

FREAK WALK WINS \$20,000.

Trip Backwards from Seattle is Made in 239 Days.

Somebody out in Seattle lost a bet of \$20,000 when Patrick Harmon arrived at the city hall walking backward and asked Lieut. Billy Kennel to confirm his presence. Harmon had a reflecting mirror contraption strapped to his back and was accompanied by W. A. Baltazor, who walked as folk usually walk—face forward, to prove that Harmon accomplished the feat. The feat was walking backward from Seattle to New York in 260 days. That was the limit set, but Harmon did it in 239 days, three weeks ahead of time.

Harmon, who is 50 years old, announced that two men in a Seattle club had wagered with each other that he could not walk to New York backward in 260 days, and backed up their opinion with \$20,000 each. Harmon will get \$5,000 for the job and Baltazor \$4 a day for being the transcendental watchman. Harmon said he had little difficulty doing the freak stunt, but he lost eleven days through illness and took two weeks to overcome dizziness due to his unusual method of pedal locomotion.—New York World.

The Press Meeting.

Here is what Bob Gonzales, the gifted paragon of the Columbia State, thinks of the meeting of the South Carolina Press association at York last week:

York is a fine, old-fashioned, homy sort of town, and we shall always root for it. We made quite an impression on the people. We admit it to ourselves. Col. Sparks also made quite an impression on the people, especially the feet of the young ladies who heroically tried to dance with him. In addition Josiah made a deep impression on the following, to wit:

Item: One 4d car, on which he inadvertently stepped. Drawing itself to its full height, the infuriated 4d bit Josiah savagely on the calf, but, alas! the damage had been done.

Item: One bed. Case diagnosed as internal injuries.

Item: Four rockers and seven straight chairs. Severe fractures and other injuries.

Item: One speaking platform. Though reinforced and buttressed for the emergency, said platform now presents a truly melancholy spectacle. The roads of this section are very fine, being among the best we ever tasted.

The association passed several delightful hours on Thursday surrounding 10,000 fried chickens, 180,000 hard-boiled hen fruit, 250,000 sam sandwiches and 400,000 pies, served by the ladies of Linwood College, Tabella, the haunt of a rosier and more radiant "rosebud garden of girls" than the late Alfred ever lamped. Somebody ascribed the wonderful appetites to "the change of air, or sump'n," but we think sump'n was mainly responsible. There were numerous delectable features of the trip, but the one that probably appealed most hilariously to Rion McKissick's Scotch soul was that the people would not let him spend anything but the day.

Nothing was left undone for the hungry guest. Even at night he could have a roll in bed and quench his thirst from the springs. (Judge, honest to Pete, it's our first offense and if you let us off this time, honest to Pete, we'll never do it again.)

The single fault to be found is that the entertainment committee's programme called only for automobile rides between breakfast and dinner, meetings between dinner and mid-afternoon, receptions from mid-afternoon until supper, soires and dances from supper until midnight and poker sessions from midnight until breakfast. The remainder the time the hapless visitor was left to shuffle for himself.

All in all, York done herself proud, as they would say in Gastonia, and we want to go there when we die.

Density of Snow.

The density of snow varies greatly and by gauging its "specific lightness" by the number of millimetres in height that will produce one millimetre of water, M. Mongin, the French meteorologist, finds the range to be from 200 to 1.3. The snowfall on mountains is estimated in a number of ways. One method is to measure the height accumulated on a board one meter square supported one meter above the ground, and then sliding it into a zinc tank for determining the water it makes on melting. Another type of instrument is a tube, which is pushed down through the snow, then closed at the bottom by a shovel to retain the contents of the tube on withdrawal. In remote places, visited only at considerable intervals, the snow is collected in a tank, only the snow water for a stated period being measured. Vaseline oil in the tank covers the water, preventing evaporation, and calcium chloride hastens the melting of the snow.

HATE TO WASH DISHES.

Ways to Make Easier This Disagreeable Task.

If you were to ask all the housekeepers you know what part of the housework they dislike the most, the answer would almost invariably be, "Dish washing." Yet if this work is managed properly it need not be a disagreeable task. In the first place, one should possess the necessary equipment for the work—a large dish pan, plenty of hot water, dish clothes, mops and dry towels.

Scrape the crumbs from the dishes before they are taken from the dining room and stack the dishes in piles, according to size. You will find a tray cart a great convenience in carrying the dishes from one room to another, for everything can be put on it and taken at once, instead of making a dozen trips, as many housekeepers do. Put a tablespoonful of washing powder in, stir it up, and you will have a fine suds for washing dishes. A dish mop will save your hands and do the work as well as a cloth.

Wash the glassware first, rinse in warm water and dry with a soft towel kept for that purpose. Wash the china next, putting all pieces in a draining rack which will hold them upright and pour your polling water over them. They will be ready to put away on the shelves in a few minutes, thus dispensing with the drying, which usually takes as much time as the washing. The silverware is washed next, then the cooking utensils, which should always be filled with cold water as soon as the food is taken out of them. If anything sticks to the bottom of an iron kettle, remove it with a chain dishrag or kettle scraper, never with a spoon or knife. The dish towels should be washed, rinsed and dried every time they are used to keep them in good condition.—Southern Ruralist.

SCORES DEAD IN TORNADO.

Over 100 Injured When Storm Swept Over Arkansas.

Little Rock, Ark., June 5.—Fifty-nine persons are reported to have been killed and more than a hundred injured in a tornado which swept through central and northern Arkansas late today.

Twenty-five persons are known to have lost their lives at Judsonia, in White county; at Heber Springs the number of dead is estimated at from ten to eighteen; four were killed at Hot Springs, where the storm cut a path through the southwestern portion of the city; at Cabot, in White county, five are dead and four were killed at Delark, in Dallas county. Casualties are also reported at Kensett, Morrilton and Greenland.

Special trains with physicians and nurses left Little Rock and Memphis early tonight for the storm-swept area. Wire communication throughout the State is badly crippled, and the full extent of the storm's havoc probably will not be known before tomorrow.

Reports from Judsonia stated that an area four blocks wide and twelve blocks long had been wrecked.

Near Morrilton a negro was killed and a negro blown away in the storm. She has not yet been found. A white woman and several children were hurt.

Near Fayetteville a white woman was fatally injured and her child is missing.

A score or more of persons—mostly negroes—were injured on the outskirts of Little Rock and towns close to this city.

Wouldn't Be Safe.

A pompous manufacturer of machinery was showing a stranger over his factory.

"Fine piece of work," he said when they were looking at a machine.

"Yes," said the visitor, "but you cannot hold a candle to the goods we are turning out."

"Indeed," said the chagrined manufacturer. "And what is your line?"

"Gunpowder," was the reply.

Some Liar.

"I want to be excused," said the worried-looking jurymen, addressing the judge, "I owe a man \$5 that I borrowed, and as he is leaving town for some years, I want to catch him before he gets on the train, and pay him the money."

"You are excused," replied the judge, in icy tones. "I don't want anybody on the jury who can lie like that."

Irish Policemen.

"We have the finest and tallest policemen in London that the world can produce," said an Englishman.

"The policemen in Edinburgh are so tall that they can light their pipes from the street lamps," said the Scotchman.

"Sure, now, the peelers in Dublin are that tall they have to stand in a coal pit to have their hair cut," said the Irishman.

A SACRIFICE TO JUSTICE.

Calf Shot in Effort to Save an Accused Slayer.

They dressed a calf in the clothes of a man in Longmont and made it a sacrifice to the fight for freedom of Rienzi C. Dickens, who is charged with slaying his father, a wealthy Longmont banker, by shooting him through a window on the night of November 30, last.

The calf became a victim of a bullet fired by A. H. Hamilton, an expert for the defence, who shot at close range from a high-power rifle such as the State contends was used by the slayer of William H. Dickens.

The calf, attired in a waistcoat and shirt, was led to the slaughter, witnesses testified, for the purpose of determining the effect of a bullet fired from a rifle on living tissues. Seven feet in front of the calf a window pane was placed. A beaver board was put 11 feet back of the calf. Hamilton, the expert, with his rifle, stood 10 feet from the glass and fired through it at the sacrifice.

"We found a small piece of the bullet between the calf's hide and the vest it wore," Dr. A. Stradley, of Longmont, who assisted in the test, testified. "We did not find the rest of the bullet."

The contention of the defence is that a bullet with an almost pure copper jacket fired from a high-power rifle like that Rienzi Dickens is alleged to have used exploded by the heat occasioned in its firing when it strikes living tissues.

The State claims that three pieces of a bullet taken from the wall of the Dickens home, where they had imbedded themselves after passing through the body of the aged banker, are pieces of a 25-calibre copper jacketed bullet contained in a box bought by Rienzi Dickens when he purchased the rifle.—Boulder, Colo., dispatch to Kansas City Star.

Big Magnesite Deposit.

A dazzling white chalky bluff a few miles above St. Thomas, in Clark county, Nevada, has been called kaolin, and it has been successfully tried as a porcelain clay, but the United States geological survey has recently shown it to be an immense deposit of magnesite, or magnesium carbonate. The mass is part of a series of regular sedimentary strata exposed by streams cutting a low ridge of Muddy valley. The material is described as porcelain-white, fine-grained, massive and remarkably free from foreign substance, but softer than much magnesite, and crumbling on exposure. The deposit is thought to be as much as a mile long, with an aggregate thickness of the beds of as much as 200 feet. California supplies yearly about 10,000 tons of magnesite, which goes mostly into the manufacture of wood pulp paper, but there is a rapidly increasing demand for such purposes as cement floors, artificial marble and tile, stucco for exterior finish, and fire-retarding paint. This mineral is also a convenient source of carbon dioxide.

Twenty School Lunches.

To give children variety in their lunches are the following suggestions in the March Woman's Home Companion:

1. Graham bread with cream cheese. Four large stuffed dates.
2. Two baking powder biscuits with honey. Two snow apples.
3. White bread with cold lamb. Two oatmeal cookies.
4. Eight small crisp crackers with peanut butter. Four stuffed prunes.
5. Graham bread and lettuce sandwich. Twelve salted almonds.
6. White bread with roast beef. One orange.
7. Rye flour muffins. American dairy cheese. White grapes.
8. Boston brown bread with boiled halibut and French dressing. Two sugar cookies.
9. White bread with chopped eggs. Two big figs.
10. Graham bread with cold chicken. One banana.
11. White bread with currant jelly. Twelve English walnut meats.
12. Graham biscuits with bits of cold thin-sliced steak. One one-half-inch cube maple sugar.
13. White bread with quince marmalade. Fifteen filberts. One orange.
14. Boston brown bread with pimento cheese. Ten dates stoned and rolled in sugar.
15. Biscuit with sardines and lettuce. One frosted cup cake.
16. White bread with chopped nuts. One cruller.
17. Sandwich made with one slice of Graham and one slice white bread spread with blackberry jelly. One apple.
18. Cornbread with shredded herring. Two molasses cookies.
19. White bread with crisp bacon. One celery heart. Two chocolate marshmallows.
20. Boston brown bread with shaved maple sugar. One small popcorn ball. One tangerine.

Rally.

During the Civil war there was a man in Early's cavalry who always ran away when he got the chance. In one of the battles with Sheridan, when things were going against the Confederates, this man took out for the rear as usual, riding as fast as his horse could carry him. Every time he passed a group of Confederate troops he would wave his saber and shout, "Rally, boys! Rally!" and then ride on faster than ever. Finally he rode through the whole outfit and came to General Early, sitting on his horse among his staff officers. He was too much excited to notice who they were, but still waved his sword and shouted: "Rally, boys! Rally!"

"Where in blazes are you going?" "I was rallying your troops, sir; the enemy are driving us back!"

"H-m-mm." The general looked over him coldly. "Orderly, take that man back to the firing line and give him a fresh start. Any man who can rally the whole Confederate army is too valuable to be wasted."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Read the Herald, \$1.50 per year.

ORANGES AT SUMMERVILLE.

L. W. Elston di Ghilini Tries the Fruit on a Large Scale.

A new industry for this section is the raising of oranges on an extensive scale and as a commercial crop. A commercial orange grove has been planted during the past spring at Summerville by Mr. L. W. Elston di Ghilini, who, in March, acquired there a farm of about 310 acres. He has put out twenty acres in Satsuma oranges and is confident of the success of the enterprise.

Mr. di Ghilini is a graduate of Rutgers college and of the Agricultural College of Illinois, specializing at the last named institution in horticulture. He is a descendant of a well-known Italian family, for many years residents of this country. Other members of his family expect to join him at an early date, making Summerville their permanent home.

Immediately on getting possession of his farm at Summerville, Mr. di Ghilini set to work ten to twenty men daily on development work. Already he has cleared and drained about thirty-five acres of new land, dug several hundred yards of drainage ditches and made many improvements on the property. In addition to setting out 1,850 Satsuma orange trees, he has planted 250 Frottscher, Mobile, and Stuart pecans, and 100 kumquat trees. A seventy-foot avenue has been laid out through the property bordered with rows of kumquat, to be later backed up with a double row of cabbage palmetto or Phoenix palms.

Next year he expects to make test plantings of Tokay grapes, various varieties of peaches and Avacado pears. General crops will, of course, be cultivated.

It is needless to say that the people of this city and vicinity are much interested in Mr. di Ghilini's experiments, particularly with Satsuma oranges, and will watch closely the success of his undertaking with this fruit.

In connection with his observations as to favorable climatic conditions for Satsuma oranges growing between St. George and Charleston, Mr. Geo. E. Murrell, horticulturist of the industrial and agricultural department of the Southern railway, has this to say:

"I found several varieties of kumquat and tangerines, which are much more tender than Satsuma, bearing at the tea farm at Summerville, and at fifteen years old show no serious winter injury. I also found roses and other tender plants showing less injury up to December 18 than similar plants showed three weeks previous in districts where Satsuma orange growing is an established industry."

It is learned that parties at several points in the Charleston district are considering experimental planting of Satsuma trees this spring. Cashier Doe, of the Dorchester Bank, has placed an order for half a dozen. Mr. M. W. Mayes, who has acquired property and is building a brick and tile plant at Drainland, S. C., about two miles north of Summerville, will plant some, as will Mr. Edmund Felder, who has land further north. The Satsuma, though one of the hardiest varieties and one of the most delicious oranges in flavor, is, nevertheless, one of the rarest and, therefore, brings high prices on the market. Though just now its principal area of production is around Mobile, the Satsuma is grown at many points and along the gulf coast and in Texas, and will stand a temperature of 15 degrees above zero without winter killing.

Greatest caution should be exercised here, as elsewhere, in all purchases of trees to prevent introduction of citrus canker or other citrus diseases, so that this promising industry may develop under the most favorable conditions.—News and Courier.

Rally.

During the Civil war there was a man in Early's cavalry who always ran away when he got the chance. In one of the battles with Sheridan, when things were going against the Confederates, this man took out for the rear as usual, riding as fast as his horse could carry him. Every time he passed a group of Confederate troops he would wave his saber and shout, "Rally, boys! Rally!" and then ride on faster than ever. Finally he rode through the whole outfit and came to General Early, sitting on his horse among his staff officers. He was too much excited to notice who they were, but still waved his sword and shouted: "Rally, boys! Rally!"

"Where in blazes are you going?" "I was rallying your troops, sir; the enemy are driving us back!"

"H-m-mm." The general looked over him coldly. "Orderly, take that man back to the firing line and give him a fresh start. Any man who can rally the whole Confederate army is too valuable to be wasted."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Read The Herald, \$1.50 per year.



The Careful man does not fear adversity

ARE YOU A BRICK-LAYER?
IF YOU ARE YOU KNOW THAT ONE BRICK ON TOP OF ANOTHER FINALLY BUILDS A HOUSE TO PROTECT AND SHELTER.
IF YOU ARE NOT A BRICK-LAYER YOU KNOW THAT ONE DOLLAR ON TOP OF ANOTHER BUILDS YOU A FORTUNE THAT WILL SOME DAY PROTECT AND SHELTER YOU FROM ADVERSITY.
PILE UP YOUR MONEY IN THE BANK AND BUILD A FORTUNE.

BANK WITH US
WE PAY FOUR (4) PER CENT. INTEREST, COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY, ON SAVING DEPOSITS

Farmers & Merchants Bank
EHRHARDT, S. C.



Guard against the uncertainties of the future by beginning a Bank account - now-to-day.

Those who spend all they earn are usually on the brink of discomfort. People put confidence in those who put money in the Bank and confidence is a big asset when you are looking for favors. If you should seek a new position would it not be worth a good deal to you if you could use this Bank for reference? \$1 opens an account.

4 per cent Interest Paid on Savings Deposits.

PEOPLES BANK
Bamberg, - - - - - South Carolina

Safety First
Ehrhardt Banking Co., Ehrhardt, S. C.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$28,400.00

Our Motto: SAFETY FIRST, AND THEN EVERY ACCOMMODATION CONSISTENT WITH SAFE, SOUND CONSERVATIVE BANKING

There are a number of good reasons why you will find this bank a good place to deposit your savings:

We pay 4 per cent., compounded quarterly, on savings deposits. Our stockholders are to a large extent farmers, and our directors are among the most conservative men in this community. There are no interests connected with this bank, that are conducive to, or of a speculative nature. We are as liberal as safe banking will permit, and at all times we are trying to serve the best interests, and to uphold this community. We will be pleased to have your business, and assure you of our best care to same.

Ehrhardt Banking Co., Ehrhardt, S. C.

J. L. COPELAND, President J. C. KINARD, Vice-President A. F. HENDERSON, Cashier

DIRECTORS:
D. M. Smith, Charles Ehrhardt, J. I. Copeland, J. Wm. Carter, D. C. Copeland, M. A. Kinard, F. H. Copeland, J. C. Kinard, J. L. Copeland.

The United States public health service has proven that typhus is spread by lice. Untreated pellagra ends, in insanity.

Among the recent gifts announced at the University of Chicago is that of \$2,500 by an unnamed giver, to enable the department of geography to make a scientific study in Asia.