"Ah! but in politics," said he, "promising and performing are two different matters."

"In that case," said the grocer heartily, "I shall be most happy to give you my promise, Mr. Lurgan."

—Washington Star.

Needless Expense.

A prisoner was charged with felony at Bow street police court. On his way to the police station he became quite confidential with his captor and remarked:

"There is one thing I am sorry for."

"What is that?" said his captor, expecting to hear a confession.

"I had my hair cut last night," said the prisoner in a dejected tone.

"I might have saved that three-pence. It's just my luck."—London Mail.

A New Law.

Parents of Wayne, a suburb of Philadelphia, are required to report promptly any case of contagious disease, in compliance with the regulations of the local board of health.

In accordance with this order, Health Officer Leary received this post card recently.

"Dear Sir—This is to notify you that my boy Ephraim is down bad with the measles as required by the new law."—Harper's Weekly.