

A CHILD LABOR LAW SHOULD BE PASSED.

The Manufacturers' Record... conservation of the legislatures in certain southern states regarding legislation on the subject of child labor in factories exhibits a great deal of zeal in opposition to what it considers and seems to fear will be a too hasty action in the premises.

As The Manufacturers' Record... conservation should prevail in the enactment of a child labor law as it should in the enactment of all laws. But conservatism should not be carried to the extreme of inactivity which is often a misnomer for the word.

Not one thing is to be done that would retard the furthering of the legitimate interests of manufacturing, as indeed it will not be necessary. But on the other hand it will in the end put manufacturing on a safer and surer basis by giving to the employers of labor a more intelligent class of workers for the mills, and at the same time will be looking out for the interests of humanity as well.

Save the children of the State by giving to them an opportunity for an education, as a law restricting child labor in mills will certainly do, by compelling the parents of these children to allow them the time to attend school which would otherwise be employed, if nothing be done to hinder them from grinding the lives out of their children by close confinement at hard labor for all of the time that the sun shines, only to have, at the end of their great sacrifice a mere pittance, which is all that is accorded to children in the mills, and which fact doubtless accounts for the strenuous efforts on the part of the mill men to prevent such a change.

North Carolina can be depended on to act conservatively in this matter, but that some action should be taken is beyond question, and our legislators should see to it that the lives of poor children should be considered first and commercial interests later.

POULTRY.

Young chickens in a brooder should be fed every two hours.

To break hens from sitting put them in a coop and feed a fattening ration.

Whenever the comb changes color the fowl should be examined for disease or lice.

The roosting place requires three things—cleanliness, good ventilation and good drainage.

A small box of charcoal kept where the fowls can have access to it will serve to arrest disorders of the bowels from overfeeding.

It does not require very much labor to keep the henhouse clean if the work is done in a systematic manner. Fine dry dust is an excellent preventive of lice.

Concerning Mistletoe.

In "Wild Fruits of the Countryside" the author gives some interesting information about mistletoe. As a parasite it possesses many curious peculiarities, among others the fact that it is the only plant whose roots refuse to shoot in the ground. Another point about mistletoe is that it is supposed to grow on the oak tree. Mistletoe rarely grows on oaks. Most of it is gathered from apple trees.

Cut Out.

Girl—Who was that distinguished looking foreigner that was announced just now? I didn't quite catch the title.

Other Girl—You won't either. Lil Bullion has made a catch of that.—Chicago Tribune.

The Best He Could Do.

Wigs—Before they were married he said he would be willing to die for her. Wagg—Well, he has partially proved it. At any rate, he doesn't seem able to earn a living for her.—Philadelphia Record.

A Fish Story.

"There are no good fish in the sea as were ever taken out of it," remarked Small to Young, who had been refused by Moneybag's daughter.

"Yes, I know, but they are not gold fish."—New York Times.

Up in the World.

"Are they progressive people?" "Well, a few years ago they were no better, and now they can catch whom they please."—Detroit Free Press.

A Married Man's Musings

If the heart of the average married man was as light as his pocketbook, he'd be turning somersaults all the time.

There would be fewer marriages if it were the fashion for girls to wear curl papers in public.

"Why have so many of the greatest men in history been married?" somebody wants to know. Answer: It often requires adversity to bring out one's strong points.

Definition from my new matrimonial dictionary: Bachelorhood—A field interval.

"Yass, Miss Angelina," remarked young Mr. Softleigh to his daughter the other evening. "I believe that any fellow, no matter how stupid and homely, can find somebody to marry him." "Why don't you prove it, Mr. Softleigh?" asked Angelina sweetly. "This girl's gowns are certainly inherited."—Fittsburg Dispatch.

Beauty's Reward.

In the case of a new play about to be produced is a young actor who is extremely good looking, but who is so well aware of that fact himself as to often appear obviously concealed to some of the members of the company and especially so to the stage manager who has his great admiration for manly beauty.

A few days ago when the latter was giving final directions concerning the costumes of the players the handsome actor stepped up to him and, with a self approving smile, pointing to his own face said:

"And what shall I do with this?" "Change it," was the short reply of the manager. —New York Clipper.

Wirely Sympathy.

A man, being seriously ill, asked his wife to send for the minister, who came and talked some time with the good old man. On leaving he tried to comfort the wife, saying that while John was very weak he was evidently ready for a better world. Unexpectedly, however, John rallied and said to his wife, "Jenny, my woman, I'll maybe be spared to see yet." "No, no, John," was the reply, "you're prepared, and I'm resigned. —Doe, noo."—Scottish-American.

Caught.

Mr. Reuben Eck—Doing some shopping for your mother today, weren't you?

Miss Grownser (unwarily)—No; I was quite selfish today. All I did was for myself. Why?

Mr. Reuben Eck—I saw you going into that false hair emporium.—Philadelphia Press.

Of Course.

Novice (wanting to know)—Pray tell me what an impressionist is. Why is his grass red and his sky green?

Philistine—Well, ordinary artists try to paint what they see. An impressionist paints what he doesn't see, but what he thinks one ought to see.—San Francisco Town Talk.

Stone Blind.



"What have you been, my poor fellow?"

"A waiter, sir."

"How did you lose your sight?"

"Looking for tips."

A South Carolina Finding.

"What was the verdict that the coroner's jury rendered?" "Willful neglect of duty on the part of the deceased. He went out unarmed knowing the other fellow was in town."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not He.

"Do you take this internally?" asked the customer as he put the bottle in his pocket and handed over the change.

"Me?" said the druggist's new assistant. "Great Scott, no! I sell it!"—Chicago Tribune.

Diamonds Are Carbon.

Nabob—Put some coal on the fire.

"There is no coal, sah."

Nabob—Confound it! Then we'll have to use some more of my wife's diamonds as fuel.—Philadelphia North American.

The School For Scandal.

"Look at the crowd of women going into Mrs. Gabbie's house. What's the attraction?"

"Detraction. The sewing circle meets there today."—Philadelphia Press.

A Matter to Be Settled Forthwith.

"Here's a scientist that says that thoughts have color."

"Did he say what the fashionable color was this year?"—Washington Times.

A Burning Plea.

Though she scorns my roses red, Bonbons sweet and billets doux, Though she turns away her head When I beg a kiss or two, Not for long shall we play foes:

My trump card she cannot spurn; She'll surrender when she knows I have anthracite to burn.

—M. W. Sanford in New York Times.

Number 15

[Original]

A row of Union soldiers stood in line within the walls enclosing a prison yard. A Confederate officer approached and, standing some twenty paces from them, thus addressed them:

"Three Confederates taken in what your Yankee general over there (pointing) calls illegitimate warfare are to be shot this evening at sunset. In retaliation I am ordered to shoot three of your number. You will begin to count from right to left, and every fifth man will step four paces to the front."

A shudder passed along the line. All understood that those men who were to step to the front must die.

"Begin, you man on the right there," said the officer.

A young girl emerged from a door leading from the commandant's quarters and came toward the soldiers. She wore an apron and a cap, denoting that she was a nurse. She had made both herself, for in those days there were no uniformed nurses. Lucia Clarke was a northern girl who had gone south to find her brother, Allen Clarke, who was an invalid prisoner of war.

Having gained permission to nurse him, she had devoted herself to the sick in the hospital attached to the prison, including Confederates, for in this case the blue and the gray were mingled, till she had won the admiration of all and the love of the Confederate commandant. She came forward with a quick step. She had just heard of the order and knew what was going on.

"One," "Two," "Three," "Four," No. 5 said nothing, but tottered forward.

"Six," "Seven," "Eight," "Nine," No. 10 stepped forward with as steady a tread as if ordered to meet a human enemy.

"Eleven," "Twelve," "Thirteen," "Fourteen."

While the men had been counting Lucia Clarke had glanced ahead and seen that her brother Allen would be the fifteenth man. He had only been discharged from the hospital the day before and now, injured and with one in five chances of death before him, could scarcely stand.

A feminine voice rang out firm and clear. Lucia, who had wedged herself in between No. 14 and her brother, stepped four paces to the front. Allen, seeing what his sister had done, moved forward to contest the place with her, but, overcome by his infirmities, fell on the ground behind her. Lucia stood rigid while two Confederate attendants carried him away.

As Major Clarence Fitz-Hugh, the commandant, looked at the girl standing there in the rank of death his eye was wet with sympathy.

"Miss Clarke," he said gently, but firmly, "all must appreciate the sacrifice you would make, but it cannot be permitted."

"Then I will die with my brother if I cannot die for him."

"What can you do?"

"I will stand before him when he is shot, and the same bullet will end this fearful struggle for us both."

"Sergeant," said the officer, "march the prisoners back. Separate those who are to be shot from the rest."

"You on the dead line," said the sergeant, "right face!"

The five men and the woman turned to the right.

"Miss Clarke," said the major, "you can't go to the men's prison."

"I will," she said firmly. "I take my brother's place. Where he would go I go."

A vexed look crossed Major Fitz-Hugh's face.

"Sergeant," he said, "send Miss Clarke to my office under the care of a corporal and two men." With this he turned and went into the building. A few minutes later Lucia Clarke was escorted into his presence. He directed the men who brought her there to withdraw. Then he said to her:

"If I promise you that when your brother is led out to die you shall be notified and permitted to go out with him, will you go to your room and remain there till you are called?"

"Yes."

"Very well; you have my word."

Lucia left the office and, going to her room, threw herself on her couch and buried her face in a pillow. Gradually her sufferings gave place to a sort of stupor. How long she was there she did not know. She was roused by a knock at the door, and Major Fitz-Hugh's orderly told her to come. She started up with a moan, but gradually mustered strength to go with a firm step to the prison yard with her guide. There, standing in line, were the three men who had been drawn by lot for execution, among them her brother. She was about to spring toward him when Major Fitz-Hugh called to her to wait. Then, drawing a paper from his pocket, he began to read:

"Special Order No. —"

"In recognition of the services of Miss Lucia Clarke in hospital and her kindness to many sick and wounded Confederates, the lives of these Union prisoners drawn for execution in retaliation are spared."

"Sergeant," added the officer, "march the prisoners back."

When the sergeant and the three men entered the prison and the door closed behind them, the major turned to the girl, who stood mute beside him.

"Lucia Clarke," he said, "it was the happiest moment of my life when I secured that order from the general commanding."

"How can I show you my gratitude?" asked the girl after several unsuccessful efforts to speak.

"By permitting me reverently to love you."

The girl stood as if swayed by the wind. Then, extending her hand, she said:

"Come to me with the return of peace."

EVERETT PAINE POTTER.

A CASE OF DESERTION

[Original]

Andy Sumwalt had known Molly Barnes for years and thought he was aware of every good and bad trait she possessed. "Them two has been courtin' so long," said the neighbors, "and never havin' had a quarrel, they'll live together like two turtledoves." It created, therefore, a sensation when a week after the marriage Andy disappeared. The only explanation given by his wife was that they had quarreled. The truth was that under the influence of physical ailment Molly had acted very unreasonably and harshly. Andy, whose experience in marital life was confined to a few days, argued, "If this is the beginning, what will be the end?" Being a determined fellow as well as having a dread of discord, he made up his mind to correct what he considered a mistake at the very outset by leaving his wife. Nevertheless he was not so unmanly as to force her to take care of herself. He left with her half his savings, and before they were gone he began to send monthly remittances. Then suddenly the remittances stopped, for Andy fell sick. Six months later they were resumed, but as Molly had left the place in which she had lived they were returned to Andy.

Molly had been offered a position in the city and had gone there to keep from starvation, taking with her a little girl who had been born to her. But when Molly reached the city she arrived without her baby, whom she had left in a foundlings' home.

The child was so pretty and attractive that a number of ladies without children wished to adopt her. The lady president resolved to put Molly up at auction, the proceeds to be settled upon the child in the hands of a trustee. Molly to be knocked down to the highest bidder. On the day of the sale the home matron mounted a table with Molly in her arms and called for bids. There were in attendance besides the ladies mentioned a number of poorer people who wanted a child.

Fifty dollars was bid and the amount run up to \$250 by the poorer classes when the ladies took hold and raised it to \$1,000. At this point a man behind the crowd dressed like a workman began to bid. A lady who was resolved to have the child bid against him till the sum of \$2,000 was reached, when she withdrew, and the child was knocked down to the man.

"What name?" asked the matron.

"Andrew Sumwalt."

"Sumwalt? That was the name pinned to the child's dress when she was brought in here."

"I know all about her," said the man. "I've been tracking her mother for weeks, but I haven't gained any information except of the child."

He pulled a great roll from his pocket and counted twenty \$100 bills without sensibly lessening the bulk of the roll. Handing the money to the matron, he took his little girl in his arms, and the expression of his face was a delight to look upon.

Andy had hunted for gold in the west and found a coal mine. This had given him a fortune. He had lived with a married couple in the far west and had noticed how much they had to bear and forbear. Then it occurred to him that he had fled in the face of an inevitable attendant upon marriage, the getting used to each other, and had he waited for his child she would have been a bond far stronger than all others.

Upon proving his story he was named trustee for his child, and the president of the home took sufficient interest in finding his wife, the mother of his child, to enter upon the work herself. But she made slow progress, and after months of endeavor gave up the work as hopeless. Meanwhile Andy hired a comfortable country home and a nurse and waited.

One spring morning John was working in his garden while Molly was chasing butterflies over the grass. A carriage came up the road and turned into the gate. Andy stood leaning on his spade, looking at it. A presentiment came to him that his wife was within. But, no; she could never come to him in such style. The carriage stopped a short distance from him, and the lady president of the home alighted. John was disappointed; but, noticing another woman about to alight, his pulse quickened again. Once more he was doomed to disappointment at seeing the woman dressed in the black and white of a servant, for she must surely be the lady's maid. Then the vision of his life flashed before him, the lady's maid running to him with outstretched arms. In another moment husband and wife were in each other's embrace, and little Molly, coming up, was taken between them.

Molly had at last found it possible to support her child and had gone to the home in quest of her.

"I have often met," said the lady president a little later in Andy's sitting room, "cases like this, desertion immediately or very soon after marriage, and have wondered at the cause. Surely there must be some great discovery, some bitter disappointment. I ask as my reward for bringing you two together that you tell me the cause in this case."

Andy and Molly hung their heads.

"It was all my fault," said Molly.

"All mine," said Andy.

"The cause?" asked the lady again.

"There was no cause," said Molly. "The starter was that I asked Andy one morning to bring me a suitcase of coal, and he wouldn't do it till he had tied his cravat."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the lady president, throwing up her hands. "What a contemptible cause for so much unhappiness!"

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DUSSILLA GARRISON.

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