

OBITUARY.

All obituaries and Tributes of Respect under ten (10) printed lines will be inserted free; all over that, at the rate of five cents a line. Seven words on an average make a line. Money to accompany obituary.

Mrs. Nancy Ellen Brice, daughter of A. S. and N. L. Wallace, quietly and peacefully passed away at her home near Woodward on January 19, 1920. Mrs. Brice was born near York December 14, 1844. Early in life she united with the Harmony Presbyterian church. On November 18, 1866 she was married to Mr. Calvin Brice. She then transferred her membership to the New Hope A. R. P. church, where she remained a faithful member until her death. On account of physical infirmities, she was not able to attend church the last few years of her life, yet no member was more deeply interested in the activities of the church and the general welfare of the congregation.

Mrs. Brice was a quiet, sincere Christian, a most devoted mother, and a staunch friend. Her children, four sons and two daughters who survive her, bear witness in their lives to the Christian training of the home. Mrs. Brice was very hospitable, and always made her visitors welcome. Her pastor and all ministers of the Gospel always found a warm welcome in her home. Her Christian influence still lives in the hearts and lives of her many friends.

"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

W. W. P.

were six children of this union, Robert, William and the only daughter, Nancy, married Simontons—William being the father of Calvin Brice, Jas. A., who moved to Florida, and others I will give as I write of them.

Robert, too, had a large family of which we will give a sketch hereafter.

James Brice, after the death of his wife, Jane Wilson, married Mary C. Beart. There were five children of this family, if I have my facts correctly noted, the men known as Dumps Creek Brices, and from the daughters we have the Blaines, Millers, Clowers, related to the family.

James Brice was a successful farmer and business man, acquired a great deal of property in land and slaves and built one of the largest country houses in the New Hope section, which was destroyed by fire in Sherman's raid.

The youngest son of James Brice and Jane Wilson Brice was Walter Scott Brice and of him we attempt this brief sketch preliminary to lengthier sketches of his children.

Walter Scott Brice was born in this section in 1804, during the administration of Thomas Jefferson and died in Grant's Administration in 1871. What a thought that is to us! To see our country grow from a narrow strip on the Atlantic to the broad zone across the world to the placid waters of the Pacific ocean, and read and hear and see of Jackson, Calhoun, Hayne, McDuffie and Pettigrew and the steamboat and the railroad. After attending the schools about his home he next went to Monticello and then his good father sent him to Mt. Zion at Wainsboro, the best school in South Carolina, called a College then. From Mt. Zion he went to Jefferson College in the State of Pennsylvania making the journey by horseback and stage coach relays. He did not get back home until he finished the four years course, spending the vacation with friends and sometimes finding employment during the summer vacations.

On being graduated at Jefferson College, he took the full course at the Charleston Medical College and after securing his degrees returned and settled down to his life work in his home neighborhood, as a surgeon and practitioner of medicine. His place, when he settled on it, was known as the Cathart place.

Dr. Brice with his education, talents and good features looked about him now for a life partner, and picked out one of the prettiest softest eyed, purest hearted little girls of the Rocky Creek section, (who was she grand-children?) Emeline Moore. I can see her now with her widow's cap on! How you must have loved her! When we go to that side of the county we will write up the Moore family.

The children of this marriage were James Michael (Mike) Walter Scott,

He was a beautiful man—ance—beautiful man. were struck with his person. He was Gov. Meas' physician and their relations were intimate and lasting. Dr. Brice had one questionable trait with the writer. He kept a "scrap book"! Herein we see the friendships made in boyhood were treasured in manhood, those in Penney, in a were not forgotten even.

Friends tried ever and anon to get him into politics but always he refused. For several years before his death his health broke down, under his labors. He died in 1871 and was interred in New Hope cemetery.

Dr. Brice had eight sons and one daughter. *your Grandpa*

Maj. T. W. Brice had eight sons and one daughter.

Capt. R. Wade Brice had six sons and one daughter. Just one daughter in each family.

Five of Dr. Brice's sons volunteered in the Confederate armies. Only two returned. I will sketch, in an intimate way, the lives of these sons in our next article, but at this moment when I project my thought in the field of this task, a melancholy seems to pursue and envelop me. What is the cause of this sense of depression? It is the majesty of their lives and the splendor of their performances in comparison with my own slender accomplishment. The names of these men hover before my eyes like a secret reproach, and nature warns me that I shall soon have disappeared butterfly like without having done anything! My changeable and restless disposition will torment me I guess to the end. I shall never see plainly what I ought to do; and yearning for the Ideal will cause me to neglect and lose the Reality.

W. W. Dixon.

Y. HAMP LUCAS.

Mr. Editor: Is it true that you are going to sue little Dunn for breaking your leg?

Is Dutch Tennant going to marry Miss Mary Lord? If so, it will be a case where a lord will become a tenant.

Half of this town are kin to Glenn Ragsdale and some pretty girl asks me every day "when is Cousin Bob coming to Cowpens?"

I have talked so much to the High School Girls about a certain friend in Wainsboro that they want "puddle duck" over here for Thanksgiving.

WHAT IS HELL?

Sherman said War; Carlyle said Fear of Failure. I say it is to be left without sufficient means to meet the bills at the end of the month. Come in and see me and I will tell you how to avoid having your wife and children in such a fix.

JAS. I. BRYSON.