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J. E. INGRAHAM,
Land Commissioner, Florida East Coast Railway,
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WILLIAM D. BLOXHAM, GOVERNOR OF FLORIDA.

True merit is so seldom appreciated that it is with gratification we note the successful career of that popular ruler of Florida, Gov. Wm. D. Bloxham. Born in Leon County, Florida, July 9, 1835, William Bloxham's life from childhood to boyhood, boyhood to manhood, has been marked by a line of brilliant successes.

Graduating at an early age from that far famed William and Mary's College
Our Governor's Album.

Virginia in the summer of 1855, it was predicted then that great public success would attend his career.

A Democrat, sound to the core, true to his party, William Bloxham was elected to the legislature of his native State in 1860, presidential elector in 1868, Lieut. Governor in 1870. Served on the State Democratic Executive Committee in the campaign of 1876. In 1877 was appointed Secretary of State for a four years' term. In 1880 the esteem and confidence of the people were further shown in his election as Governor for a four years' term.

In 1885 Governor Bloxham was appointed Minister to Bolivia, but declined the honor preferring to serve his native State. In December, 1885, he was appointed Surveyor General of the State, serving in this capacity for four years. In 1890 he was called to the office of State Comptroller to fill an unexpired term. In 1892 he was re-elected to the same office for a full term of four years, and now he is again in the Gubernatorial chair, having been elected in October, 1896, and inaugurated January 5, 1897, for a four years' term, ruling wisely and well the people and the State so dear to his heart, by whom he has been so often signally honored.

For some years after the inauguration of honest government in Florida the State Treasury was in hard lines as the effects of the many years of dishonest "carpet bag" government. Governor Bloxham greatly relieved this condition by the consummation of a sale to Northern parties of one million acres of State land at twenty-five cents per acre. For this he was criticised by some, but even his critics soon saw the wisdom of the sale, as the land was largely under water and in swamp. The purchasers, by heavy expenditures in dredging and digging of canals have reclaimed large tracts of the land which are now as rich and productive as the far-famed lands that border the river Nile.

Governor Bloxham seems to have drawn into his nature the warmth and sunshine of his native State. The hand that rules is ever ready with a cordial clasp for friend or stranger, or lingers with tenderness on the sunny heads of the little ones. No one, however humble, escapes his notice. As a public speaker he is magnetic and eloquent; his thoughts well rounded, clearly and simply expressed; his language chaste.

As commander-in-chief of the State militia, the Governor spent much time at the different camps in the State during the past summer, ever watchful and solicitous as to the welfare of the brave boys who volunteered at the call of their country.

Long life to this great and good man—in private life, in public office, as a citizen, as a statesman, as a ruler, sans peur et sans reproche.

M. S. Earhart.
ANN PAMELA CUNINGHAM.

There is probably no home in South Carolina richer in historical interest than “Rosemont,” the birthplace and home of Ann Pamela Cunningham. It is situated in the lovely country near Laurens, and was built 165 years ago by Patrick Cunningham, who was appointed by King George to survey the territory of Carolina. For this work he was granted 90,000 acres of land. Finding magnificent timber on the estate and being a large slave owner, he set them to work felling trees and rafting them to Charleston; thence they were carried to England where they were framed into a house patterned after the ancestral home of the Cuningshams. This house was then brought back to the place from which the trees were first felled, and a royal mansion built in the unbroken forest.

The Cunningham family belonged to the nobility of England, and were staunch Royalists. They were a brave and chivalrous race and have never apologized for the position their ancestors took in the Revolution. But if any reparation were necessary it certainly has been fully made by their patriotic descendant, Ann Pamela Cunningham, who, in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, overcame them all, and gave her life’s work to the establishment of the noble and patriotic “Association of Mt. Vernon,” which has rescued from desecration and destruction the home and ashes of America’s dearest son, and will preserve them in honor and reverence always.

Ann Pamela Cunningham was born at “Rosemont” in August, 1816. Her mother was Miss Bird, of Virginia, and thus she was connected with the Washingtons. She was related to many fine old families of the South, among them the Harris’s and Daltons, of Virginia, and the Yanceys, of Alabama. Her childhood was passed in the perfect freedom of the broad grounds and extensive plantation of her native home, but her mind was always subject to the intellectual and refined influence of her parents and the cultured people they drew around them.

She became the pupil of Mr. and Mrs. Marks, whose school at Barhamville, near Columbia, was noted throughout the South. While her mind was brilliant and powerful her body was weak and frail. She was often a great sufferer.

In 1853, she was returning from the North where she had been to consult a noted physician, and on a lovely sum-
mer afternoon was floating down the Potomac with her mother. As they were passing Mt. Vernon the steamer bell tolled in solemn tones and the mother began to speak sadly of the memories of her early childhood, connected with the home of Washington and deplored in burning words the probable fate of the sacred resting place of the father of his country. These words fired the enthusiasm and brilliant intellect of the invalid girl, and forgetful of her frail and diseased body, she determined to put forth the full strength of her mind to rescue the place from the threatened destruction.

On reaching Charleston she consulted able advisers, among whom was James L. Pettigru. Under their counsel and that of Judge Berrien of Georgia, an application was made to the Legislature of Virginia for a charter for the “Mt. Vernon Ladies’ Association of the Union.” This was the first patriotic organization of women in the United States. We constantly hear that the Colonial Dames was the first—in reality it was the third. “The Association for the preservation of Virginia Antiquities” was the second.

At this time Mt. Vernon was owned by Mr. John A. Washington and was offered for sale for $200,000. To secure this sum was now the task of the Association. To this end the enthusiastic invalid Pamela gave all the energy of her mind. She enlisted all the talent she could command in her favor. Her kinsman, Wm. L. Yancey, of Alabama, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, clasped hands in a common cause with the fiery Southerner, and aided her with their eloquence. Money poured into her treasury and about $75,000 was realized from their lectures.

Miss Cumingham was the first Regent of the Association and held the staff of office until 1873 when, broken in health and ruined in fortune by the war, she retired to her old home. Her brave spirit was finally conquered by a life of harassing exertion incident to her great enterprise but she had the proud consciousness of having established it on a firm basis, freed it of all encumbrances and spent thousands in improvements. Her work was done and on May 1, 1875, the welcome summons came which called her to her rest. Her body was brought to Columbia and an eye witness of the solemn funeral thus writes:

“It was a bright evening, full of golden sunshine when the body of Miss Cumingham was brought to Columbia to be laid away to her long rest. It had been her own wish, and a very natural one that she should be buried in the capital of the State she had loved so well, and whose fame she had done so much to illustrate.

The beautiful “God’s Acre” of the Presbyterian Church had been her
choice of the spot where her mortal part should lie. A recent cyclone had blown down the tall, graceful spire of the church, and in falling it had crushed in the roof of the church and severely injured the interior. Therefore, it was a solemn, almost a weird scene as the coffin containing the honored body of the “Southern Matron” was deposited in the midst of this desolation. But it seemed to me emblematic of the then prostrate State whose sorrows had so wrung the heart of the dead woman lying before us and fit that the accompaniments of her burial should be symbols of distress and ruin. A number of the most influential gentlemen of Columbia met the casket at the station escorting it to the church where it was met by a large concourse of citizens and with a tender and reverent service conducted by the Rev. W. E. Boggs, D.D., it was laid away under the trees and amid the flowers.”

A handsome monument has since been erected to her memory in loving remembrance by her nephew and heir, Clarence Cuningham. It is of our native granite, massive and simple. At the head is a bronze medallion taken from a cameo of her when young, at the foot a similar plate showing the armorial-bearings of her family.

A. I. Robertson.
ROCK HILL—THE CITY OF THE GREAT PIEDMONT REGION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

A little less than fifty years ago a party of gentlemen might have been seen grouped on a small hill of flint rock, in a bare field, which, however, was traversed by a newly-laid railroad track. They were earnestly discussing some weighty question, evidently connected with the new road, nearby of the Charlotte and South Carolina Railway. Finally one of the party, Mr. Lawrence Moore, seemed to be struck with a new idea, and, pointing to the hill of rock, exclaimed, triumphantly, "Let's name it 'Rock Hill.'" Thus was christened the new railway station, then only a bare field, a rock-covered hill, yet destined to be in the future the bright, energetic little city it now is—the hub of the great Piedmont section and the pride of the up country.

At that time there was nothing but the name—only one or two small houses, no depot, no stores—nothing but the name. Yet this barren hill of rock has proved to be the solid founda-
tion for a monument of business enterprise and indomitable energy, and the scene of all the bustling activity and ever-changing interests of a lively and ambitious little city.

The first plat of Rock Hill was laid out in 1851, by Surveyor John Roddey, and is in the possession of his son, Capt. W. L. Roddey, now one of the most prominent citizens of the place. By comparing this plat with one made a few years ago an idea will be gained of the wonderful progress made and the now grew so vigorously it soon became too large for its borders, and, applying to the legislature, had its insufficient charter changed for that of a city.

Rock Hill might well be called "The Phoenix City," for it has been so often consumed by fire and yet risen each time from its ashes and soared aloft on its way with brave intrepidity and renewed vigor. Main street has been three times burnt, first on one side then on the other, and again on the first side, but each time has its undaunted

immense stride that has been taken in less than fifty years.

After the first plat was made and a depot established, Rock Hill remained for many years an insignificant village; but gradually people moved in from the surrounding country, established a little school and built two churches.

The town was not incorporated until 1870, when its population was only about 275 souls. After that time it increased rapidly until in 1891 its population was over 3,800. The young town people built it up again, stronger and more elegant, until now the street is a solid wall of handsome business houses, the Smith-Fewell Co. and Friedheim buildings being amongst the finest in the South.

The fire department is unusually good and well equipped. It is mainly volunteer, and is in charge of the young men of the city who, with brave patriotism, are always ready when needed with their gallant little engine, the "Marion Jones."

ONE OF THE FIRST HOUSES BUILT IN ROCK HILL.
Like everything else in this particularly loyal city, the local paper does its full share in trying to uphold the pride and enterprise of the place. It was first edited, about 1871, by Johnstone Jones, and called "The Lantern," seeking with its small though bright rays to shed light in the dark places. The name was changed in 1874 to the "Herald," and established by the late J. M. Ivy, to whom was due a great part of the pluck and enterprise which have animated our people. During the campaign of '76 the paper was called the "Hampton Herald," afterwards the "Rock Hill Herald." About ten years later it was bought by Mr. J. J. Hull who has ever since edited it, ably and impartially.

Ten years ago the citizens of Rock Hill, realizing that a most important necessity was the establishment of a good public school, put up a handsome
building and established a graded school. It was opened in 1888 with the small number of 125 scholars, which has now increased to more than 400. The following prominent gentlemen compose the permanent board of trustees of the school district: Iredell Jones, president; W. L. Roddey, A. E. Smith, W. B. Wilson, W. S. Creighton, J. M. Cherry and J. J. Waters. The school is in a very flourishing condition, and under the efficient management of the newly-elected superintendent, Mr. J. C. Cork, is a pride and pleasure to the people.

Rock Hill was one of the pioneer towns in the manufacture of cotton. The first mill to be incorporated was the “Rock Hill Cotton Factory Co.,” in 1880. It has been continuously running ever since, and in all these hard times has never shut down. It pays its stockholders an annual dividend of 7 per cent. The Arcade is also an enterprising and successful mill—popularly known as the “Fewell Mill,” a well
ROCK HILL.

deserved honor, as Mr. R. T. Fewell is the very life and spirit of the business, and to him is mainly due its success. The Manchester is another flourishing cotton factory, most complete and perfect in all its appointments. It runs day and night without cessation, and its managers change with the demands of the trade, so that they produce just what is needed in their line of business and never find their goods a drug on the market. The Globe, under the new name of the Victoria, but the same president, Mr. J. R. London, is doing a good business. The Standard is now called the Highland Park No. 2, having been purchased by the Highland Park No. 1, of Charlotte, N. C., and backed by strong capital, and under the management of experienced mill men is booming along with real North Carolina vigor and energy, and will soon set itself alongside of the most flourishing factories of our sister State.

There are few places which afford as many workers and as few loafers as
WEST MAIN STREET.

HIGHLAND PARK MILL NO. 2.
Rock Hill; still the people do not believe in all work and no play, and have the true spirit of enjoyment—work hard and then indulge in recreation. They also are a reading people and have a good public library maintained by an association of the citizens.

The streets of the city and roads leading out into the country in every direction are exceptionally fine, some being macadamized for miles.

The place is well lighted by electricity and has a fine plant of which Mr. J. M. Cherry is the efficient president, and which furnishes light for the Winthrop College as well as private residences. There are as yet no electric street cars; but Rock Hill will doubtless in the near future be abreast of the times in its street car lines as in other lines, and electric cars will go humming through the city.
For some time the citizens have felt the necessity for water works, and very lately the contract for boring an artesian well has been completed. We have a well 300 feet deep, 275 feet of which is bored through solid rock. It furnishes 175,000 gallons per day and will supply water for the city. The banks of Rock Hill have always done their full share in upholding the credit and business interests of the city.

One of the most up-to-date and successful enterprises of the place is the Rock Hill Buggy Co. Organized in 1886, under the name of Holler and Anderson, it did at first principally a repair business, only two buggies having been made that year. It soon, however, began to reach out for some outside trade, and after diligent advertising and much exertion, the business was increased to making about 150 buggies annually. In 1889 the firm was absorbed by the Messrs. Holler and Anderson Buggy Co., which, after doubling the business, was in 1892 merged into the present Rock Hill Buggy Co. The quarters of the company were now entirely inadequate to meet the demands of the trade, and they moved out and erected large and convenient shops with every labor-saving machine that could be purchased. The capacity at this time is 10,000 vehicles annually, and during the past year there were made and actually sold exactly 3,520 complete ones. They employ about 100 men, four of whom

View in Wood-working Department of Rock Hill Buggy Co.
ROCK HILL.

travel all the time on the road. They sell buggies from New York to Texas, and have sent several to foreign countries. They recently sold 1,000 to one concern in Tennessee. One reason of their success is that they confine themselves to a few styles of vehicles, and another is that they have always advertised most freely in every available way, thus, not only doing the work, but showing to the whole country that they can do it well.

The Rock Hill people, having confidence in themselves and the future of their own city, offer every inducement to others to cast in their lot with them, and few who do so ever repent their choice. Here are factory sites, and electric powers, farming lands and building lots for sale under the most liberal terms. The Land and Town Site Company, organized in 1891, and the Iredell Land Co., in 1893, have purchased large bodies of land and offer builders every inducement to buy lots and put up houses. The Land and Town Site Company has laid out its property in handsome roads and broad streets, where are constantly springing up lovely homes, some of them mansions that would grace any city. This town of suburban villas is called Oakland and embraces the high school, an excellent college for boys and the Winthrop's Industrial College, the pride of South Carolina, and the crowned queen amongst the colleges of the State.

The history of the college is briefly
this: In 1886 Prof. D. B. Johnson, superintendent of the graded schools in Columbia, went North and secured from the Peabody fund $2,000 for a normal school in that place. The school was established under Prof. Johnson and the city school commissioners, with only 17 young women as pupils. About $5,000 was appropriated for it by the State. Gov. B. R. Tillman made a strong plea to the legislature in 1890 for the higher education of women in the State, and it was mainly through his indomitable energy and untiring perseverance that the school was finally established on a firm basis. It was called the Winthrop in honor of the illustrious Robt. C. Winthrop, who has aided the South so materially in the cause of education, as president of the board of the Peabody fund. The school received from that fund for many years an appropriation of $2,000 annually.

The location of the college was determined by competitive bids from different points in the State, and no higher testimonial to the enterprise of Rock Hill can be given than that under the strongest opposition she grasped this prize for her own from the more wealthy and powerful cities of the State.

The buildings which have cost about a quarter million dollars are very beautiful and thoroughly equipped in every way with all modern conveniences. The dormitories, tho’ very large, do
"Strawberry Hill," One of the Oldest Houses.

Residence of Mr. J. M. Terry, Oakland.
Residence of W. J. Roddey, Oakland.

Cotton Yard in Rock Hill.
not accommodate more than half the applicants. All the rooms in the dormitory are furnished alike, and all students have equal accommodations. The class rooms are large and well lighted and the music rooms are situated away from the noise and bustle of the college. The gymnasium is fitted with the very best appliances for the physical culture of women and the auditorium is one of the largest and finest in the South. The infirmary is perfect in all its arrangements for the comfort of its patients, and has a
ROCK HILL.

resident woman physician. While everything possible is done for the sick girls, the pleasures of the well and strong are not forgotten, and there is for them a tennis court and other out of door games as well as a fine bowling alley, while the large campus of forty acres gives a beautiful recreation ground. The whole purpose of this college, under the management of President Johnson, is to give the pupils, in addition to a high and cultured education, thorough training in all branches of practical studies, teaching.
them to be bread winners and home makers, and thus fit themselves for life's great duties. This is the Institution of the State and she intends for it to be good enough for the richest and cheap enough for the poorest. A neat uniform of blue is required of all and at Winthrop the rich are not distinguished from the poor by dress.

Just in sight of the Winthrop on a fine eminence is the Presbyterian High School for boys. It was established in
1891, and is owned by Davidson College, N. C. These schools are particularly accessible from any point in North or South Carolina as, at Rock Hill, only twenty-five miles from Charlotte, the Great Southern makes a junction with the Narrow Guage, thus connecting the upper and lower parts of the States. The High School offers a thorough preparation for college and also such a course as will fit the boys for a business life. The physical training of the boys is much encouraged, while a great deal of attention is paid to morals and religion, the school is not sectarian, however, and students represent all denominations. Eighty young men and boys are in attendance from six different States. It is under the control of A. R. Banks and E. S. Barnes, and the other members of the faculty are W. A. Douglas and W. L. Black. Rock Hill is an eminently religious place and the whole tone of its society is moral and sober. There are probably a larger number of handsome
churches here than in any other place of its size in the country, and these handsome churches are not simply an ornament to the city, but it is the custom of the people to go to them whenever there is religious service.

The First Presbyterian is the largest congregation in the city, numbering over 600 members. They have erected a large and beautiful church, and one which would do credit to any city. Under its auspices is a chapel which does much good among the factory operatives. Another Presbyterian Church is the White Memorial, in memory of the late Jas. S. White. The Methodists have lately built a handsome church on a prominent corner near the heart of the city.

The Associate Reformed Presbyterians have within the last year built a beautiful house of worship. This is the first church of this denomination ever erected in the place, and is a source
Residence of J. G. Anderson, Oakland.

Rodney Building.
of great comfort and pleasure to its members. The Baptists have a new and attractive little church.

The Episcopal is the only church which has remained intact from the beginning, keeping on the even tenor of its way unchanging. This church has established a chapel for the colored people which does much good amongst them.

In summing up the good points of Rock Hill, we can truthfully say that she possesses in an eminent degree the three cardinal virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity. Faith in her own uprightness, Hope in her future and Charity to all who come within her borders. With these incentives to noble purpose and high duty she will keep steadily on her way till the goal of success is reached.

The best part of Rock Hill—better than her fine business houses, better than her mills, her factories or her colleges, are her own people. Pre-eminently hospitable and kind-hearted, while thrifty and hard working they have always been particularly noted for their loyalty to each other and their own city. They have always as a people stood together through good and adverse fortune, and this has been and is the great secret of their progress and success.

A. I. ROBERTSON.
GLADSTONE, THE CHRISTIAN STATESMAN.

We put the emphasis on the word Christian. He has had his peer as a statesman, and also as a Christian; but it may well be questioned whether he has ever had his peer in the measure in which he combined the Christian and the statesman.

The younger Pitt might have rivaled him as a statesman; Wilberforce or Bright could furnish a parallel to him as Christian. But to Gladstone belongs the solitary glory of being at the same time pre-eminent both in the sphere of politics and of religion. He has affected the world in many directions, and for the most part his influence has unquestionably been for good. He began public life in close association with the most intense Tories—the upholders of ancient customs, of the prestige and prerogative of titled nobility; but the sense of justice and sentiments of humanity could not be confined within the traditional limits of the Tory party. He soon began to drift away from his conservative associates, and long before his grand career reached its culmination he was leading the van of the most advanced liberals. Change with him did not mean fickleness, much less did it mean turning his sails to catch the popular breeze; it simply meant enlargement of vision and loyalty to conviction. His pole-star in the political firmament was devotion to the right of his fellowmen. His devotion was based on religious principles, and hence he could not pause to count the cost. He must do his duty no matter what the consequences.

We venture to suggest that his persistent and consistent subordinating of
all political aims and interests to the control of a divinely enlightened conscience makes Gladstone an object-lesson most valuable and most needful. He has clearly demonstrated that ardent piety, God-fearing and God-honoring, may be wedded to the highest type of practical statesmanship. He has brought the book of Daniel down to date, proving before the eyes of this generation that religion is an element of power and not of weakness in him who guides the destiny of a kingdom. Can it be doubted that the lesson is needed? Are not bad evidences abundant that the majority of those who aspire to office in State court the help of his Satanic majesty? Was Mr. Ingalls giving his private opinion, or was he formulating popular opinion as indicated by prevalent political methods, when he said, “The purification of politics is an iridescent dream? The Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in a political campaign. Politics mean war, and, in war, it is lawful to deceive the adversary; to hire Hessians, to purchase mercenaries, to mutilate, to kill, to destroy.” He was much abused for this dictum; but, it seems to me, that he merely put into this terse and tragic form the theory of politics which obtains in practice. Surely no one would have the hardihood to avow, as his own deliberate conviction, that in political strife one may right­fully seek victory by trampling the ten commandments under foot, and ruthlessly disregarding all the claims of humanity. But one may have the hardi­hood to say that it often appears that the ten commandments and the Golden Rule have been set aside by those who are seeking victory in the political arena. Jesus of Nazareth is not the only man to whom the devil has said, “All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.” We may safely say that every one who aspires to dominion must have an interview with this same wily adversary. It is not every one who is able to say, “Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written Thou shalt worship the Lord, thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.”

Gladstone’s career stands up before the whole world a grand monumental testimony, bearing witness to the fact that one does not have to bow down to Satan in order to come into possession of power and dominion. One can worship God and still win votes; he can say his prayers and come to be prime minister.

The urgent need of the country is good men in office. We should not forget one hopeful fact, the first question asked in reference to a nominee for the presidency is a question touching his character. No man with a serious blot on his life would stand the ghost of a chance of being elected president. It is much in a nominee’s favor to be a consistent member of the church. The trouble is that the same concern about character does not center around lower offices. Unless dame rumor is an unmitigated disseminator of falsehood, the majority of men in public office do not scruple to be wicked with the wicked, and to cater to the baser elements of society for the purpose of forwarding their political interests. Blessed day when nothing but purity of character can purchase popularity!

The need is for good men to enter politics, and to stay good after they enter. This can be done. Gladstone is the everlasting proof of it.

R. C. Reed.
THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

Our coming unheralded, we modestly take our place in the ranks of journalism, confident that there is a niche for us and assured of a welcome from the fraternity.

The New South, with many features interesting and new, hopes to merit and obtain the support and commendation of the people. As a business venture its success is assured. With high aims and noble purpose we will labor for the good of the people and the advancement of our beloved Southland. We are the same "Old South" in that we have the same stately, sunlit mountains, the fertile valleys, the embowered wealth of minerals, and a people, strong men and fair women, the most truly "American" of any in our broad land. But where once no sound was heard but the sound of the woodman's axe or the sportsman's gun is now heard the busy hum of industry, the mountains are giving up their hidden treasure, and the valleys are waving fields of grain.

We are a "new South" to our brother across the Mason and Dixon line. He has taken off his spectacles, and wiping away the dust of thirty years' accumulation sees not only our industrial, commercial, and agricultural advantages, but also sees us as we are, brave, patriotic, and ready and eager to defend the stars and stripes, "our flag."

* * * * *

The New Year is a good time for taking a trial balance from life's ledger. It is well for us, at least once a year, to look back over our lives, and, viewing the failures, the mistakes, the shortcomings, the longgoings that have marked the way, endeavor to avoid in the future the paths that led us to them. We should "turn over a new leaf" and weight it down. In the new year live less for self and more for others; be a better husband, a better wife, a better father and mother, a better son and daughter, a better brother and sister, a better friend, a better neighbor. Scatter sunshine and joy along your path through life—not gloom and sadness—remembering that you will not pass this way again.

* * * * *

The year 1899 bids fair to be a prosperous one. Especially encouraging is the outlook in our own Southland. It is to be hoped that we may some day realize the magnificent possibilities of agricultural and industrial development that are all about us. It is gratifying to see that many from other sections appreciate these conditions and are eager to lay hold of them.

The South has open arms for all desirable immigrants, and a country, "the garden spot of the world.”

* * * * *

Subscribers to Southern Life.

All paid subscribers to Southern Life will receive New South for the unexpired terms of their subscriptions.

Subscribers to Looking Southward...

All paid subscribers to Looking Southward will receive New South for their unexpired subscription terms.
THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—OUR NEW POSSESSIONS.

Expansion or no expansion. What shall we do with the Philippine Islands? This question has provoked much discussion, pro and con, in the counting room, in the home, on the street corner.

One says, Our constitution, our government from its foundation, has been for "government by and for the people." If we grant these Filipinos suffrage they can send sufficient representation to Congress to hold the balance of power, the controlling vote. Another shows us how ridiculous this assumption is, and so it goes.

Others believe in getting all we can and keeping all we get; believe that where once "Old Glory" has been raised it should float forever. But we seem to have the islands, and must presumably await developments as to the wisdom or folly of their acquirement.

Meanwhile it is of interest to know something of these new possessions.

The extraordinary naval victory of Admiral Dewey on May 1, 1898, opened to the United States a new world of Oriental expansion.

This wonderful achievement has no parallel in history. The coolness, courage and executive ability of Admiral Dewey, as shown in his conduct during the war, and the successful adjustment of the many delicate questions arising since, are conclusive evidence of his fitness for any post in the service of his country, not excepting the Presidency.

We are just beginning to know something of the extent and value of our new possessions.

The number of the islands known as the Philippine group is about 1,200, of which the two largest are Luzon and Mindanao, comprising a territory of about 78,500 square miles and a population of five millions. The remaining islands cover about 36,000 square miles of territory, and a population of about three millions more. The largest of these islands are Samar, Panay, Palawan, Mindoro, Leyte, Negros and Cebu, each of which has an area of from two to five thousand square miles.

The whole group is covered with evidences of earthquakes and volcanoes. The climate of the Philippines is decidedly tropical, a continual summer. The mean annual temperature at Manila is about 80 degrees. The thermometer never rises above 100 or falls below 60. There is so much humidity, however, that the heat is severely felt. The coolest months are December, January and February. The people of the Philippines are of many varieties of character, culture and disposition. Many of the tribes of the interior are wholly uncivilized and are as ignorant of the Spaniards as they are of the Americans.
Rear Admiral Dewey.

(To Whom we are indebted for our new possessions.)
The Chinese men have mostly married Philippine women. This accounts for the large number of Chinese half-breeds. The Spanish half-breeds form a distinct, influential class.

Some of the Philippine women are quite comely in their appearance.

The soil in the valleys is marvelously fertile; only a small portion has been brought under cultivation. Year after year crops are taken from the same land without any thought of applying artificial fertilizers, and yet it seems to show no sign of exhaustion. The implements used in preparing the soil and cultivating crops are of the simplest and crudest form. There seems hardly any limit to the variety of fruits that are in such abundance. The principal agricultural products are tobacco, rice, coffee, Indian corn and hemp. The latter is almost exclusively confined to this region. Yet unmined are vast fortunes in gold, lignite, copper, iron, coal, etc. No more valuable timber can be found anywhere than abounds in these mountains. There are more than fifty species of hard woods, capable of receiving the highest polish and suitable for the finest work. There are large quantities of ebony and other beautiful tinted woods.

Lack of roads and other facilities are obstacles in the way of the development of these wonderful resources; but American energy and pluck will surmount these difficulties and make these new possessions one of our most valuable sections.
OUR NEW POSSESSIONS.

GROUP OF NATIVE WOMEN.

NATIVE GROUP AND CARABAOES.
OUR NEW POSSESSIONS.

Plowing with the Carabao.

Pressing Manila Hemp.
OUR NEW POSSESSIONS.

Native Girls.
CHAPTER I.

The pitchy darkness of the night was relieved by flashes of lightning, that every now and then danced in fantastic silver streaks among the tall trees. The wind was blowing so strong it swayed the massive pines. Peal after peal of thunder rent the air, shaking the earth to its foundation; just as the L. & N. train loomed into the depot at the town of ________, a tall figure, entirely enveloped in a long ulster and muffled so closely that not a feature was visible, alighted, and after him came the small figure of a girl. The gentleman clasped her hand tightly, saying:

"My, Zita! What a fearful night. If I believed in omens, I would say our landing here, betokened ill. Come, child, we will take a carriage."

The ever waiting cabman grabbed their satchel and led the way to a somewhat dilapidated vehicle. They entered and were rapidly driven through the sweet smelling pine woods to a cottage, situated in a sequestered part of the town. Here the couple alighted. The curiosity of the driver was aroused; he peered into the face of the man; all he saw was a scarf so tightly drawn, his features were entirely concealed. He turned his attention to the girl; a hood was tied so closely over her face that nothing was visible but a pair of luminous brown eyes.

The gentleman paid the cabman, at the same time telling him to see to his trunks to-morrow, then touched a bell knob at the side of the door. Its tinkle was answered by a buxom dame, who exclaimed:

"Lord a mercy! is that you Master John, and young miss, too. Well, I declare, in such weather."

"Didn't you get my letter, Mary?" said he, somewhat impatiently.

"Yes, sir; I did, but I thought you wouldn't come in such a storm. My! how the house did shake, and as for the thunder, I never did in all my born days, hear such terrific peals. I was a trembling all over and was just able to sit still and hold my breath. I was that afraid I—I—."

"Well, my good woman, that will do. Give us some supper," exclaimed her master, walking into the sitting room and throwing himself wearily into a chair, drawn in front of a bright fire.

Mary went to prepare the supper. The girl called Zita hastened to the man's side, and divested him of his numerous wraps. Disclosing a white grief stricken countenance, disheveled hair, negligent attire.

Long sighs escaped his white lips. At last in a paroxysm of frenzy, he said:

"My God!" clasping his hand to his head, "how long is this suspense to last? Only two days ago and, yet, I have lived an eternity. The words burn
into my brain like coals of fire. Do you think, Zita," lowering his voice to a whisper, and taking furtive glances around the room, "that people will suspect. Oh! I wish I was dead!"

"Father!" said Zita, imploringly, "Don't give way! Who would ever suspect a man of such high standing, one whose integrity has never been questioned. See father! Calm yourself! Mary is bringing the supper."

The people in the city of L—— were in a state of excitement. A large forgery had been perpetrated. It was one of the boldest acts on record. Eleven o'clock Monday morning, a tall, aristocratic looking gentleman entered one of the large banks and presented a check, signed by Hugh Appeton, of the firm, Appeton Brothers. The amount the check called for was thirty thousand dollars. The cashier glanced at the person presenting the check, smiled and said:

"Ah! good morning Mr. Brakely," a gentleman well known in social and business circles. So as the signature appeared genuine, and as the gentleman presenting it, of high standing, the amount was paid without hesitation.

The next day Hugh Appeton had occasion to go to the bank.

"Good morning, Mr. Crash. I came to draw that thirty thousand dollars I placed here last month."

"Why, I paid your check for that amount yesterday," replied Anthony Crash, the cashier, amazement depicted on his face.

"I signed no such check. Who presented it?"

"Mr. John Brakely."

"What, my old time friend, John Brakely! You must be mistaken! I gave him no such check, and I am sure—he would not" —here Hugh Appeton stopped abruptly, disliking to connect the word forgery with his friend's name. He continued in an assuring tone, "Find John Brakely! I am sure he was not the one."

The bank set detectives to work. They called at the residence of John Brakely, which they found vacant, and were told he had left two days previous. Who wanted a greater proof of guilt? The very day the forgery was committed.

His friends shook their heads and said: "Poor John! You never can tell what these good men will do!"

CHAPTER II.

"Zita! give me the morning paper," said John Brakely. Extending a trembling hand, he grasped the paper, opened and eagerly scanned its columns. Zita watched him with an anxious heart. She saw his face turn white, stricken with horror, as he said:

"The exact appearance. Even the name, nothing more and nothing less! Oh, Zita, the disgrace! My Heavenly Father, give me oblivion." The strong man fell upon his knees, loud sobs shook his frame.

"Father, you will break my heart! Bear up! In this sequestered spot, we are safe. None will suspect."

"Oh! child! why wasn't some disguise used. Fool! fool!" he exclaimed in anguish, striking his hands together and taking long strides up and down the room.

They were startled by loud knocking.

"There they are, Zita. Well, I'll bear it like a man. Remember if you are called to testify, say, I have noth-
ing to say. Promise me, Zita!” said John Brakely, drawing his tall form up and brushing the tears from his eyes. Again he reiterated his request, ere she was able to promise. At last she said in a voice choked with emotion:

“I promise, father!”

“That is sufficient,” continued her father imprinting a kiss on her brow. “A Brakely never breaks a promise, and you are a true Brakely, my Zita!”

Just then the two officers appeared, saying:

“Oh! Sir! he is innocent! do not take him. I—I—.”

“Remember, Zita!” interrupted her father with a stern look.

God was merciful! oblivion came to Zita, as her proud father was led from the room.

Oh! the terrible awakening for Zita, as she pictured her refined and noble father in prison. She pressed her throbbing brain with her cold fingers a look of unutterable anguish on her face. Throwing herself on her knees in a paroxysm of grief, she prayed long and earnestly, begging God to send him his soothing balm, to uphold her dear father in this great trial. She clasped her hands in distress, exclaiming:

“Why did I promise! Why did I let him persuade me! Yet he preferred it so, and I, his daughter, must obey. Heavenly Father, help us! Send thy ray of light to pierce the gloom, and brighten the darkened way.”

Mary mingled her tears with Zita’s, saying:

“Lassie, your father will be cleared! God will never suffer an innocent man to be found guilty! He was innocent, lassie! Was he not?”

“Mary! Mary! don’t ask me! My kind father!” sobbed Zita, wringing her hands and looking imploringly at Mary.

“Now, look here, lassie!” said Mary, with a determined shake of her head, “we must be up and a doing; for your father must have a fine lawyer to—to— What you call it, lass?”

“To defend his case, I suppose you mean, Mary.” We will return to L—to-day. Did—did they take him there?” asked Zita in a quivering voice.

“Yes, my lass,” answered Mary in a soothing tone.

“Well, I will engage that young lawyer every one speaks so highly of. I remember reading his defense of a woman accused of murdering her husband. Circumstances pointed to her as the guilty one. He, with untiring efforts and eloquence, cleared her of the crime. Come, Mary, let’s get ready. If we take the train now, we will arrive in L—to-morrow morning at ten o’clock, just the right hour to go to his office.”

Next day they soon found an office, on which they read the name Joseph Willoby, attorney-at-law. Zita mounted the steps in fear and trembling, Mary bringing up the rear. The office door opened and Zita stood on the threshold, looking embarrassed, not knowing how to proceed. A broad-shouldered young man, his eyes beaming with intelligence, a good natured smile on his face, said:

“Walk in, Miss,” at the same time offering her a seat and placing one by the side of it for Mary.

Joseph Willoby looked admiringly at
Zita, for he could not resist paying tribute to beauty, when he saw it so vividly portrayed as in Zita Brakely. He noted the luminous brown eyes; the golden bronze hair, falling in coquettish curls; the slightly turned up nose, giving a piquancy to a face, on which he saw lines of sorrow and the deadly pallor of which told his fair client was in trouble.

"Sir, I came to engage you to defend my father. I suppose you read an account of a forgery committed about four days ago. Well," continued Zita, in a trembling voice, "my dear father was arrested for it."

"My dear young lady, I will do all in my power, but you must confide in me. Now tell me every incident connected with this affair."

"Oh! Mr. Willoby," said Zita, standing up and walking hurriedly toward him, continuing in disjointed sentences, "that is—just what—I cannot—do. You must—plead—convince them—that my dear father is—innocent. Do this and I will never forget you," raising her luminous brown eyes pleadingly to his, causing him to have the desire to go to the end of the world to please her. In a voice suppressed with emotion she added, "You will have my everlasting gratitude."

That settled Joseph Willoby; he would do as she asked. Strange thing, plead for a man, nothing to go on, nothing to spur but a pair of luminous brown eyes.

CHAPTER III.

Next day Joseph Willoby called at the prison to see John Brakely. When he saw the noble appearance and unflinching grey eyes, his opinion was formed. "Yet," he thought, "I must not be rash by supposing him guiltless for sometimes appearances are deceptive. John Brakely looked surprised on seeing him, and inquired in a dignified tone:

"To what do I owe this intrusion?"

"Your daughter has engaged me to defend you. My name is Joseph Willoby, and I beg you will treat me as a friend. Tell me all about this forgery, and I will do my utmost to clear you."

"My God, man! you know not what you ask. If you plead the case you must do so without any assistance from me," answered John Brakely in a heart broken tone.

"But, my dear sir, tell me are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Leave me; the temptation is great; the desire strong and human nature weak." John Brakely raised a white drawn face, upon which was written a mental struggle. He wetted his parched lips, took a rapid stride across the room, then continued in a firm tone:

"Mr. Willoby, I thank you for the interest you have evinced; but, in this case, I prefer remaining silent. Plead the case if you will. Adieu and God bless you," extending a hand which was warmly grasped by Joseph Willoby, who retired thinking:

"Well, I am in a web. Man in prison for forgery, a noble specimen, whose frank countenance gives denial to any vile act; yet, if guiltless, why did he not explain matters to me so I could sift the affair. Well," he thought with regret, "I will have to let it alone; but, the daughter, I have promised," and as he saw her pleading eyes he determined for her sake to endeavor to unravel something that seemed almost impos-
sible. Deep in thought he proceeded; his busy brain at work. Suddenly he stopped; the knitted brow relaxed; a bright look appeared on his face, for he had found the first knot in the tangle, and with nimble fingers the first loop opened.

The day of the great trial came. The court room was packed and jammed. Every available space was occupied, even the corridors and windows were filled with an eager, questioning crowd. Necks were craned, breaths held as the counsel for the accused, with a small trembling girl leaning on his arm, came in. Murmurs of curiosity were heard on all sides, as Joseph Willoby placed Zita in a chair.

The silence became intense, the falling of a pin could have been heard. Every eye was bent on John Brakely as he took the stand.

The clerk of the court then read the indictment.

"John Brakely accused of forgery."

"Prisoner," exclaimed the judge, "are you guilty or not guilty."

In firm tone came, "Not guilty."

Judge William took his spectacles from his nose, wiped them, put them in place and peered over the gold rim, saying:

"Now, Mr. Price, counsel for the bank, proceed with the witness."

"Mr. Anthony Crash, cashier of the bank, take the stand. Tell us what you know about this affair."

"On the morning of November the 9, 1897, I was at my usual place in the bank, when just as the clock struck eleven, Mr. John Brakely presented to me a check for thirty thousand dollars, with the signature of Hugh Appeton attached. Knowing Mr. Brakely's unimpeachable character, and the signature appearing perfect, I paid the thirty thousand dollars."

"Look at the prisoner well. Is he the man?"

Anthony Crash, after scrutinizing the prisoner, answered without hesitation:

"He is the man."

"You have no doubt? Look again. John Brakely, turn your full face."

Anthony Crash reiterated: "He is the man."

"That will do. Mr. Hugh Appeton, of Appeton Brothers, look at this check and tell us if you know aught of it." "Hugh Appeton read the check, handing it back, saying:

"I never saw it before. Although the signature is a fine imitation, there is a slight difference in the way I form my A."

"That will do. Now, Mr. Joseph Willoby, we will hear the witness for the accused."

"Zita Brakely, tell us what you know."

Zita trembling, clutching the rail with her white hands, glancing imploringly at her father, suppressed misery depicted on her face, said in quavering accent:

"I have nothing to say."

A murmur of dissent passed through the crowd as Zita regained her seat.

Then arose Charles Price, counsel for the bank:

"Judge and gentleman of the jury, there stands John Brakely a living picture, and answering in every respect the description given of the man who, on the ninth day of November, 1897, at eleven o'clock did present to Mr. Anthony Crash, cashier of the bank, a check supposed to be signed by Hugh Appeton, of Appeton Brothers, for the
sum of thirty thousand dollars. The signature to a casual observer looked genuine. The standing of Mr. John Brakely caused the payment of the check immediately. It was the boldest, as well as the most expert villainy ever perpetrated. I have in my possession fragments of a note found on the floor of the prisoner's room." Here a murmur of intense excitement was heard. "Silence," thundered the judge. Continued Mr. Price, "which I will now read. On one piece is written, must have thirty thousand; on another, cannot do without it. These words show that the prisoner was in a dreadful predicament and needed money. Why did Mr. Brakely leave so quickly? Does not this look suspicious? Why the testimony of his daughter is sufficient to condemn him, it stands to reason she must know something, for her words imply that she was afraid to say aught. Every circumstance declares Mr. John Brakely guilty." Here, Mr. Price, with a flourish of his hand, took a seat.

Mr. Joseph Willoby, counsel for the accused, next spoke:

"Judge and gentlemen of the jury, we see before us Mr. John Brakely, a man well known in business and social circles. One whose integrity has never been questioned. Look at that man! Scan his countenance! Mark that unflinching air! Are those the sign of guilt? Say if aught of duplicity is pictured there in that noble face?" A murmur of approbation went through the crowd. Can we convict a man on such evidence as has been given? The person that presented the check might have disguised himself so as to personate Mr. John Brakely. Gentlemen, use your judgment, and common sense will tell you that no sane man would have presented the check without some disguise. John Brakely is the victim of a well laid plot. As for the scraps of paper found on his bedroom floor, that is naught in my sight. Some unknown person forged the check and placed the particles of paper where they were found. Another point to be considered: John Brakely is a rich man, therefore, without need of money; then why should he commit an act barring him from society, and branding his honored name with disgrace."

Just then a priest pushed his way through the throng, arriving at the side of Joseph Willoby, requested to be called.

After a whispered question Joseph Willoby said:

"Judge Williams, I have a new witness, Father Thomas."

The priest was motioned to the stand and requested to speak.

In a clear, melodious voice he said:

"I have here the dying confession of a man who was seriously hurt in a railroad accident, November the ninth. He had taken the train at ____. The wreck occurred some miles from that place at the small town of ____. Where he was taken to the hospital; there I heard his story and he requested me to hand this paper to legal authority." Here the good man handed the paper to Joseph Willoby, who opened and read:

"My name is William Brakely, twin brother of Mr. John Brakely. November the eighth I wrote John Brakely a note," here the excitement was intense, the judge had to repeat "silence," several times ere order was restored and before Joseph Willoby could continue: "begging him for thirty thousand dol-
lars. He refused—and I forgive him, for he had often given me large amounts on condition I would reform, and as I had not made an effort to change my way of living, he was justified in refusing me, and may God bless him, for he has always been a good and devoted brother to me—a disgrace to the name of Brakely. My sight is growing dim so I must hasten. Knowing the standing of John Brakely, and his counterpart, the idea of personating him came. I wrote the name of Hugh Appeton, of Appeton Brothers, to a check for thirty thousand dollars. I was so like my brother that the cashier called me Mr. John Brakely, and paid the money immediately. I then sent a note to John Brakely, telling what I had done and advised him to flee, for I knew my brother’s unselfish nature, if arrested would suffer in silence rather than have me arrested. I left that same night for other parts, but “Man proposes and God disposes.” God’s judgment is upon me. While he is being judged by man I am by the Omnipotent One.”

Nothing more remains to be told. John Brakely, his daughter and Joseph Willoby passed out mid cheers of the crowd. Six months later Mr. Joseph Willoby led Miss Zita Brakely to the altar.

DON’T CHEER.

When down the gallant Texas steered
Abreast her Spanish prey,
Three hundred voices would have cheered;
But Philip said them, Nay!

“Don’t cheer!” For on those scorching decks
Convulsed with dying throes,
Lie scores of quivering human wrecks,
Once proud, now conquered foes.

No knightlier deed was ever done
Than that they did not do;
No braver triumph e’er was won
By wearers of the blue.

Than when, fired, flushed with victory,
Our jack-tars held their breath
And paid, on distant Cuban sea,
The honors due to death.

The bold are the compassionate,
And clement are the brave,
E’r quick to offer love for hate,
And yielding foes to save.

True courage hastens to relieve
A wounded captive’s care,
And for a dying foe will breathe
A tender, pitying prayer.
CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL POEM.

Home they brought him on his shield
In the hush of eventide,
Cold and pallid from the field
Where for fatherland he died.
Battle banners bending low,
Muffled war drums beating slow,
Quivering bugles breathing woe,
While the sunset's golden glow
Glorified the soldier's face.

O'er his heart in endless rest,
Folded they the fearless hand:
Snow-like lilies on his breast
Gathered in his own Southland.
Type of those that bloom above
In the clime of constant love,
Where the tears are washed away,
Where the light of fadeless day
Is the glory of the Lamb.

Came his aged sire and bent
His grey head above that bier,
And across the room there went
Mighty sob, too deep for tear.
"Would to God, my son, that I
In thy stead might lifeless lie!
Oh, to know the sun still gleams,
And the birds awake from dreams,
While you sleep in death's dark night."

Soft and low like long ago
When he was a little child,
Came his mother bent with woe
Wailing her anguish deep and wild,
Yearning, kissed his cold, pale face,
Striving in each line to trace
Where the boy and hero met
In those happy days ere yet
Glory led him to the grave.

On his lips a wife's fond kiss
Sets its seal forevermore,
Till in heaven's changeless bliss
All their pain and parting o'er.
Sweetly, as on bridal eve
'Neath the fragrant orange leave,
Softly, as on pearly shell
Falls the sea-wave's last farewell,
Met that kiss of life and death.

Came his faithful nurse and leant
Her old head upon his breast,
Marched his comrades slow and bent
All their brows and helmet crest.
"Oh! he was the dearest child
That within my arms ere smiled."
"Oh! he was the bravest man
That e'er led the battle van.
And was slan for our Southland."

At his head a cross rose white,
At his feet a broken harp,
One the type of faith and light,
One the chords of life broke short.
Then blessed man of God
Bade them kneel and kiss the rod,
Trusting all to him their King,
Moaning Death, where is thy sting
And grave thy victory?

Moons may quiver, suns still glow,
Love count its memories in tears,
Time its measure lone and slow
Keep the record of the years.
Yet the conquered banner cast
Shadows from its glorious past
O'er no braver heart than thine,
Molding neath the rose and vine,
Soldier of my native clime!
—Mary Gordon Duffee, in the Winchester Times.
Among all the victories of American arms, the bloody battle of Santiago will always stand out conspicuous. This short-lived war brought before the world many heroes and was the scene of many a deed of grand courage and heroism; but none did a braver deed than Lieutenant Shipp when he gave up his young life in cheering on his men to victory or death on that bloody field. Lieutenant Shipp was a soldier by inheritance. His great-grandfather, General Forney, fought through the Revolution; his grandfather, Bartlett Shipp, through the war of 1812, and his father, Judge Shipp, was captain in the Confederate war.

William Ewen Shipp was born in Asheville in 1861, just a few days after his father left home with the company
of which he was captain. His boyhood was passed in Lincoln ton and afterwards he was a cadet in the Charlotte Military Institute, and in 1879 stood an examination for West Point and won the appointment over forty other applicants.

After graduating he was assigned to the 10th Cavalry, a regiment famous for its record in fighting the Indians. He was in the famous Geronimo war in Arizona. He was at all times a cool, brave soldier, a skillful and beloved officer. His most striking characteristic was a refined and retiring modesty. No one ever heard from himself of his noble deeds of bravery or heroism.

During this war he did as noble an act as ever a hero did, yet so modest was he that only through the official reports was it known. He and his captain were ambushed and fired upon by Mexicans, and Captain Crawford mortally wounded, Lieutenant Shipp placed him upon a litter and guarded him 150 miles through the enemy's country, and when he died carried his body for 50 miles across his saddle to prevent its being mutilated by the Indians.

After the severe training of the frontier life he was well fitted to endure the terrible hardships of the Cuban war. On the fateful day when he went to meet his death on the bloody heights of San Juan, he had as aid on the staff of the commander of the brigade been carrying orders from one part of the field to another and had passed in safety though exposed to a most deadly fire. Finally it became necessary to lead the men into the very mouth of the fierce fire, and he gallantly stood erect and led them on. His commanding and noble form was a target for the enemy's bullets, and he fell pierced through the heart; but, with a last effort, he waved his sabre aloft to cheer his men on to victory. Here he was found, a smile on his face, his sabre across his breast in which was stilled forever as brave and gentle a heart as man ever had. In his pocket was found a letter which, during a lull in the raging battle he had written to his lovely young wife who, with their two little sons in their far-away Carolina home, was praying for his safety.

He was married in 1894 to Miss Margaret Busbee, one of the loveliest and brightest young girls in the State. North Carolina, in losing him, has sustained a heavy blow, and there is no honor too great that she can render his memory. The whole State feels this, and with one accord and great enthusiasm a generous sum is being collected to erect a suitable monument to him. He has been honored too in having the camp at Anniston, Ala., named for him. It has been said that the great war painter Remington was so struck with his noble and soldierly figure that he has many times taken him as a model when he wished to portray the highest type of a soldier.

A. I. ROBERTSON.
The beautiful little city of Columbia on the Congaree has given birth to many sons and daughters who have served their country well and added lustre to the annals of the republic in times of war and peace, by sword and pen; but the son she most delights to honor is Gen. Wade Hampton, Lieut.-Gen. of the Confederate States Army; Senator of the State in 1876; twice Governor of the State; for twelve years United States Senator.

He and his progenitors are closely associated with some of the loveliest spots in and around what has been called "The Flower City."

His grandfather, Gen. Wade Hampton, who won fame both in the war of the Revolution and the war of 1812, first lived on a beautiful plantation home about five miles from Columbia, called Woodlands. He afterward moved to Columbia and purchased from an Englishman Ainslie Hall. The handsome house and four-acre lot, or rather, eight-acre lot, on Blanding street. It occupied two squares, one of which is now built up in twenty-four cottages. The mansion in after years was the sumptuous and hospitable home of his son-in-law, Gen. Preston. The grounds were adorned and beautified by the General's widow, who, with large-hearted charity, allowed them to be freely visited by Columbians and strangers in the town. There are hundreds of people all over the country of the last generation who cherish tender and sentimental recollections of Hampton's gardens. As the place was used for Gen. Logan's headquarters during Gen. Sherman's visitation, it escaped the destruction which came upon Columbia, and is now occupied by that fine institution, the "Presbyterian College for Women."

The place, however, to which our well-beloved General turns with the
fond memories of his boyhood days is his father's beautiful country seat, Millwood, about four miles from the city. Would that there were any pen or pencil which could bring up a picture of Millwood as it was in the palmy days of its master, Col. Wade Hampton. A Carolina planter, a magnificent specimen of manhood—cultivated, refined, courtly—a gentle-

the only place which Wade Hampton can now call home. It was a small house, formerly occupied by his gardener, which, as it was some distance from the dwelling, had escaped the conflagration ordered by Gen. Sherman.

With the help of his former slaves Gen. Hampton continued to enlarge that little cottage and render it habitable for himself and family. Curious-

man of the old school, of whom nature seems, alas, to have broken her mold.

The pillars of Millwood, the ashes of Woodland, and the debris of General Hampton's own handsome dwelling, on a hilltop two miles from town, are all souvenirs of the visit of Sherman to Columbia, February 17, 1865.

On the slope of this hill is an odd-shaped, quaint-looking little cottage—ly enough as a room was added here and there the house assumed the shape of a cross; so it is significantly called by Hampton's friends "The Southern Cross." True to the instincts of his blood and the traditions of his race, Gen. Hampton's hospitality never fails. In this humble home he gathers his friends and kindred around him, his children's children, to the third gen-

Millwood.
"The Southern Cross."

(Home of General Wade Hampton.)
eration, with his books, his horse and his fishing rod, and, with the love and reverence of thousands of men, women and children, is enjoying a contented and peaceful old age.

The photo-engraving of his home here produced gives a very good idea of "The Southern Cross." A Columbia artist, Mr. W. A. Peckling, was fortunate enough to find the general with a few of his friends at dinner, and succeeded in persuading them to group themselves for his camera. It is a noble group, every member of it a man of mark. To the left stands Hon. La-Roy F. Youmans, who faithfully has served the South with eloquent tongue, graceful pen and ready sword; next is Judge McIver, colonel in the Confederate Army, now supreme court judge of South Carolina. In the center is our hero, Wade Hampton, "Claruna et Venerabile Nomen." At his right stands the distinguished jurist, Hon. J. D. Pope, one of the signers of secession, now law professor in the South Carolina College. Last comes one who a year ago was carried to his rest amid the tears and lamentations of a people who honored and loved him, Samuel McGowan, captain of the Palmetto regiment during the Mexican war, Brig.-Gen., in the Confederate Army, associate justice supreme court of South Carolina.

"In peace his country called him, He waited not her call in war."

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Flower pots ought to be kept clean, and nothing is as good for the purpose as Gold Dust Washing Powder. It cleans them inside and out before the plants are potted, and the same soapy water will be fine for the plants themselves. Liquid fertilizers are indispensable for blooming plants in pots, and, there is for ladies, an objection or two in the use of them which with this clean washing powder is entirely removed. No bad odor, no suggestion of the boneyard, cowstable, but a fresh, clean, "soap-sudsy" suggestion that obviously is better in accord with watering pots in the hands of ladies than the common run of fertilizers. One package will last for months and furnish liquid fertilizer for dozens of plants. Try it and see how the plants will improve.

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